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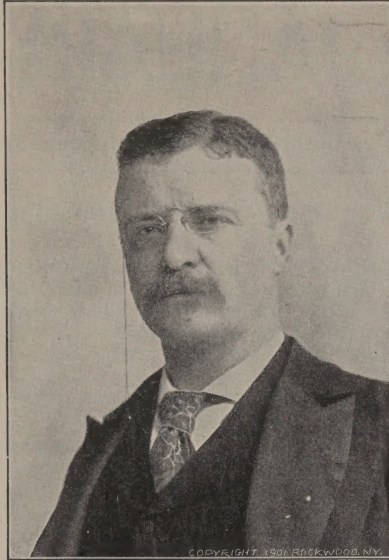
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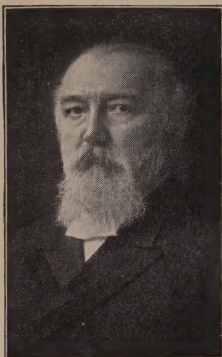


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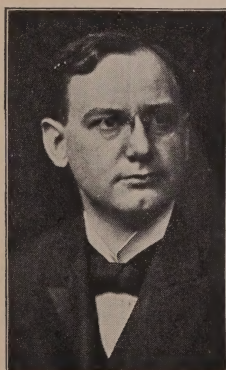
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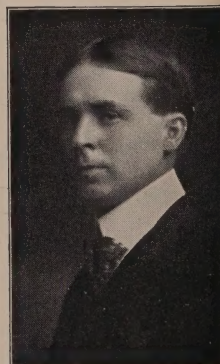


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THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

3 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1905

THOREAU'S PRIVATE JOURNAL

One of the most remarkable literary finds of recent years is the thirty-nine manuscript volumes in which are written the intimate reflections of this remarkable man, whose fame is already so secure. Copious extracts will appear in several installments, introduced in January, 1905, by an essay by Bradford Torrey, the editor of the Journal. Mr. Torrey says: "If a man is curious to know what such an original, plain-spoken, perfection-seeking, convention-despising, dogma-disbelieving, wisdom-loving, sham-hating, nature-worshipping, poverty-proud genius was in the habit of confiding to so patient a listener at the close of the day, he has only to read the Journal."

SHORT STORIES

The stories printed in *The Atlantic* have long been noted for their unconventionality and vigor. They are not, like so many magazine stories, to be read and forgotten. They are memorable because they give the reader something to think about. Some of our critics think that we do not sufficiently insist upon the "happy ending." When the happy ending fits the story, it is a good thing. When it doesn't, it isn't. But many stories for 1905 have a natural right to a happy ending. Among them we will mention now but three, *BLUE PETER*, by H. M. Rideout, author of *Wild Justice*, *A GIRL OF THE ENGINEERS*, by Elizabeth Foote, and *THE WHITE LIGHT*, by Fanny Kemble Johnson.

LETTERS TO LITERARY STATESMEN

The Atlantic does not often print anonymous contributions, but when it does, it asks its readers to take for granted that the unknown author is a "responsible" personage, and has pertinent reasons for wishing to remain unknown. Such reasons obviously exist in the case of this series. They are an attempt to show that, as Disraeli said, a literary man who is a man of action is a two-edged weapon—one edge being often capable of being turned against himself. The addressees of the *LETTERS* will be living public men, some of whom, at least, are known to possess enough humor to forgive the occasional wickedness of these *LETTERS* in consideration of their wit.



HENRY D. THOREAU

ESSAYS

We are frequently told that essays have gone out of fashion and that their publication is "poor magazine business." We do not find it so. Our experience is that the audience for essays of proper weight and quality is as swiftly re-

sponsive as it ever was, and considerably larger. To name the Atlantic's essayists would be to call the roll of the best writers of the day in England and America. Whenever any of these writers, or any humble "crossroads" author anywhere, prints in the Atlantic an essay marked by virility of thought and charm of style, it "scores" as instantly, if not perhaps as brilliantly, as did *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* in the very first number of this magazine.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1905

THE COMING OF THE TIDE

The complete novelette by Miss Sherwood published in the Atlantic a year ago stamped her as a writer of the first quality. A longer story from her pen, *THE COMING OF THE TIDE*, will follow Mrs. Austin's California romance, *Isidro*, which is now appearing as the Atlantic serial. It is just a love story, with a woman and a man and a few other men and women, and a dog and the sea—all of it exquisitely written, and gleaming with poetry and humor. The Atlantic serial has long been a potent element in American Letters. Many permanent contributions to American literature have appeared serially in the Atlantic from the days of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* to *The Common Lot*.

MUSICAL CRITICISM

Mr. W. J. Henderson, the musical critic, will compare the old with the new in two articles entitled *SINGERS NOW AND THEN* and *PIANISTS NOW AND THEN*.

LITERARY CRITICISM

With the aim of covering the field of contemporary book production more thoroughly than ever, we shall in 1905 supplement "Books New and Old" with an authoritative series of brief articles entitled

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS,

in which writers of special competence will point out the few really significant productions of each publishing season in the various departments of literature. Detailed announcements will be made from month to month.

DOMESTIC SERVICE

The Atlantic will print in 1905 first-hand studies of the servant question by experts. The opening paper, on *The Intelligence Office* appeared in October. Two papers by Jane Seymour Klink, an investigator who has "worked out" in several American cities to secure material for these articles, will shortly follow. Frank accounts of personal experience in various callings are always welcomed by our readers. In 1905

The Prison Chaplain, The District Attorney, The Census Taker, The Newspaper Woman

and representatives of other occupations will talk about their work. There will be papers on such typical American institutions as *The Country Store, The Lodge, etc.*



MARGARET SHERWOOD

CONTINUED FEATURES

Some of the best features of the magazine for 1904 will continue without interruption in 1905. Mary Austin's fascinating Old California romance *Isidro*, which has won such instant approval, will not be concluded until March. We shall soon print another extract from *Emerson's Journal*. Colonel Higginson has been persuaded to write more of his *Literary Reminiscences*. *The Ethics of Business* will be the theme of further articles. Andrew D. White's history of *The Warfare of Humanity with Unreason*, some chapters of which have already appeared, has other striking chapters awaiting publication. The letters from foreign countries will be continued. Features such as those named represent the permanent policy of the Atlantic.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1905

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE U. S.

The most important historical series which the Atlantic has undertaken since its Reconstruction articles of 1901 will deal with the period from the close of the War to the Centennial Celebration in 1876. THE TENTH DECADE OF THE U. S. was one of far-reaching significance in our history, especially with the light it is now seen to throw upon our contemporary problems. Its story will be told by William Garrott Brown, one of the most gifted of our younger historians, whose brilliant contributions to the Atlantic will readily be recalled. The opening papers set forth our foreign relations and our internal progress as they were to be observed in 1865. Then follows the story of wonderful development.

WHAT THE ATLANTIC REALLY IS

The Atlantic is a magazine "devoted"—as its cover used to say—to Literature, Art, Science and Politics; in a word, to the most interesting things in human life. It is nearly fifty years old. It has been edited by some of the foremost American men of letters. It is unsectarian in religion and independent in politics. It prints each month 144 pages of reading matter, — made up of timely articles on social, political, and educational topics, biographical and historical papers, brilliant fiction, essays, and literary criticism. It is beautifully printed at the Riverside Press, and is sewed so that it lies open like a well-made book. *The Atlantic has no illustrations whatever, and will contain none.*

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY

In this field which has long yielded pleasure to Atlantic readers, we can now announce definitely the HANS BREITMANN (C. G. LELAND) PAPERS, by *Elizabeth Robins Pennell*, who is Leland's niece and literary executor. Few Americans have led such an adventurous life as Leland, who was poet, scholar, revolutionist, adopted gypsy, and a hundred things beside. Unprinted Breitmann ballads and many letters from famous authors will illustrate Leland's genius and his friendships with all manner of men. They will win for him many new admirers. The first installment of these papers will be printed in the January number. Other single papers in the field of literary biography and personal reminiscence will be announced later.



WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

We have now in preparation the Atlantic Prospectus for 1905 which will be mailed without charge upon application. Those unfamiliar with the magazine can secure the current issue for examination upon sending their name and address with ten cents. In order to

interest new readers in our publication, we will send three issues as a trial subscription upon the receipt of fifty cents. This offer is good only to new subscribers. Upon receipt of \$4.00 from a new subscriber for 1905, we will send issues of October, November, and December free of charge. The regular price of the magazine is \$4.00 a year, 35 cents a copy.

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TWO TIMELY BOOKS

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"It is," remarks the *Boston Herald* in an editorial, "the most enlightening review of the far eastern problem that has thus far been brought to our attention."

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"A most valuable contribution to contemporary history." — *San Francisco Chronicle*.

"The authoritative exposition of the underlying causes of the war." — *Chicago Post*.

Arbitration and the Hague CourtBy **JOHN W. FOSTER***President of the National Arbitration Conference and author of "American Diplomacy in the Orient" and "A Century of American Diplomacy."*

This book contains a brief review of the events relating to arbitration up to the convocation of the Hague Peace Conference; it states the circumstances under which that Conference was called, the appropriateness of The Hague for such an assembly, and the distinguished personnel and spirit of the Conference. The first subject discussed is the unsuccessful effort at a decrease or restriction of the armaments of the nations, in which connection a great increase of the American navy is disapproved. The Arbitration Convention is styled the crowning work of the Conference; its provisions are noted; but the greater portion of the book is devoted to a consideration of the Hague Permanent Court, its organization and procedure, its working as shown by the two cases which have already been heard and decided, and the amendments suggested for its greater efficiency. \$1.00 net. Postage, 9 cents.

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Messrs. Fox, Duffield & Company announce the publication of a collection of

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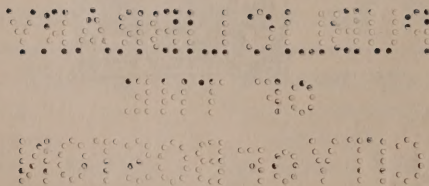


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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1905

“A READABLE PROPOSITION”

ONCE more the Toastmaster rises to his feet, to offer New Year's greetings to the guests of the *Atlantic*. The table has become a long one, and the faces turned momentarily toward the Toastmaster are mainly those of Cheerful Readers. If any are secretly bored or rebellious at the bill of fare, they seem, at this kindly instant, gracious enough not to betray it. Most of them, as the Toastmaster fancies, — for he is not sufficiently keen-sighted to see to the very end of such a table, and makes many a mistake in consequence! — exhibit a tolerant willingness to be either edified or amused. And, indeed, both edification and amusement await them, the Toastmaster believes, as soon as his own little speech is over.

He chooses his text from one of those plain-spoken letters which evince the interest taken in the *Atlantic* by persons who have parted with their four dollars a year, and who keep, as they should, a sharp eye upon their investment. The letter is from a Wyoming sheep-herder, and here is one of its most pleasing sentences: “I would like you to know that you have one subscriber who has no kick coming, and who thinks the *Atlantic* is a readable proposition all right.”

May the clear Wyoming sky long smile upon this solitary sheep-herder! May his flocks increase, and his vocabulary remain unspoiled! He has a discriminating taste. Or is it merely the liberal Western air which prompts him to utter what many other subscribers silently believe? After all, one can never tell who is going to like the gallant old magazine. The Toastmaster finds himself scrutinizing, with perhaps too frank an admiration, the persons who have the excellent habit of read-

ing the *Atlantic* in hotels and trains and electric cars. A pretty girl never seems so pretty, to him, as when she is carrying that bit of dull orange color; and the most prosaic middle-aged searcher after truth never appears in such imminent prospect of a radiant discovery as when cutting the *Atlantic's* uncut leaves. He remembers sitting once in an overland train as it coasted down the slope of the Sierras through the Bret Harte country. He was thinking of those brilliant early stories of Harte's which the *Atlantic* published, and was watching gloomily, all the while, a certain bishop who was reading the *Smart Set*. The train pulled up at a little station, and a muddy-trousered miner, looking for all the world like Kentucky, entered the car, stumbled past the comfortably extended legs of the bishop, and seating himself at the magazine table, promptly selected the *Atlantic Monthly*. The Toastmaster grew cheerful at once. He began to think of cogent reasons why the good bishop should prefer the *Smart Set*; and nothing could have persuaded him that the miner was not a Superior Person.

The odd thing is that it is impossible to guess where these Superior Persons are to be found. It is an illuminating experience to examine the *Atlantic's* subscription list in some city or town which happens to be well known to the investigator. To subscribe to this magazine is apparently no longer — as it was once said to be in certain newly settled communities — a sufficient evidence of one's social standing. Many of the Best People who would be expected to take it evidently belong in the class who vaguely “see all the magazines at the Club;” while the Superior Per-

sons who actually pay the four dollars are often to be found in the side streets and hall-bedrooms and lonely farmhouses. Other magazines, it is believed, have had the same experience in endeavoring to discover the exact habitat of the reading class. It is such readers, in truth, who form our only real reading class in this country. If the *Atlantic* continues to interest them, year after year, it is not because the magazine is a badge of respectability, but simply because it is found to be "a readable proposition."

The dictionaries give the bare outline of that finely American term, "proposition," but they do not even hint at the warmth and coloring given to it on the lips of living men. What a wholesome, venturesome, tempting Americanism it is! It savors of something coming even if not yet arrived; of something alive and not yet dead and done with. It suggests, indeed, unlisted stocks and extra-hazardous enterprises, rather than the commonplace security of a three per cent government bond. Such a bond is well enough in its way, of course, but what is its appeal to the imagination, after all, when compared with a "proposition"? The spirit of all the beckoning future is in that word, and yet with how deft a compliment does our Wyoming friend apply it to the magazine, as if he had realized upon his investment, and the potential pleasure offered by his subscription were already a known quantity!

With what an instinct, likewise, does the gentleman from Wyoming select his inevitable word when he speaks of the *Atlantic* as a *readable* proposition! "It is better to be dumb than not to be understood," said the lively Giraldus Cambrensis, who was a born magazinist, although of the twelfth century. When a magazine fails to be readable, it is as if a man failed in honesty or a woman in goodness. Its character is gone. There are tons of respectable printed material which is under no necessity of being readable: such as Doctor's Dissertations, Presidential Messages, books written in

the jargon of some special science, and journals devoted to some pet "ist" or "ism" of the hour. Most unreadable of all is the matter written with a painful effort to be read by everybody. Witness the average Historical Romance of the season! Not long ago the Toastmaster happened to overhear a worthy nursemaid exchanging literary confidences with the cook, apropos of a historical novel which was then the best-selling book of the minute. "Sure it's a fine book," testified Maggie heartily, and then added, as if puzzled by her own ineptitude, "but somehow I ain't very far with it." Exactly. Neither was the Toastmaster very far with it. Between a book written to be sold by the hundred thousand and a book written to be put away in a drawer, like *Pride and Prejudice* and the first draft of *Waverley*, it is tolerably easy to say which is the more likely to prove permanently readable.

A good many readers, and not all of them nursemaids, either, have been complaining that the poetry published in American magazines is unreadable, too. Perhaps they ought to say "verse" instead of "poetry," for it is obvious that most poets nowadays are not working at their trade. Some of them are dead, others have gone into politics or play-writing; but the silence of the majority can be accounted for only on the theory that the poets are out on a sympathetic strike. Who can blame them? Poor pay, long hours, an apathetic public, and thousands of verse-writers ready to take the poets' places at any moment! The worst of it is that these very "scabs"—the word is used in its stern economic significance—are all bent upon producing "readable" verse. They not only continue to rhyme

.....	youth
.....	morning
.....	truth
.....	warning

as the Autocrat humorously complained in these pages long ago, but they insist upon telling us all about their little emo-

tions, with the tiresome particularity of a dull sportsman who persists in explaining just why he failed to bag that last bird. Their mind to them a kingdom is, and, as somebody has unkindly said of them, the smaller the mind the greater appears the kingdom. No wonder the public has grown callous to all this counting of the pulses and auscultation of the chest. The exploitation of insignificant personalities, bent upon securing publicity, makes verse as unreadable as the "society column" of a Sunday paper. No wonder that so many real poets continue to stay out on strike. But some day there will come along a modern hero in the guise of a strapping strike-breaker of a poet, who would rather work at his job than not, who, forgetting himself, believes that the world is a big world and a brave one, and who sings about it because he must, and not because he wants to make readable "copy." He will get all the patronage away from the clever verse-writers, and then the poets will begin to slink back, one by one, to ask for their old places. In the meantime the *Atlantic* tries to keep a sharp and welcoming eye upon anything that looks like a broad-shouldered strike-breaker sauntering down Park Street. Often it is deceived and finds that the new personage is only one more of those talented verse-writers, but still it keeps on watching.

What is it, after all, that makes a magazine readable? Must we not fall back upon the well-tested phrase, and say that "human interest" is the one essential quality? But the human interest must be real, and not assumed for revenue only. Two of the most uniformly readable newspapers in this country are the *New York Sun* and the *Springfield Republican*. Neither can be read without wrath or given up without a feeling that the world has grown duller. Both are vigorous, alert, and well written. They differ in their attitude toward most public questions; they differ in field, one being "metropolitan" and the other "provincial," — though which is the more truly provincial

who is bold enough to say? — and there is a difference in personal style which may be detected in almost every sentence. Yet both, from the first line to the last, quicken one's curiosity, interest, knowledge, about human life. They manage to convey to the most indifferent reader a vivid sense of what people are thinking about, what they feel and really are.

It is this quality, — is it not? — which, making due allowance for differences in range, perspective, and literary method, should also characterize a monthly magazine. The *Atlantic* has many competitors. The more the better. Each of them fulfills some public service peculiar to itself, — even if it be only to serve as an "awful example." Each of them reaches many persons whom the *Atlantic* cannot reach without changing its character and aim. The colored illustrations of one, the unimpeachable innocuousness of another, the agility of a third in jumping to the majority side of every question, do not arouse the *Atlantic's* envy. It would like, indeed, to give its contributors a still ampler audience, because it believes that all of them have something to say which is worth listening to. But these opinions of its contributors are their own, — as the Toastmaster has pointed out more than once in his annual remarks, — and are not to be identified with whatever personal opinions may be held by the *Atlantic's* editors or publishers. Sydney Smith claimed that there were persons who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator; and some writers for the *Atlantic* have been known to approach with a freedom bordering upon levity such topics as Emerson, the Kindergarten, the New England Hill Town, Sir Walter Scott, the Philippine Commission, Lincoln's Vocabulary, the Tariff, and Mr. Henry James. This list might even be extended. There are, alas, live wires attached to all live subjects, as well as to some subjects that seem tolerably dead. The *Atlantic* has no Index of forbidden themes, and wishes all its writers to say what they think, subject to the general rules of after-dinner

courtesy. But it does smile occasionally over this identification of supposed editorial opinion with the signed opinions of responsible contributors. If an article appears in the *Atlantic*, it is because the contribution seems, in the fallible judgment of the Caterer, worth putting upon the table. If the boarders do not like it, the blame must be placed where it belongs. Probably the fault lies with the Caterer, but it is barely possible that it may lie, at times, with some prenatal or premillennial prejudices of the boarders themselves.

Our "readable proposition," then, is the discussion from month to month, by many men of many minds, of that American life which intimately affects the destiny of us all. If one wishes to study that life upon its external aspects, the advertising pages of any prosperous magazine give a bewilderingly rich impression of our material progress. There is scarcely a single physical activity or luxury, from drawing one's cold tub in the morning to setting the burglar alarm at night, which is not pictured and glorified upon these electrotyped pages. But something in us keeps obstinately asking:—

"And afterwards, what else?"

For it makes little difference whether a man speeds in his new automobile over the new macadam to his new country house, — man and machine and road and house exactly like the advertisements! — or climbs wearily up to the hall-bedroom again at the end of a day's work, to console himself with a pipe and a book. Each man must sit down at last with his old self; with the old hopes, sorrows, dreams; with the old will to "win out" somehow; with that inner world, in short, which Literature interprets, and no hint of which appears in the advertising pages. A true mirror of life is what a literary magazine aspires to be. But it ought to reflect something deeper than the patented, nickel-plated conveniences and triumphs of a material civilization. It should also serve as a mirror for the ardors and loy-

alties, the patriotism and the growing world-consciousness of the American people.

Any writer mistakes our people who does not recognize their fundamental idealism. Some of us inherit it from Puritan ancestors who were such idealists, it was said, that they had to hold on hard to the huckleberry bushes to keep from being translated. Others of us have brought hither a no less fine idealism, though it be the product of an alien faith and an alien soil. But it is everywhere in evidence, setting up popular idols and pulling them down, blundering here and righting a blunder there, questioning our present social and economic machinery, emphasizing party lines when they stand for something real, smashing them when trickery grows too apparent, and building everywhere with restless energy a new America out of materials that have never had time to grow old. Inn-keepers abroad and advertising panels at home unite in the declaration that "Americans want the best." It is a good symptom, and it has a lesson for the magazinist. Those periodicals which are obtaining the widest reading are those which present the most various, hopeful, and full-blooded pictures of the men and the vital forces that are daily creating for us a new world. Never were our life and the life of the globe so interesting. Never has it been harder to choose, from the wealth of possible material, the topics deserving treatment in the *Atlantic* month by month; or to select the writers best able to present, with authority and distinction, the deeper issues of the time. The magazine desires long to remain "a readable proposition." It surely will, if it continues in its own way to reflect and interpret, as all literature somehow succeeds in reflecting and interpreting, the fascination of life itself.

Here, at any rate, is the "proposition" for 1905. A good deal of honest work is back of it. Some of the pages were written by Henry Thoreau as he sat at evening in the door of his hut looking out upon

Walden Pond. Most of them are written by contemporary scholars, scientists, novelists, poets, men of affairs, and men of letters. But all of them, as the Toastmas-

ter ventures to think, are worth reading. He hopes that they will give pleasure, and that they may be thought no worse for being prefaced by a "Happy New Year."

B. P.

THOREAU AS A DIARIST

BY BRADFORD TORREY

THOREAU was a man of his own kind. Many things may be said of him, favorable and unfavorable, but this must surely be said first, — that, taken for all in all, he was like nobody else. Taken for all in all, be it remarked. Other men have despised common sense; other men have chosen to be poor, and, as between physical comfort and better things, have made light of physical comfort; other men, whether to their credit or discredit, have held and expressed a contemptuous opinion of their neighbors and all their neighbors' doings; others, a smaller number, believing in an absolute goodness and in a wisdom transcending human knowledge, have distrusted the world as evil, accounting its influence degrading, its prudence no better than cowardice, its wisdom a kind of folly, its morality a compromise, its religion a bargain, its possessions a defilement and a hindrance, and so judging of the world, have striven at all cost to live above it and apart. And some, no doubt, have loved Nature as a mistress, fleeing to her from less congenial company, and devoting a lifetime to the observation and enjoyment of her ways. In no one of these particulars was the hermit of Walden without forerunners; but taken for all that he was, poet, idealist, stoic, cynic, naturalist, spiritualist, lover of purity, seeker of perfection, panegyrist of friendship and dweller in a hermitage, freethinker and saint, where shall we look to find his fellow? It seems but the plainest statement of fact to say that, as there was none

before him, so there is scanty prospect of any to come after him.

His profession was literature; as to that there is no sign that he was ever in doubt; and he understood from the first that for a writing man nothing could take the place of practice, partly because that is the one means of acquiring ease of expression, and partly because a man often has no suspicion of his own thoughts until his pen discovers them; and almost from the first — a friend (Emerson as likely as any) having given him the hint — he had come to feel that no practice is better or readier than the keeping of a journal, a daily record of things thought, seen, and felt. Such a record he began soon after leaving college, and (being one of a thousand in this respect as in others) he continued it to the end. By good fortune he left it behind him, and, to complete the good fortune, it is at last to be printed, no longer in selections, but as a whole; and if a man is curious to know what such an original, plain-spoken, perfection-seeking, convention-despising, dogma-disbelieving, wisdom-loving, sham-hating, nature-worshiping, poverty-proud genius was in the habit of confiding to so patient a listener at the close of the day, he has only to read the book.

The man himself is there. Something of him, indeed, is to be discovered, one half imagines, in the outward aspect of the thirty-nine manuscript volumes: ordinary "blank books" of the sort furnished by country shopkeepers fifty or sixty years ago, larger or smaller as might hap-

pen, and of varying shapes (a customer seeking such wares must not be too particular; one remembers Thoreau's complaint that the universal preoccupation with questions of money rendered it difficult for him to find a blank book that was not ruled for dollars and cents), still neatly packed in the strong wooden box which their owner, a workman needing not to be ashamed, made with his own hands on purpose to hold them.

A pretty full result of a short life they seem to be, as one takes up volume after volume (the largest are found to contain about a hundred thousand words) and turns the leaves: the handwriting strong and rapid, leaning well forward in its haste, none too legible, slow reading at the best, with here and there a word that is almost past making out; the orthography that of a naturally good speller setting down his thoughts at full speed and leaving his mistakes behind him; and the punctuation, to call it such, no better than a makeshift, — after the model of Sterne's, if one chooses to say so: a spattering of dashes, and little else.

As for the matter, it is more carefully considered, less strictly improvised, than is customary with diarists. It is evident, in fact, from references here and there, that many of the entries were copied from an earlier penciled draft, made presumably in the field, "with the eye on the object," while the work as a whole has been more or less carefully revised, with erasures, emendations, and suggested alternative readings.

As we have said, if a man wishes to know Thoreau as he was, let him read the book. He will find himself in clean, self-respecting company, with no call to blush, as if he were playing the eaves-dropper. Of confessions, indeed, in the spicy sense of the word, Thoreau had none to make. He was no Montaigne, no Rousseau, no Samuel Pepys. How should he be? He was a Puritan of Massachusetts, though he kept no Sabbath, was seen in no church, — being very different from Mr. Pepys in more ways than

one, — and esteemed the Hebrew scriptures as a good book like any other. Once, indeed, when he was thirty-five years old, he went to a "party." For anything we know, that (with a little sowing of wild oats in the matter of smoking dried lily-stems when a boy) was as near as he ever came to dissipation. And he did not like it. "It is a bad place to go to," he says, — "thirty or forty persons, mostly young women, in a small room, warm and noisy." One of the young women was reputed to be "pretty-looking;" but he scarcely looked at her, though he was "introduced," and he could not hear what she said, because there was "such a clacking." "I could imagine better places for conversation," he goes on, "where there should be a certain degree of silence surrounding you, and less than forty talking at once. Why, this afternoon, even, I did better. There was old Mr. Joseph Hosmer and I ate our luncheon of cracker and cheese together in the woods. I heard all he said, though it was not much, to be sure, and he could hear me. And then he talked out of such a glorious repose, taking a leisurely bite at the cracker and cheese between his words; and so some of him was communicated to me, and some of me to him, I trust."

He entertains a shrewd suspicion that assemblies of this kind are got up with a view to matrimonial alliances among the young people! For his part, at all events, he does not understand "the use of going to see people whom yet you never see, and who never see you." Some of his friends make a singular blunder. They go out of their way to talk to pretty young women *as such*. Their prettiness may be a reason for looking at them, so much he will concede, — for the sake of the antithesis, if for nothing else, — but why is it any reason for talking to them? For himself, though he may be "lacking a sense in this respect," he derives "no pleasure from talking with a young woman half an hour simply because she has regular features."

How crabbed is divine philosophy!

After this we are not surprised when he concludes by saying: "The society of young women is the most unprofitable I have ever tried." No, no; he was nothing like Mr. Samuel Pepys.

The sect of young women, may we add, need not feel deeply affronted by this ungallant mention. It is perhaps the only one in the journal (by its nature restricted to matters interesting to the author), while there are multitudes of passages to prove that Thoreau's aversion to the society of older people taken as they run, men and women alike, was hardly less pronounced. In truth (and it is nothing of necessity against him), he was not made for "parties," nor for clubs, nor even for general companionship. "I am all without and in sight," said Montaigne, "born for society and friendship." So was not Thoreau. He was all within, born for contemplation and solitude. And what we are born for, that let us be,—and so the will of God be done. Such, for good or ill, was Thoreau's philosophy. "We are constantly invited to be what we are," he said. It is one of his memorable sentences; an admirable summary of Emerson's essay on Self-Reliance.

His fellow mortals, as a rule, did not recommend themselves to him. His thoughts were none the better for their company, as they almost always were for the company of the pine tree and the meadow. Inspiration, a refreshing of the spiritual faculties, as indispensable to him as daily bread, his fellow mortals did not furnish. For this state of things he sometimes (once or twice at least) mildly reproaches himself. It may be that he is to blame for so commonly skipping humanity and its affairs; he will seek to amend the fault, he promises. But even at such a moment of exceptional humility his pen, reversing Balaam's rôle, runs into left-handed compliments that are worse, if anything, than the original offense. Hear him: "I will not avoid to go by where those men are repairing the stone bridge. I will see if I cannot see poetry in that, if that will not yield me a

reflection. It is narrow to be confined to woods and fields and grand aspects of nature only. . . . Why not see men standing in the sun and casting a shadow, even as trees? . . . I will try to enjoy them as animals, at least."

This is in 1851. A year afterward we find him concerned with the same theme, but in a less hesitating mood. Now he is on his high horse, with apologies to nobody. "It appears to me," he begins, "that to one standing on the heights of philosophy mankind and the works of man will have sunk out of sight altogether." Man, in his opinion, is "too much insisted upon." "The poet says, 'The proper study of mankind is man.' I say, Study to forget all that. Take wider views of the universe. . . . What is the village, city, state, nation, aye, the civilized world, that it should concern a man so much? The thought of them affects me, in my wisest hours, as when I pass a woodchuck's hole."

A high horse, indeed! But his comparison is really by no means so disparaging as it sounds; for Thoreau took a deep and lasting interest in woodchucks. At one time and another he wrote many good pages about them; for their reappearance in the spring he watched as for the return of a friend, and once, at least, he devoted an hour to digging out a burrow and recording with painstaking minuteness the course and length of its ramifications. A novelist, describing his heroine's boudoir, could hardly have been more strict with himself. In fact, to have said that one of Thoreau's human neighbors was as interesting to him as a woodchuck would have been to pay that neighbor a rather handsome compliment. None of the brute animals, so called, — we have it on his own authority, — ever vexed his ears with pomposity or nonsense.

But we have interrupted his discourse midway. "I do not value any view of the universe into which man and the institutions of man enter very largely," he continues. . . . "Man is a past phenomenon to philosophy." Then he descends a little

to particulars. "Some rarely go outdoors, most are always at home at night,"—Concord people being uncommonly well brought up, it would seem,— "very few indeed have stayed out all night once in their lives; fewer still have gone behind the world of humanity and seen its institutions like toadstools by the wayside."

And then, having, with this good bit of philosophical "tall talk," brushed aside humanity as a very little thing, he proceeds to chronicle the really essential facts of the day: that he landed that afternoon on Tall's Island, and to his disappointment found the weather not cold or windy enough for the meadow to make "its most serious impression;" also, that the staddles from which the hay had been removed were found to stand a foot or two above the water; besides which, he saw cranberries on the bottom (although he forgot to mention them in their proper place), and noticed that the steam of the engine looked very white that morning against the hillside.

All which setting of ordinary valuations topsy-turvy, the lords of creation below the beasts that perish, may lead an innocent reader to exclaim with one of old, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

Nevertheless, we must not treat the matter too lightly, easily as it lends itself to persiflage. Even in this extreme instance it is not to be assumed that Thoreau was talking for the sake of talking, or merely keeping his hand in with his favorite rhetorical weapon, a paradox. That desiderated "serious impression," at all events, was no laughing matter; rather it was to have been the chief event of the day; of more account to Thoreau than dinner and supper both were likely to be to his farmer neighbor. As for the woodchuck, its comparative rank in the scale of animal existence, be it higher or lower, is nothing to the purpose. For Thoreau it was simple truth that, on some days, and in some states of mind, he found the society of such a cave-dweller

more acceptable, or less unacceptable, than that of any number of his highly civilized townsmen. Nor is the statement one to be nervously concerned about. Any inveterate stroller, the most matter-of-fact man alive (though matter-of-fact men are not apt to be strollers), might say the same, in all soberness, with no thought of writing himself down a misanthrope, or of setting himself up as a philosopher.

For one thing, the woodchuck is sure to be less intrusive, less distracting, than the ordinary human specimen; he fits in better with solitude and the solitary feeling. He is never in the way.¹ Moreover, you can say to a woodchuck anything that comes into your head, without fear of giving offense; a less important consideration than the other, no doubt, woodchucks as a class not being remarkably conversable, but still worthy of mention. For, naturally enough, an outspoken free-thinker like Thoreau found the greater number of men not so very different from "ministers," of whom he said, in a tone of innocent surprise, that they "could not bear all kinds of opinions,"—"as if any

¹ As bearing upon this point of non-intrusiveness, and also by way of doing justice to Thoreau's real feeling toward some, at least, of his townsmen, we must quote a paragraph entered in his journal, under date of December 3, 1856: "How I love the simple, reserved countrymen, my neighbors, who mind their own business and let me alone; who never waylaid nor shot at me, to my knowledge, when I crossed their fields, though each one has a gun in his house. For nearly twoscore years I have known at a distance these long-suffering men, whom I never spoke to, who never spoke to me, and now I feel a certain tenderness for them, as if this long probation were but the prelude to an eternal friendship. What a long trial we have withstood, and how much more admirable we are to each other, perchance, than if we had been bedfellows. I am not only grateful because Homer, and Christ, and Shakespeare have lived, but I am grateful for Minott, and Rice, and Melvin, and Goodwin, and Puffer even. I see Melvin all alone filling his sphere in russet suit, which no other would fill or suggest. He takes up as much room in nature as the most famous."

sincere thought were not the best sort of truth!"

He walked one afternoon with Alcott, and spent an agreeable hour, though for the most part he preferred having the woods and fields to himself. Alcott was an ineffectual genius, he remarks, "forever feeling about vainly in his speech, and touching nothing" (one thinks of Arnold's characterization of Shelley as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," which, in its turn, may call to mind Lowell's comparison of Shelley's genius to a St. Elmo's fire, "playing in ineffectual flame about the points of his thought"), but after all, he was good company; not quite so good as none, of course, but on the whole, as men go, rather better than most. At least, he would listen to what you had to offer. He was open-minded; he was n't shut up in a creed; an honest man's thought would not shock him. You could talk to him without running up against "some institution." In a word, — though Thoreau does n't say it, — he was something like a woodchuck.

With all his passion for "that glorious society called solitude," and with all his feeling that mankind, as a "past phenomenon," thought far too highly of itself, it is abundantly in evidence that Thoreau, in his own time and on his own terms, was capable of a really human delight in familiar intercourse with his fellows. Channing, who should have known, speaks a little vaguely, to be sure, of his "fine social qualities." "Always a genial and hospitable entertainer," he calls him. And Mr. Ricketson, who also should have known, assures us that "no man could hold a finer relationship with his family than he." But of this aspect of his character, it must be acknowledged, there is comparatively little in the journal. What is very constant and emphatic there — emphatic sometimes to the point of painfulness — is the hermit's hunger and thirst after friendship; a friendship the sweets of which, so far as appears, he was very sparingly to enjoy. For if he

was at home in the family group and in huckleberry excursions with children, if he relished to the full a talk with a stray fisherman, a racy-tongued wood-chopper, or a good Indian, something very different seems to have been habitual with him when it came to intercourse with equals and friends.

Here, even more than elsewhere, he was an uncompromising idealist. His craving was for a friendship more than human, friendship such as it was beyond any one about him to furnish, if it was not, as may fairly be suspected, beyond his own capacity to receive. In respect to outward things, his wealth, he truly said, was to want little. In respect to friendship, his poverty was to want the unattainable. It might have been retorted upon him in his own words, that he was like a man who should complain of hard times because he could not afford to buy himself a crown. But the retort would perhaps have been rather smart than fair. He, at least, would never have acquiesced in it. He confided to his journal again and again that he asked nothing of his friends but honesty, sincerity, a grain of real appreciation, "an opportunity once in a year to speak the truth;" but in the end it came always to this, that he insisted upon perfection, and, not finding it, went on his way hungry. Probably it is true — one seems to divine a reason for it — that idealists, claimers of the absolute, have commonly found their fellow men a disappointment.

In Thoreau's case it was his best friends who most severely tried his patience. They invite him to see them, he complains, and then "do not show themselves." He "pines and starves near them." All is useless. They treat him so that he "feels a thousand miles off." "I leave my friends early. I go away to cherish my idea of friendship." Surely there is no sentence in all Thoreau's books that is more thoroughly characteristic than that. And how neatly it is turned! Listen also to this, which is equally bitter, and almost equally perfect in

the phrasing: "No fields are so barren to me as the men of whom I expect everything, but get nothing. In their neighborhood I experience a painful yearning for society."

It is all a mystery to him. "How happens it," he exclaims, "that I find myself making such an enormous demand on men, and so constantly disappointed? Are my friends aware how disappointed I am? Is it all my fault? Am I incapable of expansion and generosity? I shall accuse myself of anything else sooner." And again he goes away sorrowful, consoling himself, as best he can, with his own paradox, —

"I might have loved him, had I loved him less."

Strange that he should have suffered in this way, many will think, with Emerson himself for a friend and neighbor! Well, the two men were friends, but neither was in this relation quite impeccable (which is as much as to say that both were human), and to judge by such hints as are gatherable on either side, their case was not entirely unlike that of Bridget Elia and her cousin, — "generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations;" though "bickerings" is no doubt an undignified term for use in this connection. It is interesting, some may deem it amusing, to put side by side the statements of the two men upon this very point; Emerson's communicated to the public shortly after his friend's death, Thoreau's entrusted nine years before to the privacy of his journal.

Emerson's speech is the more guarded, as, for more reasons than one, it might have been expected to be. His friend, he confesses, "was somewhat military in his nature . . . always manly and able, but rarely tender, as if he did not feel himself except in opposition. He wanted a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory, I may say required a little sense of victory, a roll of the drum, to call his powers into full exercise. . . . It seemed as if his first instinct on hearing a proposition was to

controvert it, so impatient was he of the limitations of our daily thought. This habit, of course, is a little chilling to the social affections; and though the companion would in the end acquit him of any malice or untruth, yet it mars conversation. Hence no equal companion stood in affectionate relations with one so pure and guileless."

Thoreau's entry is dated May 24, 1853. "Talked, or tried to talk, with R. W. E. Lost my time, nay, almost my identity. He, assuming a false opposition where there was no difference of opinion, talked to the wind, told me what I knew, and I lost my time trying to imagine myself somebody else to oppose him."

It is the very same picture, drawn by another pencil, with a different placing of the shadows; and since the two sketches were made so many years apart and yet seem to be descriptive of the same thing, it is perhaps fair to conclude that this particular interview, which appears to have degenerated into something like a dispute about nothing (a very frequent subject of disputes, by the way), was not exceptional, but rather typical. Without doubt this was one of the occasions when Thoreau felt himself treated as if he were "a thousand miles off," and went home early to "cherish his idea of friendship." Let us hope that he lost nothing else along with his time and identity.

But here, again, we are in danger of an unseasonable lightness. Friendship, according to Thoreau's apprehension of it, was a thing infinitely sacred. A *friend* might move him to petulance, as the best of friends sometimes will; but *friendship*, the ideal state shown to him in dreams, for speech concerning that there was nowhere in English, nor anywhere else, a word sufficiently noble and unsoiled. And even his friends he loved, although, tongue-tied New Englander that he was, he could never tell them so. He loved them best (and this, likewise, was no singularity) when they were farthest away. In company, even in their company, he could never utter his truest thought.

So it is with us all. It was a greater than Thoreau who said, "We descend to meet;" and a greater still, perhaps (and he also a Concord man), who confessed at fifty odd: "I doubt whether I have ever really talked with half a dozen persons in my life."

As for Thoreau, he knew at times, and owned as much to himself, that his absorption in nature tended to unfit him for human society. But so it was; he loved to be alone. And in this respect he had no thought of change, — no thought nor wish. Whatever happened, he would still belong to no club but the true "country club," which dined "at the sign of the Shrub Oak." The fields and the woods, the old road, the river, and the pond, these were his real neighbors. Year in and year out, how near they were to him! — a nearness unspeakable; till sometimes it seemed as if their being and his were not two, but one and the same. With them was no frivolity, no vulgarity, no changeableness, no prejudice. With them he had no misunderstandings, no meaningless disputes, no disappointments. They knew him, and were known of him. In their society he felt himself renewed. There he lived, and loved his life. There, if anywhere, the Spirit of the Lord came upon him. Hear him, on a cool morning in August, with the wind in the branches and the crickets in the grass, and think of him, if you can, as a being too cold for friendship!

"My heart leaps out of my mouth at the sound of the wind in the woods. I, whose life was but yesterday so desultory and shallow, suddenly recover my spirits, my spirituality, through my hearing. . . . Ah! if I could so live that there should be no desultory moments . . . I would walk, I would sit and sleep, with natural piety. What if I could pray aloud, or to myself, as I went along by the brookside, a cheerful prayer, like the birds! For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it. And then, to think of those I love among men, who will know that I love them, though I tell them not.

. . . I thank you, God. I do not deserve anything; I am unworthy of the least regard; and yet the world is gilded for my delight, and holidays are prepared for me, and my path is strewn with flowers. . . . O keep my senses pure!"

Highly characteristic is that concluding ejaculation. For Thoreau the five senses were not organs or means of sensuous gratification, but the five gateways of the soul. He would have them open and undefiled. Upon that point no man was ever more insistent. Above all, no sense must be pampered; else it would lose its native freshness and delicacy, and so its diviner use. That way lay perdition. When a woman came to Concord to lecture, and Thoreau carried her manuscript to the hall for her, wrapped in its owner's handkerchief, he complained twenty-four hours afterward that his pocket "still exhaled cologne." Faint, elusive outdoor odors were not only a continual delight to him, but a positive means of grace.

So, too, he would rather not see any of the scenic wonders of the world. Only let his sense of beauty remain uncorrupted, and he could trust his Musketaquid meadows, and the low hills round about, to feed and satisfy him forever.

Because of his jealousy in this regard, partly, — and partly from ignorance, it may be, just as some of his respectable village acquaintances would have found the *Iliad*, of which he talked so much, duller than death in comparison with the works of Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, — he often spoke in slighting terms of operas and all the more elaborate forms of music. The ear, he thought, if it were kept innocent, would find satisfaction in the very simplest of musical sounds. For himself, there was no language extravagant enough to express his rapturous delight in them. Now "all the romance of his youthfullest moment" came flooding back upon him, and anon he was carried away till he "looked under the lids of Time," — all by the humming of telegraph wires or, at night especially, by the distant baying of a hound.

To the modern "musical person" certain of his confessions under this head are of a character to excite mirth. He is "much indebted," for instance, to a neighbor "who will now and then, in the intervals of his work, draw forth a few strains from his accordion." The neighbor is only a learner, but, says Thoreau, "I find when his strains cease that I have been elevated." His daily philosophy is all of a piece, one perceives: plain fare, plain clothes, plain company, a hut in the woods, an old book, — and for inspiration the notes of a neighbor's accordion.

More than once, too, he acknowledges his obligation to that famous rural entertainer and civilizer, the hand-organ. "All Vienna" could not do more for him, he ventures to think. "It is perhaps the best instrumental music that we have," he observes; which can hardly have been true, even in Concord, one prefers to believe, while admitting the possibility. If it is heard far enough away, he goes on, so that the creaking of the machinery is lost, "it serves the grandest use for me, — it deepens my existence."

We smile, of course, as in duty bound, at so artless an avowal; but, having smiled, we are bound also to render our opinion that the most *blasé* concert-goer, if he be a man of native sensibility, will readily enough discern what Thoreau has in mind, and with equal readiness will concede to it a measure of reasonableness; for he will have the witness in himself that the effect of music upon the soul depends as much upon the temper of the soul as upon the perfection of the instrument. One day a simple air, simply sung or played, will land him in heaven; and another day the best efforts of the full symphony orchestra will leave him in the mire. And after all, it is possibly better, albeit in "poorer taste," to be transported by the wheezing of an accordion than to be bored by finer music. As for Thoreau, he studied to be a master of the art of living; and in the practice of that art, as of any other, it is the glory of the artist to achieve extraordinary results by ordinary

means. To have one's existence deepened — there cannot be many things more desirable than that; and as between our unsophisticated recluse and the average "musical person" aforesaid, the case is perhaps not so one-sided as at first sight it looks; or, if it be, the odds are possibly not always on the side of what seems the greater opportunity.

His life, the quality of his life, that for Thoreau was the paramount concern. To the furthering of that end all things must be held subservient. Nature, man, books, music, all for him had the same use. This one thing he did, — he cultivated himself. If any, because of his so doing, accused him of selfishness, preaching to him of philanthropy, alms-giving, and what not, his answer was not to wait for. Mankind, he was prepared to maintain, was very well off without such helps, which oftener than not did as much harm as good (though the concrete case at his elbow — half-clad Johnny Riordan, a fugitive slave, an Irishman who wished to bring his family over — appealed to him as quickly as to most, one is glad to notice); and, however that might be, the world needed a thousand times more than any so-called charity the sight of a man here and there living for higher ends than the world itself knows of. His own course, at any rate, was clear before him: "What I am, I am, and say not. Being is the great explainer."

His life, his *own* life, that he must live; and he must be in earnest about it. He was no indifferent, no little-carer, no skeptic, as if truth and a lie were but varying shades of the same color, and virtue, according to the old phrase, "a mean between vices." You would never catch him sighing, "Oh, well!" or "Who knows?" Qualifications, reconciliations, *rapprochements*, the two sides of the shield, and all that, — these were considerations not in his line. Before everything else he was a believer, — an idealist, that is, — the last person in the world to put up with half-truths or halfway measures. If "existing things" were thus and so, that

was no reason why, with the sect of the Sadducees, he should make the best of them. What if there *were* no best of them? What if they were all bad? And anyhow, why not begin new? It was conceivable, was it not, that a man should set his own example, and follow his own copy. General opinion, — what was that? Was a thing better established because ten thousand fools believed it? Did folly become wisdom by being raised to a higher power? And antiquity, tradition, — what were they? Could a blind man of fifteen centuries ago see farther than a blind man of the present time? And if the blind led the blind, then or now, would not both fall into the ditch?

Yes, he was undoubtedly peculiar. As to that there could never be anything but agreement among practical people. In a world where shiftiness and hesitation are the rule, nothing looks so eccentric as a straight course. It must be acknowledged, too, that a man whose goodness has a strong infusion of the bitter, and whose opinions turn out of the way for nobody, is not apt to be the most comfortable kind of neighbor. We were not greatly surprised, lately, to hear an excellent lady remark of Thoreau that, from all she had read about him, she thought he must have been "a very disagreeable gentleman." It could hardly be said of him, as Mr. Birrell says of Matthew Arnold, who was himself a pretty serious person, and, after a way of his own, a preacher of righteousness, that he "conspired and contrived to make things pleasant."

Being a consistent idealist, he was of course an extremist, falling in that respect little behind the man out of Nazareth, whose hard sayings, by all accounts, were sometimes less acceptable than they might have been, and of whom Thoreau asserted, in his emphatic way, that if his words were really read from any pulpit in the land, "there would not be left one stone of that meeting-house upon another." Thoreau worshiped purity, and the every-day ethical standards of the street were to him an abomination.

"There are certain current expressions and blasphemous moods of viewing things," he declares, "as when we say 'he is doing a good business,' more profane than cursing and swearing. There is death and sin in such words. Let not the children hear them." That innocent-sounding phrase about "a good business" — as if a business might be taken for granted as good because it brought in money — was as abhorrent to him as the outrageous worldly philosophy of an old castaway like Major Pendennis is to the ordinarily sensitive reader.

He was constitutionally earnest. There are pages of the journal, indeed, which make one feel that perhaps he was in danger of being too much so for his own profit. Possibly it is not quite wholesome, possibly, if one dares to say it, it begets a something like priggishness, for the soul to be keyed up continually to so strenuous a pitch. In Thoreau's case, at all events, one is glad for every sign of a slackening of the tension. "Set the red hen to - day;" "Got green grapes to stew;" trivialities like these, too far apart (one is tempted to colloquialize, and call them "precious few," finding them so infrequent and so welcome), strike the reader with a sudden sensation of relief, as if he had been wading to the chin, and all at once his feet had touched a shallow.

So, too, one is thankful to come upon a really amusing dissertation about the tying of shoestrings, or rather about their too easy untying; a matter with which, it appears, Thoreau had for years experienced "a great deal of trouble." His walking companion (Channing, presumably) and himself had often compared notes about it, concluding after experiments that the duration of a shoetic might be made to serve as a reasonably accurate unit of measure, as accurate, say, as a stadium or a league. Channing, indeed, would sometimes go without shoestrings, rather than be plagued so incessantly by their dissolute behavior. Finally Thoreau, being then thirty-six years old, and always exceptionally clever with his

hands, set his wits seriously at work upon knots, and by a stroke of good fortune (or a stroke of genius) hit upon one which answered his end; only to be told, on communicating the discovery to a third party, that he had all his life been tying "granny knots," never having learned, at school or elsewhere, the secret of a square one! It might be well, he concludes, if all children were "taught the accomplishment." Verily, as Hosea Biglow did not say, they did n't know everything down in Concord.

More refreshing still are entries describing hours of serene communion with nature, hours in which, as in an instance already cited, the Spirit of the Lord blessed him, and he forgot even to be good. These entries, likewise, are less numerous than could be wished, though perhaps as frequent as could fairly be expected; since ecstasies, like feasts, must in the nature of things be somewhat broadly spaced; and it is interesting, not to say surprising, to see how frankly he looks upon them afterward as subjects on which to try his pen. In these "seasons when our genius reigns we may be powerless for expression," he remarks; but in calmer hours, when talent is again active, "the memory of those rarer moods comes to color our picture, and is the permanent paint-pot, as it were, into which we dip our brush." But, in truth, the whole journal, some volumes of which are carefully indexed in his own hand, is quite undisguisedly a collection of thoughts, feelings, and observations, out of which copy is to be extracted. In it, he says, "I wish to set down such choice experiences that my own writings may inspire me, and at last I may make wholes of parts. . . . Each thought that is welcomed and recorded is a nest-egg by the side of which more will be laid."

A born writer, he is "greedy of occasions to express" himself. He counts it "wise to write on many subjects, that so he may find the right and inspiring one." "There are innumerable avenues to a perception of the truth," he tells himself.

"Improve the suggestion of each object, however humble, however slight and transient the provocation. What else is there to be improved?"

The literary diarist, like the husbandman, knows not which shall prosper. Morning and evening, he can only sow the seed. So it was with Thoreau. "A strange and unaccountable thing," he pronounces his journal. "It will allow nothing to be predicated of it; its good is not good, nor its bad bad. If I make a huge effort to expose my innermost and richest wares to light, my counter seems cluttered with the meanest homemade stuffs; but after months or years I may discover the wealth of India, and whatever rarity is brought overland from Cathay, in that confused heap, and what seemed a festoon of dried apple or pumpkin will prove a string of Brazilian diamonds, or pearls from Coromandel."

Well, we make sure that whoever tumbles the heap over now, more than forty years after the last object was laid upon it, will be rewarded with many and many a jewel. Here, for his encouragement, are half a dozen out of the goodly number that one customer has lately turned up, in a hasty rummaging of the counter:—

"When a dog runs at you, whistle for him."

"We must be at the helm at least once a day; we must feel the tiller rope in our hands, and know that if we sail, we steer."

"In composition I miss the hue of the mind."

"After the era of youth is past, the knowledge of ourselves is an alloy that spoils our satisfactions."

"How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live."

"Silence is of various depths and fertility, like soil."

"Praise should be spoken as simply and naturally as a flower emits its fragrance."

Here, again, is a mere nothing, a momentary impression caught, in ball-players' language, on the fly; nothing like a pearl from Coromandel, if you will, but

at the worst a toothsome bite out of a wild New England apple. It is winter. "I saw a team come out of a path in the woods," says Thoreau, "as though it had never gone in, but belonged there, and only came out like Elisha's bears." There will be few country-bred Yankee boys, we imagine, who will not remember to have experienced something precisely like that, under precisely the same circumstances, though it never occurred to them to put the feeling into words, much less to preserve it in a drop of ink. That is one of the good things that a writer does for us. And our country-bred boy, if we mistake not, is likely to consider this one careless sentence of Thoreau, which adds not a cent's worth to the sum of what is called human knowledge, as of more value than any dozen pages of his painstaking botanical records.

Thoreau the naturalist appears in the journal, not as a master, but as a learner. It could hardly be otherwise, of course, a journal being what it is. There we see him conning by himself his daily lesson, correcting yesterday by to-day, and to-day by to-morrow, progressing, like every scholar, over the stepping-stones of his own mistakes. Of the branches he pursued, as far as the present writer can presume to judge, he was strongest in botany; certainly it was to plants that he most persistently devoted himself; but even there he had as many uncertainties as discoveries to set down; and he set them down with unflagging zeal and unrestrained particularity. The daily account is running over with question-marks. His patience was admirable; the more so as he worked entirely by himself, with few of the helps that in this better-furnished time almost belie the old proverb, and make even the beginner's path a kind of royal road to learning. The day of "How-to-Know" handbooks had not yet dawned.

Of his bird-studies it would be interesting, if there were room, to speak at greater length. Here, even more than in botany, if that were possible, he suffered for lack

of assistance, and even in his later entries leaves the present-day reader wondering how so eager a scholar could have spent so many years in learning so comparatively little. The mystery is partly cleared, however, when it is found that until 1854 — say for more than a dozen years — he studied without a glass. He does not buy things, he explains, with characteristic self-satisfaction, till long after he begins to want them, so that when he does get them he is "prepared to make a perfect use of them." It was wasteful economy. He might as well have botanized without a pocket-lens.

But glass or no glass, how could an ornithological observer, whose power — so Emerson said — "seemed to indicate additional senses," be in the field daily for ten or fifteen years before setting eyes upon his first rose-breasted grosbeak? — which memorable event happened to Thoreau on the 13th of June, 1853! How could a man who had made it his business for at least a dozen years to "name all the birds without a gun," stand for a long time within a few feet of a large bird, so busy that it could not be scared far away, and then go home uncertain whether he had been looking at a woodcock or a snipe? How could he, when thirty-five years old, see a flock of sparrows, and hear them sing, and not be sure whether or not they were chipping sparrows? And how could a man so strong in times and seasons, always marking dates with an almanac's exactness, how could he, so late as '52, inquire concerning the downy woodpecker, one of the more familiar and constant of year-round birds, "Do we see him in the winter?" and again, a year later, be found asking whether he, the same downy woodpecker, is not the first of our woodland birds to arrive in the spring? At thirty-six he is amazed to the extent of double exclamation points by the sight of a flicker so early as March 29.

It fills one with astonishment to hear him (May 4, 1853) describing what he takes to be an indigo-bird after this fashion: "Dark throat and light beneath,

and white spot on wings," with hoarse, rapid notes, a kind of *twee, twee, twee*, not musical. The stranger may have been — most likely it was — a black-throated blue warbler; which is as much like an indigo-bird as a bluebird is like a blue jay, — or a yellow apple like an orange. And the indigo-bird, it should be said, is a common New Englander, such as one of our modern schoolboy bird-gazers would have no difficulty in getting into his "list" any summer day in Concord; while the warbler in question, though nothing but a migrant, and somewhat seclusive in its habits, is so regular in its passage and so unmistakably marked (no bird more so), that it seems marvelous how Thoreau, prowling about everywhere with his eyes open, should year after year have missed it.

The truth appears to be that even of the commoner sorts of birds that breed in eastern Massachusetts or migrate through it, Thoreau knew by sight and name only a small proportion, wonderful as his knowledge seemed to those who, like Emerson, knew practically nothing.

Not that the journal is likely to prove less interesting to bird-loving readers on this account. On the contrary, it may rather be more so, as showing them the means and methods of an ornithological amateur fifty years ago, and, especially, as providing for them a desirable store of ornithological nuts to crack on winter evenings. Some such reader, by a careful collation of the data which the publication of the journal as a whole puts at his disposal, will perhaps succeed in settling the identity of the famous "night warbler;" a bird which some, we believe, have suspected to be nothing rarer than the almost superabundant oven-bird, but which, so far as we ourselves know, may have been almost any one (or any two or three) of our smaller common birds that are given to occasional ecstatic song-flights. Whatever it was, it was of use to Thoreau for the quickening of his imagination, and for literary purposes; and Emerson was well advised in warning

him to beware of booking it, lest life henceforth should have so much the less to show him.

It must be said, however, that Thoreau stood in slight need of such a caution. He cherished for himself a pretty favorable opinion of a certain kind and measure of ignorance. With regard to some of his ornithological mysteries, for example, — the night warbler, the seringo bird (which with something like certainty we may conjecture to have been the savanna sparrow), and others, — he flatters himself that his good genius had withheld their names from him that he might the better learn their character, — whatever such an expression may be supposed to mean.

He maintained stoutly, from beginning to end, that he was not of the ordinary school of naturalists, but "a mystic, a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher in one;" though he believed himself, in his own words, "by constitution as good an observer as most." He will not be one of those who seek facts as facts, studying nature as a dead language. He studies her for purposes of his own, in search of the "raw material of tropes and figures." "I pray for such experience as will make nature significant," he declares; and then, with the same penful of ink, he asks: "Is that the swamp gooseberry of Gray now just beginning to blossom at Saw-Mill Brook? It has a divided style and stamens, etc., as yet not longer than the calyx, though my slip has no thorns nor prickles," and so on, and so on. Pages on pages of the journal are choke-full, literally, of this kind of botanical interrogation, till the unsympathetic reader will be in danger of surmising that the mystical searcher after tropes and symbols is sometimes not so utterly unlike the student of the dead language of fact. But then, it is one of the virtues of a journal that it is not a work of art, that it has no form, no fashion (and so does not go *out* of fashion), and is always at liberty to contradict itself. As Thoreau said, he tumbled his goods upon the counter; no single customer is bound to be pleased

with them all; different men, different tastes; let each select from the pile the things that suit his fancy.

For our own part, we acknowledge, — and the shrewd reader may already have remarked the fact, — we have not been disinclined to choose here and there a bit of some less rare and costly stuff. The man is so sternly virtuous, so inexorably in earnest, so heart-set upon perfection, that we almost like him best when for a moment he betrays something that suggests a touch of human frailty. We prick up our ears when he speaks of a woman he once in a while goes to see, who tells him to his face that she thinks him self-conceited. Now, then, we whisper to ourselves, how will this man who despises flattery, and, boasting himself a “commoner,” professes that for him “there is something devilish in manners,” — how will this candor-loving, truth-speaking, truth-appreciating man enjoy the rebuke of so unmannered a mentor? And we smile and say Aha! when he adds that the lady wonders why he does not visit her oftener.

We smile, too, when he brags, in early February, that he has not yet put on his winter clothing, amusing himself the while over the muffs and furs of his less hardy neighbors, his own “simple diet” making him so tough in the fibre that he “flourishes like a tree;” and then, a week later, writes with unbroken equanimity that he is down with bronchitis, contenting himself to spend his days cuddled in a warm corner by the stove.

Trifles of this kind encourage a pleasant feeling of brotherly relationship. He is one of us, after all, with like passions. But of course we really like him best when he is *at* his best, — as in some outpouring of his love for things natural and wild. Let us have one more such quotation: “Now I yearn for one of those old, meandering, dry, uninhabited roads, which lead away from towns, which lead us away from temptation, which conduct us to the outside of earth, over its uppermost crust; where you may forget in what coun-

try you are travelling; where your head is more in heaven than your feet are on earth; where you can pace when your breast is full, and cherish your moodiness. . . . There I can walk and recover the lost child that I am without any ringing of a bell.”

For real warmth, when once the fire burns, who can exceed our stoic?

We like, also, his bits of prettiness, things in which he is second to nobody, though prettiness, again, is not supposed to be the stoic’s “note;” and they are all the prettier, as well as ten times more welcome, because he has the grace — and the sound literary sense — to drop them here and there, as it were casually, upon a ground of simple, unaffected prose. Here, now, is a sentence that by itself is worth a deal of ornithology: “The song sparrow is heard in fields and pastures, setting the midsummer day to music, — as if it were the music of a mossy rail or fence-post.” Of dragon-flies he says: “How lavishly they are painted! How cheap was the paint! How free was the fancy of their Creator!” In early June, when woods are putting forth leaves, “the summer is pitching its tent.” He finds the dainty fringed polygala (whose ordinary color is a lovely rose-purple) sporting white blossoms, and remarks: “Thus many flowers have their nun sisters, dressed in white.” Soaring hawks are “kites without strings;” and when he and his companion are traveling across country, keeping out of the sight of houses, yet compelled to traverse here and there a farmer’s field, they “shut every window with an apple-tree.”

Gems like these one need not be a connoisseur to appreciate, and they are common upon his counter. It was a good name that Channing gave him: “The Poet-Naturalist.”

But there are better things than flowers and jewels to be found in Thoreau’s stock. There are cordials and tonics there, to brace a man when he is weary; eye-washes, to cleanse his vision till he sees the heights above him and repents the lowness of his aims and the vulgarity

of his satisfactions; blisters and irritant plasters in large variety and of warranted strength; but little or nothing, so far as the present customer has noticed, in the line of anodynes and sleeping-powders. There we may buy moral wisdom, which is not only the "foundation and source of good writing," as one of the ancients said, but of the arts in general, especially the art of life. If the world is too much with us, if wealth attracts and the "rust of copper" has begun to eat into the soul, if we are in danger of selling our years for things that perish with the using, here we may find correctives, and go away thankful, rejoicing henceforth to be rich in a better coinage than any that bears the world's stamp. The very exaggerations of the master — if we call them such — may do us good like a medicine; for there are diseased conditions which yield to nothing so quickly as to a shock.

As for Thoreau himself, life might have been smoother for him had he been less exacting in his idealism, more tolerant of imperfection in others and in himself; had he taken his studies, and even his spiritual aspirations, a grain or two less seriously. A bit of boyish play now and then, the bow quite unbent, or a dose of

novel-reading of the love-making, humanizing (Trollopean) sort, could one imagine it, with a more temperate cherishing of his moodiness, might have done him no harm. It would have been for his comfort, so much may confidently be said, whether for his happiness is another question, had he been one of those gentler humorists who can sometimes see themselves, as all humorists have the gift of seeing other people, funny side out. But then, had these things been so, had his natural scope been wider, his genius, so to say, more tropical, richer, freer, more expansive, more various and flexible, more like the spreading banyan and less like the soaring, sky-pointing spruce,— why, then he would no longer have been Thoreau; for better or worse, his speech would have lost its distinctive tang; and in the long run the world, which likes a touch of bitter and a touch of sour, would almost certainly have found the man himself less interesting, and his books less rememberable. And made as he was, "born to his own affairs," what else could he do but stick to himself? "We are constantly invited to be what we are," he said. The words might fittingly have been cut upon his gravestone.

THOREAU'S JOURNAL I

[The extracts which have been chosen for the first installment of the Journal are taken from the earliest manuscript volumes, which have already been largely drawn upon by Thoreau himself in the *Week* and *Walden*, as well as by H. G. Blake in his four volumes of selected passages. The hitherto unprinted paragraphs which are here given are therefore much briefer and more unconnected than the extracts from the later volumes, which will appear in subsequent installments. — THE EDITORS.]

October 22, 1837.

"WHAT are you doing now?" he asked; "Do you keep a journal?" So I make my first entry to-day.

Solitude.

To be alone I find it necessary to escape the present, — I avoid myself. How could I be alone in the Roman emperor's chamber of mirrors? I seek a garret. The spiders must not be disturbed, nor the floor swept, nor the lumber arranged.

November 5, 1837.

Truth.

Truth strikes us from behind, and in the dark, as well as from before and in broad daylight.

February 9, 1838.

Fear.

All fear of the world or consequences is swallowed up in a manly anxiety to do Truth justice.

March 5, 1838.

Such is man, — toiling, heaving, struggling ant-like to shoulder some stray unappropriated crumb and deposit it in his granary; then runs out, complacent, gazes heavenward, earthward (for even pismires can look down), heaven and earth meanwhile looking downward, upward; there seen of men, world-seen, deed-delivered, vanishes into all-grasping night. And is he doomed ever to run the same course? Can he not, wriggling, screwing, self-exhorting, self-constraining, wriggle or screw out something that shall live, — respected, intact, intangible, not to be sneezed at?¹

¹ "Carlyleish" is written in the margin against this passage.

March 6, 1838.

How can a man sit down and quietly pare his nails, while the earth goes gyrating ahead amid such a din of sphere music, whirling him along about her axis some twenty-four thousand miles between sun and sun, but mainly in a circle some two millions of miles actual progress? And then such a hurly-burly on the surface, — wind always blowing, now a zephyr, now a hurricane; tides never idle, ever fluctuating; no rest for Niagara, but perpetual ran-tan on those limestone rocks; and then that summer simmering which our ears are used to, which would otherwise be christened confusion worse confounded, but is now ironically called "silence audible;" and, above all, the incessant tinkering named "hum of industry," the hurrying to and fro and confused jabbering of men. Can man do less than get up and shake himself?

April 1, 1838.

The Indian Axe.

The Indian must have possessed no small share of vital energy to have rubbed industriously stone upon stone for long months till at length he had rubbed out an axe or pestle, — as though he had said in the face of the constant flux of things, I at least will live an enduring life.

April 15, 1838.

Conversation.

Thomas Fuller relates that "In Merionethshire, in Wales, there are high mountains, whose hanging tops come so close together that shepherds on the tops of several hills may audibly talk together, yet will it be a day's journey for their

bodies to meet, so vast is the hollowness of the valleys betwixt them." As much may be said in a moral sense of our intercourse in the plains, for, though we may audibly converse together, yet is there so vast a gulf of hollowness between that we are actually many days' journey from a veritable communication.

April 24, 1838.

Steamships.

Men have been contriving new means and modes of motion. Steamships have been westerling during these late days and nights on the Atlantic waves, — the fuglers of a new evolution to this generation. Meanwhile plants spring silently by the brooksides, and the grim woods wave indifferent; the earth emits no howl, pot on fire simmers and seethes, and men go about their business.

August 5, 1838.

Divine Service in the Academy Hall.

In dark places and dungeons these words might perhaps strike root and grow, but utter them in the daylight and their dusky hues are apparent. From this window I can compare the written with the preached word: within is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; without, grain fields and grasshoppers, which give those the lie direct.

August 13, 1838.

Consciousness.

If with closed ears and eyes I consult consciousness for a moment, immediately are all walls and barriers dissipated, earth rolls from under me, and I float, by the impetus derived from the earth and the system, a subjective, heavily-laden thought, in the midst of an unknown and infinite sea, or else heave and swell like a vast ocean of thought, without rock or headland, where are all riddles solved, all straight lines making there their two ends to meet, eternity and space gambolling familiarly through my depths. I am from the beginning, knowing no end, no aim. No sun illumines me, for I dissolve all

lesser lights in my own intenser and steadier light. I am a restful kernel in the magazine of the universe.

Resource.

Men are constantly dinging in my ears their fair theories and plausible solutions of the universe, but ever there is no help, and I return again to my shoreless, islandless ocean, and fathom unceasingly for a bottom that will hold an anchor, that it may not drag.

August 29, 1838.

Deformity.

Here at the top of Nawshawtuct this mild August afternoon, I can discern no deformed thing. The profane haymakers in yonder meadow are yet the haymakers of poetry, forsooth Faustus and Amyntas. Yonder schoolhouse of brick, than which, near at hand, nothing can be more mote-like to my eye, serves even to heighten the picturesqueness of the scene. Barns and out-buildings, which in the nearness mar by their presence the loveliness of nature, are not only endurable, but, observed where they lie by some waving field of grain or patch of woodland, prove a very cynosure to the pensive eye. Let man after infinite hammering and din of crows uprear a deformity on the plain, yet will nature have her revenge on the hilltop. Retire a stone's throw and she will have changed his base metal into gold.

September 15, 1838.

Flow of Spirits in Youth.

How unaccountable the flow of spirits in youth! You may throw sticks and dirt into the current, and it will only rise the higher. Dam it up you may, but dry it up you may not, for you cannot reach its source. If you stop up this avenue or that, anon it will come gurgling out where you least expected and wash away all fixtures. Youth grasps at happiness as an inalienable right. The tear does no sooner gush than glisten. Who shall say when the tear that sprung of sorrow first sparkled with joy?

April 9, 1839.

Fat Pine for Spearing.

Fat roots of pine lying in rich veins as of gold or silver, even in old pastures where you would least expect it, make you realize that you live in the youth of the world, and you begin to know the wealth of the planet. Human nature is still in its prime, then. Bring axe, pick-axe, and shovel, and tap the earth here where there is most sap. The marrowy store gleams like some vigorous sinew, and you feel a new suppleness in your own limbs. These are the traits that conciliate man's moroseness, and make him civil to his fellows; every such pine root is a pledge of suavity. If he can discover absolute barrenness in any direction there will be some excuse for peevishness.

June 4, 1839.

My Attic.

I sit here this fourth of June, looking out on men and nature from this that I call my perspective window, through which all things are seen in their true relations. This is my upper empire, bounded by four walls, viz., three of boards yellow-washed, facing the north, west, and south, respectively, and the fourth of plaster, likewise yellow-washed, fronting the sunrise, — to say nothing of the pur-
lieus and out-lying provinces, unexplored as yet but by rats.

July 11, 1839.

Every Man is a Roman Forum.

All things are up and down, — east and west, — to me. In me is the forum out of which go the Appian and Sacred Ways, and a thousand beside, to the ends of the world. If I forget my centralness, and say a bean winds with or against the sun, and not right or left, it will not be true south of the equator.

January 26, 1840.

Friends.

They are like air bubbles on water, hastening to flow together.

History tells of Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias, but why should we not put to shame those old reserved worthies by a community of such?

This conjunction of souls, like waves which meet and break, subsides also backward over things, and gives all a fresh aspect.

I would live henceforth with some gentle soul such a life as may be conceived, double for variety, single for harmony, — two, only that we might admire at our oneness, — one, because indivisible. Such community to be a pledge of holy living. How could aught unworthy be admitted into our society? To listen with one ear to each summer sound, to behold with one eye each summer scene, our visual rays so to meet and mingle with the object as to be one bent and doubled; with two tongues to be wearied, and thought to spring ceaselessly from a double fountain.

March 21, 1840.

The world is a fit theatre to-day in which any part may be acted. There is this moment proposed to me every kind of life that men lead anywhere, or that imagination can paint. By another spring I may be a mail-carrier in Peru, or a South African planter, or a Siberian exile, or a Greenland whaler, or a settler on the Columbia River, or a Canton merchant, or a soldier in Florida, or a mackerel fisher off Cape Sable, or a Robinson Crusoe in the Pacific, or a silent navigator of any sea. So wide is the choice of parts, what a pity if the part of Hamlet be left out!

I am freer than any planet; no complaint reaches round the world. I can move away from public opinion, from government, from religion, from education, from society. Shall I be reckoned a rateable poll in the county of Middlesex, or be rated at one spear under the palm trees of Guinea? Shall I raise corn and potatoes in Massachusetts, or figs and olives in Asia Minor? sit out the day in my office on State Street, or ride it out on

the steppes of Tartary? For my Brobdignag I may sail to Patagonia; for my Lilliput, to Lapland. In Arabia and Persia my day's adventures may surpass the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. I may be a logger on the head waters of the Penobscot, to be treated in fable hereafter as an amphibious river god by as sounding a name as Triton or Proteus; carry furs from Nootka to China, and so be more renowned than Jason and his golden fleece; or go on a South Sea exploring expedition to be hereafter recounted along with the periplus of Hanno. I may repeat the adventures of Marco Polo or Mandeville. These are but few of my chances, and how many more things may I do with which there are none to be compared!

June 18, 1840.

I should be pleased to meet man in the woods. I wish he were to be encountered like wild caribous and moose.

Of what consequence whether I stand on London bridge for the next century, or look into the depths of this bubbling spring which I have laid open with my hoe?

June 30, 1840.

I have a deep sympathy with war, it so apes the gait and bearing of the soul.

July 16, 1840.

We are as much refreshed by sounds as by sights, or scents, or flavors, — as the barking of a dog heard in the woods at midnight, or the tinklings which attend the dawn.

As I picked blackberries this morning, by starlight, the distant yelping of a dog fell on my inward ear, as the cool breeze on my cheek.

July 19, 1840.

These two days that I have not written in my Journal, set down in the calendar as the 17th and 18th of July, have been really an æon in which a Syrian empire might rise and fall. How many Persias have been lost and won in the interim? Night is spangled with fresh stars.

July 27, 1840.

Nature refuses to sympathize with our sorrow. She seems not to have provided for, but by a thousand contrivances against, it. She has bevelled the margins of the eyelids that the tears may not overflow on the cheek.

Saturday, January 30, 1841.

Sometimes I come out suddenly upon a high plain which seems to be the upper level and true surface of the earth and by its very baldness aspires and lies up nearer to the stars, — a place where a catalogue might be let down or a saint translated.

There is all the romance of my youth-fullest moment in music. Heaven lies about us, as in our infancy. There is nothing so wild and extravagant that it does not make true. It makes a dream my only real experience, and prompts faith to such elasticity that only the incredible can satisfy it. It tells me again to trust the remotest, and finest, as the divinest instinct. All that I have imagined of heroism, it reminds and reassures me of. It is a life un-lived, a life beyond life, where at length my years will pass. I look under the lids of Time.

Saturday, February 6, 1841.

When one gets up to address briefly a strange audience, in that little he may have opportunity to say, he will not quite do himself injustice. For he will instantly and instinctively average himself to his audience, and, while he is true to his own character still, he will in a few moments make that impression which a series of months and years would but expand. Before he answers, his thought like lightning runs round the whole compass of his experiences, and he is scrupulous to speak from that which he is, and with a more entire truthfulness than usual.

Sunday, February 7, 1841.

Without greatcoat or drawers I have advanced thus far into the snowbanks of the winter, without thought and with im-

punity.¹ When I meet my neighbors in muffs and furs and tippets, they look as if they had retreated into the interior fastnesses from some foe invisible to me. They remind me that this is the season of winter in which it becomes a man to be cold. For feeling, I am a piece of clean wood of this shape which will do service till it rots, and, though the cold has a physical effect on me, it is a kindly one, for it "finds its acquaintance there." My diet is so little stimulating, and my body in consequence so little heated, as to excite no antagonism in nature, but flourishes like a tree which finds even the winter genial to its expansion and the secretion of sap. May not the body defend itself against cold by its very nakedness, and its elements be so simple and single that they cannot congeal? Frost does not affect one but several. My body now affords no more pasture for cold than a leafless twig. I call it a protestant warmth. My limbs do not tire as formerly, but I use myself as any other piece of nature, and from mere indifference and thoughtlessness may break the timber.

It is the vice of the last season which compels us to arm ourselves for the next. If man always conformed to Nature, he would not have to defend himself against her, but find her his constant nurse and friend, as do plants and quadrupeds.

February 8, 1841.

My Journal.

I find it everywhere as free as the leaves which troop along the lanes in autumn. The crow, the goose, the eagle, carry my quill, and the wind blows the leaves as far as I go. Or if my imagination does not soar, but gropes in slime and mud, then I write with a reed.

Wednesday, February 10, 1841.

I asked a man to-day if he would rent me some land, and he said he had four acres as good soil "as any outdoors." It was a true poet's account of it. He and

¹ See below, February 14, also, February 23.

I, and all the world, went outdoors to breathe the free air and stretch ourselves. For the world is but outdoors, and we duck behind a panel.

Sunday, February 14, 1841.

I am confined to the house by bronchitis, and so seek to content myself with that quiet and serene life there is in a warm corner by the fireside, and see the sky through the chimney top. Sickness should not be allowed to extend further than the body. We need only to retreat further within us, to preserve uninterrupted the continuity of serene hours to the end of our lives.

As soon as I find my chest is not of tempered steel, and heart of adamant, I bid good bye to these and look out a new nature. I will be liable to no accidents.²

Thursday, February 18, 1841.

I do not judge men by anything they can do. Their greatest deed is the impression they make on me. Some serene, inactive men can do everything. Talent only indicates a depth of character in some direction. We do not acquire the ability to do new deeds, but a new capacity for all deeds. The gnarled stump has as tender a bud as the sapling.

Sunday, February 21, 1841.

It is hard to preserve equanimity and greatness on that debatable ground between love and esteem. There is nothing so stable and unfluctuating as love. The waves beat steadfast on its shore forever, and its tide has no ebb. It is a resource in all extremities, and a refuge even from itself. And yet love will not be leaned on.

February 22, 1841.

The whole of the day should not be daytime, nor of the night night-time, but some portion be rescued from time to oversee time in. All our hours must not

² This passage has been printed by Blake, but it should be read in connection with the entries for February 7 and February 23.

be current; all our time must not lapse. There must be one hour at least which the day did not bring forth, — of ancient parentage and long established nobility, — which will be a serene and lofty platform overlooking the rest. We should make our notch every day on our characters, as Robinson Crusoe on his stick. We must be at the helm at least once a day; we must feel the tiller-rope in our hands, and know that if we sail, we steer.

Tuesday, February 23, 1841.

The care of the body is the highest exercise of prudence. If I have brought this weakness on my lungs, I will consider calmly and disinterestedly how the thing came about, that I may find out the truth and render justice. Then, after patience, I shall be a wiser man than before.

Thursday, April 15, 1841.

The gods are of no sect; they side with no man. When I imagine that nature inclined rather to some few earnest and faithful souls, and specially existed for them, I go to see an obscure individual who lives under the hill, letting both gods and men alone, and find that strawberries and tomatoes grow for him too, in his garden there, and the sun lodges kindly under his hillside, and am compelled to acknowledge the unbribable charity of the gods.

Any simple, unquestioned mode of life is alluring to men. The man who picks peas steadily for a living is more than respectable. He is to be envied by his neighbors.

Sunday, April 18, 1841.

We take little steps, and venture small stakes, as if our actions were very fatal and irretrievable. There is no swing to our deeds. But our life is only a retired valley where we rest on our packs awhile. Between us and our end there is room for any delay. It is not a short and easy southern way, but we must go over snow-capped mountains to reach the sun.

April 20, 1841.

You can't beat down your virtue; so much goodness it must have.

When a room is furnished, comfort is not furnished.

Great thoughts hallow any labor. To-day I earned seventy-five cents heaving manure out of a pen, and made a good bargain of it. If the ditcher muses the while how he may live uprightly, the ditching spade and turf knife may be engraved on the coat-of-arms of his posterity.

There are certain current expressions and blasphemous moods of viewing things, as when we say "he is doing a good business," — more profane than cursing and swearing. There is death and sin in such words. Let not the children hear them.

Thursday, April 22, 1841.

There are two classes of authors: the one write the history of their times, the other their biography.

Friday, April 23, 1841.

Any greatness is not to be mistaken. Who shall cavil at it? It stands once for all on a level with the heroes of history. It is not to be patronized. It goes alone.

When I hear music, I flutter, and am the scene of life, as a fleet of merchantmen when the wind rises.

April 25, 1841.

A momentous silence reigns always in the woods, and their meaning seems just ripening into expression. But alas! they make no haste. The rush sparrow,¹ nature's minstrel of serene hours, sings of an immense leisure and duration.

When I hear a robin sing at sunset, I cannot help contrasting the equanimity of nature with the bustle and impatience of man. We return from the lyceum and caucus with such stir and excitement, as if a crisis were at hand; but no natural

¹ Field sparrow, Nuttall's *Fringilla juncorum*. Nuttall gives both Field Sparrow and Rush Sparrow as the vernacular names.

scene or sound sympathizes with us, for Nature is always silent and unpretending as at the break of day. She but rubs her eyelids.

Monday, April 26, 1841.

At R. W. E.'s.

The charm of the Indian to me is that he stands free and unconstrained in nature, is her inhabitant and not her guest, and wears her easily and gracefully. But the civilized man has the habits of the house. His house is a prison, in which he finds himself oppressed and confined, not sheltered and protected. He walks as if he sustained the roof; he carries his arms as if the walls would fall in and crush him, and his feet remember the cellar beneath. His muscles are never relaxed. It is rare that he overcomes the house, and learns to sit at home in it, and roof and floor and walls support themselves, as the sky and trees and earth.

It is a great art to saunter.

Wednesday, April 28, 1841.

We falsely attribute to men a determined character; putting together all their yesterdays and averaging them, we presume we know them. Pity the man who has a character to support. It is worse than a large family. He is silent poor indeed. But in fact character is never explored, nor does it get developed in time, but eternity is its development, time its envelope. In view of this distinction, a sort of divine politeness and heavenly good breeding suggests itself, to address always the enveloped character of a man. I approach a great nature with infinite expectation and uncertainty, not knowing what I may meet. It lies as broad and unexplored before me as a scraggy hillside or pasture. I may hear a fox bark, or a partridge drum, or some bird new to these localities may fly up. It lies out there as old, and yet as new. The aspect of the woods varies every day, what with their growth and the changes of the seasons and the influence of the elements, so that the eye of the forester

never twice rests upon the same prospect. Much more does a character show newly and variedly, if directly seen. It is the highest compliment to suppose that in the intervals of conversation your companion has expanded and grown. It may be a deference which he will not understand, but the nature which underlies him will understand it, and your influence will be shed as finely on him as the dust in the sun settles on our clothes. By such politeness we may educate one another to some purpose. So have I felt myself educated sometimes; I am expanded and enlarged.

April 29, 1841.

Birds and quadrupeds pass freely through nature, without prop or stilt. But man very naturally carries a stick in his hand, seeking to ally himself by many points to nature, as a warrior stands by his horse's side with his hand on his mane. We walk the gracefuller for a cane, as the juggler uses a leaded pole to balance him when he dances on a slack wire.

Better a monosyllabic life than a ragged and muttered one; let its report be short and round like a rifle, so that it may hear its own echo in the surrounding silence.

Monday, May 3, 1841.

We are all pilots of the most intricate Bahama channels. Beauty may be the sky overhead, but Duty is the water underneath. When I see a man with serene countenance in the sunshine of summer, drinking in peace in the garden or parlor, it looks like a great inward leisure that he enjoys; but in reality he sails on no summer's sea, but this steady sailing comes of a heavy hand on the tiller. We do not attend to larks and bluebirds so leisurely but that conscience is as erect as the attitude of the listener. The man of principle gets never a holiday. Our true character silently underlies all our words and actions, as the granite underlies the other strata. Its steady pulse does not cease for

any deed of ours, as the sap is still ascending in the stalk of the fairest flower.

Sunday, May 9, 1841.

The pine stands in the woods like an Indian, untamed, with a fantastic wildness about it even in the clearings. If an Indian warrior were well painted, with pines in the background, he would seem to blend with the trees, and make a harmonious expression. The pitch pines are the ghosts of Philip and Massasoit. The white pine has the smoother features of the squaw.

Sunday, May 23, 1841.

Barn.

The distant woods are but the tassels of my eye.

Books are to be attended to as new sounds merely. Most would be put to a sore trial if the reader should assume the attitude of a listener. They are but a new note in the forest. To our lonely, sober thought the earth is a wild unexplored. Wildness as of the jay and muskrat reigns over the great part of nature. The oven-bird and plover are heard in the horizon. Here is a new book of heroes, come to me like the note of the chewink from over the fen, only over a deeper and wider fen. The pines are unrelenting sifters of thought; nothing petty leaks through them. Let me put my ear close and hear the sough of this book, that I may know if any inspiration yet haunts it. There is always a later edition of every book than the printer wots of, no matter how recently it was published. All nature is a new impression every instant.

Thursday, May 27, 1841.

I sit in my boat on Walden, playing the flute, this evening, and see the perch, which I seem to have charmed, hovering around me, and the moon travelling over the bottom, which is strewn with the wrecks of the forest, and feel that nothing but the wildest imagination can conceive of the manner of life we are living. Nature is a wizard. The Concord nights are stranger than the Arabian nights.

We not only want elbow room, but eye room in this gray air which shrouds all the fields. Sometimes my eyes see over the county road by daylight to the tops of yonder birches on the hill, as at others by moonlight.

Heaven lies above, because the air is deep.

In all my life hitherto I have left nothing behind.

Wednesday, June 2, 1841.

I am brought into the near neighborhood and am become a silent observer of the moon's paces to-night, by means of a glass, while the frogs are peeping all around me on the earth, and the sound of the accordion seems to come from some bright saloon yonder. I am sure the moon floats in a human atmosphere. It is but a distant scene of the world's drama. It is a wide theatre the gods have given us, and our actions must befit it. More sea and land, mountain and valley, here is, — a further West, — a freshness and wildness in reserve when all the land shall be cleared.

I see three little lakes between the hills near its edge, reflecting the sun's rays. The light glimmers as on the water in a tumbler. So far off do the laws of reflection hold. I seem to see the ribs of the creature. This is the aspect of their day, its outside, — their heaven above their heads, towards which they breathe their prayers. So much is between me and them. It is noon there, perchance, and ships are at anchor in the havens or sailing on the seas, and there is a din in the streets, and in this light or that shade some leisurely soul contemplates.

But now dor-bugs fly over its disk and bring me back to earth and night.

Wednesday, August 4, 1841.

Nawshawtuct.

Far in the east I read *Nature's Corn Law Rhymes*. Here, in sight of Wachusett and these rivers and woods, my mind goes singing to itself of other themes than taxation. The rush sparrow sings still un-

intelligible, as from beyond a depth in me which I have not fathomed, where my future lies folded up. I hear several faint notes, quite outside me, which populate the waste.

This is such fresh and flowing weather, as if the waves of the morning had subsided over the day.

August 9, 1841.

It is vain to try to write unless you feel strong in the knees.

August 18, 1841.

The best poets, after all, exhibit only a tame and civil side of nature. They have not seen the west side of any mountain.

Thursday, September 2, 1841.

There is but one obligation, and that is the obligation to obey the highest dictate. None can lay me under another which will supersede this. The gods have given me these years without any incumbrance; society has no mortgage on them. If any man assist me in the way of the world, let him derive satisfaction from the deed itself, for I think I never shall have dissolved my prior obligations to God. Kindness repaid is thereby annulled. I would let his deed lie as fair and generous as it was intended. The truly beneficent never relapses into a creditor; his great kindness is still extended to me and is never done. Of those noble deeds which have me for their object I am only the most fortunate spectator, and would rather be the abettor of their nobleness than stay their tide with the obstructions of impatient gratitude. As true as action and reaction are equal, that nobleness which was as wide as the universe will rebound not on him the individual, but on the world. If any have been kind to me, what more do they want? I cannot make them richer than they are. If they have not been kind, they cannot take from me the privilege which they have not improved. My obligations will be my lightest load, for that gratitude which is of kindred stuff in me, expanding every pore, will easily sustain the pressure.

We walk the freest through the air we breathe.

Wednesday, December 29, 1841.

One does not soon learn the trade of life. That one may work out a true life requires more art and delicate skill than any other work. There is need of the nice fingers of the girl as well as the tough hand of the farmer. The daily work is too often toughening the pericarp of the heart as well as the hand. Great familiarity with the world must be nicely managed, lest it win away and bereave us of some susceptibility. Experience bereaves us of our innocence; wisdom bereaves us of our ignorance. Let us walk in the world without learning its ways.

Friday, January 7, 1842.

The great God is very calm withal. How superfluous is any excitement in his creatures! He listens equally to the prayers of the believer and the unbeliever. The moods of man should unfold and alternate as gradually and placidly as those of nature. The sun shines for aye! The sudden revolutions of these times and this generation have acquired a very exaggerated importance. They do not interest me much, for they are not in harmony with the longer periods of nature. The present, in any aspect in which it can be presented to the smallest audience, is always mean. God does not sympathize with the popular movements.

February 21, 1842.

I must confess there is nothing so strange to me as my own body. I love any other piece of nature, almost, better.

I was always conscious of sounds in nature which my ears could never hear, that I caught but the prelude to a strain. She always retreats as I advance. Away behind and behind is she and her meaning. Will not this faith and expectation make to itself ears at length? I never saw to the end, nor heard to the end, but the best part was unseen and unheard.

I am like a feather floating in the at-

mosphere; on every side is depth unfathomable.

I feel as if years had been crowded into the last month,¹ and yet the regularity of what we call time has been so far preserved as that I

[Two lines missing.]

will be welcome in the present. I have lived ill for the most part because too near myself. I have tripped myself up, so that there was no progress for my own narrowness. I cannot walk conveniently and pleasantly but when I hold myself afar off in the horizon. And the soul dilutes the body and makes it passable. My soul and body have tottered along together of late, tripping and hindering one another like unpractised Siamese twins. They two should walk as one, that no obstacle may be nearer than the firmament.

There must be some narrowness in the soul that compels one to have secrets.

July 6, 1845.

I wish to meet the facts of life, — the vital facts, which [are] the phenomena or actuality the gods meant to show us, — face to face, and so I came down here.² Life! Who knows what it is, — what it does? If I am not quite right here, I am less wrong than before; and now let us see what they will have.

July 7.

I am glad to remember to-night, as I sit by my door, that I too am at least a remote descendant of that heroic race of men of whom there is tradition. I too sit here on the shore of my Ithaca, a fellow wanderer and survivor of Ulysses. How symbolical, significant of I know not what, the pitch pine stands here before my door, unlike any glyph I have seen sculptured or painted yet, one of Nature's later designs, yet perfect as her Grecian art. There it is, a done tree. Who can mend it? And now where is the genera-

¹ His brother John died in February, 1842.

² Thoreau had gone to Walden to live on July 4, 1845. Some of the following extracts from the Journal are undated, but they all belong to the Walden period.

tion of heroes whose lives are to pass amid these our northern pines? whose exploits shall appear to posterity pictured amid these strong and shaggy forms?

I have carried an apple in my pocket to-night, — a Sopsivine they call it, — till, now that I take my handkerchief out, it has got so fine a fragrance that it really seems like a friendly trick of some pleasant dæmon to entertain me with. It is redolent of sweet-scented orchards, of innocent, teeming harvests. I realize the existence of a goddess Pomona, and that the gods have really intended that men should feed divinely, like themselves, on their own nectar and ambrosia. They have so painted this fruit, and freighted it with such a fragrance, that it satisfies much more than an animal appetite. Grapes, peaches, berries, nuts, etc., are likewise provided for those who will sit at their sideboard. I have felt, when partaking of this inspiring diet, that my appetite was an indifferent consideration; that eating became a sacrament, a method of communion, an ecstatic exercise, a mingling of bloods, and [a] sitting at the communion table of the world. And so have not only quenched my thirst at the spring, but the health of the universe.

The indecent haste and grossness with which our food is swallowed have cast a disgrace on the very act of eating itself. But I do believe that if this process were rightly conducted, its aspects and effects would be wholly changed, and we should receive our daily life and health Antæus-like, with an ecstatic delight, and, with upright front, an innocent and graceful behavior, take our strength from day to day. This fragrance of the apple in my pocket has, I confess, deterred me from eating of it; I am more effectually fed by it another way.

A man must find his own occasion in himself. The natural day is very calm and will hardly reprove our indolence. If there is no elevation in our spirits, the pond will not seem elevated like a moun-

tain tarn, but a low pool, a silent, muddy water, a place for fishermen.

All nature is classic and akin to art; the sumach and pine and hickory which surround my house remind me of the most graceful sculpture. Sometimes their tops, or a single limb or leaf, seem to have grown to a distinct expression, as if it were a symbol for me to interpret.

Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture claim at once and associate with themselves those perfect specimens of the art of nature, — leaves, vines, acorns, pine cones, etc.

The critic must at last stand as mute though contented before a true poem as before an acorn or a vine leaf. The perfect work of art is received again into the bosom of nature, whence its material proceeded, and that criticism which can only detect its unnaturalness has no longer any office to fulfill. The choicest maxims that have come down to us are more beautiful or integrally wise than they are wise to our understandings. This wisdom which we are inclined to pluck from their stalk is the point only of a single association. Every natural form, — palm leaves and acorns, oak-leaves and sumach and dodder, — are untranslatable aphorisms.

Most men are so taken up with the cares and rude practice of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Literally the laboring man has not leisure for a strict and lofty integrity day by day. He cannot afford to sustain the fairest and noblest relations. His labor will depreciate in the market.

Most men have forgotten that it was ever morning; but a few serene memories, healthy and wakeful natures, there are, who assure us that the sun rose clear, heralded by the singing of birds, — this very day's sun, which rose before Memnon was ready to greet it.

To live to a good old age such as the ancients reached, serene and contented, dignifying the life of man, leading a simple, epic, country life in these days of confusion and turmoil, — that is what Wordsworth has done, retaining the tastes and innocence of his youth. There is more wonderful talent, but nothing so cheering and world-famous as this.

The life of man would seem to be going all to wrack and pieces and no instance of permanence and the ancient natural health, notwithstanding Burns, and Coleridge, and Carlyle. It will not do for men to die young. The greatest genius does not die young. Whom the gods love most do, indeed, die young, but not until their life is matured; and their years are like those of the oak, for they are the products half of nature and half of God. What should nature do without old men, — not children, but men?

The life of men, not to become a mockery and a jest, should last a respectable term of years. We cannot spare the age of those old Greek Philosophers. They live long who do not live for a near end, who still forever look to the immeasurable future for their manhood.

What seems so fair and poetic in antiquity — almost fabulous — is realized, too, in Concord life. As poets and historians brought their work to the Grecian games, and genius wrestled there as well as strength of body, so have we seen works of kindred genius read at our Concord games, by their author, in their own Concord amphitheatre. It is virtually repeated by all ages and nations.

The way to compare men is to compare their respective ideals. The actual man is too complex to deal with.

All the laws of nature will bend and adapt themselves to the least motion of man.

(To be continued.)

DEFIANCE

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

"TAKE what you can, sirs" (thus the story runs),
Said a poor scholar, who for dearest book
Had loved his Virgil; and the wretches took
The book away from him, and thought his sun's
Light was put out. But he had baulked their rage,
Learning by heart the Mantuan's lofty rhyme,
So, 'gainst all spite of theirs or envious time,
Holding it safe — a flawless heritage.

So, dearest, since I have you in my heart,
Like that poor scholar I those powers defy
Which threat to rob me: you may live or die,
But nevermore from me shall you depart.
I have you safe; "Take what you can," I say;
"Here she abides, and will abide away."

THE ENAMEL BUG IN BLACK CAÑON

BY CLINTON REVERE

OLD Brown was late, and he expected trouble. He expressed this conviction to Kit Carson, more out of pride in proving himself a prophet than through any fear of consequences.

"I reckon we'll ketch it, Kit," he grunted hoarsely, as he shifted his basket with its ten pounds of gleaming trout.

Kit Carson replied with a sinuous wriggle of his long, rangy body, and a trustful wag of his tail that indicated entire freedom from apprehension. The moment they stepped on the veranda of the hotel Brown's prediction was fulfilled, but the flush of his satisfaction faded under the violence of the outburst. Hilton, the proprietor, flung out of the dining-room door, the picture of shirt-sleeved, collarless wrath.

"What in the name of Gawd do you mean by coming with those fish at this time of day?" he shouted.

Brown gave a twitch of his bushy brows, much as a horse shrugs his mane to drive away a fly.

"They was a leetle slow bitin' this mornin'."

"Then I suppose we must delay breakfast till they get ready to bite."

"It sorter looks that-a-way, — eether that or keep yer boarders frum goin' up the cañon an' skeerin' all the fish in Wolf Crick with their new-fangled contraptions."

"By heck!" cried Hilton, invoking one of the minor deities in his pantheon, "you are the most aggravating old beggar I ever saw. I'll get somebody else to supply this hotel with trout."

"By grab!" retorted Brown, with equal show of expletive, "you kain't do it none too quick to suit me. An' what's more, I reckons as how you'll have to git along without them I ketched this mornin'."

"Yes, clear out of here with your infernal fish, and don't ever show your dirty old face around this hotel. Go back to your cave and live like some wild animal."

"Looky yere, mister!" The mask of senility had fallen from Brown's age-riven face; his stocky frame vibrated with the hot anger of youth. "Thar ain't no man kin talk to me that-a-way. I lived in this yere cañon long afore you come, an' I kin live yere after you go. The Injuns could n't drive me out, an' I don't reckon you kin. It was all owin' to yore palaverin' that I come to ketch fish fer you, an'" —

Whether Brown's resentment would have reached a merely verbal climax or taken a physical form is not clear. He himself never knew. His remonstrance was interrupted by a volley of deep-throated barks and the patter of flying feet set to the fluting of the sweetest laughter he had ever heard, and around the corner of the veranda raced Kit Carson and a girl. And such a girl! One fleeting glimpse at her flushed, delighted face made Brown forget Hilton altogether.

"O Mr. Hilton!" she cried. "Please tell me who owns this beautiful dog."

The hotel proprietor tossed a sullen nod at Brown. Ordinarily the old hunter would have viewed this acknowledgment of his ownership with composure, but the instant tribute of a pair of dancing dark eyes implied a distinction so weighty that he shifted uneasily under its burden.

His abashed gaze dropped to a pin in the form of a large beetle that fastened her gown at the neck. No fanciful scarab was this ornament. Fashioned of bright-hued enamel, its spraddling legs of gold, it retained the ugliness of the insect it represented. It seemed about to crawl.

"So this is your dog!" exclaimed the girl, as she knelt and clasped her arms around the staghound's neck. "Don't you love him?"

Perhaps it was the leading form of the question; or the pleading tone that seemed to entreat an affirmative. Before he knew it Brown had answered "Yes."

As he explained it long afterward in relating the incident to Colonel Nelson: "O' course me an' Kit had allers ben pards, 'but I'd never thought o' lovin' him. But thar was that gal with her arms around Kit's neck, an' ef that did n't mean she loved him, what does? An' when she done asked me ef I loved him, whatever else could I say?"

The girl arose, after giving Kit Carson a pat on his shapely head. She saw the basket at Brown's feet.

"What magnificent trout! Are they yours, too?"

"That's what they be — *mine*."

Hilton winced.

"Oh, I understand. You fish for the hotel. Do you catch many like these?"

"Yes, an' I used to ketch a heap more afore the lungers got to goin' up the cañon."

Panic seized Hilton. He plunged into a fit of coughing that purpled his face, and left it distorted with agony in nowise pulmonary.

"Lungers!" laughed the girl. "I am a lunger, but I shall try to keep from spoiling your fishing."

Unlucky the celibate that cannot gaze on woman without excess of reverence. Brown's eyes, still able to single out antelope a mile away, could not discriminate between the telltale hectic pink and the rosy stain of health on that fair young face.

"Y—you" — he floundered.

Hilton picked up the basket.

"Bring them earlier to-morrow morning," he flung back, as he fled through the doorway.

A slavish dumbness seized Brown, and his muscles grew tense from a rigor of self-consciousness.

"I — did n't know" —

"Of course you did n't." She took one of his tanned, knotted hands in both of hers. "I don't look like an invalid, and I'm not, although they all say that. My doctor said a few months in Arizona would cure the weakness of my lungs. But tell me — is consumption a crime?"

"Not ef you had it." Brown blurted out this chivalric impromptu with a warmth not expected of threescore and ten. He wondered whether her trill of laughter was prompted by pleasure or ridicule. Before he reached a conclusion, a waiter came out with his basket, and he seized the opportunity to escape.

"I am going to eat your largest trout for breakfast," she called after him.

He halted and turned around. For a moment the graven seriousness of his face relaxed into a half-smile. Then the chill of diffidence froze his features into their old, set, stolid lines. When he spoke again he was far up the cañon, — *his* cañon where he had lived so long in defiant solitude.

Acted like's if she were shore glad to see us, did n't she, Kit? An' her poor-tier'n a spotted pup!"

His dull fancy was quickened by the memory of a sweet face upturned to his, a pair of frail white arms around Kit Carson's grizzled neck. To the cry of ease-loving age pleading for creature comforts in return for hateful allegiance to the hotel, he could oppose an unfaltering denial. But ah — have not other men forsaken even deeper antagonisms under the thrall of a picture less compelling? He decided to go on catching trout with Hilton.

"You'd orter see the new gal down to the *ho-tel*," he said that morning to Colonel Nelson, as he put a cabbage and some potatoes in his basket.

"Ah, more ladies!" exclaimed the Colonel, his pale hand wandering with reminiscent dandyism to his snowy mustache and imperial. "I am delighted to see the sex well represented in our midst. But — did you notice any fresh newspapers at the hotel?"

"What do I keer fer newspapers? Nothin' in 'em but politics."

The warm light faded from Brown's eyes. The first enthusiasm he had allowed himself in years had been snuffed. He could have hated Colonel Nelson if the rebuff had not been so elusive.

Unwittingly Hilton a day or two later became the god in the machine to furnish more tangible grounds for enmity.

"Now you are one of those writer people, Miss Wymore. Why don't you write up Brown and Colonel Nelson? — only don't forget to mention the hotel. I can give you all the facts. Just think of it, Brown has lived here for more than thirty years. Queer old devil — old-timer. I once asked him if he was a forty-niner. He swelled up like a turkey gobbler, and says, 'Naw, forty-eighter.'"

"Before the gold rush!"

"Yes," went on Hilton, warming up. "Had lots of adventures, too. Then there's the Colonel, the only great statesman that did n't die before the Civil War; used to know everybody in Washington. He's been the means of civilizing Brown. They have a sort of reciprocity treaty; the Colonel trades vegetables for Brown's game and fish. Brown used to live in a cave, and the Colonel got him to build a cabin. It nearly burned down once because the old savage did n't know how to manage the stove. I hear he almost chokes to death every time he lights the fire."

"What strange old men!" she exclaimed. "I am sure they each have a history."

"Most folks in the territory have," remarked Hilton cynically. "When we get real intimate with a man in Arizona, we sometimes ask him what his real name was before he came here. Anyway, let me know what you think of that write-up, — and don't forget about the hotel."

Colonel Nelson accepted the publicity resultant from the appearance of a special article in one of the San Francisco Sunday papers three weeks later, with the complacency of a man who has been through the experience many times in the past. It awakened a latent desire to figure in the public prints, although he was inclined to question the taste of linking his name with Brown's. There was a slight basis for this objection, for Brown, in view of his former residence in a cave,

was called a troglodyte. The polysyllable conveyed an invidious meaning to the Colonel.

In anticipation of future articles, he saw to it that Miss Wymore did not lack sufficient data. His frequent visits to the hotel gave him an opportunity to provide her with innumerable recollections of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and especially Matt Carpenter of Wisconsin.

"Yes, if you will permit me to say it, Senator Carpenter was the greatest statesman of his day, although not generally so recognized. He and I were close personal friends. In fact, it was through his solicitation that I first entered the government service."

This eulogy of the pioneer senator from the Badger State, orotundly declaimed and seasoned with warm Kentucky gesture, constituted the prologue and conclusion of his daily conversation. Occasionally it garnished a simple statement about the improvement in his cough. It was a formula quite familiar to others, like grace before meat, and was listened to with equal resignation.

Glib and inventive were the replies with which Brown stalled off Hilton's inquiries as to what he thought of Miss Wymore's story. He delivered his trout at dawn.

"Don't know what we'd say ef *she* asked us about it," he confided to Kit Carson.

But Kit played the traitor. One day as Miss Wymore walked up the cañon he leaped from the sparse shade of a clump of cottonwoods and bounded toward her with a whine of delight. He accepted a petting as a bribe, and led the way to where his master was fishing, lying on a huge boulder like a lizard in the sun. Brown turned his head at the crashing of the bushes.

"Hah!" he exclaimed in surprised guttural.

"I've caught you now!" she cried, shaking a finger at him. "Don't try to run away."

"I don't see no ketchin' about it," he

grunted with the brusquerie of cornered diffidence. "I come yere to ketch trout."

"Oh, pardon me! I'll go. I told you I would never spoil your fishing."

He was on his feet instantly.

"Now don't take it that-a-way," he hastened, the growl in his voice dying hard, but dying nevertheless. "I've ben wantin' to see you" —

"Then why have you avoided me?"

"I kain't read." He blurted it out with dogged defiance.

"What difference does that make?"

"Hilton told me you written this."

From his pocket he drew a carefully folded page torn from a newspaper. "He said it was somethin' 'bout me, but — I hain't never read it."

Far better would it have been for Brown had he accepted Hilton's garbled version. Not even Miss Wymore's soft accents could smooth the harsh edge of rivalry. Long before she finished reading, she saw the shadow on his face.

"I reckon the Kurnel has ben a big gun in his day."

"But think of your life with all its adventures! You must tell me something of it."

He demurred with childish stubbornness. She coaxed; she smiled, and caressed Kit Carson. He yielded. It was a story of his life with the Mojaves, nearly half a century before. It was a wonderful story. She forgot the creek racing by with eddied, refreshing turbulence. The sun withdrew unheeded behind its scraggy abattis of piñon, and its rearguard of shadows softened the brilliant tints of the cañon walls to a sober gray. All the while Brown sat cross-legged on his boulder, a figure hoary, ancient; an uncouth, barbaric Homer singing the epic of the pioneer.

Hilton would have won fame as a press agent. With large voice and larger imagination he exploited the "hermits." They became the fashion after the distracting beauties of the cañon had bred ennui. At least Colonel Nelson did.

"I believe I could love the Colonel if I

knew more about American history," said a pallid young widow with brilliant red hair. "It would be lovely to appreciate his recollections." Thus did ignorance thwart Cupid.

At last the day came, the proudest, most dreaded day in Brown's lonely life. He was at home to callers, and his guests were Miss Wymore and a party from the hotel. From his cabin door he pointed out the cave where he formerly had lived. It had been the lair of a giant grizzly. He killed the bear in a fight at close quarters,—finished him with a knife plunge under the left shoulder. As trophies of the combat, there on the cabin wall was the great spreading pelt, and here on his own shoulder a scar where the monster in his last dying rush had left the mark of a rending paw.

"How thrilling!" exclaimed the widow. "It is a great deal more interesting than any of Colonel Nelson's stories. Don't you think so, Miss Wymore?"

This appeal brought forth a twofold answer,—first a sidelong, squelching stare, then:—

"Colonel Nelson's stories are so different from Mr. Brown's that it is hard to compare them. Of course Colonel Nelson's are not so exciting."

Neither the mute nor spoken rebuff missed Brown. Nor had he failed to note the length of time it took the Colonel to read the newspapers since Miss Wymore had come to the hotel. There was a sullen menace in his eye that warned the Colonel when they met on the trail next day. It suggested silence and aloofness. The proud old Kentuckian stiffened his lank shoulders and accepted the challenge. Then Hilton received his first intimation that the reciprocity treaty no longer existed up the cañon.

"I'll take a can o' tomayters this mornin'." Brown's tone implied a threat rather than a request.

"Why don't you get fresh ones from the Colonel?"

"I said I wanted a can o' tomayters. Do I git 'em?"

"You sure do," replied Hilton. And his unsatisfied curiosity sought vent in facile conjecture. He chuckled something about "two dogs in a manger," and hurried off to find Miss Wymore.

"Do you know," he said to her in a tone of easy banter, "I believe those two old bucks are getting ready to lock horns over you."

"Won't you be kind enough to explain your figure of speech?" she asked with a snap that made him feel as if he were not clad presentably.

"I guess I'll let you find out what I mean," was his discreet reply.

And she did, the very next afternoon. Brown was telling her of the death of Navon, the old war chief of the Navajoes, just after the close of the Mexican War.

"Navon was a great fighter," he said. "That was afore his tribe had settled down to blanket weavin'. He was a braver warrior than this yere sneakin' Geronimo, though he wa'n't so murderous"—

He stopped, and his eyes protruded as if a strangling hand had tightened around his throat. The tall, thin figure of Colonel Nelson was suddenly before them like a ship out of the fog. He lifted his rakish Stetson in salute to Miss Wymore, neatly minced around a bunch of soapweed, and passed on up the cañon with dignity secure and honor intact. A glare of primitive passion shot the blood into Brown's leathery countenance.

"Tell me some more about Navon," she asked.

"Naw—not now," he gasped. He stared moodily ahead, and gave a final gulp. "I don't reckon my yarns is as good as his'n."

"Whose?" She hoped expediency justified this hollow subterfuge.

He jerked a stubby thumb over his shoulder.

"Colonel Nelson's? Of course they are. How could you think they were not?"

"Wal—you did n't seem to think so t'other day when one o' them gals asked you." He turned to her with the sensitive appeal of a child.

"Don't — don't!" she cried, winking sturdily against a tear. "You must not think of what I said the other day. It was an embarrassing position, for Colonel Nelson, too, has been kind to me. Promise me you will once more be friendly with him. Go to him to-day — for *my* sake."

"For *my* sake!" In that compelling phrase she voiced the essence of her entreaty. Slowly he raised his head as if afraid his face would betray his complete surrender. On his arm rested a small hand in gentle, pleading pressure. It was brown and firmly fleshed. Then his sluggish mind grasped what his eyes had often seen, — the girl who stood before him was no longer an invalid. The fevered flush was gone from her cheeks, buried deep under a coat of rich, glowing tan. His cañon had done this, — *his* cañon with its dry, rarefied air and unstinted bounty of sunshine.

"Ef you say so — yes."

"Bless your noble old heart! I knew you would be generous enough to do it. If this was the age of chivalry, you should be my knight."

"Yer which?" Feminine praise, however sweet, was a strange tongue to Brown.

"My knight, — at least you shall wear some token. What shall it be? Will the bug do?"

She unfastened the pin and held it up.

"Me wear a pinchin' bug!" He gave a gruff cackle at the thought. "Ef you put it on, it *stays*. But me wear a pinchin' bug." He cackled again.

"It is a badge of honor, but you will be worthy of it. *He* gave it to me, but he won't object to my giving it to you."

"Who — the Kurnel?" Brown drew back.

"No," she laughed with just a hint of shyness. "Some one who does n't even live in Arizona. Now are you satisfied?"

He was. His assent, half grunt, half growl, showed absolute content with the elimination of the Colonel. The unknown had a free field.

She pinned the bug full on the front of his faded blue shirt.

"You must go now and see Colonel Nelson, and to-night come and tell me all about it."

"I don't like to hang around the hotel," he protested.

"Just this once," she pleaded. "I'll save a chair in a corner of the veranda for you."

"Ef you say so — yes." This time the words came more easily, like an oath of fealty grown familiar.

He arrived at Colonel Nelson's just in time to hear yelps of pain from Kit Carson; a chorus of frightened squawks gave him circumstantial and audible proof that the Colonel was justified in wielding his stout plum stick so vigorously.

"That's right! Give it to him, Kurnel!" shouted Brown with the approval a Spartan father might have shown in the punishment of a thieving son.

Colonel Nelson stopped and raised his brows in patrician inquiry. But Brown not only held aloft the olive branch; he would thrust it into the Colonel's hand.

"He'd orter be whaled," he went on, as the staghound slunk past him. "Ain't got no right chasin' chickens. Hard enough to raise out yere."

Such hearty moral support made defense unnecessary. The Colonel smiled in acknowledgment. Blandly he caressed his snowy imperial. The action indicated a receptive mood. Plainly Kit Carson's escapade had been the opening wedge of peace.

"Kurnel," said Brown with a directness that made the old Kentuckian stand at attention. "Kit's my dog, an' I'm glad you walloped him. But I did n't stop in to see you 'bout him. I come to tell you I'm good an' plenty sorry" —

Not if the Colonel had shouted at the top of his voice could the interruption have been more abrupt. Under the spell of that withering gaze, the words shriveled on Brown's lips, although his bearded chin, as if by momentum, wagged grotesquely on to the end of the unspoken

sentence. In that stare the Colonel blazed forth the concentrates of every hostile emotion. His black eyes, snapping and fervid in their incandescent glare, were focused on the front of Brown's shirt. Involuntarily one of the old hunter's hands flew to the spot. It touched the enamel bug.

Colonel Nelson lifted his flashing eyes to Brown's troubled face. His rage was at its height, but it was the well-leashed rage of a fine old gentleman.

"You might have saved yourself the trouble of coming to see me. Your dawg, suh, has given me sufficient annoyance. I hope you will not add to it." He turned and strode into his cabin.

With jaw dropped in wonder, Brown gazed vacantly at the closed door. A cold, black nose was thrust into his limp hand, giving and seeking consolation.

"What's got me buffaloeed, Kit, is what we're goin' to tell *her*," he mumbled at last.

This thought still disturbed him when he went to keep his appointment at the hotel that night. The great pile of half-hewn logs, rustic simplicity to others, was to him the acme of highly flavored civilization. From the veranda came the babble of many voices.

In the semi-darkness of the corner nearest him he saw a woman dressed in white. *She* dressed in white. Some one was talking to her. He edged closer. Silhouetted against the moonlight was a familiar, broad-brimmed hat, almost as broad as the shoulders of the man that wore it. From the corner came this fragment:—

"Yes, if you will permit me to say it, Senator Carpenter was the greatest statesman of his day, although not generally"—

He knew the rest—he knew it all—he had heard it a hundred times before. And this was the way she had saved a place for him!

When Kit Carson trotted sniffingly in front of the hotel, Miss Wymore ran out to meet his master. Around the side of

the building she saw a squat figure—in the unsatisfying light it was little more than a shadow—moving swiftly up the cañon. She called out. But the shadow sped doggedly on, and soon blended with the gloom of greater shadows.

She looked up at the veranda, and saw Colonel Nelson talking with the red-haired widow.

"I wonder"—she mused. But she did not interrupt the tête-à-tête.

Vainly did she thread the bouldery thickets along Wolf Creek next day, and for many days thereafter. Once she stopped at Brown's cabin. The door was open, but with the exception of the sprawling hide of the grizzly on the wall, the interior was primitively bare. Hilton preserved a puzzling silence. His air of meekness was too good to be true. On the morning of her departure from the hotel, he came to her as she sat at breakfast.

"You don't seem to care much for trout," he remarked.

"I'm afraid I'm tired of them," she replied. "Fish never appealed to me as being especially good for breakfast—too much like pie."

"Yet you used to like them," he suggested, with just a twinkle of malice.

"Mr. Hilton!" In the bolt uprightness of her attitude he saw the folly of further fencing. "Where is he?"

"Not so fast, now!"

"Has he been catching trout for you?"

"Every day. This is all I know about it: one morning—I suppose it was at the time you quarreled"—

"There was no quarrel."

"Well—whatever it was. He came here, and there was one trout—a beauty—lying on top separated from the rest by willow twigs. 'That's for her,' he said. He has done the same thing every day. *And you have n't eaten one of them.*"

"I must see him before I go." The imperative was plain in her tone, in spite of a muffled voice and a mist before her eyes.

"Now," decided Hilton. "Your stage leaves in half an hour."

It looked much like one of Hilton's plots,—this meeting,—but she forgave that. There, leaning against one of the veranda posts, stood Brown, almost hidden under the rebellious folds of the great bearskin from his cabin.

"I'm gittin' old, an' blankets 'll do better for me than a b'arskin," he growled, in urging her to accept it. "I'd ruther you'd have it than some cow puncher that 'd trade it off fer a saddle or make a pair o' chaps outen it."

They had no time for explanations. Perhaps they were not needed. But before she took her place in the stage, she turned to him with a smile that would have stirred even colder blood.

"I did like your stories the best," she said. "And you mistook some one else for that night."

In spite of this triumph, Brown felt he had been tricked by the Colonel.

Winter—the winter of the Mogollons—came to the cañon. None felt its bitterness save Brown and Colonel Nelson. It was such a winter as made Hilton say, in explaining the closing of the hotel:—

"You know how hot it gets in Yuma in the summer? Well, it's just that cold here in the winter."

An Arctic waste,—a bleak and desolate no-man's land, shunned by living things. Even the coyotes and timber wolves retreated to the plains below. Snow came in gusts and opaque clouds, whirled in volleys and broadsides by the fury of the wind. One blizzard undid the titanic work of another, and the face of the landscape changed daily. The cañon became a flume through which winter shunted its torrents of rage and tumult.

In all his residence in the Mogollons, Brown had seen nothing to equal it. Both he and Colonel Nelson suffered from cold and hunger before spring came, yet not even their mutual misery bridged the gulf between them. They met but once. Each had an armful of firewood gathered in a lull between blizzards. Enfeebled

though they were by hardships, a burst of sullen pride stiffened them for a moment, and they passed on the forsaken trail like strangers in a crowded street.

June again. With the opening of the hotel, Brown resumed his occupation as purveyor of fish and game, but he avoided all new intimacies. One day, after he had delivered his morning's catch, Hilton called out to him:—

"By the way, Brown, there is some mail here for you."

Hilton drew from beneath the counter a square envelope. Brown reached for it with nervous fingers, and looked at it with the reverence of the illiterate.

"I'll have to git somebody to read it. I ain't got no glasses."

Hilton took it and opened it. First came an invitation to Miss Wymore's wedding. But more precious than this was a note to Brown, telling him the bearskin should have the place of honor in her new home.

"Colonel Nelson got one of the invitations, but there was n't any note," remarked Hilton. "But say, what's the meaning of this?"

He held out the sheet to Brown. Below the signature was a lifelike sketch of a beetle with crooked, spraddling legs.

"It takes *me* to read that!" exulted Brown with the superiority arising from exclusive knowledge.

The first thing he did when he got home was to go fishing. He had wonderful luck, and soon landed half a dozen magnificent trout. Then he and Kit Carson went to Colonel Nelson's cabin.

The Colonel evidently was expecting callers, for he came to the door to meet them. Brown was the first to speak when they stepped inside.

"I've got a right peart string o' fish that had orter come in handy."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," said the Colonel, as he took the peace offering. "Now, won't you permit me to"—

"Not by a dern sight. Me an' you has gone cahoots on this yere gulch too

long fer ar y one to talk o' payin' fer anything."

There was a brief silence during which both sat down. Brown caught sight of a square envelope lying on the rough deal table.

"Kurnel," he said hesitatingly, "I see you — got one — too."

"Yes," answered Colonel Nelson softly. "And — you?"

"Yes."

The kindly look with which they regarded each other was an open avowal of an offensive and defensive alliance, and Kit Carson ratified the new convention by licking Colonel Nelson's hand.

AMERICAN AUDIENCES

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THERE was a time, nearly fifty years ago, when an American popular lecturer might say with truth, in the words of Emerson, "Europe stretches to the Alleghanies." One needed then to go beyond that barrier to find the first distinguishing footprints of young America, these being seen in the shaping influence produced on the growing West by the New York *Tribune*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the popular lecture system, otherwise called the Lyceum. The two former influences, however modified, are not yet extinct in the nation, we may claim; but the popular lecture system in anything like its original shape has vanished, even as a theme for discussion. Let us for a little while recall it, and for that purpose try to bring back some almost forgotten features of the young American community to which it came.

It is impossible for any but the very oldest to recall the astounding social effects produced upon all occupations and the whole way of living in America by the introduction of railways. I possess a copy of the notes of "The Rangers' Trip to Westboro or Lion Quickstep," a march composed for the Boston Rifle Rangers, in 1834, when they took part in the first excursion made upon the Boston and Worcester Railway, just then opened to Westboro, thirty-two miles away. On this sheet of music is represented the train

which bore that illustrious military company upon a pioneer excursion. The little train is drawn up beside the track in a series of small cars much resembling cupboards in their narrowness and sidelong arrangement. They are best described in one of the quaint notebooks of Samuel Breck of Philadelphia, then residing in Boston: "This morning at nine o'clock I took passage in a railroad car [from Boston] for Providence. Five or six other cars were attached to the loco, and uglier boxes I do not wish to travel in. They were huge carriages made to stow away some thirty human beings, who sit cheek by jowl as best they can. Two poor fellows, who were not much in the habit of making their toilet, squeezed me into a corner, while the hot sun drew from their garments a villainous compound of smells made up of salt fish, tar, and molasses. By and by, just twelve — only twelve — bouncing factory girls were introduced, who were going on a party of pleasure to Newport. 'Make room for the ladies!' bawled out the superintendent. 'Come, gentlemen, jump up on the top: plenty of room there.' 'I'm afraid of the bridge knocking my brains out,' said a passenger. Some made one excuse and some another. For my part, I flatly told him that since I had belonged to the corps of Silver Grays I had lost my gallantry, and did not intend to move. The whole twelve were, how-

ever, introduced, and soon made themselves at home, sucking lemons and eating green apples."¹

It is worth while dwelling a little further upon Mr. Breck's criticisms, so illustrative of the period. He thus goes into the social philosophy of this matter and expounds it as if to imply that he is guided by something more than a whim: "Undoubtedly, a line of post-horses and post-chaises would long ago have been established along our great roads had not steam monopolized everything. Steam, so useful in many respects, interferes with the comfort of traveling, destroys every salutary distinction in society, and overturns by its whirligig power the once rational, gentlemanly, and safe mode of getting along on a journey. Talk of ladies on board a steamboat or in a railroad car! There are none. I never feel like a gentleman there, and I cannot perceive a semblance of gentility in any one who makes part of the traveling mob. . . . To restore herself to caste, let a lady move in select company at five miles an hour, and take her meals in comfort at a good inn, where she may dine decently. . . . After all, the old-fashioned way of five or six miles an hour, with one's own horses and carriage, with liberty to dine decently in a decent inn and be master of one's movements, with the delight of seeing the country and getting along rationally, is the mode to which I cling, and which will be adopted again by the generations of after times."²

It was for a primitive community like this, just beginning to expand, that there grew up in New England, in New York, and at length as far as the Mississippi, an organization under the name of the Lyceum. There was, perhaps, some special local charity to be established in a settlement, or a church to be built, or a school to be endowed, so that a ready impulse was created among the so-called leading citizens, with devout women not a few, to organize a course of lectures.

¹ *Recollections of Samuel Breck*, p. 275.

² *Ibid.* pp. 276, 277.

Some of these were usually furnished by the prominent men of the vicinity, the clergyman, the lawyer, possibly even the member of Congress. The lecture became the monthly or weekly excitement of the place, and people drove long distances to reach it. Originating almost always with the New England element in the population, there grew up larger lecture societies, and these were soon, with the American love of organization, bound together more or less extensively. "The Association of Western Literary Societies," for instance, formed in 1867 or earlier, extended its range from Pittsburg in Pennsylvania to Lawrence in Kansas. In the winter of 1867-68, the agent of this association, Mr. G. L. Torbert of Dubuque, Iowa, negotiated between thirty-five lecturers and a hundred and ten societies, furnishing for each society a course of lectures, longer or shorter, and for each lecturer a tolerably continuous series of engagements.

Each lecturer carried his letter of instruction in his pocket, and went forth with confidence to seek his dozen or his fifty towns, although in many cases their very names might have been previously unknown to him. He might reach the people solely on the endorsement of the agent, or he might be one whose very name was a magnet to bring people fifty miles. From the moment he entered the hall, or even the town, he was under strict observation. He was to be tested by an audience altogether hospitable, merciless in its criticism. In an eastern city, where lectures were abundant and varied, he would have for audience only those who knew him; but in the western community he reached all. Men and women wholly different from him in social position, creed, political party, even moral convictions, came to hear him just the same, and the hackman who brought him from the little inn hitched his horses at the door and came in to criticise the lecture. It was in one sense more of an ordeal to face the audience of a country town than that of a city, from the very fact that the

speaker had the whole town to hear him, to pass a verdict upon voice, dress, and opinions. In a majority of cases, the speaker spent in the sleeping-car the night intervening between two lectures, and as he sat for a while over the fire in the smoking-room before turning in, he was very likely unrecognized, and called upon to discuss the features of his own lecture or take a hand in the funeral of his own reputation. Emerson wrote in his diary, "I never go to any church like a railroad car for teaching me my deficiencies."

The immediate source of the whole system of teaching American audiences by courses of Lyceum lectures was doubtless Horace Mann, who became secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts in 1837. Mann held this post for eleven years, during which, as he testifies, he did not allow himself a day for relaxation, or an evening for a friend's society, but traveled constantly about the state, impressing on every town the need of popular education. It was not long before other highly educated men, among whom Emerson and Sumner were leaders, adopted the same path. Emerson, it is recorded, lectured twenty successive years in Salem, Massachusetts; and the present writer, being called upon to manage for the first time a course of Lyceum lectures in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1847, found himself expected to include Emerson every year and pay him twenty dollars a lecture, while no other speaker received more than fifteen. Of course, the lecture system soon spread rapidly westward, though never southward. At first there were no professional lecturers, but each course had a few stars from a distance, and was mainly carried on by the professional men of the neighborhood, even as Thackeray's Barnes Newcome addressed his English constituents on "The Poetry of the Domestic Affections." In America, poetry and even science held the field only for a time; and public questions of all sorts took their places, until there were signs of danger lest these departments of wisdom should exclude all

others, and the popular lecture should represent only what had hitherto been designated irreverently as the stump. Above all, the desire prevailed to see every performer in his war paint, as it were, and take his measure. For this reason even the women lecturers, who soon took the field, found the elegances of costume a convenient aid; and Anna Dickinson, for a long time the most popular of this class, swept the rough floors of many a barnlike lecture room with expensive silks, excusing herself on the direct plea that audiences liked to see them.

Financially, the lecture system was at its highest in America soon after the Civil War, when all prices were high; and a hundred dollars were paid for a lecture more readily than fifty dollars earlier or later. It was thought a bold thing in Henry Ward Beecher when he raised his price to two hundred dollars, but Gough and Anna Dickinson soon followed his example. Gough's income from this source extended far beyond the ordinary Lyceum season, including indeed the whole year round, and was popularly estimated at thirty thousand dollars a year. When I was first planning to raise a regiment during the Civil War, I went to him to urge him to become chaplain of it, justly holding that he would exert over the soldiers a great moral power. But he convinced me that he was already committed to send a long list of young men to college, and must look to his next year's lectures to give him the money for that.

There were at first very few women on the lecture platform, and they were only very slowly borrowed from the anti-slavery and temperance reforms, where they took an earlier place. This fact was more definitely emphasized for a time in the year when a "World's Temperance Convention," having been called in New York and taken up with much and varied energy, was split from the very outset by the refusal of the more conservative to allow women on the platform, this resulting in two distinct organizations: the

World's Temperance Convention and the Whole World's Temperance Convention, at which latter the present writer presided. In a similar way, there were divisions among the male lecturers, resulting not merely from opinions, but from occupations; the lawyers and the clergymen furnishing most of the lecturers at the outset, although these last steadily tended to become a class by themselves. There were from the beginning grades of popularity, roughly marked by the prices paid the lecturers. Gough, Beecher, and Chapin stood easily at the head: then followed Charles Sumner, George William Curtis, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Bayard Taylor, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Edwin P. Whipple, and Frederick Douglass. Great lawyers, as Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, took their share of the service, when permitted by their professional engagements. Temporary political prominence easily brought forward a lecturer; as, for instance, John P. Hale, whose prominence as an anti-slavery leader in the national Senate led to his appearing before a great Boston audience on an occasion where I remember to have sat next to Emerson, who, like most of the audience, had never seen Hale before, and studied his appearance with interest. His final verdict as expressed to me was this: "See what an average looking man he is. Looks just like five hundred other men. That must be where his power lies." This remark was soon verified from a different standpoint by the ablest lawyer of that day, Benjamin R. Curtis, who went up to New Hampshire to argue a law case in which Hale was his opponent. He was perfectly astonished, it appears, by the outcome. "I had with me all the evidence and all the argument, but that confounded fellow, Hale, got so intimate with the jury that I could do nothing with them." These men, and such as these, were the lecturers of that day, and some of them, no doubt, were led to judge of their auditors very much as Curtis estimated his jurymen.

In respect to audiences, there was inevitably some difference between the older and newer communities. Western emigration took away from the leading towns, as it still continues to take away, many of the brighter minds and more energetic natures. It also removed more of the light weights, and therefore had a mingled result. In the choice of lecturers and the preference of themes a more intellectual quality was perhaps visible in the audiences left at the East. In some of the older country towns, especially, the lecturer found himself confronted with what seemed a solid body of somewhat recusant and distrustful hearers, and went home discouraged, only to be assured in the next morning's local newspaper that his hearers had been greatly pleased. As compared to these, a western audience would almost always be more demonstrative as to approval or disapproval, or more prone to exhibit vacant seats upon the benches as the lecture went on. A story was told of the elder Richard H. Dana, the poet, that, becoming gradually more disturbed by such repeated interruptions, he once calmly paused and said with dignity to his hearers that as he feared he was not successful in interesting them, he would pause for five minutes and give those who wished to withdraw the opportunity of doing so. He sat down, closed his eyes, and when he opened them again more than three quarters of his audience had vanished.

I remember well to have again discovered this same difference, in the early days of Radcliffe College, when I had been invited to read Browning to a number of the pupils at some private rooms; although in that case the difference was indicated more agreeably. I had chosen for reading *The Flight of the Duchess*, as covering a greater range of variety between gay and serious than any other poem of the same length. I saw before me on the front seat a number of maidens having a grave and thoughtful appearance, and in the back part of the room a group of young girls of whose attention I

did not feel quite so sure. As the reading proceeded, the former sat without moving a muscle; they seemed thoroughly attentive, but it was impossible for me to tell whether the reading met with their approval and indeed whether the poem itself did. This was disappointing, and I found myself addressing my words more and more to the distant group who listened with equal faithfulness, but seemed to smile or sigh with the poet himself, so that I could have asked no pleasanter audience. After the reading was over, when I mingled with my auditors, I found that those from whom my discouragement had come were all faithful students of Browning, and had, by their own statement, enjoyed the reading. Their questions and criticisms were of the most satisfactory and even suggestive kind; while the girls in the rear, who came forward with the greatest cordiality to meet me, had been hitherto absolutely unacquainted with Browning, and were going home to read him. Nothing indicates better than this the shade of difference which may still be found lingering between eastern and western audiences. It must be remembered, however, that the greater ease of intercommunication tends constantly to equalize these, like all other variations.

It is a curious bit of tradition, kept over from a time when all public addresses were sermons, that audiences in the days of the Lyceum were decidedly more tolerant as to length, in listening to a lecture, than would now be the case. This was true, for instance, with Theodore Parker's lecture on the Anglo-Saxons, which was a favorite with audiences, although it was two hours long and made up of solid fact with almost no anecdotes or illustrations. Another remarkable triumph also often occurred on the part of an orator whose style of speaking was marked by force rather than grace; this being true in the case of Charles Sumner. He had been invited to Worcester, when I lived there, to give his argument in favor of accepting the new constitution formed for the State by

the Constitutional Convention in 1853, of which he had been a member. The address began at eight, but I was delayed by other engagements, and did not arrive there until quarter past ten, when Sumner was evidently drawing a prolonged paragraph to a close. I regarded the audience rather with pity, because Worcester was then a place of quiet habits and early hours. He was finishing his sentence, however, in his somewhat stately and ponderous way, saying, "I have now refuted, as I think, the twelfth argument brought against a new constitution. I pass to a thirteenth objection;" this last offer being followed by a round of applause. It is fair to say that, in spite of this cordial response, the new constitution was defeated by an overwhelming majority which included, I believe, the city of Worcester.

Every lecturer had through such tests the inestimable advantage of learning day by day something of his own strong points, and yet more of his weak ones. He might go to his rest soothed by a sense of success or harrowed by the thought of some fatal blunder. It was, of course, possible for him to receive only well-based or well-worded compliments. It was, alas, more possible, nay probable, that the speaker might be haunted for twenty-four hours, waking or sleeping, by the ghost of some error, called forth from an exhausted mind. These misfortunes happen to everybody, and their only compensation is the slight comfort of observing that there still remain audiences, large or small, who can stand a great deal in the way of blunder, at least, until after a day's reflection on it. I remember quoting once, in a rural anti-slavery convention, a passage from Wendell Phillips, comparing slavery and war; and after enumerating the daily tragedies of slavery I closed with his fine cadence, "Where is the battlefield that is not white, white as an angel's wing, compared with the blackness of that darkness which has brooded over the Carolinas for centuries!" I presently discovered, by the chuckling of

some young women in the back seats, that I had substituted, in my enthusiasm, a raven's wing for an angel's, — "white as a raven's wing," I had said, — and I could only stumble on the hasty excuse of "the tendency of slavery to confuse black and white" in order to withdraw myself from the difficulty, if that was to be called withdrawing. Even in the midst of my mishap, however, I could take some satisfaction in watching the comparative degrees of slowness with which the rather rustic audience detected my blunder, and the gradual smile which broke over the faces of partially deaf uncles, in the extreme background, to whom my error was being slowly explained by patient but smiling nieces.

These are the blunders which were sometimes visited only too severely in those earlier days upon the often exhausted traveling orator. On the other hand, the Lyceum gave to the literary man, especially, not only a different form of reaching the public, but a readier test of his own powers. He must face the people, eye to eye, as absolutely and irresistibly as does a statue in the public square. This test was a severe one for the oversensitive or those ill furnished with voice or presence. Horace Greeley got the better of a large western audience which had assembled to meet him for the first time, by an opening sentence which told its own story. "I suppose it to be a fact universally admitted," he said, "that I am the worst public speaker in America." The very defects of his manner justly implied that he must have something worth hearing in spite of them, and so his hearers listened. But if every speaker had his rebuffs, he might also, if he watched carefully, see his own progress. It is one of the pleasures of public speaking that there is sometimes drawn from the speaker some happy phrase or sentence of argument or illustration such as he has vainly sought by the fireside or in the study, so that he has found himself saying to another what he could not possibly have said first to himself.

Personally I was for three years an officer of a lecture association in Worcester, Massachusetts, whose net annual profits for that time averaged twelve hundred dollars, after paying to each lecturer an average price of a hundred dollars. It is pleasant to know that the proceeds of this course became the foundation of the excellent natural history collection of that city. It is also pleasant for me to remember that my connection with it brought the only interview I ever had with Thackeray, who was invited to be one of the speakers in this course, and who declined the invitation on the ground that some other course had offered him a larger sum. I remember how pleased his kindly face looked when, after he had stammered out an awkward refusal on this ground, I assured him that no apology was needed in America for accepting a higher compensation instead of a lower one. The suggestion seemed to relieve his mind to a rather amusing extent, though I had supposed it to be one of those obvious doctrines which the light of nature sufficiently teaches. It was more easily learned by another lecturer, of much note in his day, who was offered, within my knowledge, twelve thousand dollars a year on the assurance that he would give his time solely to editing a certain New York weekly paper, or else five thousand with the privilege of lecturing as much as he pleased. By his own statement he unhesitatingly chose the latter.

Most valuable of all the experiences gained by the American lecturer was, perhaps, his increased knowledge of his own country, and his appreciation of its vastness. I remember my own delight when a woman at whose house I stayed in Nebraska, on being complimented upon her selection of an abode, replied with some discontent that she did not like living in the western country so well as living in Illinois, as if Illinois had not then seemed to me nearly as far off as Nebraska; and I recall with delight an occasion on a night train over the Michigan Central Railway when the conductor had just called "Lon-

don," and a wondering little girl sprang from the seat in front of me, saying to her mamma, "Oh, mamma, do we really pass through London, that great city?" Pleasant sometimes, though sometimes fatiguing, were the casual intimacies with strangers of all degrees; as when a young schoolgirl once opened a long traveling conversation in Iowa, which she justified by an apology when we parted, by saying that she thought I looked like one who might like to read Ruskin.

It was refreshing, too, when a young child traveling eastward from the far West held a conversation close beside me with a very pallid and worn-out mother, which perhaps deserves narrating more fully. I never saw a woman more utterly exhausted, while the child seemed as fresh at sunset as at dawn. It was when the through trains on the Boston and Albany still stopped at West Newton, and the conductor had just called with vigorous confidence the name of that station. After a pause, the child exclaimed as vigorously "Mother," to which the mother responded, perhaps for the two hundredth time that day, in a feeble voice, "What, dear?" when the following conversation ensued: "What did that man say, mother?" "He said West Newton." A pause for reflection, then again "Mo-

ther." "What?" "What did that man say West Newton for, mother?" To this the mother, with an evasiveness dictated by despair, could only murmur "I don't know." This was plainly too well-tried an evasion, and the unflinching answer came, "Don't you know what he said West Newton for, mother?" She being thus pursued, fell back on the vague answer, "Said it for the fun of it, I guess." By this time all the occupants of the car were listening breathlessly to the cross-examination. Then came the inevitable "Mother," and the more and more hopeless "What?" "Did that man say West Newton for the fun of it, mother?" "Yes," said the poor sufferer, with an ever increasing audience listening to her vain evasion. The child paused an atom longer; and then continued, still inexhaustible, but as if she had forced her victim into the very last corner, as she had, "What *was* the fun of it, mother?" Upon this, the whole audience involuntarily applauded, and did not quite cease its applause until the train finally stopped in Boston. It is possible that more than one lecturer returning home from a long trip, and hearing these successive inquiries, may have asked of himself a similar question. Yet there was unquestionably fun in a western lecture, after all.

ISIDRO ¹

BY MARY AUSTIN

XX

IN WHICH JACINTHA RIDES TO MONTEREY

THE Franciscans of Alta California in the year when Isidro Escobar should have begun his novitiate sat tight, kept the affairs of the Missions in close order, and prayed or plotted, as their vocation lay, against the decree of secularization. The prayers, it seemed, found no advocate. The plots, like that of Saavedra's for turning the family of Escobar to priestly use, took a color, perhaps, from the lotus-eating land, were large and easy and too long in execution. For the most part they kept a quiet front in California, and trusted to the Brotherhood in Old Mexico. At that time of tedious communication it was hardly possible for the Padres of the Missions to know how nearly their college of San Fernando was demolished by the unfriendly republic. The possibility of swift revolution that harbors in Latin blood, their faith in St. Francis, strengthened by long immunity amid conflicting decrees, prompted to a cheerful view; but being, on the whole, accustomed to let no event meet them unprepared, they made ready for secularization, in case they found no way of avoiding it, according to their several notions. It was believed in some quarters that the Franciscans were converting the herds and flocks into coin, which was sent out of the country; it was known that others went about fitting the neophytes for the change by new and tremendous labors, or by larger freedom and greater responsibility. These are the pipes of history, the breadth of whose diapason sets many small figures going to various measures like midges in the sun. They go

merrily or strenuously, with no notion of how they are blown upon; but let the great note of history be stilled and they fall flat and flaccid out of the tune of time. If you would know how Demetrio Fages and the Commandante, how Isidro and Mascado, Peter Lebecque and his foster child, called the Briar, played out their measure, you must know so much of the note of their time.

Chiefly, then, you will understand how Saavedra, being troubled and a little offended at Isidro's disappearance immediately following the Father President's great labors in his behalf, could not on that account delay his annual visit of counsel and inspection to the Missions, where affairs stood in the case I have stated.

When Padre Saavedra left his conference with Castro he looked about first for the young man, and learned that he had last been seen walking upon the beach below the town. The Padre himself started in that direction, saw only the children racing with the tide, took a turn about the streets, and saw nothing of the young man, sent Fages, still nothing; whereupon he concluded that Isidro had preceded him to Carmelo, and leaving his secretary to attend to some small matters, rode back to the Mission. Here the Padre's slight annoyance grew into a measure of unease as the day passed and no Escobar. At noon, when the Indians came up from the field, he learned that two hours since the youth had sent for his horse and saddle; reminded by that of the lad Zarzito, he sent to seek him in the hut of Marta, and learned that nothing had been seen of him since the evening before. The report served to give an edge to the Father President's alarm. Then about the hour of vespers came the secre-

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tary chocked with news; he could hardly deliver it at once, turning and smacking it upon his tongue. He had been with Delfina, and learned things of Escobar that fell in pat with his own desires. Fray Demetrio had a dull sort of climbing ambition, which he thought threatened by the proximity of the young gentleman, and had the natural gratification of the baser sort of men in seeing others brought down. As he stood twiddling his thumbs in the presence of Padre Saavedra, his expression of pained virtuosity would have done credit to the wooden image of a saint.

Señor Escobar, he said, had last been seen riding eastward from Monterey in company with Arnaldo the tracker.

"Heard you anything of his errand?"

The secretary cast up his eyes. "It is thought," he said, "that he rides upon the trail of that brand of the burning, Zarzito."

"Ah yes, the Indian lad; what of him? He has not been seen since last evening."

The Padre's tone was one of gentle wonderment. Fages took his opportunity deliberately, watching from under cover of his stubby brows.

"Your Reverence," said he, "it is shown by the most credible of all testimony, an eye-witness in fact, that El Zarzo was taken forcibly and carried away by an Indian yesterday at dusk from the beach below the calabozo. It is further averred that Señor Escobar has gone in search of them."

Saavedra revolved this for a little space; he was not one to make gossip with an underling.

"Señor Escobar was concerned for the lad's soul," he said at last, "and his zeal outrunneth discretion. But strange that an Indian should by force carry off another Indian, especially a lad."

"Especially," said the secretary, "if a lad." The turn of his voice upon the supposition was slight but pregnant. Saavedra put out his hand. His instincts were quick; perhaps he had seen Fages at mischief before now.

"Demetrio, Demetrio, Demetrio," he said, three times, and the first was the cry of his heart to be spared unhappy news, the second was a priestly reproof against malice, the last a command.

The secretary understood that he was now free to deliver all Delfina's adventure, a little colored by the tone of the minds through which it passed. The shame of the whole relation he took for granted; as, in fact, did the Padre; as any one of that time must have done. Saavedra was both hurt and sick; such duplicity, — to make himself a warrant for the girl's lying at his door, — the pretense of concern for El Zarzo's soul, — let alone his sacred calling, the boy's breeding should have saved him from such an offense to hospitality, — the case for Escobar was black enough without that. Walking out in the garden with his deep concern, he passed the hut of Marta, and paused before it.

"My daughter," he said, "how long have you known that El Zarzo is a girl?"

The woman looked up with something quick and apprehensive in her eyes. "Padre, from the beginning," she said; going on defensively, answering the rebuke of his gaze: "she was newly from the hills, she brought me news of my son. I had not seen him for two years," she finished simply.

The Padre turned away, pacing slowly between the vineyard and the pears, baffled and hurt at heart.

The next day, with no further inquiry about Escobar and no message left for him, Saavedra started toward Santa Cruz to visit the Missions that lay northward. By so doing he missed meeting with Delgado, who came up from San Antonio two days later with the young wife of Escobar in his train.

Valentin Delgado could be trusted not to miss a pretty girl anywhere, much more if he found her where he had looked to find only priests, a corporal, a private soldier or two, and some hundreds of Indians. He saw her first in the evening glow walking in the pomegranate path of

the Mission San Antonio where he had put in for the night. A light wind shaped her clothing to her young curves as she walked, the rebozo had fallen back from her head, her hands were folded at her throat. Delgardo arranged his cloak, set his hat a-cock, and sought Padre Tomas. In an affair of ladies he judged the round priest the better man. But what he heard put all thoughts of gallantry out of his mind. The slim crescent beauty was no señorita, but the Señora Escobar. That was the name that pricked all Delgardo's wits forward. "If you do not find her," said Lebecque, "ask Escobar."

The whole story of the virgin marriage gushed from Padre Tomas of the Stripes like a living spring, a strange thing to tell and a new ear to hear it, following on a comfortable meal! He had not enjoyed himself so much for a long time. The hour enticed to companionable talk; Indians in the cloister began to croon a hymn. The young straight figure paced up and down by the pomegranate hedge that stood out sharply against a saffron sky. Delgardo drained the Padre dry of news, learned how the girl was no maid, being married, and no wife, being deserted at the church door; went so far as to be sure that the Padre was sure the marriage was a cloak for no unchastity, but no farther. Padre Tomas knew nothing back of the hour when Isidro and the girl came riding out of the wood; or, if he knew it, kept it under the seal of the confessional. The young man did not, therefore, open his own budget at that time. He must know how Escobar came by the girl; was she the same bred up by Peter Lebecque's Indian wife in the hut of the Grapevine, called, because of her pricking tongue, "the Briar"? The Padre helped him there.

"And she had not even a name, this beautiful one; yes, she is beautiful; even I, a poor brother of St. Francis, can see that; so we wrote in the register the name of her foster father, Lebecque, nothing more. The young man was to bring a name on his return; that was the purpose

of his going, that and some business with the Father President. So I understood. But it was most irregular; Padre Carasco was of the opinion that I should have withheld the sacrament. But I hold that since the girl was plainly a Christian she must have had a name, though it was for the time mislaid, as you might say."

Still Don Valentin kept his thought, took a whole night, in fact, to set it out in his mind. By morning he had it shaped thus: that, not to be balked of all reward, he would take the girl to her father; and, as for the unconsummated marriage, there might be more doing. The girl was still her father's ward,—under age, married without his consent,—ravishment, married out of her name,—false pretense, only half married at that; no knowing what might come of it. The first thing was to get her out of the way of Escobar, who deserved it for being a fool.

Soon after the hour of compline he set Padre Tomas's ears tingling with more news than he had heard during his incumbency of San Antonio. Here, as at Peter Lebecque's, he told his story very much to the point, and so convincingly, that within half an hour he had the girl in to hear it in the Padre's parlor, where the chief furniture was plaster saints in niches blackened by candle smoke. She came stilly, keeping close by the wall, a little pinched about the mouth, but with level eyes, young limbs, lithe and quick, unaccustomed to the trammels of her dress. The corporal's wife had stuck a pomegranate blossom in the smoky folds of her hair; it served to warm a little the pure pallor of her skin.

"Eh, come, come, child!" cried Padre Tomas de las Peñas when he heard her in the corridor; "come and see what we have for you, come and hear a tale. Ah, ah! Our Lady and St. Francis have been working for you. Is it a name you lack? Well, you shall have it, and not only a name, a most honorable name, but a family, a father in short, a notable and worthy parent, and not only a father, but a fortune, estates, immense! Ah, all this for a

beautiful young woman who has already a handsome husband!" Delgado looked at him rather sourly for this. The girl simply stared; the breath came through her parted lips like a child's.

"Sit down, sit down!" cried the Padre; "you shall hear." She sat on the edge of the carved bench boyishly. The corporal's wife trailed in her wake as a duenna, plumped down beside her, untangled a fat arm from her rebozo, and held one of the girl's hands. It was doubtful if Jacintha understood all the explanations, but she answered their questions plainly enough. She was the French trapper's foster child. She had known that the Indian woman was not her mother, but she would always call her so. It was her mother's wish that she should go dressed as a boy. In that fashion she had left Cañada de las Uvas a month back. So far she was docile and apt, but if they questioned her upon her life in Monterey, and how she came to be riding into San Antonio de Padua with Señor Escobar from an easterly direction, when Monterey lay north and west, then she fell dumb. Her Indian training wiped all vestige of expression from her face, set her eyes roving past the plaster saints and the candles, out of the deep casement toward the mission fields. Curious as Delgado and the Padre both were they had to let her be. The young man, watching, thought her not so much cold as childish, immature, a great beauty, and plainly a Castro. The puzzle of the last two days' work had drawn proud lines of pain such as he knew in the Commandante's face, knit the fine brows, and tightened the small mouth. The likeness came out wonderfully when one looked for it. But Don Valentin thought her what she was not, timid and awed by his splendid appearance. She looked not so much at him as at his embroideries and the torquoise in the cord of his sombrero. He thought her dazzled when, in fact, the little god of love had made her blind. The young man took a high hand, — the part became him, — showed letters from Castro dele-

gating parental authority, required that the girl be delivered to him and by him to the Commandante. The Padre boggled at that; the lady had been left expressly in his charge by her husband. Husband, ah, husband, is it?

"A word in your ear, Padre; how can the young man be a husband and he a priest? If not actually beginning his novitiate, at least dedicate, bound." Delgado had heard that story at Monterey. "Did he not tell you at parting that he had business with the Father President? Ay, truly. What sort of a husband is it that leaves his wife at the altar, tell me that? In fact, the fellow dared go no farther." Under such skillful handling the marriage assumed the proportions of a crime with the Padre as accomplice. The young man checked off the points of offense as you have heard them. The Padre polished his rosy countenance until it shone with perplexity, but it came to this, that he would do nothing without consulting his confrère Relles Carrasco. Padre Carrasco being at that moment in the farthest precincts marking out cattle for slaughter, the business hung in suspense until the evening of that day, as was in keeping with the movement of that time, and nobody suffering inconvenience on that account.

Padre Carrasco was as shrewd as dry. He came in with the skirt of his cassock tucked under his girdle, and gave it as his opinion that the lady's husband could not but be gratified by his wife's good fortune, and seeing he had already gone to the capital it could do no harm for her to meet him there; but, nevertheless, the lady should have her own free will to go or stay. Jacintha, when she was called to counsel, said very quietly that she would go to Monterey. It seemed to her the quickest way to Escobar.

"Señora," said Don Valentin on the road, edging his horse as near to her as the way allowed, "let me beg you to draw your rebozo closer about your face, otherwise I do not know how we shall get to

Monterey; your beauty sends my wits astray."

"In that case," said Doña Jacintha, "you had best ride a little distance forward."

"Useless," he said, pranking his horse across the trail, "the music of your voice draws me back again."

"So we shall get on faster if I do no talking," said she.

"Ah, cruel, cruel!" he sighed.

The lady was out of tune with such pointed blandishments. At the crossing of a brook he offered her drink from his own silver cup, though the strictest behavior owed the first attention to Señora Romero the duenna.

"Drink, most beautiful," said the young man, "and no other shall drink after you."

"It would be a pity," said she, "on that account to spoil so excellent a vessel." And she waited until the corporal's wife had done with her gourd.

"It is not for nothing you were called the Briar," said Delgado, and he put up his cup. Finding he made no way with her by compliments, he left off teasing his horse, and talked of the family of Ramirez, their estates and fame, to which she listened with patience and collected looks. He had a guitar in his pack, a necessary part of a young gentleman's baggage, which he fingered skillfully, letting the bridle rein hang on the saddle-bow. It was a warm day livened by a damp wind. Westward a bank of roundish cloud reflected a many-tinted radiance from the sea. The rim of his sombrero made a half moon of shadow on his face as he tilted up his chin for singing; the light warmed his throat ruddily and glinted on the jewel in his hat. He sang an aria called "The Dove," and "La Nocha est Serena," but got no notice from the lady until he struck into a little tender air of absent love, which Escobar had used to hum wordlessly under his breath. That fluttered her, as Don Valentin was quick to see, so he rode, singing, while the cavalcade jogged forward to the twanking of his

guitar, well pleased with himself and revolving many things.

The trail ran from San Antonio de Padua to Nuestra Señora la Soledad, with a branch running off toward Monterey, uniting again at Santa Cruz. Delgado, who had reasons of his own for prolonging the way, chose to go by way of Soledad, and Doña Jacintha made no objection.

XXI

A MEETING

All the splendid effects, it seems, are saved for nature's own performances, — sunset glow, long thunder of the surf, loud thunder of the hills, the poppy fires of spring, a white star like a torch to usher in a crescent moon; but men's great occasions go shabbily, out of tune, with frayed settings, cheapened by the hand that pushes them off of the board. Events that the passions of a whole life lead up to come in with a swarm of small stinging cares like gnats; compensations are doled out by half-pence.

For sixteen years the interests of the Commandante found nothing to fix upon, his affections no point of departure. The ichor of kindness curdled even in his dreams. It made him a martinet in discipline, and a friend merely of his friend's buttons. The habit of perfect behavior put him through the motions of taking an interest in men, but there was plainly no heart in it; naturally this got him misunderstood. He was thought too cold to have cared greatly about his wife, but it was, in fact, the caring that had left him frozen. The renewed hope of his child had come upon him suddenly, and reached a marvelous growth. It was not that he wished more strongly to find her since she was the heiress of Ramirez, but when she was only Ysabel's child the hate of Ysabel had seemed to baulk him in his search. For himself he had not the heart for going on with it, but Ysabel would have wished the girl to come into the inheritance.

Therefore as he wished to please his wife, still personal and dear, the reasons which before had warded him off now led on. He had really believed his daughter dead all these years. It occurred to him now that this wanted proving at several points, — an excuse for hope. Then came the discovery of the certificate in the alms-box, and hope flared into conviction. She lived, bone of his bone, commingling of his flesh and that of the dearly loved. Ah, Christ! but he had done something; her hate had not been proof against that, — made her body bud and bear fruit; struck a soul out of her soul as a spark is struck out of cold steel. His very thought at this point was choked and incoherent. He was in the exalted mood of a man hearing first that there is hope of issue of his love. He had thoughts, if Delgado's mission came to nothing, of resigning his command to make a pilgrimage through the inhabited coast of California until he should find her. And while he quivered with expectancy, Jacintha came in upon him in a manner least to be expected, with the advent of more than ordinary official pothier and distraction.

It happened in this way: on the night that Valentin Delgado and his party lay at Mission Nuestra Señora la Soledad, a band of twenty mounted Indians had descended from the hills, crossing the river above the Mission, and run off twice as many head of cattle from the mission fields. It was surmised that the men must have been Urbano's following, rag-tag of all the tribes, their leader himself a renegade from Santa Clara, and late harboring in the tule lands about the San Joaquin River. Small losses of cattle had been laid on his shoulders before, but on this occasion it appeared that he must have had an accomplice within the Mission. The theft was not discovered until after the hour of morning service, as late as nine o'clock, to be exact, which gave the marauders a good ten hours' advantage. It was true of the Franciscans that they not only preached peace and good will to the native Californians, but practiced it.

Their conquest of three hundred miles of coast was accomplished almost without bloodshed, and maintained without soldiering, unless you gave that name to the corporal and two or three privates stationed at each community of five to fifteen hundred Indians. Six soldiers was a very large number to be employed at any Mission, and Soledad, lying nearest to Monterey and the Presidio, had only two. Immediately on the discovery, the corporal and his man, a deserting sailor who had enlisted to escape being forced to sea, with two trusted neophytes, set about tracking the plunderers, and a rider was sent to Monterey to the Commandante. This was a case in which the Padres could confidently expect military aid, for if the Indians began to plunder the Missions unpunished they would not be kept long from the towns. The courier started at once, and half an hour later, a little delayed by the flutter at Soledad, Delgado and his party set out, riding leisurely and making a comfortable camp at noon.

Delgado was not so talkative as yesterday, considering how he would present the girl to Castro to put himself in the best light. It stuck in his mind that the month when the girl strayed about Monterey with Escobar, in boy's clothing, covered more than mere freakishness. Padre Tomas thought otherwise, — but the Padre also believed in miracles and holy water for bears. Privately he thought the fat priest a credulous fool. Don Valentin wished to marry the girl if it proved feasible; but though he could contemplate a marriage for advantage without love and not be singular in his time, he was too much sopped in the chivalric notion of his type to admit a wedding without honor. He held the girl's marriage with Escobar a knot to untangle, or a reasonable excuse for drawing back if she should prove in his estimation damaged goods.

The young man was not so sure if it came to a wedding it would be altogether without love. He had kindled a fire under

his imagination with her romantic story, the glamour of her wealth and her promise of beauty. Lastly, he marveled to find her manners not so much unfit for her station as might have been expected. Something she had caught from Escobar, electrified by the fineness that made him adorable. But beyond that, the Indian woman, remembering whence the girl had sprung, had denied her own instincts to bring up the child in the image of the dominant race. By great pains and tremendous labors of an elementary mind Castro's daughter had been nurtured in an exquisite personality,—labors beyond her own power to divine,—so that afterward, when she had come to the prime of her charm and bodily beauty, she was pointed out and accustomed to believe herself fit for her exalted station chiefly by the prerogative of birth.

Jacintha's thoughts on this day of riding toward Monterey did not run so far back as the time of her foster mother, hardly so far forward as the home of her father; beginning, in fact, with a day when a herd boy under an oak saw a glorious youth come out of the wood, driving Mariana's sheep. She understood how it was that Castro should be her father; she had seen him about the Presidio, and vaguely prefigured his relation to her; but her experience hardly afforded the stuff for imagination. She gathered from the corporal's wife that the rise in her fortunes must give her new value in her husband's eyes; but as she had never felt servility in the first estate she had no elation in this. Whatever her husband's disposition toward her, her passion was still too virginal to form a wish. In her first dream of their life together he should have been a priest rapt from the world, and she should serve him and lie at his door. Inasmuch as the circumstance of her birth jostled this dream, she found it vexatious and confusing, and she lacked material for shaping a new one. Chiefly she burned with the thought that as Escobar had said he would go to Monterey she would meet

him there. The air was charged with the sense of his presence. She made scant answers to Don Valentin's curtailed compliments, each being busy with thought, and the corporal's wife, having all the conversation to herself, made the most of it. So they rode until they heard the sound of the sea and dogs barking in the streets of Monterey.

Plain folk had not yet lost the zest of life in Alta California. Nearly all the town was out in the plaza, helping to make ready the detachment for Soledad with the joyous volubility and deft-handedness of the Latin race. Castro was settling a hornet's nest of small matters in his room with the balcony overlooking the sea.

In the midst of it, while he leaned his head upon his hand for weariness, there came a great knocking at the outer door, and a quarrel of voices,—his orderly's and another lofty and contained. He heard the babble fall off to a note of amazement and gratulation and the feet of his household running toward the door. The Commandante turned expectantly to meet fresh news from Soledad, and felt a warning precede it down the passage; a warmth and glow that settled at his heart, a presage of satisfaction. The bustle halted a moment outside his door, which, before he had done wondering why the noise should be mixed with the sweep of women's skirts, was flung open by Delgado. The caballeros of that time loved flourishes; Don Valentin led the girl forward by her finger-tips, and swept up to the Commandante with a great bow.

"Your daughter, señor." Then he fell back in an attitude to note the effect.

Castro saw only a slim figure, straight and illy dressed, and his own chilled spirit looking at him out of the eyes, mouth, and brow of Ysabel, his wife. He grew rigid; his hand fluttered and strayed toward a drawer where certain papers lay with some cherished trifles of his wife's.

"Jacintha — Jacintha," he said whisperingly, for now he had the name by heart; and then, as the resemblance smote home to him, "Ysabel, Ysabel."

"Ah," cried Delgado delightedly, "you see a likeness?"

Castro got up drunkenly and went across to her; his breath was short and labored; all his motions dragged as with a weight. The girl stood still and cold; drooping now with fatigue, her arms hung down straight at her sides. The Commandante took her by the shoulders and constrained her toward him. The room was close and warm; blue flies buzzed at the pane. Dust of travel, saddle weariness, the smell of provender and horse blankets being doled out in the quarters below, obsessed the sense of them all. The hour fell flat and dry. Castro began to work his lips, gray and trembling, but seemed not to understand that he brought out no words. Suddenly, jarring the stillness, rang out the trumpet call to evening drill, which Castro was used to have in charge. Military precision, the use of old habit, held and stood the Commandante in the stead of tears. They saw the motions of his face, and understood them for the excuses which he believed he had delivered. The man sank into the Commandante as a sword is dropped into a sheath. He turned stiffly and went out.

So the first hour which Jacintha passed in her father's house was spent sitting on a bench in the bare little room, with Señora Romero surprised into stillness, and Delgado walking up and down beside her.

The necessity of providing his daughter and her company a meal and beds steadied Castro, and carried him through an hour or two until he could hear Delgado's story. Jacintha admitted every point as far as it touched her knowledge, and recognized the packet as the one she had brought up from Peter Lebecque. But Castro needed no other warrant than her looks. Communication between them was still dry and unfruitful. He kissed her forehead only for good-night, and she endured it.

The detachment, twelve men and an officer, got off for Soledad by sunrise, which for that time was unusual dispatch.

The Presidio returned to its level round, and news of Castro's daughter began to spread about the town. But the two came no nearer each other. Jacintha was always at a window looking out, hungering amid the strangeness for a sight of Escobar; restless, starting at small sounds, close upon the verge of tears, not recognizing her own state. Castro would be always edging in her direction, not enduring to have her out of his sight, and wondering at the dryness of his own heart. Toward the middle of the afternoon he found her on the balcony with the kerchief off her neck for coolness, and he saw the cord that held the medal about her slender throat.

"What is this, daughter?" he said, with his hand upon her shoulder, yearning toward the proper intimacy of their relation and not daring much.

"I have always worn it," she said. "Juana told me it belonged to my baptism. I have never had it off."

Castro drew it out and held it in his palm, warm from her bosom. Then he knew it for Ysabel's, and thrilled to it as to living touch of her. He kissed it, murmuring to it broken words of endearment, and laid his head upon the railing before him, kneeling on the floor, and cried. The girl was in a mood to be touched by his grief; sick with longing, strange, tired with new habits, she began to gasp; tears filled her eyes, brimmed over and ran abroad on her cheeks as not having learned the way; filled and brimmed over as the pool of a rain-fed spring. Her father heard the drip of her tears on the floor, reached out and drew her in; kneeling they sobbed together. Jacintha's tears were purely hysterical, but Castro mistook them; they mingled with his and washed the wounds of her mother's hate.

The Commandante began to be inordinately fond of his daughter, touched the earth only at the points that served her. He ransacked the shops, and obtained extraordinary trading privileges for a Yankee vessel on the mere intimation that it carried women's fardels for barter.

Señora Romero was sent home with a handsome present, and the wife of one of Castro's lieutenants established Jacintha's duenna and adviser. Old Marta of the Mission Carmelo was brought over to be her personal attendant; it was the only preference the girl made in her new situation.

No one but the Indian woman and Delgado knew of the wedding at San Antonio, and their mouths were effectively stopped by self-interest, for this was the one thing at which Castro's gorge rose. Jacintha had told him very simply how it came about, — the capture, bondage, and delivery, Isidro's discovery of her sex, the young man's high airs, and the virgin marriage, — all except the one important item that she loved him. A certain crisp manner of speaking and a boyish straightforwardness where one should look for blushes and tremors carried no information. The Commandante had the sense to see that if this story of boy's dress and Mascado ever got abroad, the marriage would prove the best cure for the girl's blown fame. He could appreciate Escobar's chivalry so far, but he stuck at the desertion. Was she good enough for bell and book, and not good enough for bed and board — the daughter of a Ramirez! — By the mass! Here he would fall to conning the insinuations of Don Valentin, to whom he was as extraordinarily grateful as he was fond of his child. Certainly there was reason enough for this unconsummated marriage to be set aside if reason ever was; and Delgado was the better match. Saavedra, when he returned from the north, would have something to contribute. Castro had dispatched letters asking to be relieved from his command, to accompany his daughter to Mexico in the settlement of the estate, and nothing need be arranged until that time.

As for Jacintha, she took all her new life alike, as the caged animal takes the cage and the hand that feeds it. She was very still, especially through the day, when she was under her father's hand. This was the manner of their life together:

they would have chocolate in the patio of a morning; then, while her father left her for his official labors, she would go about the house with Marta, making great concern of the housekeeping, of which she knew very little. Castro would be running in and out all day to make excuse to see her. After the siesta she would sit for an hour or two with the lieutenant's wife, learning the mysteries of the toilet and needlework, of which she knew nothing at all. At the evening meal the Commandante sat long over his wine, sometimes in the patio, sometimes in the little balcony overlooking the sea. Then Don Valentin would come in and make conversation suited to ladies' company. He would bring his guitar and sing tender and passionate airs to which the girl was glad to listen. It was so she learned the phraseology of love. But when the house was shut and all lights out in the town, a wood mood came upon her. She could not sleep within walls at any time, but had her cot brought out to the patio under a vine; there she would lie, and the Indian woman crouch by her head; or at times she would pace the length of her cage with inconceivably light tread, and always they would talk. Now they would say how it would be in the forest at that hour, and what would be doing at certain dark pools where the wood creatures came to drink, or what roots or berries were best at that season, and the virtues of certain herbs. Other times the girl would despoil herself of tenderness and babble of Isidro and the joy of their riding, riding in the pleasant weather; now it would be the slow open heath of Pasteria with the shepherd fires and flooding moon; now a sudden small bluster of rain that sent them to shelter under a thicket where there was a smell of moist earth, and all the grass was wet; then the stony slopes of wild lilac that slapped the horses' flanks, and the sea fog drifting in. At times she fell sick with longing, lying dry-eyed and dumb; then it would be Marta who showed her straightly how a man's love is taken and kept, and how a woman must give wholly

without seeming to give all. Also it was ordained that as a man grew weary of kissing there would be young mouths at the breast to draw out that pain, so that if women had the worst of it in loving they had afterward the best.

"A lover is a great lord," she said, "but a son is a greater. Wait, most beautiful, till you have borne a son." The poor girl owned to herself there was little chance of that, and, in fact, she hardly asked so much. But the time wore on, and Escobar did not come. Then her pride began to be awake. She saw her father deeply fretted by Escobar's lateness, which he took for scorn. At last he ventured to speak to her of it, and once opened between them it was like fire out of cover. He perceived her hurt, which was really the wound of latent womanliness at being so lightly set aside, for she knew nothing of family pride and little of caste. It was enough for Don Jesus that she suffered at all, and he fumed accordingly.

All Jacintha's pride was not to be found wanting in anything befitting the wife of an Escobar. If resentment was proper to her station, she must make a show of it at whatever cost. So she took arms against her love to make herself more worthy of her lover. In this she followed Castro's lead. It is fair to say that of Don Valentin's courtings she apprehended not a whit. When her father hinted at the possibility of a dissolution of the marriage she assented, believing in her heart that so Escobar wished. Affairs, being in this posture, remained without alteration until at the end of ten days they had word from the detachment following the cattle thieves in the hills eastward from Soledad.

XXII

A WORD FROM THE MOUNTAINS

One allows to the flight of wild pigeons, darkening the sky for days, a prescience germinating singly in each bluish breast

at the same hour, as gillias blow in instant myriads upon the spur of spring. Wild geese clang upward from the Tulares as recurrently as grapes ripen in the wood at the set time of the year; but when men begin to sway together, to move in companies and exhibit in widely scattered parts froth of the same churning desires, we are far to seek for the cause of it: usurpations, extortions, Pentecost or Judgment of God. It is all devil or Holy Ghost. So the Franciscans laid the mutinies, fallings off, and infringements of the savages to the first mentioned; even so the tribes braved themselves for such trespass by commerce with their disused gods. No doubt the god of the waterfowl and the wood pigeons would have served as well in either case.

About the middle of the month of waning bloom the free Indians drew to cover in the stony winding gullies of the mountains, about forty true born and a half-dozen mestizos and mongrels, led by Urbano, who had Mascado for his right hand. They made medicine daily; smoke of council fires went up by night, and the click of rattles sounded through the wood with singing and exultation. The pre-sage of their triumph rose like an exhalation from their camps, and settled over the Missions, where thousands of their blood had taken on the habits of a gentler life, swung censers for medicine sticks, had scapulars for fetiches, and prayed to the One God prefigured in a wooden doll. If the new faith went deeper it was not so deep that the roll of the ceremonial drums struck no chord under it. After the news of the skirmish at Las Chimineas, the neophytes kept close. By all accounts only rabbits and appointed couriers ran on the road between Soledad and Monterey, but the wood began to leak. Hints of distraction crept into the Missions; old men had glittering eyes and talked cautiously in corners. Scraps of news with no mouth to father them drifted from Carmelo to the town and were guaranteed by courier two or three days later. It was whispered that Marta had news of her

son, for whom she kept a candle burning before San Antonio and the Child. She went that day walking over from Monterey, and took away the candle from the little altar of Carmelo; she may have thought the saint inattentive, or perhaps that her son did well enough for himself where he was. She went straight to the blessed candle, snuffed it out, and hid it in her bosom. Unprecedented behavior. None saw her but an altar ministrant who dared nothing by way of interference; the chief's daughter had a commanding walk and the manners of royalty grew upon her in those days. Her eyes were bleak with memories, at other times bright and hot. She would be about the house crooning old songs, and would fall into set, unconscious stares. Of evenings they heard her chant low and wildly when the moon was up and a light wind came in from the sea. The sound of her singing mixed with the strumming of Don Valentin's guitar, and pierced Jacintha like a call from the wild. Then she wearied of love and its sickness, and would make occasion to slip away to Marta and talk of her life at the Grapevine before Escobar came. Out of sheer kindness she would recall hunting exploits of Mascado's, of which the older woman was greedy. There was much gossip of a hero-making sort afloat concerning him at Carmelo, where the Padres kept the smoke of incense going all day, increased the service of the mass, and had serious thoughts of attaching a penance to the singing of native songs. But the time drew on to the dark of the moon, when no dog howls and wolves will not run in a pack. The stir and the singing died, women grinding at the quern began to lift a hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

The soldiers were reported still following the cattle thieves who were retreating eastward. Then came the news of a skirmish near the Arroyo Seca in which three soldiers were killed and two hurt. A few only of the cattle were recovered, for the Indians had parted them in three bands and gone up from Soledad by divers trails. Many of the marauders had guns,

for which it was surmised the Russian traders would be paid in the hides of stolen beeves. This was stirring news for a lotus-eating land. A new detachment from the Presidio got off at once; Castro himself rode at the head of it. This satisfied a public sentiment, and his own sense of the seriousness of his position, which was great. It touched his honor to leave no loose ends of mutiny in his jurisdiction, since he had applied for and expected his honorable retirement. He drew heavily on the military resources of the province, and got away with twenty men provisioned for a month.

Saavedra came hurrying home from the north, and the same day came to him Delgardo with his story of the wedding at San Antonio, and Pascual Escobar, ridden up from Las Plumas, demanding his brother from all the four winds. Word of Isidro's imprisonment and other extraordinary doings had penetrated so far, and the young man was jealous of the credit of his house. Saavedra put him off with fair words until he had revolved how much of Isidro's story could be told in fairness to all parties, and in the interim several things happened.

Affairs moved on much the same for Jacintha except that the lieutenant's wife sat with her evenings when Delgardo came in with his guitar, and she, loving a lover as do most ladies, egged on the match with practiced art. Delgardo was beginning to imagine himself vastly in love. Jacintha stirred a little to practice on him the arts in which she lacked no tutoring from her duenna.

Then Fray Demetrio, who had heard of this hedged young beauty whom one had no more than a glimpse of as she passed with her father in the promenade, be-thought himself of sundry past kindnesses on the part of the lieutenant's wife, and made a ghostly call. The man was at all times inordinately curious, and had a fine taste for ladies' looks.

"She is not to be seen, brother, I assure you," said the duenna; "the Commandante was most strict; but to one of your

holy calling, and an old friend — and you knew her mother, you say” — You may judge what exchange of compliments had gone to the visit up to this point. “Well,” said the lady, “when we cross the patio to look at the Castilian roses, look behind the vine there; we call it Jacintha’s vine. That is she with her needlework lying in her lap. It is always so, I assure you, when I am not by. Look now and tell me if the likeness is as striking as reported.”

Fages looked, choked, spluttered, came near to having an apoplexy, but had the wit to keep his tongue in guard.

“Ah!” cried the lady at the outer gate, “you find the resemblance extraordinary. So the Señor Commandante says.”

“Extraordinary, my dear lady, is not the word; it is miraculous; not a feature lacking, even to the bent bar of her brows.”

“But surely,” said the lady as she let him out, “the eyebrows she has from her father. So I have understood.”

Fray Demetrio went straight to Delfina. When those two worthies had their heads together there was sure to be gossip afoot. Within three hours Delfina came bustling about the quarters on a dozen well-devised errands, pertinacious as a wasp until she had a good look at the Commandante’s daughter, and went out humming with her news. By nightfall most matrons in the town knew that there was a reasonable supposition that Doña Jacintha was the same slim lad seen lurking about the Mission a month gone, with Señor Isidro Escobar, the same who had been carried off by an Indian, run after by one young man and brought home by another. By the next day they were sure of it, by the second it had reached the lieutenant’s wife and Pascual Escobar.

Pascual flounced off to Saavedra in a great fume. He felt the occasion demanded that he should fight somebody; not Saavedra, since he was a priest, nor Jacintha, for she was a lady; but when Padre Vicente had told him the whole story as far as it was known to him, Pas-

cual concluded it must be Delgardo. From the start he would have taken to the young man immensely for his fine airs and sumptuous dress; had copied both and lost all his money to him at cards; but in view of what he purposed toward Isidro, — nothing less than possession of his wife, — Delgardo had rather shrugged off an intimacy with the elder brother.

Pascual found the young man in front of his lodging, fixing his saddle in perturbation, with scant allowance for courtesies.

“A word with you, señor,” cried Escobar.

“Another time, señor; I have business in hand.”

“I also, señor; my business is with you.”

“I pray you hold me excused. I go upon a journey of great urgency.”

“You shall go upon a longer one if you do not hear me speedily. My business is the duello. Will you fight?”

“With you? Wine of Christ! Yes, when I return, if your affair has not passed off in vaporings by that time.” Delgardo sprang to the saddle and struck into a tearing gallop. Escobar galloped after and drew level.

“Señor, I challenge you. You offend. You are courting my brother’s wife. Will you fight?” The wind of their speed took the words out of his mouth.

“The devil!” cried Delgardo. “You have heard that story!”

“I say again,” panted Pascual, “will you fight?”

“Señor, can you ride?”

“Ride, ride!” cried Escobar. “Judge if I can ride.” He cut his horse cruelly with the quirt and tore ahead. Delgardo used the spur and came up with him.

“Then ride, señor, for if we make not good speed this day I know not how long you may have a brother. And as for his wife, I believe she has gone in search of him.”

“Explain, explain!” cried Pascual, the words pounded out of him by the jar of their riding.

"Word has come to me that Don Isidro is in captivity with the Indians. His wife, if wife she is, is not to be found. I think she has gone to find him. The woman Marta is with her. I go to Castro. Now will you fight or ride?"

"Ride, ride," gasped Pascual, "if it is as you say, and afterward if need be we will fight."

"Have it so," said Delgado; and after that they saved their breath, and lent their minds to the speed of the horses. They kept a running pace until they struck rising ground.

News of Isidro's detention in the camp of the renegades had come to Monterey from Soledad, where it was made known by a captive taken at Arroyo Seca. Marta had carried it straight to Jacintha.

"Sing, my bird of the mountain," she said. "I have a word for you. He is neither faithless nor unkind." Guess how the girl hugged that news, nursing it against her heart till it was warm with hope. Marta had known how to put tidings in a fruitful shape. She waited for the pang and the cry that followed in the wake of joy.

"But, Marta," she said, "Mascado?"

"What of him?" said the older woman.

"He is there with the Indians, next to the chief you said. He will kill Señor Escobar."

"He will not dare," said the mother of Mascado.

"Ah, but you do not know. When we came away from Las Chimineas, as I have told you, when my — when Señor Escobar had taken him with the riata and bound him, he looked at us as we rode away, — such a look! There he sat with his back to the tree and his knife on the rock before him; he looked from that to Señor Escobar and back again as if he would have drawn them together with his eyes, so great was his hate. There was death in his look. Ah, Marta, tell me what I shall do."

"But he has not killed him yet," said Marta.

"You do not know; the news is a week old. Mascado may not have seen him yet; they say the Indians are in three camps." The girl wrung her hands.

"Mascado would not dare," said his mother again.

But Jacintha fell to crying softly without noise or sobbing; then she would sit drawing counsel from her hope, and afterward the flood of grief would grow full and drip over in unrelieving tears. Marta made her *chili relleños* for dinner, green peppers stuffed with cheese and fried, but the girl would take no comfort in them. So at last when the sun had licked up the shadow like damp from the patio, and the whole town lay a-doze, Marta took the girl's hands between her palms and said her last word.

"Fret no more, my Briar," she said, "I will go and speak with my son."

"How will you go, Marta?"

"I can get a horse, and if any meet me in the hills I will say I seek my son. Mascado is a captain. They will not hurt me."

"But how will you know where he is?"

"I have a word, — a bird of the air brought it; never fear."

"And when you find him what will you do?"

The daughter of a chief drew herself up.

"What becomes me," she said.

"Ah, Marta, take me with you!"

"Most beautiful, what will you do in the hills?"

"I will go to my husband."

"There is war in the hills, and the tribes are bitter against the *gentes de razon*."

"But if I am of the *gentes de razon* I am also Indian bred. Seventeen years I myself knew no better." With such debates she followed the elder woman from room to room.

"What will your father say?" said Marta.

"What will he say to you whom he commanded not to leave me?" demanded the girl.

"Will you that I stay?"

"Ah no, no, — only take me with you."

There was another reason why Jacintha wished to get away from Monterey, one as deep as her desire and more inarticulate. By dint of many hints from the lieutenant's wife, the point of Delgardo's compliments grew plain to her. Now she saw her father's drift, and what prompted his ire against Escobar. That tie dissolved, Delgardo was to have her, to which her own quietude under her father's suggestion had in a measure committed her. All the simplicity of her forest breeding, which denies the approach of marriage to any feet but love's, and perhaps a wraith from Ysabel's unhappy grave, rose up to warn her dumbly. But it lay too deep for complaining; she could sense it, but not give it speech. All that afternoon she avoided her duenna and the needlework under plea of a headache, that she might find Marta among the cooking pots and pans, and with arms folded on the elder woman's knees make argument and persuasion.

XXIII

HIDDEN WATERS

Urbano, captain of the rag-tag of tribesmen, whose right hand was Mascado, was not the stuff of which new civilizations are made. That was about all there was behind his defection from Santa Clara. He and some dozens of his following wished not to live always in one place, wear clothes, marry one wife and stay by her; preferred to gather wild grapes rather than plant vineyards, to set snares for the wild fowl of the Tulares rather than raise barley for clucking hens; wished to have the wind on their faces, the stars over them, the turf underfoot. There were some savages in his fellowship, chiefly mestizos, begotten upon Indian women by drunken sailors or convicts sent into the country to serve as soldiers; but of scalping, tortures, massacres, all the bloody entourage of traditional Indian warfare, they knew as little as of the

Christian virtues. They hated holy water, houses, field labor, stocks, the whipping-post, the sound of a church bell; and as much as the Padres stood for these things, hated them also. But they had really not much grievance. Some of them had been detained in the Missions against their will, and that is an offense upon any grounds. Some had been hunted by soldiers in hills where their fathers were mesne lords, and whipped for seeking every man's right to live in what place best pleases him; that was the full extent of imposition. The Missions never appropriated to their own use one half the lands claimed by the tribes they baptized, and since the Padres preferred raising cattle to hunting deer, the wild game increased without check. The remnant of the tribes, having more ground to hunt in than they could well cover, were not happy in it. They missed the excitement of tribal feasts and dances, feuds and border wars, the stir of a numerous people in large land.

So for sport they took to cattle stealing, relishing the taste of mission beef, and coveting the knives, beads, and ammunition which the Russians paid them for hides, pleased, no doubt, to harry the Padres on any account. Possibly they dreamed, as their numbers were augmented by success, of driving out the Franciscans and restoring the old order, for no better reason than that they wished it so. Beginning in a small way, running off two or three head of stock at a time, they grew in impertinences until they had planned and executed in full force the raid on Soledad, and so brought out the Commandante fuming from Monterey, and the ruin of their company.

Urbano, *El Capitan*, had deserved his election. He was shrewd, hearty, temperate, and expedient. Mascado, who had joined him to slake a private vengeance, ended by giving him a full measure of regard. The expedition had come through the hills in open order, not too carefully since there were none stirring in the region to carry alarm to the Missions, and

with so little soldierly attention to their rear that Isidro Escobar and Arnaldo the tracker had come well within their lines before discovery. Even then, had the two men given no evidence of suspicion, of having noted the camps and the numbers of them, they might have passed without hindrance; and Arnaldo's ruse of lying down as if for the night's sleep within cry of their sentries had almost served, would have answered, perhaps, to throw off pursuit; but word of their passing had reached Mascado, and acted as an irritant to the unhealed scratches he had brought away from Las Chimineas.

Mascado had not two thoughts in his head when he set himself upon the trail of Escobar. He followed it as a hound follows the slot of a stag, merely pursuing, and whetting pursuit by the freshness of the trail. He wished to come up with the young man, to take him, and to take him by his own hand; to wreak himself not merely on the inert body, as he might have done when Isidro lay asleep under the oak, but upon his mind and spirit. Mascado had a good hour of gloating as he sat by the sleepers, feeding his jealous rage by every point of the other's advantage: race, beauty, fine clothing, the lordly air, — yet he held himself the better man; — so his musing hate advanced by leaps until it burned through the curtain of oblivion and woke Escobar from sleep.

Mascado should really have killed him as he lay, for no sooner was the caballero awake than his spirit was up to cope with the mestizo's and beat it down. In the first of their encounter Isidro had saved Mascado's life from the buck that had him down, and at their next meeting, which was really of Mascado's own provoking, had offered him fair battle which had been taken unfairly. The sense of these things turned the scale a little between them. Isidro, as he looked into his own weapon, yawned to cover any amazement, looked the mestizo over, looked up the trail and saw a dozen of Urbano's men come riding on stolen ponies, and turned back affable and smiling.

"*Buenas dias, Mascado,*" he said, "how did you get loose?"

"Eh, have you not heard?" said Arnaldo taking the cue. "One beast helps another out of a trap; his brother the coyote came in the night and gnawed his bonds."

Mascado flinched at the insult that he, who was *El Capitan's* best man, should be called kin to the dog of the wilderness; but without replying got them up and to the trail, had them bound and placed on their own horses brought up by the riders, and so to Urbano, since he could not at that moment think of any better thing to do with them. He would have liked to meet Escobar man to man as they had met at Las Chimineas with the girl looking on; — then, — but he blinked the possibility of ending as the other encounter had ended, — against all odds he would not miss his stroke another time. Urbano, however, would allow no outrage. He understood too well the advantage of a hostage, and perhaps an advocate, in case of evil days. Mascado would have kept the captives trussed like fowl, but *El Capitan* had a trick worth two of that, — he put the young man upon parole. Urbano was a man of middle years, and understood the ways of the *gentes de razon* much as he understood those of deer and elk. To a caballero of Isidro's make-up he realized that his word held where no bonds would, so he was allowed to move about the camp of the renegades hardly constrained, but making no attempt to escape. Arnaldo, whose ingenuity showed him a thousand expedients, fretted continually.

"Let us be off," he said; "we have affairs in Monterey. What is your word to these swine?"

"*No ha cuidado,*" said Isidro; "swine they are, but it is the word of an Escobar."

There was one other besides Arnaldo the tracker in the camp of the renegades who found himself put out of calculation by Escobar's devotion to his parole. That was Urbano's right hand, Mascado. Owning his life and some courtesy to Escobar, the mestizo admitted that he needed

a provocation to the attack, — outbreak or attempted escape, or, at the least, an occasion for holding him in less esteem, since, though he schemed night and day to make good the humiliation of Las Chimineas upon the other's body, circumstances were in a fair way of making them friends.

Urbano's men had come coastward as far as a certain cover of dense forest, heading up among the hills, fortunately situated for defense, and admitting of raids from it to Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, or Soledad, but far enough from these to allow of such twists and turnings of retreat as would throw pursuit off the trail. There was not one of the renegades but believed himself better at such ancient crafts than any mission-bred Indian of the lot.

The main body of the cattle thieves did not go at once to the rendezvous, but spread abroad in the country about Soledad expecting communication with a disgruntled neophyte within its walls. Meantime a dozen of the less adventurous fighting men and a few women, coming on slowly behind the company, established a camp and base of supplies at Hidden Waters. The place lay toward the upper side of a triangular cape of woods that spread by terraces down from the highest ridges of those parts. The wood was fenced on two sides; south by the Arroyo Seca, boulder-strewn wash of an intermittent river; north by a wide open draw, almost a valley, a loose sandy soil affording foothold only for coarse weedy grass. Eastward the redwoods thinned out toward the high windy top of the ridge, passing into spare slanting shrubs.

About the middle of this tongue of forest, one of the terraces, which promised from its approaches to be exactly like all others, hollowed abruptly to a deep basin of the extent of a hundred varas. On its farther rim a considerable spring welled insensibly out of a rock, and, after circling the hollow, slipped tinkling under boulders, to reappear on a lower terrace a

runnel of noisy water. Scattered over the basin, islands of angular rock lifted up clumps of redwood and pine to the level of the unbroken terrace, and gave it the look of a continuous wood. Tortuous manzanita clung about the shelving rim and masked the hollow; no trail led into it; the Indians saw to that; more than a rod away it would be scarcely suspected. Only from the slope above, looking down, one might have glimpses of wet flowery meadow between the tall sequoias, but be puzzled how to come at it.

In this pit of pleasantness, then, the renegades made their camp of refuge, there to bring their prisoners and wounded, or to lie quiet until pursuit had blown by. Escobar, however, was not at first placed at Hidden Waters. He was, in fact, on the night his wife and Delgado's party rested at Soledad, bound to a madroño tree not far from the mission inclosure, waiting the result of the raid. He made out so much of Urbano's plan, that the cattle were to be parted in three bands, one to go to the rendezvous at Hidden Waters, the other two by devious ways to go east and east till they came to the wickiups of home, where the women and children awaited them, where at the worst they might be driven into the marshes of the great river beyond any pursuit. Escobar, believing his wife still at San Antonio, and fretting at his delay, was driven with the third part of the cattle to the camp in the triangular wood of sequoias, Mascado heading that expedition. But the renegades missed reckoning with their own savagery. The detachment having one band of cattle in care turned in at Las Chimineas and camped there until they had killed a beef and stuffed themselves with it, being so overtaken by the twelve soldiers from Monterey. Themselves they hid in the rocks among the gray chimneys, but the cattle they could not hide. The soldiers found these in the meadow, and driving them down, drew the Indians from their holes. Then both sides smelled powder, saw their dead, and called it war.

The first move of the renegades was to draw into Hidden Waters to council, and await the return of their men who had gone eastward with the remaining cattle. This gave Castro time to get his troops in order, and Escobar and the mestizo to become a little acquainted.

Isidro, always under necessity of keeping a keen edge on his spirit by trying it on another, used Mascado, who could no more keep away from him than an antelope from a snare. Escobar mocked him and his new dignities, frothed his anger white, or cleared it away with nimble turns of speech, and Mascado was always coming back to see if he could not learn the trick, or at least bear himself more to advantage. It was very pleasant there at Hidden Waters, the days soft and languorously warm, the nights scented and cool. The camp lay on an island of redwoods raised a few feet above the rank blossoming meadow. The litter of brown needles looked not to have known a foot for a hundred years. Waning lilies stood up among the coarse deep fern, the wild rose bushes hung full of shining scarlet fruit. Deer went by in troops; great, nodding, antlered stags came and looked into the hollow with gentle, curious eyes; a bear came poking about the half-ripened manzanita berries on the rim; hot noons were censured by the odorous drip of honey from the living rocks. Scouting parties came and went softly, keeping watch on the soldiers who had drawn off to wait reinforcements from the Presidio. The camp needed little guarding; one man might keep watch of the whole south side of the forest, fenced by the mile-wide open gully, over which not a crow could flap unspied upon. On the north, sentries were posted among the rocks, where the river, only such during the brief torrent of winter rains, now ran no farther than the point of fan-shaped wood. Higher up it showed broad, shallow pools strung on a slender thread of brown water.

Then came word of the Commandante's sally from Monterey, and Urbano kept away from the camp, beginning a game

of hide and seek to draw the soldiers and all suspicion away from Hidden Waters, and tire them in the fruitless hills. Then, Mascado being left with the remnant to keep the camp, Isidro would make sport of him, gambling every day afresh with Arnaldo for the few coins he had in his pocket.

"Why do you stay so close in the camp, Mascado?" he would say. "Is it because you know the Father President is looking for you?" Or if the mestizo went abroad in the wood, "Were you looking for birches, Mascado? They grow better at Carmelo I am told, and no doubt the Padre has one peeled for you."

"At least they have no right to whip me," said Mascado, stung to retort. "My father was of the *gentes de razon*, though because the Church meddled not at my begetting they hold me as one of the Mission."

"Is it so, señor?" said Escobar, with exaggerated amazement. "Then I am no longer at a loss to account for your capacity and discernment." Then human interest coming uppermost, —

"Was it for that you left the Mission?"

"No," said Mascado; "it was for leaving I was whipped. Much good may it do them. I left because, being a free man, I wished to live freely."

This was a sense of the situation which, Escobar recalled, Zarzito had expressed. It seemed to him rather a singular one for an Indian.

"In the Mission," he said, "you were clothed and fed?"

Mascado grunted. "You also, señor, have eaten well; do you wish nothing more?"

What Escobar wished, very badly, was to get back to his wife, but that would not bear saying. He began to take an interest in Mascado on his own account, and took occasion to talk with him oftener as men talk with men, though with a quizzing tone; and Mascado, being never able to keep up with his nimble tongue, paid him an odd kind of respect for it, though it also augmented his hate. One

thing that drew him continually within reach of Escobar's tongue was the hope that he might drop a hint of the Briar; but Isidro, because she was now his wife, and for several reasons he could not very well define, would not bring her into the conversation. That did not prevent her being much upon his mind. He wanted her if for no other reason than to share the jest against Mascado or the zest of this entertainment of events. If she were but stretched beside him on the brown litter,— of course that could not be since she was a girl, — but if the boy El Zarzo lay there beside him, it would give new point to his invention; also they could watch the squirrels come and go, or read the fortunes of Urbano in the faces of his men. And in the early dark, when a musky smell arose from the crushed fern, they might hear the whisper of the water and piece out the sense of sundry chirrupings and rustlings in the trees, — and of course she might very well be lying there and no harm, for was she not his wife? Then he bethought himself that there were sundry matters upon which he should have questioned her more closely. It became at once important to him to know how she thought upon this matter or that. He had been wrong to leave her in ignorance at San Antonio, believing herself only Peter Lebecque's foster lad when she was a great lady and an heiress. No question he owed her explanation for that. He began to hold long conversations with her in his mind, in which everything conduced to the best understanding.

With this he occupied much of his time, for though he fretted at the enforced hiatus in his affairs, he was not greatly alarmed, even when Mascado gloomed on him, and now and then a wounded man came into camp and gave him black looks as being of the party that dealt the wound. For it began to appear that Castro was not to be drawn off from making an end of the freebooters. He owed something to destiny for the turns she had served him; he wanted nothing so much as to get back to his daughter; he had

his adieux to make to the office of Commandante, — reasons enough if a soldier had wanted any for pushing a campaign. He had scouts as cunning as any of Urbano's, and, having an inkling of the camp at Hidden Waters, began to push steadily in that direction. The renegades had more than one brush with him, and when Escobar caught a presage of defeat in the air he left off bantering Mascado. It was a consideration the mestizo felt himself incapable of under the same conditions, and though he held Escobar in a little less esteem as being so womanish as not to twit an enemy in distress, he, curiously enough, began to like him a little on that account.

XXIV

THE LADY'S SECOND FLIGHT

"Go softly, dear lady," said Marta, "the horses are not far. In that clump of willows José should have left them. It is wet underfoot; stay you here."

The night was soft black, woolly with sea fog, underfoot was the chug of marsh water livened by croaking toads, overhead some strips of starry sky between pale wisps of cloud. From the willow thicket where the horses champed upon their heavy bits rose the odor of crushed spikenard.

"Mount here," said the Indian woman; "I must find a boulder or a stump; I am not so young. The horses are not much, but I had to give that José two reals to get them. He said the thing had a secret look and lay upon his conscience. Ts! st! Two reals' worth! Can you manage without a saddle?"

"I have seldom used one," said the girl.

"Now," said Marta, "go lightly across the field until we are safe from the town; then we find the road and hard riding."

Hereabout the ground was swampy and sucked at the horses' feet. All lights were out in Monterey; to the left they

heard the rustle of the tide along the foot of a hanging wall of fog. The riders kept to the turf for an hour; it seemed longer. The fog cut in behind them, flanked them right and left, folded them in a pit, at the top of which they could see some specks of light pricked in the velvet blackness.

Once on the road the horses struck into a jiggling trot, which is the pace for long journeys as a tearing gallop is for short ones. Jacintha rocked to the motion, and drew deep breaths of freedom and relief.

"What an excellent beast a horse is," she said. "How long shall we be upon the road?"

"Until we are both well weary," said Marta.

The girl swung herself for pure delight from one side of the horse to the other.

"That will be long, then," she said. "How good boy's clothes feel again! I doubt I shall ever grow to like skirts."

"I see no use in them myself," said the older woman; "it was not so in my mother's time, but is a custom of the Missions. No doubt it is an offense to God to look on a priest or a woman and know that they have two legs."

"I would that the moon shone, then we might try a gallop," said Jacintha.

"With a moon," said Marta, "we could hardly have come so easily off from Monterey."

The girl was alive with the joy of motion and the freedom of the road. She had a thousand speculations, questions and surmises, but got very little out of the older woman, whose thoughts were all of their errand and how to accomplish it. After a time Jacintha began to come under the spell of her taciturnity. The damp of the fog penetrated to the marrow and dripped from them like rain. They rode and rode. It should have been about one of the clock, and a sea wind cutting the fog to ribbons, when they turned from the highway into a deer trail, followed that until they came to a creek, turned up it and kept the middle of the stream for an hour. The horses needed urging for that

work, the water was cold and rushing, the creek bed shiftily with loose cobbles. It was necessary to go cautiously, to break no smallest bough of leaning birch and alder and so leave a trail.

"For we will surely be followed," said the Indian woman.

From the creek they led the horses up by a stony place to firmer ground. Jacintha was stiff with cold, slipped and stumbled.

"Have a good heart, my Briar," said Marta, "it is not long to rest." She chafed the girl's hands between her palms, the walking relieved the numbness of the limbs. Another hour began to show a faint glow in the east. They had come clear of the fog, though the drenching grass showed it had been before them in the night. When the peaks of the high hills eastward began to show rosily light, Marta grew talkative and cheerful.

"It is not far, dear lady, it is near at hand," she said. "I remember the place very well; a safe hollow under hanging rocks. It has a blasted pine before it. I was there with my father when I was a child, and that was the first time of my being in the hills, for I was mission-born. My father, though he was captain of his people, had seen that the God of the Padres was greater than his god, and what they wrought was good; therefore he was baptized, and all his people. But he was a man grown, and it is ill learning when the youth is spent, so it irked him to live always in one place, and because he was chief to have one say to him, Stay, and he should stay. So when I was grown to the height of his thigh he took me and my mother and came away in the night. It was the spring of the year, about the time when roots began to be good to eat and wood doves were calling all the smoky days. We came to this place where we will soon be, most beautiful, and it was all set about with flowers by the spring, and had a pleasant smell. Never will I forget the smell of the young wood in the spring. But it came up a storm of rain and wind, and my father saw that God

was against him, for it was not the time of storms. Then it increased with thunder, and fire out of heaven struck a great pine in front of where we lay. It ran like a snake into the earth, with a noise so that we were all as one dead. Then my father was afraid, and he took my mother and me back to Carmelo. So because he came back of his own accord, and because he was of great influence, he was not whipped. That was in Serra's time."

"I have heard Señor Escobar speak of him; he was a great saint, was he not?"

"God knows; he was a great man; for though my father had seen the miracle of the blasted pine which was performed for a warning, he could in no way shut his mind to the call of the wild. So at the time of the year when he was weary of his life because of it, he went to the Padre Serra and begged a little leave to go into the hills, loose and free. Otherwise he would be drawn by the evil of his heart to run away and bring great scandal on the community, and on himself the wrath of God. Now look you, it may be that the Padre was a saint, for my father has told me that no sooner had the word passed between them than he felt the evil go out of him like sickness. And when Serra had considered the matter, he sent my father apart into the hills to gather herbs; and so every year. At the end of a month my father came again to Carmelo, and there was no further talk of running away. Afterward my father took me with him and taught me the virtues of all plants. Padre Serra wished the knowledge not to die out among his people. He told my father once he had been cured of an ulcer by the use of Indian herbs. That was how I came to know this place, for as often as we came we rested here the first night, and saw the blasted pine pointing like the finger of God."

It was full moon when they came to the place of hanging rocks and found deer tracks in the soft mud by the spring. An evergreen oak grew out of a cleft of the rocks and, spreading downward, formed

a screen. Here they cooked a meal, and when Jacintha had eaten she stretched her limbs and slept with her head on the Indian woman's knee. Marta waked her in an hour, and though the night's excitement and hard riding left her stiff and fagged she set her face and rode steadily through the blazing sun.

They took some degree of caution as they went, looking out from every high ridge, but saw nothing moving, neither Indians nor soldiers. They watched too, as they rose on the crest of the range, the white mission road like a snake among the pines, but saw no shadow of pursuit upon it. The news of their flight was not confirmed at Monterey until mid-morning of that day.

They rode without talking, drank at springs, ate what they had with them, and though the girl bent heavily forward on her horse with sleep, Marta allowed no rest until four of the afternoon, when they had come to a little meadow beset with trees, which she judged safe, and affording pasture for the horses. They rested here for the night.

Thereafter they had no thought of interference from Monterey, but bent all upon getting to the camp of the renegades. The night's rest put them in better trim for what was before them. Jacintha had times of trembling, falling sick and afraid, thinking how she would present herself to Escobar in boy's dress when his expressed wish was that she should remain at San Antonio in proper guise. She wished to talk of him, but Marta would hear only of Mascado. Nothing strange, she said, that he should take to the mountains and freedom from the law, for he was begotten in lawlessness in these same hills. It was a famine time in the Mission, when the old corn was exhausted and the new corn just springing in the field, and the men of the Mission were sent out to seek their meat from God.

"I had come," she said, "with Manuel and his wife and a party of hunters, she to cook and I to gather roots. It was a golden time, and the quail went up in

pairs to the nesting. Hereabouts we fell in with a party of soldiers from Santa Clara hunting for runaways from their Mission. Mascado's father was a soldier. It is true I was taken by force, but my heart consented. It was mating weather and we both young. When all was known the Padre would have had us to marry, but it was discovered he had a wife already. Santa Maria! it was no doubt a great sin, but my heart consented."

By this time, although they had seen no Indians, they knew well enough by the stillness of the wood that they had come within their borders. No deer cropped by the water courses, no beasts larger than the squirrels were stirring or abroad, rabbits cowered trembling in the thickets, or ran like gray flashes in the meadow, proof enough that they had been lately hunted. The gossiping jays let them pass with no outcry, sign that men were no strange sight to them. Marta would be often getting down from her horse to study signs unguessed by the girl, muttering to herself or breaking out with snatches of reminiscence of the youth of Mascado. Her mind dwelt more and more upon him as they went through the wood, tiptoe with expectancy. Once they made sure of an Indian moving at a distance parallel to their course, possibly spying upon them, but they could not come up with him nor get speech. Here the forest grew more openly, and they rode abreast, steering by certain points of the hills, but keeping a sharp lookout for signs. They had so arranged their course that they would strike the corner of the forest where the Indians had their camp at about midway of one side of the triangle. To do this they had to cross the stony open space that fenced it from the rest of the tree-covered country, at that point nearly a mile of tedious riding.

It was while they were picking a way among broken boulders that they heard afar off, toward the point of the fan-shaped wood, the noise of firing. The shots came faintly and confused, mere popping and bluster, and held on at the same rate for

as long as the horses stumbled in the stony waste, and at last drew near and sharper. But it seemed to them then and afterward that they had a sound different from all other shots, biting and waspish. It seemed as if a prescience of disaster settled upon them as they entered the rustling tongue of woods. The light was low and came slanting and yellowly through the pines. Fragments of lost winds went mournfully through the trees. The two women pressed close together, crowding the horses on toward Hidden Waters. They had not the material for guesses or surmises. The firing had fallen off, but not the sense of battle, which rested on them like a thing palpable. The common noises of the wood were of ominous presage. Suddenly Marta laid a hand on the other's bridle; the two horses were neck and neck; from the close thickets before them an Indian broke running, his bonnet of feathers torn by the hanging boughs, the streaks of paint on his body smudged with blood, his gun trailed uncocked from his hand. Beyond him were three others bent and running, with broken bows. Then one plunged through the buckthorn, panting, swinging a maimed arm, welling blood from a shoulder wound. His legs crumpled under him from weakness, but he sprang up with a bound and died in mid air, dropping limply back to earth.

"Beaten, beaten," said Marta; her voice was a mere whisper, but it took on a tinge of a savage wail. The place seemed full of flying Indians. They came in groups, sometimes supporting the wounded, but mostly these were left to themselves, trailing the blood of their hurts across the sod. A panic of haste laid hold of the two women; they pressed the horses, but kept with the main body of the fleeing, dreading as much to be alone ahead of them as behind. It was frank and open flight; where the trees parted to a kind of swale or draw, smooth and treeless, the lines of refugees converged, making for the easiest path toward Hidden Waters. It was here the women had first sight of

Mascado. He came out of the forest on their right, fit to burst with running, holding a spear wound in his side, the blood of which ran down between his fingers. He was sick and reeling with fatigue. Marta saw him first. Jacintha had no eyes but for the trail, no fears but for Escobar. The Indian woman's first impulse was to get down from her horse in the common extremity of haste when it seems nothing carries so fast as one's own feet. She went ploughing across the meadow, pulling the horse, panting, not sparing breath to cry out; he not observing her, but running with his head down like a dog; both forging forward, but slantwise of the swale, so that they came together at the head of the open where it merged again into the wood. They bumped together as not being able to check the speed of their flight, and Marta had her arms about him to steady him from the shock. He shook her off, not yet recognizing his mother, and at that moment Jacintha, who had followed Marta's lead without understanding it, drew up and dismounted beside them.

Mascado shook the mist of wounds and battle out of his eyes and saw her there in her boy's dress, the same slim lad of the Grapevine, rounded and ripened to the woman of his desire. It flashed

on him that she had sought him in the forest as the partridge comes shyly to the drumming of her mate, come of her own accord to the call of the tribesman, his, *his*, and the savage in him cried with delight; from the consciousness of the finer strain that lay fallow in him swept up a flood of self-abasement that made his love clean for her handling. Then all went down before the common, curious wonder of her glance. He threw open his hands with the motion of defeat.

"Son, son, you are hurt!" cried Marta. The blood welled from his side, and he drooped downward, grunting. Marta eased him to the ground, tore strips from her dress and bound up the gash, a lance thrust, Jacintha fetching water from a creek that babbled mindlessly among the grass. The act and her quiet rendering of it brought the flying braves to check. They went more collectedly, realized the falling off of pursuit, took time to help the wounded, came and offered themselves to Mascado, now as much ashamed of his faintness as of dishonor. They got him on Marta's horse; Jacintha gave hers to a man with a gunshot wound in his knee. The party drew together in better shape, and still hurrying, but without panic, began to move toward the camp at Hidden Waters.

(To be continued.)

A PERMANENT ANGLO-AMERICAN TREATY

BY CHARLES CHENEY HYDE

THE settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute by a joint commission at London in 1903 has afforded opportunity for the revival of a movement in the United States in behalf of a permanent Anglo-American arbitration treaty. As early as 1890, in a concurrent resolution of Congress, the President was requested to invite negotiations with other friendly states for the adjustment by means of arbitration of differences which should prove incapable of settlement by diplomatic agencies. The House of Commons, on July 16, 1893, adopted a resolution cordially sympathizing with the purpose of Congress, and expressing the hope that Her Majesty's government would cooperate with the United States in the negotiation of a treaty. The two governments thereupon entered into a discussion concerning a permanent convention of arbitration. Negotiations were, however, suspended in 1895.

In 1896 the American Conference on International Arbitration, comprising some three hundred citizens of distinction, assembled at Washington and adopted resolutions urging "the immediate establishment between the United States and Great Britain of a permanent system of arbitration." Simultaneously negotiations were resumed between the two governments. The correspondence between the late Lord Salisbury and the Secretary of State, Mr. Richard Olney, in regard to a permanent treaty, illustrates clearly the views of the two governments at that time. It furnishes such a lucid statement of the comparative merits of particular plans for the adjustment of Anglo-American differences, that no discussion of a permanent convention can now be profitably undertaken without considering the points of view of these two statesmen.

In March, 1896, Lord Salisbury in-

formed Mr. Olney that neither government was willing to accept arbitration "upon issues in which the national honor and integrity is involved." He divided controversies between states into two classes: those which concern merely private disputes, such as a claim for indemnity; and those which concern the state as a whole, such as a claim to territory or sovereignty. The former he deemed to be capable of arbitration, the latter to be on a different footing. He did, however, submit to Mr. Olney the draft of a treaty, in which provision was made for the arbitration of disputes involving even territorial, sovereign, or jurisdictional rights. According to his plan, if a protest were made by either government within a specified time after an award, the award was to be reviewed by a tribunal comprising three British and three American judges, whose decision, by a majority of five to one, should be necessary to affirm the decision and render it valid. The draft contained the further provision that any difference "which in the judgment of either power materially affects its honor or the integrity of its territory, shall not be referred to arbitration under this treaty, except by special agreement." It was also provided that any controversy might be referred to arbitration with the stipulation that, unless accepted by both powers, the decision should not be valid. In support of this plan Lord Salisbury argued that his government was not prepared for the complete surrender of freedom of action until fuller experience had been acquired. He said:—

"Obligatory arbitration of territorial claims is, in more than one respect, an untried plan, of which the working is consequently a matter of conjecture. In the first place, the number of claims which would be advanced under such a rule is

entirely unknown. Arbitration in this matter has as yet never been obligatory."

He contended that the provisions of international law applicable to such controversies were not ascertained. Under such circumstances, he deemed it wiser "for nations to retain in their own hands some control over the ultimate result of any claim that may be advanced against their territorial rights." Finally, he contended that knowledge on the part of either state that there would be an escape from an unjust decision would "make the parties willing to go forward with the arbitration, who would shrink from it behind this plea, if they felt that by entering on the proceeding they had surrendered all possibility of self-protection, whatever injustice might be threatened by the award."

Mr. Olney submitted an amended draft of a convention. By its terms, all differences, even those involving territorial claims, were *prima facie* arbitrable. Either nation was to reserve the right, however, prior to the convening of the court, to withdraw from the operation of the treaty any particular dispute which might be deemed to involve the national honor or integrity. But if a dispute were once submitted to the tribunal, its award, if unanimous, was to be final; if assented to by a bare majority, either state, within any specified time, might protest. Thereupon, an appellate court, comprising three American and three British judges, was to review the award. If they were equally divided in their decision the judges were to add to their number three impartial jurists. The award rendered by a majority of the court so constituted was to be final. In support of his plan and in reply to the contentions of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Olney pointed out the advantage of allowing a dispute to go before the arbitral tribunal unless affirmative action were taken by either government to annul the jurisdiction of the court. He urged the wisdom of the finality of a majority award, even in respect to territorial claims. Replying to the fear of Lord Salisbury as to

an unknown number of territorial disputes which might be submitted to the court, Mr. Olney asked from what quarter they might be expected to arise. He contended that the rules of international law were adequate for the proper consideration and decision of any territorial differences between the United States and Great Britain. His chief objection to the British plan was tersely expressed in these words:

"The United States proposals contemplate no rejection of an award when once arbitration has been resorted to — they reserve only the right not to go into an arbitration if the territorial claim in dispute involves the national honor and integrity. The British proposals also reserve the same right. The vital difference between the two sets of proposals is therefore manifest. Under the British proposal the parties enter into an arbitration, and determine afterwards, when they know the result, whether they will be bound or not. Under the proposals of the United States the parties enter into an arbitration having determined beforehand that they will be bound."

The treaty which was finally signed by Mr. Olney and the then Sir Julian Pauncefote, in January, 1897, was a compromise. It was there provided that all disputes should be submitted to arbitration, except territorial claims, or those involving the determination of questions of principle, touching the national rights of either party. For their adjustment the following provision was made:—

"Any controversy which shall involve the determination of territorial claims shall be submitted to a tribunal composed of six members, three of whom (subject to the provisions of Article VIII) shall be judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, or Justices of the Circuit Courts, to be nominated by the President of the United States, and the other three of whom (subject to the provisions of Article VIII) shall be judges of the British Supreme Court of Judicature, or members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to be nominated by Her

Britannic Majesty, whose award by a majority of not less than five to one shall be final. In case of an award made by less than the prescribed majority, the award shall also be final, unless either power shall, within three months after the award has been reported, protest that the same is erroneous, in which case the award shall be of no validity.

"In the event of an award made by less than the prescribed majority and protested as above provided, or if the members of the Arbitral Tribunal shall be equally divided, there shall be no recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers has been invited by one or both of the High Contracting Parties."

The treaty embodied Mr. Olney's idea in so far as provision was made *prima facie* for the settlement of all classes of disputes, and in that it contemplated complete surrender of control by either litigant over any controversy which should be referred to the court for adjustment. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, succeeded in retaining the requirement that a majority of five to one should be necessary for the final determination of a dispute involving a territorial claim. The most important feature of the convention was the provision for the settlement of questions of such a character. The plan for a joint commission was not a new one. As early as 1785 the Honorable John Jay as Secretary of Foreign Affairs submitted to Congress a paper concerning the eastern boundary dispute with Great Britain, in which he recommended that that controversy be submitted to an even number of commissioners to be named by the king and by the United States. Each appointee should receive a commission from both governments. The judgment of the tribunal was to be "absolute, final, and conclusive." In 1790 a special committee of the Senate recommended that if the boundary dispute should not be otherwise amicably settled, a proposal should be made to Great Britain to ad-

just the matter according to the Jay plan.

Great disappointment throughout the United States attended the announcement of the failure of the Senate to ratify the Convention of 1897, even in amended form. The feeling of regret was intense on account of the large majority of senators who favored the convention. Discouragement on the part of those who had labored for the negotiation of an Anglo-American treaty was marked. As a result, the convention was almost forgotten, the correspondence between the two governments was left unread, and the precise arrangements of the convention were unstudied. Not until the United States became a party to the Hague Convention of 1899, for the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration, and secured the adjustment of the Pious Fund claim against Mexico by recourse to that tribunal, and finally witnessed the settlement of the Alaskan boundary, did the Olney - Pauncefote treaty receive close study in this country. Even now, among those who most zealously desire a permanent convention with Great Britain, there is a surprising lack of knowledge of the provisions of the model of 1897.

The significant feature of the Olney-Pauncefote treaty in providing for the adjustment of territorial claims by a joint commission fortunately has received careful examination in England, although it has there invited some criticism. It has been urged that a joint commission is not an arbitral tribunal, but a substitute therefor; that it is in reality a diplomatic and not a judicial body; that the establishment of such a tribunal would be at the expense of the Hague Convention of 1899, establishing a permanent court of arbitration in that city; and that the Convention of 1897 is not a model which should be followed in treaties to which Great Britain may be a party.

It cannot be denied that a commission composed of an equal number of judges representing the parties to a dispute is not a court of arbitration. Such a body lacks the neutral umpire, whose final vote, cast

by one who is in no sense the representative of either litigant, ultimately decides the issue. An agreement to submit to a joint commission emphasizes retention of control over the rights in dispute by the parties to the controversy. An agreement to arbitrate signifies complete surrender of those rights to the arbitral court. In the former case an equally divided commission may leave the dispute unsettled. In the latter, a final decision by a majority may always be anticipated. However much a joint commission may differ from a court of arbitration, a tribunal of the former type cannot be said to be a substitute for one of the latter, if the differences to be submitted for settlement are of a kind which the opposing states would be unwilling to arbitrate. It is difficult to see in what respect a joint commission differs from a judicial body. The procedure resembles that in vogue in courts of justice. The decisions of the commissioners are based on the evidence presented, and on the arguments of counsel. To compromise conflicting claims for reasons of expediency, according to the usage of diplomacy, or to render a decision not based on law as applied to the facts presented, is beyond the scope of the powers of the court. According to the terms of the Hague Convention of 1899, the signatory powers reserved "the right to conclude new agreements, general or special in character, with a view to extend compulsory arbitration to all cases which they shall judge possible to submit to it." The implication is clear that there was contemplated the possible negotiation of treaties of a general and permanent character for the settlement of international differences by any peaceable method. The establishment of a permanent court at The Hague, always accessible to the signatory powers, was intended to facilitate the settlement of controversies which diplomatic agencies should fail to adjust. It was not intended to compel nations to employ that particular method of solving a controversy even where diplomacy should fail, if some

other means of settlement were available. An agreement, therefore, to submit Anglo-American differences of a grave character, such as those involving territorial claims, to a joint commission would not be at the expense of the Hague Tribunal if it be a fact that such controversies are of a kind which neither nation would be willing to submit to arbitration.

Whether or not the Olney-Pauncefote convention furnishes the best model for permanent treaties between states other than the United States and Great Britain is immaterial to the present discussion. It may not. The question is pertinent, however, and fortunately at the present time is raised on both sides of the Atlantic, whether that treaty may not, as a whole, offer an effective and desirable means for the settlement of Anglo-American differences within a wide range. The opinion of Lord Alverstone, expressed at a meeting of the International Law Association at Glasgow in 1901, deserves attention. He said:—

"Gentlemen, I do not intend to go into that treaty in detail, or to say more than this: that it has always seemed to me that it embodied more of the principles on which a general treaty of arbitration might proceed, than any other state paper which has ever been published."

Still more recently, at a meeting of the same organization in 1903, Mr. Justice Kennedy said, with respect to the Olney-Pauncefote treaty:—

"Whatever views one may have of other things, there can be no doubt that it was a treaty most carefully devised, and one which it is difficult to think could be bettered."

The practical value of a joint commission was put to the test in the settlement of the Alaskan boundary. The questions at issue in that controversy were of the gravest character, and had proven incapable of settlement by diplomacy. The United States was unwilling to refer its claim to an arbitral tribunal having a neutral umpire. The Senate would undoubtedly have declined to ratify any

treaty providing for the arbitration of the controversy by the Hague Court or any other similar body. A joint commission offered a means of solution. The Hay-Herbert treaty of 1903 providing for the submission of the controversy to such a tribunal met with but little senatorial opposition. Within eight months after the ratification of the convention, the court, by a majority of four to two, rendered its decision. Aside from the natural gratification in the United States in the recognition of the American contentions, the attitude of Lord Alverstone produced a profound impression. Throughout the nation it inspired a renewed confidence in the fitness of an Anglo-Saxon jurist of highest repute to aid in the determination of Anglo-American disputes. It established more strongly the belief, which is not of recent origin, that between Great Britain and the United States there may be difficulties of grave aspect, incapable of diplomatic adjustment and possibly not adapted to proper settlement by means of arbitration, and yet still capable of solution by a commission of British and American jurists.

The practical difficulty which confronts the President to-day in concluding a permanent compact with Great Britain is the problem of ratification. There is a natural reluctance on the part of an executive to submit to the Senate a treaty, the approval of which may be withheld. In negotiating a convention, the Secretary of State is, therefore, compelled to recognize the fact that there are many senators who are opposed to a permanent agreement to arbitrate matters of grave import, such as territorial claims, who, nevertheless, might not be hostile to a plan for the adjustment of differences of equal magnitude by a joint commission. The question thus forcibly presents itself, whether it is better for the United States to conclude with Great Britain a convention of arbitration, providing merely for the adjustment of controversies of a minor character by an arbitral court, such as that at The Hague, or to

enter into an agreement contemplating the settlement of the more serious class of difficulties, such as territorial claims, by some tribunal other than a court of arbitration. Friction between the United States and England sufficient to endanger their peaceful relations and alarm commercial interests can only be aroused by controversies of the gravest character. For more than a century both nations have employed peaceful methods in the settlement of their mutual differences of the most serious kind, including even those involving the ownership of land. This experience, extending from the determination of the location of the St. Croix River under the Jay treaty of 1794 to the settlement of the Alaskan frontier in 1903, has a significance in Anglo-American diplomacy which is not likely to be overestimated. It emphasizes a fact which is clearly understood at Washington, that the relations between the United States and Great Britain, whether friendly or unfriendly, are *sui generis*; that the problems and controversies which may unhappily vex these two nations are capable of settlement by some peaceful means, whatever their kind and magnitude, even though they might result in war if the opposing states were not Anglo-Saxon. A permanent treaty, of wider scope than either the United States or Great Britain might be willing to conclude with any other power, would not be an "entangling alliance." It would merely express the national recognition of a relationship which the Declaration of Independence in 1776 failed to dissolve, and which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in 1850, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, and finally the Alaskan Boundary Convention of 1903, have served to strengthen.

On the other hand, it may be said that a treaty providing for the settlement of a limited class of controversies by recourse to arbitration is the most appropriate means of initiating a policy which subsequently may lead to an arrangement for the peaceful settlement of differences of the most serious character. A national

sense of approval of a system of international arbitration, indicated by the negotiation of conventions adapted to such an end, whatever be their scope, must wield a powerful influence in extending the principles of arbitration to the solution of graver differences. Great Britain and Russia were signatories to the Hague Convention of 1899, by the terms of which it was recommended that, in the event of international disputes arising from differences of opinion on questions of fact, the parties, if unable to come to an agreement by diplomatic methods, should institute an international commission of inquiry to aid in the solution of such disputes "by elucidating the facts by means of an impartial and conscientious investigation." This recommendation was, however, necessarily limited to cases "involving neither honor nor vital interests" of the contracting parties. Nevertheless, when the recent collision between the Russian Baltic fleet and the fishermen of Hull excited the feelings of two nations over a disputed question of fact, of the very type which the signatories of the Hague Convention did not hesitate to exclude from the operation of their recommendation, Great Britain and Russia quickly agreed to create an international commission of inquiry to investigate the matter and thus facilitate the solution of the controversy.

Of great significance are the recent assurances by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay, that the administration is ready to enter into treaties of arbitration with such friendly powers as desire them. Announcement in England and America that negotiations have been undertaken for a permanent Anglo-American treaty has aroused wide-spread approval. Whether its scope be great or small, ratification of such a convention ought to be assured. Already the International Arbitration Conference, under the presidency of the Honorable John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, and the International Arbitration Society of Chicago, under the leadership of Dr. Edmund J. James,

President of the University of Illinois, as well as local committees in the larger cities, have taken active measures to further the accomplishment of that end. A treaty based on the model of the Anglo-French arbitration agreement of October, 1903, referring to the Hague Tribunal differences of a judicial order or relative to the interpretation of existing treaties, may mean much, even though there be withdrawn from the operation of the convention questions involving the vital interests or independence or honor of the signatory powers. The national experience to be gained from the habit of recourse to a tribunal for which provision may be made, may lead to the submission to that court of controversies of the most serious type. Nevertheless, an Anglo-American treaty of limited scope should be deemed but the beginning of a policy capable of large development. The real value of a permanent convention lies not in the establishment of the principles of arbitration or in strengthening the usefulness or prestige of a particular court, but in firmly establishing the peaceful relations between the United States and Great Britain, and in removing the possibility of war. The resolutions adopted by the National Arbitration Conference in January, 1904, express the growing sentiment of the country at large. It was there recommended that the attempt be made by the United States to negotiate with Great Britain a treaty "to submit to arbitration by the permanent court at The Hague, or, in default of such submission, by some tribunal specially constituted for the case, all differences which they may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiations;" and "that the two governments should agree not to resort in any case to hostile measures of any description till an effort has been made to settle any matter in dispute by submitting the same either to the permanent court at The Hague, or to a commission composed of an equal number of persons from each country, of recognized competence in questions of international law."

HANS BREITMANN¹

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

And you, our quasi-Dutchman, what welcome
should be yours ?

For all the wise prescriptions that work your
laughter-cures ?

"Shake before taking" — not a bit ; the bottle-
cure 's a sham,

Take before shaking, and you 'll find it shakes
your diaphragm.

"Hans Breitmann gife a barty — where ish dot
barty now ?"

On every shelf where wit is stored to smooth
the careworn brow !

A health to stout Hans Breitmann ! How long
before we see

Another Hans as handsome, — as bright a man
as he !

THE lines are by Dr. Holmes, and the occasion — which would not have been an occasion without lines from him — was a dinner in 1881, when Charles Godfrey Leland, home from a ten years' visit to England, his Hans Breitmann still in the floodtide of popularity, had been invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard.

This was almost twenty-five years ago, and I have heard it said that the "younger generation" no longer reads the *Breitmann Ballads*. But then I have also heard that the "younger generation" has grown too superior to read Dickens, and so, apparently, publishers persist in producing rival editions of the *Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield* just because it has become a habit in the trade, or because it amuses them to invest their money without hope of return, which is scarcely the businesslike method publishers are usually given credit for. Editions, in the case of Breitmann, were, if not so many, at least many enough to show that, for half a century, everybody did read the *Ballads*, and I venture to predict that everybody will go on reading them after the young and their fashions have passed.

For Breitmann has in him the stuff that endures, — the stuff that ensured his success at the start, though to us, in looking back, the moment of his appearance seems the one of all others when no American could have had time or inclination to try the "Breitmann cure." For the first Ballad was written in 1856, the first collection was published in 1869, and the earliest and gayest verses, therefore, cover the period when the national self-consciousness, always alert, had reached its most acute stage, when the country was engrossed in its own affairs as it had never been before, as, pray Heaven! it may never be again. Hans Breitmann reflected nothing American, he satirized nothing American. Any creature more unlike that long, thin, lank, nervous, almost ascetic Uncle Sam America has evolved as its national type, could not well be imagined than the big, fat, easy-going, beer-drinking, pleasure-loving German who was the hero of the *Ballads*. He was not of the soil, as were Parson Wilbur and Hosea Biglow, and the others who roused the laughter of overwrought patriotism. He was not even Pennsylvania Dutch, as critics who had never set foot in Pennsylvania were so ready to assert. He was in every sense an alien; by birth, in his language, — which was not Pennsylvania Dutch either, whatever the critics might fancy, — an alien in his thoughts, his habits, his ideals, if he can be said to have ideals. No figure could have been more unlooked-for in American literature, up till then so intensely national in character, — or "provincial," I can fancy Mr. Henry James correcting me. Only now and then had a rare poet, like Poe, evaded this national responsibility and concerned himself with beauty alone, — very much as a rare artist, like

Whistler, was beginning to prove in Paris that art knows no nationality, just when the *Breitmann Ballads* were being written in Philadelphia. But Poe was the exception. The typical American of letters — if genius can be typical — was Hawthorne, in whose prose, as in Lowell's verse, the American, the New England inspiration cannot be forgotten for a minute.

Were it known of the author of the *Ballads* only that he was a Philadelphian, who, during those eventful years, worked as hard for his country as a man whose business it was to write could, the fact of his having created Breitmann then, or indeed at any other period, might seem as extraordinary. But a great deal more is known, and in this knowledge lies the explanation. To be told what a man laughs at is to be told what that man is, according to an old saying, more hackneyed than it deserves to be. For it is quite as true that, to be told what a man is, is to be told what he will laugh at. Charles Godfrey Leland being what he was, Hans Breitmann follows as a matter of course. Really, if for no better reason, I might recommend the study of Breitmann to the younger generation as a human document of uncommon interest.

For these are the circumstances. Charles Godfrey Leland — my Uncle, perhaps I should explain — was born in Philadelphia in 1824. This means that his most impressionable years belong to the period when children, happily for themselves, had not been supplied to any great extent with a literature of their own, and, if they happened to care for reading, had to read what their elders read, or what chance threw in their way. Philadelphia, just then, was passing through an interval of comparative indifference to the intellectual responsibilities of her great past, and chance, having the entire charge of the reading of this one child in particular, managed to direct it into the most unchildlike channels. He was deep in Jacob Böhme and Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus, and translating François Villon,

at an age when the American boy to-day is still enthralled by *St. Nicholas*, and in verse has not got much beyond *Mother Goose*. His schools were what schools mostly were then, the one master whose influence counted being Alcott, the last to show him the way out of the maze of mysticism and romance in which he was fast losing himself. His college was Princeton: in the early forties, "simply a mathematical school run on old-school Presbyterian principles," as he describes it; and there he lived more than ever in the past with philosophers and poets, less and less in the present with the problems of actual life. I need hardly add that, his parents being New Englanders, the Quaker City his home, Presbyterian Princeton his college, he was brought up, morally and socially, as well as intellectually, with Puritanical strictness. Many a school-boy of fourteen was more versed in the ways of the world than he when he left Princeton, he writes in his *Memoirs*. And it was at this point, of a sudden, that he hurried off to complete his training, not, as would have seemed consistent, behind the plough and in the potato patches of Brook Farm, not in the frigid atmosphere of Concord, but in the warmth and light, over the beer and through the smoke, of Heidelberg and Munich. That was why he used often to say he had been "Germanized." It was in Germany, where people are at once more absorbed in philosophy and more submerged in material living than anywhere else, that he first studied in a sympathetic atmosphere, that he first gained his experience of life. And in Germany, and afterwards from Germany, he traveled where and as students on the Continent mostly traveled in the forties, winding up in Paris, settling there in the Latin Quarter, attending lectures at the Sorbonne and the Collège Louis le Grand, fighting at the barricades of '48.

And, after this, he came back to Philadelphia, of all places, to find a profession. Had he lived in New York or Boston and studied at Harvard, he probably would

have been turned out a professor on the regulation lines. That Philadelphia and Princeton between them, with the more vividly colored student life of Heidelberg and Paris as antidote, were going to make him, instead, one of the most picturesque figures in American literature, he had no reason to know at that early date, and it would not have been much consolation to him if he had. To become a picturesque figure in the future could not help to pay his way at the present. First he tried the law, to satisfy his father. That the law would not answer, surely, must have been a foregone conclusion to himself. To cast a spell or work a charm for his clients would have been more in his line than to draw up a brief for them. But he had to do something, and he plunged into journalism, in those days no pleasant sinecure for anybody, no easy way of making the steady income odd literary commissions were to supplement, — odd literary commissions by themselves having a tendency to lead to nothing more brilliant than Poe's tragic little cottage on the Hudson, for instance. From early in the fifties to late in the sixties, there was no busier journalist in America. He worked on papers in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, at different times editing, or helping to edit, the *Philadelphia Bulletin* and the *Philadelphia Press*, *Knickerbocker's* and *Graham's*: the two magazines that might serve now as records of all that was best in the American and much in the English literature of the day, *Graham's* boasting the further distinction of having once had Poe for its editor. He threw himself heart and soul into the cause of abolition; he did what he could to uphold the central government, — *Centralization versus State Rights* was the title of one of his pamphlets read far and wide at the outbreak of the Civil War. He fought the battles of the North valiantly in the press, until he too shouldered a musket and marched to the front. As long as his country needed him, he was entirely at his country's service. And yet, all the time, his real life — the life he

loved, the life he would have chosen if free to choose — was in the world of thought, far removed from the practical affairs of America, where he had wandered with mystics and strange people through his years in school and college. It was his ambition to climb the heights of mysticism and romance, — when freedom came with his later years, did he not start straight away adventuring with Gypsies and Witches, studying Sorcery, wrestling with problems of Will and Sex? But, for the time, Fate had drawn him deep down into the whirlpool of fact. To make up for it, however, Fate had endowed him with a sense of humor, and he was the first to laugh at the absurd contrast between the philosopher that would be, and the man of practical affairs that was. When he shaped this laughter into words, the result was, naturally, Breitmann; that is, the German, with his head in the heavens of philosophy and his feet in the ditch of necessity, spouting pure reason over his beer-mug, dropping the tears of sentiment on his sausage and sauerkraut.

Breitmann "flashed into being," as Henley says of Panurge. How spontaneous was the laugh from which he sprang, the history of the early *Ballads* and the character of Breitmann himself go far to prove. This history I am able to give with details never before published. It was partly told in the author's prefaces to the editions of 1871 and 1889. But it is more fully supplemented by the author's marginal notes in his copies of these two editions, now in my possession. I read chance throughout, — the chance there is in any laugh that rings true. To begin with, it was the language that made Breitmann, and not Breitmann who made the language. For Breitmann did not appear until one, at least, of the ballads that now go by his name had got to the point of being printed. "*Der Freischütz*" was written before *Hans Breitmann's Barty*," is the note on a slip of paper inserted in the copy of the 1871 edition, open before me, "one season when a German troupe was

playing at the Opera House in Philadelphia. It was first published in the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, of which paper I was one of the editors. I subsequently republished it in *Graham's Magazine*, with a small wood-cut, not larger than an English shilling, before each verse. These cuts were very clever and were executed by an engraver named Scattergood. *Der Freischütz* was one of several burlesque opera librettos which I wrote. They all had a great run through the newspapers. *Der Freischütz* was especially popular, but when published in a work with the rest of the *Breitmann Ballads*, the reviews declared it to be much inferior to any of the others."

No matter what the reviews then said, of all these burlesques, *Der Freischütz* alone has lived. Only one besides, *La Somnambula*, have I found, even among my Uncle's papers. It is in pamphlet form, the verses witty, a characteristic drawing by him decorating the title. But of the remaining numbers in the series, I doubt if a trace could be discovered by the most ardent collector. *Der Freischütz* in every-day English would probably have gone with the rest. For the sake of the parody, however, it had been put into the English of the German still struggling with an unfamiliar grammar and construction. To the hard-worked journalist, who had scribbled it off in his scant leisure moments, the subject and the language must have brought some charm of old associations, some memories of Heidelberg and Munich days. For once tried, it pleased him so well that he tried it again before that same year had come to an end. —

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
Where ish dot barty now ?

I do not believe any lines by an American — not the sayings of "John P. Robinson he," nor the "Excelsior" of Longfellow's insufferable youth, nor the catchwords of the *Heathen Chinee* and *Little Breeches* — were ever so bandied about from mouth to mouth, so quoted, so used, so abused. In all likelihood, the "younger generation" that never heard of Breitmann has

been loudest in asking, "Where ish dot barty now?" But no lines were ever less premeditated, ever more wholly the result of chance. "While editing *Graham's Magazine* I had one day a space to fill," their author says in his *Memoirs*, as he had already written in his copy of the 1871 edition. "In a hurry I knocked off *Hans Breitmann's Barty* (1856); I gave it no thought whatever." "It was written only to fill up a page," the note in the 1889 edition says, "and I never expected that any one would notice it."

He thought so little of it, that in the *Ballads* immediately following the *Barty*, Breitmann was left out as often as not. The real link at first was the language, though nothing was further from his intention than that there should be any link of any kind. For, to quote again from the unpublished notes, "The *Love Song*, 'O, vere mine lofe a sugar-powl,' was composed, the first two verses, one night in Philadelphia after going to bed. It was with a great effort that I rose and wrote them down. I lived at the time at Mrs. Sandgren's in Spruce Street." The ballad of *De Maiden mit Nodings On* "was composed while sitting in a railway carriage, I think in Ohio in 1864. I carried it for a year or more in my memory before I wrote it down." *Wein Geist* was written in a letter to Miss D. L. Colton to show "that it was easier to write such rhymes than prose," — just as a few years later *Breitmann in Rome* was written in that city for Miss Edith Story. *Schnitzerl's Philosopede* was "the result of a suggestion of John Forney, Jr." "With the exception of the *Barty*, most of the poems in the first edition were written merely to fill up letters to Charles Astor Bristed," a fellow journalist living in New York.

But if Breitmann were an accident, it was an accident that could have happened to no other man. Whistler has established beyond contradiction that the picture painted by the artist in a few days may represent the training of a lifetime. And so, the *Ballads*, knocked off anyhow, were the outcome of a long apprenticeship.

ship of study and travel and experience. Otherwise, they would never have developed into a great Breitmann myth. The language alone was not sufficient to ensure their survival, though it counted for more in the days before the rising of the flood of dialect than it could now. It was clever,—uncouth in itself, but pliant and rhythmical as he wrote it. And it was real, not an invention. He had the sense to realize that not only would no two Germans, new to English, speak it alike, but that “no one individual is invariably consistent in his errors or inaccuracies. Every reader who knows any foreign language imperfectly is aware that *he speaks it better at one time than another*, and it would consequently have been a grave error to reduce the broken and irregular jargon of the book to a fixed and regular language.” The consistency of its inconsistency gave Breitmann’s English a picturesqueness, to which his further experiments in other tongues contributed so flamboyantly that Octave Delapierre, the authority who had defined macaronics as “the extravagance of poetry,” pronounced Breitmann’s *Interview with the Pope* to be one of the finest examples. If extravagance depends on recklessness or first-rate badness, then “from this point of view,” the author modestly admits, “it is possible that Breitmann’s Latin lyric is not devoid of merit, since assuredly nobody ever wrote a worse.”

But macaronics are for the few; for the many, the cleverness of the German-English would have been no attraction, would, on the contrary, have been a drawback, the many finding it quite hard enough work to read at all, without the additional labor of consulting a glossary. Even the down-East Yankee would have made Hosea Biglow impossible, if Hosea Biglow had not had something to say that people wanted to hear. And Breitmann, too, had something to say, something that his author could not have said as expressively in any other way. Moreover, like all popular types, from Macchus, through the innumerable Pulcinellos and Pierrots,

Harlequins and Pantaloons of centuries, Breitmann had in him the elements of human nature. He may have been an alien in America, but he was a man, and a very real man, wherever he might go. He lived in the *Ballads*; that is why the *Ballads* have lived.

What the author saw in him, as he gradually grew into a definite, substantial personality, is plainly stated in the author’s preface to the English edition, 1871, — “one of the battered types of the men of ’48,” beneath whose “unlimited faith in pleasure lie natural shrewdness, an excellent early education, and certain principles of honesty and good fellowship, which are all the more clearly defined from his moral looseness in details, identified in the Anglo-Saxon mind with total depravity;” — or, to quote from a letter to me, a man in whom “a kind of heroic and romantic grandeur is combined with German naïveté and rowdysim.”

In other words, Hans Breitmann, adventurer and vagabond, was as German by nature as by birth; and that was his salvation. Had the *Ballads*, like the *Biglow Papers*, been intended to convey a moral satire or preach a patriotic sermon, Breitmann would have been intolerable to Americans; they could not have stood the cynical indifference with which he began his career, by drinking and rioting his way through scenes and events that were so little of a laughing matter to them. But the beauty of Breitmann was that he was not an American. It was possible to look on at the part he took in the great national drama, and still laugh — “the laughter which blends with tears.” Besides, in no native adventurer would there have been the mixture of “philosophy and sentiment, beer, music, and romance” that enabled this one American in particular, with his German training and traditions, to laugh a little at himself, as he laughed with Breitmann. The native adventurer would have left sentiment at home when he went looting, he could not have drunk his beer to the murmur of metaphysics, nor searched for contraband

whiskey to the symphonies of Beethoven, nor played the game of politics on the romantic stage. He might, I do not deny, have got "troonk ash bigs" at his own or any other man's "barty." But only the German could have moralized at the end of the orgy.

An American in the rôle of "Bummer" may not be inconceivable, but no one could believe in the American "Bummer" who read Fichte, and speculated as to whether

De human souls of beoples
Exisdt in deir idées.

But speculation and argument were as much a habit with the German "Bummer," as his beer and his pipe, — that is what redeems him from sheer animalism. There is no humor in mere brutality. Breitmann, being a German, when he drank himself drunk on the battlefield, once drunk, could touch the skies. His inspiration might be schnapps, —

De schmell voke oop de boetry, —
but inspired, he could burst into lyrical song: —

Ash sommer pring de roses
Und roses pring de dew,
So Deutschland gifes de maidens
Who fetch de bier for you.
Komm Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll pe troonk among de roses
Und get soper on de shtraw!

He might be the most inveterate looter in the train of a great army, but let the organ peal out

dings from Mozart,
Beethoven und Mehül,
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
Sooplime und peaudiful,

and he was feeling "like holy saints," and the tears running down his face, while he and his men, "droonk as blitz" on contraband whiskey, —

singed ash if mit singen dey.
Might indo Himmel win.

Whatever Breitmann did,

He dinked and dinked so heafy
Ash only Deutschers can.

Wherever he journeyed, he was sure to be

A workin' out life's mission here
Soobjectify und grand.
Some beoblesh run de peaudiful
Some vorks philosophie;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash one eternal shprees.

A vagabond of vagabonds, rollicking from adventure to adventure like the hero of the old Picaresque novel, he was a German through it all; the feeling of romance young in his heart, his soul susceptible to the sound of music or the summons of sentiment, the pathos lying very close to the humor, and poetry in the laughter. "I have a letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes in which he says that the death of Von Stossenheim drew two long-tailed tears from his eyes," is a note written on the margin of *Breitmann's Going to Church*, while George Boker's admiration for a special verse in the same poem is recorded in another marginal note. And Breitmann's thoughts were ever soaring so to the Infinite, so many tags of old verse and bits of old legend were ever running through his head, that only those familiar with German philosophy and literature can appreciate the learning crammed into what, to the casual reader, seems mere "comic verse." And he had, as has been written of him, "a ripe talent for events," and as it happened, adventure was more than ever in the way of the Philadelphia journalist back from the war, who, in those chaotic times, — profitable for none but the contractor, — found himself, to his own surprise, now oil-prospecting in guerrilla-swept Tennessee; now rent-collecting in the wilds of West Virginia; now off on some great railroad-advertising excursion to Kansas and the then furthestmost frontier of civilization, among Indians and buffaloes. And wherever he had to go, sometimes with sad sinking of heart and depression of spirits, he could take Breitmann and carry it off with a laugh.

If the German in Breitmann was beyond the average American's comprehension, if his "well-balanced mixture of stoicism and epicurism" was peculiarly

Teutonic; still he was so human, such a good fellow, he was so gay in his endurance as in his excess, that every American could understand the man himself, while his humor was of a kind that every American could enjoy, without a suspicion of the discomfort there was in the laugh over Hosea Biglow's humor. And so, though Breitmann's creator thought little of him, other people, fortunately, began to think a great deal. The public became conscious of the existence of this big, jolly German with his unquenchable thirst and irrepressible good spirits, and were on the lookout for his reappearance. Letters containing the ballads were preserved by the friends lucky enough to have received them, especially by Bristed, who, after sending his series to a sporting paper, tried to surprise the author with a privately printed collection. The attempt failed. The *Ballads* might never have appeared at all, it is stated in the preface to the 1871 edition, had not Ringwalt, a collaborator on the *Philadelphia Press*, also a printer, had such faith in the work as to have it set up in his office, offering to try an edition, which, however, was transferred to Peterson Brothers. In the correspondence of a very much later date, I have come upon a letter (dated March 10, 1896) from an old friend, a fellow journalist on the *Press*, who tells an amusing story I now publish for the first time, of this printing. "I recall," he says, "one curious incident that might be worth putting into your second volume of memoirs. In the *Breitmann Ballads* the compositors frequently made mistakes in setting up the German patois, and you would consider with respect their errors, whether or not to adopt them. I recollect your frequently consulting me on such points, and we would weigh the merits or demerits of their slips — or involuntary scholarship."

Breitmann, the creature of chance, when he achieved the dignity of publication in book form, took the world by storm. The Petersons, uncertain, I sup-

pose, as to his reception, had begun timidly by issuing the *Ballads* in parts. But the First was quickly followed by Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth. The publishers, one of the old, highly respectable firms of my native town, showed small consideration for future collectors and bibliographers. Dates — in *Breitmann* anyway — were nothing to them. But from the year of the copyright entry according to Act of Congress, contemporary letters, and the date of the first English edition, I know that the *Ballads* were published in 1869, in the little paper-covered "Parts," of which, to my sorrow, odd numbers only have survived in the far from complete Breitmann collection I have been able to make from the books and papers left by my Uncle to my care. In 1871 the five Parts were collected into a fat, solid, substantially bound volume, but before this they had already gone to England. In a word, Breitmann "flashed" into popularity, as into being. Trübner, who went to the trouble of writing an introduction and extending the glossary, was the authorized English publisher, a note in the English edition signed "Charles Godfrey Leland" and dated "Philadelphia, 1869," distinctly states. But this made no difference to English publishers, whose virtuous objection to piracy weakened at the point where piracy meant profit to themselves. Two pirated editions appeared in the same year. One of the pirates, in a letter now among my Breitmann papers, suggested that the *Ballads* should be his because he was the first English publisher of the *Biglow Papers*, though what Lowell thought of him in that capacity he did not trouble to explain. Both these editions amiably presented Breitmann with a ballad he could not have claimed had he wanted to, and both published an introduction that almost reconciles me to-day to the piracy. For, in accounting for Breitmann, it explains that, "already the English language in America has become to some extent Germanized. Thus, all the familiar words in German speech,

the questions and answers of every-day life and the names of common objects, are as well known and recognized among all classes throughout the Union as the coins of Prussia and Austria are current and acceptable tender;" and I have no doubt the Englishman, upon whom it had not then dawned that complete ignorance of everything American might turn out a bad investment, closed the book confirmed in his disdain of a country where people talked such barbarous English.

In England, as in America, Breitmann went into edition after edition, in "Parts," and "Complete." He himself appeared on the popular stage, and songs were made of his ballads. I have the music of the *Maiden mit Nodings On*, dedicated to the Crichton Club. His name was given to the cigars smoked by the many, and it was borrowed for their work by the few who, no doubt, hoped to find in it a passport to fame. I have a curious little pamphlet called *De Gospel according to Saint Breitmann* (1871), the first number in a series of *Ramequins* by "Cullen Morfe,"—of whom and his *Ramequins* I know no more, and, taking this number as a sample, I think it likely that more is not worth knowing. I have also the second and third numbers (the first, alas, missing) of a paper called *Hans Breitmann*, a weekly after the pattern of *Punch*, started in the same year (1871): poor stuff as I try to read it now, but for a moment threatening to be serious in its consequences. For there were critics of the time, too obtuse to distinguish between the real and the sham, who declared that the joke was being carried too far, that the British public was not going to stand a surfeit, even of Hans Breitmann, and that Mr. Leland might as well know it; and to Mr. Leland, Trübner in a panic sent one of these criticisms posthaste. "It is written in such a nasty spirit," the accompanying letter says, "that I think you should not pass it over in silence. As the continued identification of your name with the Hans Breitmann periodical, which in its last number

is exceedingly weak and shallow, could possibly damage you, will you not publicly disclaim all connection with it, perhaps in a letter to the *Athenæum*?"

I am not sure if the letter was written, but Trübner's panic seems the less necessary in the face of other and worse things Breitmann had to face,—the indignation of Germany, for instance, and the praise of France. It was his exploit as Uhlán, included in the 1871 complete edition of the *Ballads*, that roused Germany's indignation. "This poem," says one of those little marginal notes that are invaluable in the authentic history of Breitmann, "gave offence to many Germans, even to those who had been in the war." But the author's preface in 1871 had already protested: "It is needless, perhaps, to say that I no more intended to ridicule or satirize the German cause or the German method of making war . . . than I did those of the American Union, when I first introduced Breitmann as a 'Bummer' plundering the South." However, most people, if they must be laughed at, would rather do the laughing themselves, and after 1870 the Germans, in the pride of conquest, would probably have resented their own laughter. As to the praise, it took the form of translation by Théodore Bentzon, who was writing a series of articles on "Les Humoristes Américains" for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and undertook to introduce Breitmann to French readers (August, 1872). I do not suppose, in the whole course of his career, Breitmann could ever have felt himself so complete a stranger as at his own "Barty" transformed into a *soirée*, and I quote the first and last verses to show how severe may sometimes be the penalty of praise.

"Hans Breitmann a donné une soirée; on y a joué du piano. J'y tombai amoureux d'une Américaine; son nom était Mathilde Jane; elle avait des cheveux bruns cendrés comme un craquelin; ses yeux étaient bleu de ciel; lorsqu'ils regardaient dans les miens, ils fendaient mon cœur en deux."

"Hans Breitmann a donné une soirée, où est cette soirée maintenant? où est l'aimable nuage d'or qui flottait au front de la montagne? Où est l'étoile qui brillait au ciel, lumière de l'esprit? Tous sont passés comme la bonne bière, passés dans l'éternité."

When the Breitmann excitement was at its height, the author of the *Ballads*, who had broken down from years of overwork, and who had now, by the death of his father, come into an independent fortune, arrived in London. He was received with no less enthusiasm than Breitmann; indeed was received *as* Hans Breitmann, — the one "thorn in his cushion," for he resented nothing so much as being identified with the disreputable old adventurer, who was no more like him than the Heathen Chinee was like Bret Harte. "Breitmann has become my autocrat who rules me with a rod of iron, and has imposed his accursed name on me — and *thou* helpst him!" he wrote once to Mr. Fisher Unwin, who, publishing his photograph, had printed "Hans Breitmann" below. Indeed, knowing him as I did, I can fancy him wincing even under that prettily turned welcome from Dr. Holmes. A more cordial reception was seldom given to an American in England in the days before the English had begun to talk of the "blood that is thicker than water," and to sentimentalize over the *entente cordiale*. The miracle is, how Breitmann survived, — a smaller success has crushed many verses as gay. But Breitmann had the secret of perennial youth, he was a true cosmopolite. That was why he retained his freshness in every fresh adventure found for him by the Rye, — really, I can no longer call my Uncle by any other name, for it was while Breitmann was winning him fame in England that, on the English roads, he was beginning his Romany studies and making himself known and loved as "the Rye," not only by every Gypsy in the land, but by his friends; it was the name I best knew him by, and probably half the letters to him that have

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come into my hands begin "My dear Rye." The Rye, then, could send his hero everywhere he went himself, without risk of repetition. He had already set Breitmann to singing a Gypsy song, had sent him back to Munich Bier Kellers and to the Latin Quarter haunts, had started him on travels through Belgium and Holland, down the Rhine, to Rome. But I have always thought that Breitmann's vitality never asserted itself so triumphantly as in 1882, when the Rye was back in Philadelphia and Philadelphia was celebrating its Bicentennial, with a big Bicycle Meet among other ceremonies. To this Meet, or its dinner, or reception, or whatever its very special function may have been, my husband (not yet my husband) invited the Rye, as the author of the first bicycle poem: *Schnitzerl's Philosopher* of fifteen years earlier. The Rye, who, socially, was just then living a hermit's life, refused, but to make up for it wrote for the occasion two new verses, practically a third part to the poem, and made a drawing of Breitmann on his "crate philosopher." Whoever has read Breitmann remembers this philosopher, a copy of Schnitzerl's wonderful original: —

Von de pulleyest kind;
It vent mitout a wheel in front,
And had n't none behind.

The ballad is one of the best and gayest, one in which Breitmann surpassed even himself in his philosophical flights and lyrical outbursts. It was therefore with delight that I chanced upon the rough copy of the two new verses, and, as they have never been printed before, I am glad to print them now. Schnitzerl's philosopher, it will be recalled, had

pounded onward till it vent
Gans tyfelwards afay.

But the new verses explain that —

Joost now and den id makes a halt
Und cooms to oos adown,
To see how poys mit pysickles
On eart' are kitten on,
Und if he pees mit us to-day
We gifes him our abblause,
De foorst crate martyr in de world
Who berished in our cause.

Dere 's lessons in de foamín' sea,
 Und in de foamín' bier,
 In every dings dots in our life
 Und all dat is n't here,
 Und dis is vot der Schnitzerl taught
 Opon dis eardly ball,
 It's petter to be cut in dwo
 Dan nefer cut at all.

The whole incident pleased the Rye. When, in 1885, he wrote an introduction in verse for the account my husband and I had made of a tricycle ride from Florence to Rome, he boasted in it that he

was the first man of modern time
 Who on the bicycle e'er wrote a Rime.

And in the 1889 edition of *Breitmann*, the marginal note to *Schnitzerl's Philosoped* ends by saying, "I believe it is the first bicycle poem ever written." I do not know why the success of Breitmann's prophecy should have put him in the mood to write *Breitmann's Last Ballad*, but in the year of this introduction (1885) he wrote for Mrs. Alec Tweedie, then Miss Ethel B. Harley, what he called *Breitmann's Allerletztes Lied*, which also — as far as I know — has never been printed before. Here are two verses, the first and last: —

I dink de sonn' haf perisht in all dis winter
 rain,
 I never dink der Breitmann would efer sing
 again.

De sonne vant no candle nor any erdenlicht, —
 Vot you vant mit a poem bist selber ganz Gedicht?

Du bist die Ideale of efery mortal ding,
 Ven Poets reach de Perfect, dey need no longer
 sing,

Das Beste sei das Letzte — de last is pest indeed!

Brich Herz und Laut! zusammen — dies ist
 mein letztes Lied!

But it was by no means the last of Breitmann, though in his gallantry he might have liked to think so. An adventurer of his type does not go out with a compliment on his lips. There was other work to do. He went to Turkey, he tried his

luck in California and his hand at Gypsy and Witch ballads, and he had five new adventures, or poems, to add to the 1889 edition. Memories of his old *Barty* haunted him, and another verse for it is written on the margin of the 1871 annotated edition. It should not be left unpublished, though the *Barty* may "reach de perfect" without it.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 Gott's blitz — vot foon we had!
 Ve played at Küss im Ringe
 Dill de gals vos almost mad!
 And ven indo de gorner
 Py Tilda I vos dook,
 Mine eyes vos boost in Thränen
 To dink how schweet she look.

And Breitmann went to the Tyrol, in the more peaceful occupation of courier or guide, and wrote a whole book about it, mostly in prose, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1895. Beer flows freely in the Tyrol, and Breitmann's spirits always flow as freely with it. But somehow, this Breitmann book does not give the same impression of reckless enjoyment, perhaps because of the prose, or perhaps because the old "Bummer" and "Uhlán" was cast down by the mildness of his new adventures. And Breitmann even had an eye to affairs in South Africa. For the Rye, a very old man in Florence when the Boer War broke out, in looking back to his many years in England, remembered only the pleasures they had brought him, and sent, as his special envoy to the English, Breitmann, with a word of sympathy. These verses were published in *Flaxius* (1902), a book brought out a few months before his death. There they were called *Breitmann's Last Ballad*, and this time they really were. Breitmann has passed through his last adventure, through his last debauch of beer and pure reason. But he still lives, he surely always will live as long as the American retains his sense of humor, and that will be as long as America is — America.

MILE-STONES

BEING A BRIEF RECORD WHICH CONCERNS THE COMING AND GOING OF YEARS, AND THE RISE AND FALL OF ADMINISTRATIONS, FROM 1836 TO 1861, AS TOLD BY THE JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY PARSON

[Some uncertainty having been expressed as to the genuineness of the extracts from the Journal of a Country Parson, published in the July *Atlantic*, a brief sketch of the writer of the Journal is here given. The Reverend Caleb Bradley was born in Draeut, now Lowell, in 1772. He was a great-grandchild of the noted Hannah Dustan. He graduated at Harvard in 1793, and was settled over the parish of Westbrook, Maine, where he remained during the rest of his life. His Journal dates from 1829 to three days before his death in 1861. It is of interest both as a chronicle of the time and as the writing of a man of marked originality.]

Jan. 1, 1836. Friday. New Year's Day. O may it be a happy New Year for me, for my family, and for all the families of this town. May I be diligent, faithful, and persevering, not daub with untempered mortar, but be always plain and pungent.

Dec. 31, 1836. Saturday. This day closes the year. I and my family have enjoyed good health, and my farm has yielded abundance. Notwithstanding I have received some abuse by the way of tattling and slander, yet I can imagine that it will be all for the best. It is only for me to be still and God will order all things aright.

Jan. 1, 1837. Sabbath. A cold snow storm. This year will no doubt be pregnant with great events. A new president will be introduced into the chair, and Jackson will retire from his labors as chief magistrate.

March 4, 1837. Saturday. Went into the city. All bluster and noise. Some rejoicing at the political death of Jackson, and that Van Buren takes the chair, others mourning at his elevation. Hope he will be a whole president, and show no more affection nor favor for one political party than another.

March 11, 1837. Saturday. The inquiry is, "Have you seen Jackson's dying speech?" "No, and don't wish to." "Have you seen Martin Van Buren's inaugural address?" "No, but have it in my pocket, and shall look at it at my lei-

sure." "Well, you will find it rather a smooth kind of thing. He will not consent to a law to emancipate the slaves in the District of Columbia, unless the slaveholding states wish for it." So he has committed himself.

Dec. 31, 1837. Sabbath. Rather a warm day. It has been a year of pressure, money scarce, provisions high, flour eleven dollars and sometimes twelve dollars a barrel. This year will be remembered as the political death of Andrew Jackson, who has been a Dictator and Tyrant for eight years past. I consider him as having been raised up as a scourge and a curse.

Jan. 1, 1838. Monday. The salutation a "Happy New Year" echoes and reëchoes through the land. I would sincerely wish prosperity temporal and spiritual to my wife, to my children, to the families with whom I am connected by the ties of nature, or the bonds of friendship, to my town, to my state, to my country, to the world.

The Abolition question is put aside for a moment, but it must be disposed of sooner or later. Lord hasten the time. Another matter will soon come before Congress, the annexation of Texas. O may we be kept from having any political connection with that portion of the continent, whose inhabitants, many of them, are made up of the offscouring of creation. Thieves, robbers, murderers, man-stealers, and the like characters, such are the

inhabitants of Texas. The Lord have mercy upon them!

March 12, 1838. Tuesday. Fine summer day, my birthday. I must be sixty-six years old. Is it possible that I have lived so long and to so little purpose? I have preached much, prayed much, visited many sick chambers, conversed with many dying, and pointed to the sinner the way to Heaven. It can't be known in this life how much good or harm I have been the means of doing. I have had remarkable health, a good support, much enjoyment, some anxiety, some patience, some irritation. I have had my share of comfort. *Laus Deo.*

Dec. 31, 1838. Monday. The year is gone as a tale that is told.

Jan. 1, 1839. Tuesday.

Our days run thoughtlessly along,

Without a moment's stay,

Just like a story or a song

We pass our lives away.

Dec. 31, 1839. Tuesday. Very cold. Evening at the City Hall to hear the report of the Harrisburg delegation, who had returned after having nominated a president and vice president for the next four years. John Neal made the report, and was very animating in his remarks. I hope the result will be equal to his wishes.

Jan. 1, 1840. Wednesday. Happy New Year to us all, and it will be if we live as we ought.

Dec. 31, 1840. Thursday. While writing this, it is moderating, and the weather mild. The early part of the year there was a great religious excitement. Then politics took the front seat. The presidential election became the engrossing subject, and the great question was, who shall be the next President. The first Wednesday in this month closed the scene, and William Henry Harrison was said to be elected.

Jan. 1, 1841. Friday. Warm and moderate. I wish to all who cast their eyes upon this page, whether it be this year, or the next, or twenty years hence, or forty, or a hundred, a happy New Year. I have bid farewell to last year. May

whatever I did amiss be forgotten and forgiven.

March 4, 1841. Thursday. A cold day, a day of roaring of cannon, of ringing of bells, of playing of fife and beating of drums. This day William Henry Harrison becomes the chief magistrate of the nation.

April 7, 1841. Wednesday. This moment we have heard that General Harrison is dead. A great calamity. At noon the bells began to toll and the minute guns to fire, and continued till one.

April 10, 1841. Saturday. Tyler has assumed the presidential chair. We hear he intends to follow Harrison's plans. If he does, all will be well.

April 21, 1841. Wednesday. A violent rain storm. The principal business going on through the country is honoring the memory of General Harrison by parades, sermons, and orations. All political parties unite in commemorating his death. No man has been more popular since the days of Washington, and perhaps no man more deserving. He has gone to his God and his widow is desolate.

Dec. 31, 1841. Friday. Warm and pleasant. A meeting of the church in conference. Seven male members present and eleven females. All the male members prayed. The question was asked again and again, what can be done to promote a revival of religion. At length I concluded to reply, and I remarked, that if every member would make it a matter of conscience to attend to all the requirements to which he had obligated himself, we might hope to have a revival. Therefore the first step was to make confession of our sins and to love and forgive one another.

Jan. 1, 1842. Saturday. Happy New Year to my wife and children, and all connected with the family. Happy New Year to Westbrook, to the ministers, churches, to the county, state, and all the habitable world.

People are moving about, as it were, on the wings of the wind. Railroads and steamboats are multiplying. Candles are

made in New Bedford in the morning, and at evening these same candles light up the stores and parlors in the city of Albany, over two hundred miles distant.

Dec. 31, 1842. Saturday. To-day closes another great portion of time. What changes do we find as to circumstances and situations of multitudes. Thousands of thousands have passed through the bankrupt mill without paying any toll. Does this free them from moral obligation to pay their honest debts? By no means. They will always be bound to do this till it is done. This has been a year of much enterprise. A railroad from Portland to Boston has been completed, also one from Boston to Albany, also the great work of bringing water into the city of New York. A great change this year among the ministers. Formerly ministers could remain with their congregation forty, fifty, and sixty years, and do an immense amount of good. Now their race is soon run. One happy event must not be left unrecorded: the North-Eastern Boundary, so long a bone of contention between us and Great Britain, is settled to the satisfaction of both parties concerned. This was accomplished by Daniel Webster on the part of America, and by Lord Ashburton on the part of England.

Jan. 1, 1843. Sabbath. A happy New Year to all who may cast a glance upon this page. What time this world is to be burned by fire we do not certainly know. We are told that 1843 will wind up its concerns. Many are spending their whole time in what they call a preparation to meet the Saviour, expecting to see him descend from Heaven in a cloud, with the voice of an Archangel and with the trump of God.

Dec. 31, 1843. Sabbath. It is six o'clock in the evening. Have just returned from the poorhouse, where I preached. Spoke of the shortness of human life; a kind of funeral discourse, a corpse being present, a woman who died suddenly, Mrs. Blake, aged sixty-six. It was a solemn occasion.

Jan. 1, 1844. Monday. A happy New Year to everybody.

Oct. 11, 1844. Friday. A fine day. The political excitement increases, all eyes and ears are open. What news! Who do you think will be President. Clay, I hope; and he will be, if the Whigs do their duty. Millerism grows hotter and hotter. Yesterday was the time appointed for the advent and ascension, but it did not take place. It was put off till the 22d, which I understand is to be the day of all days, when the sea is to give up the dead which is in it, and death and hell are to give up the dead which are in them, and those who are alive, to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air.

Oct. 22, 1844. Tuesday. Went into the city to see how the Millerites were acting. It was said there were a number of them together looking for some sign of the coming of the Son of man. Made calls and left for home about eight. As I walked moderately along, heard no cry, "behold the bridegroom, go ye out to meet him." Everything was quiet, calm, and still. The queen of the night appeared, grand, noble, majestic, and smiled upon me.

Nov. 4, 1844. Monday. The election swallows up everything. A discouraging time for ministers. How hard to preach when their hearers are all inquiring, who has carried the day, Polk, or Clay? Sad state of things.

Nov. 14, 1844. Thursday. The political strife is over. I don't expect this election of Polk is going to alter the order of nature. The grass will still grow, the sun rise and set as usual. All is for the best.

Dec. 31, 1844. Tuesday. The year has been one of great excitement politically. Let it be remembered that Polk, the President elect, was not chosen by the American people, but by foreign paupers and criminals, sent to this country, instead of to Botany Bay, and made voters for the purpose of voting for Polk. *O tempora, O mores!*

Jan. 1, 1845. Wednesday. Happy New Year, wife, happy New Year, chil-

dren, happy New Year, Westbrook; and may it be a year of good tidings to all the people of the land.

March 4, 1845. Tuesday. The sun rose pleasantly. James K. Polk became President of the United States. How he will act is among future contingencies. The Lord reigns.

March 27, 1845. Thursday. I am pleased because it is a pleasant day. The devil is pleased because things are moving on agreeable to his wishes. He is pleased because James K. Polk has become President of the United States. He is pleased to see the country so much divided into parties, and especially is he pleased to see the doctrine, which he preached in the Garden of Eden, flourish. He is pleased to see the multiplicity of female fairs to raise money to propagate the gospel, and dispose of their articles, in many cases, for a hundred per cent more than they are worth.

Dec. 31, 1845. [Volumes missing.]

Jan. 1, 1846. [Volumes missing.]

Dec. 31, 1846. [Volumes missing.]

Jan. 1, 1847. Friday. Happy New Year to the ends of the earth!

Dec. 8, 1847. Wednesday. A summer-like day. Have you seen the President's message? No, we expect it in the next mail. Well, it will be the same old story about the Mexican war. He will tell of the glorious victories, of the boldness and perseverance of our officers. He will not tell how many widows and orphans have been made, how many brave men murdered.

Dec. 14, 1847. Tuesday. I have read the message. I am heartily sick of it. It is full of justification and war spirit.

Dec. 20, 1847. Monday. All eyes seem fixed on Congress, all ears listening to hear what is going to be done to put an end to this infernal war.

Dec. 31, 1847. Friday. A year of shedding of human blood. The Mexican war has been an awful calamity both to the Mexicans and to the Americans. It is a matter of great rejoicing with half the people of the United States, when they

hear of the murder of two or three thousand Mexicans, but how sad, how distressing the murder of an individual.

Jan. 1, 1848. Saturday. Congratulations are spreading. "I wish you a happy New Year!" Congress, the collective wisdom of the nation, or rather the collective rogues of the nation, are now in session. They have an awful responsibility. They have it in their power to put an end to this shedding of human blood. They are becoming divided. There is now some hope, agreeable to the proverb: "When rogues are divided, honest men may obtain their rights."

Oct. 12, 1848. Thursday. Nothing now conversed upon but "Who do you think will be the next President?" "Think Taylor will carry the day?" "No, I think it will be Cass." "But," says another, "I should rather have Van Buren." "O no," says another, "he is a turncoat. I disliked him when he was President, and notwithstanding he professes to have altered his mind, I won't trust him, he changed for the sake of promotion."

Nov. 7, 1848. Tuesday. Pleasant. The electors for the next President are chosen to-day throughout the United States. I don't like the candidates well enough to vote for either one of them.

Nov. 9, 1848. Thursday. A little spitting of snow last night. My man gone to the city to hunt up a girl. Returned with one by the name of Augusta Field. Not likely she will stay long. It will be too quiet for her after the bustle of the city. Taylor, the Whig candidate, is elected.

Nov. 13, 1848. Monday. A pleasant day, but the ground frozen hard. The Bostonians are giving information of the fact of Zachariah Taylor's election so far as three thousand guns will convey the sound, one thousand to be fired on Copp's Hill, one thousand on Dorchester Heights, and one thousand on Boston Common. The Bostonians think it glory enough that "Rough and Ready" is elected President of the American people. I think it is a bad policy and a capital mistake thus to

rejoice over opponents. The noise of the cannon may conquer, but not convince.

Dec. 11, 1848. Monday. The President's message has arrived, and it is a monster. He is exceedingly loth to give up the ship, but go he must.

Dec. 31, 1848. Sabbath, and the sun appearing in his greatest splendor. During the year provisions have been scarce and high, and the fruits of the earth not very abundant. A treaty was signed and ratified between the Mexicans and Americans. The St. Lawrence and Atlantic railroad put into operation. I have been wonderfully blessed with good health. Farewell 1848.

Jan. 1, 1849. Monday. Very still and calm. May I spend this year as if it were my last. May thy will be done with me and by me as the angels do thy will in Heaven, and thine be the glory forever. Amen.

March 5, 1849. Monday. An interesting day, the inauguration of Zachariah Taylor.

March 12, 1849. Monday. Snow melting fast. Let it be remembered that this is my birthday. I was born in 1772, and am as well as I ever was, and have this day rode horseback with as much ease and comfort as I ever did.

Dec. 31, 1849. Monday. Farewell, farewell forever to 1849.

Jan. 1, 1850. Tuesday. A happy New Year to the whole world in general, and America in particular. Also to the present administration now assembled in Congress, who commenced their session on the first Monday of last December and have done nothing for the good of their country. May the members of that assembly come to their senses and act like men and Christians, then it will be a happy New Year to them, and they will be likely to have some agreeable reflections at the close of the same.

July 9, 1850. Tuesday. A fine day. I record the melancholy death of the President of the United States, General Taylor. God's ways are not our ways. He sees the end from the beginning. He asks no one's advice and gives no one his rea-

sons. When he commissions the messenger Death to go forth and take a human being, it is done, whether a babe or a president.

July 12, 1850. Friday. Fine day for making hay. The President has already a successor equal to filling the vacancy, Mr. Fillmore, the Vice President.

July 13, 1850. Saturday. Another fine day, a great funeral day. In our seaports colors are displayed upon the masts. Bells are tolling, minute guns firing, processions forming, not because the dead man was the best man in the world, or the greatest, but because he was President of the nation, and the nation respected him living and honors him dead.

Dec. 31, 1850. [Volumes missing.]

Jan. 1, 1851. [Volumes missing.]

Dec. 31, 1851. [Volumes missing.]

Jan. 1, 1852. A happy New Year to the great family of man. I am now in my eightieth year. It is more than probable that it will be my last. How old time wears away, the older he grows, the sprigger he seems to be. He appears to dispatch the business of the year with more dispatch than formerly, but it can't be so, the difference is in me. The nigher I approach my journey's end, the shorter the days. When I have been on a long journey and am returning home, I anticipate much enjoyment. Now as I draw near my eternal home, are my anticipations pleasing? Do I rejoice that I am so near the end?

Dec. 31, 1852. Friday. Farewell 1852. Thou hast prospered the nation, but while I record her prosperity, I must not forget to mention the dark cloud and sable mourning which have shrouded her. Three of her greatest statesmen have departed this life, in course of the year, Calhoun of South Carolina, Clay of Tennessee, and Daniel Webster of Massachusetts.

Jan. 1, 1853. Saturday. "A happy New Year, Pa, a happy New Year, Ma," are heard in the household. Congratulations are echoed and reëchoed. All seem to enjoy the harmonious sound.

Dec. 31, 1853. Saturday. It came to pass on the 4th of March of this year Franklin Pierce was declared President of the United States. In September there was much excitement in the state of Maine concerning the election for state officers, upon which the establishment of the Maine Liquor Law in a great measure depended. The rum sellers, the rum drinkers, and all those favoring the rum traffic were at the polls in time. A dollar was offered for a vote against the Maine Liquor Law. How many dollars were expended in this way I say not. The no rum ticket prevailed. *Laus Deo.*

Jan. 1, 1854. Sabbath Day. Tedious snow storm. I had been in the habit heretofore of writing down many congratulations, of expressing many good hopes, making promises, and adopting resolutions. I have never come up to my promises, nor have I fulfilled my resolutions. God give me grace to improve this last span.

Dec. 31, 1854. Sabbath. Quite cold. The Maine Liquor Law is becoming more popular. The masses are beginning to see what havoc and destruction rum dealers have done in days gone by. What an awful account must those give who have been active agents in producing so much distress in the land.

Jan. 1, 1855. Monday. The sound of the human voice this morning is, I wish you a happy New Year. I have commenced reading Dr. Channing. He is a most excellent writer, and an excellent man. He is not what some call Orthodox, because he cannot see how there can be three distinct persons, all separate from each other, and yet merged in one being. He believes in the supreme God. He believes in a Son, who made atonement for sin. He believes in the gracious presence of the Holy Ghost. All Orthodox prejudice aside, he is one of the most spiritual religious writers I have ever read.

Dec. 31, 1855. Monday. A pleasant morning. A general dissatisfaction has been created in the minds of the people by the stand the President seems to have

taken respecting the slavery question. The South are determined that the North shall submit to their dictation, but the North say "no." It has been a year of political excitement, a year of prosperity, but alas, God and religion have been kept in the background. The ministers of the gospel have less zeal and animation. In many of the churches the people no longer rise to unite with the minister in prayer.

Jan. 1, 1856. Tuesday. A fine day. I wish all who may read these pages a happy New Year, whether now or a hundred years hence. Let it be recorded and remembered that Congress have been in session four weeks to-day, and not organized to do business, owing to officers and office-seekers. A more corrupt administration cannot be found.

Dec. 31, 1856. Wednesday. The year is closed. It remains that I repent of misspent time and redeem it, before my feet stumble upon the dark mountains of death.

The most part of the year has been of confusion, and discord, lying, deception, and wickedness. Great confusion in Congress. Senator Sumner nearly killed by a member of the House named Brooks. Great trouble among the negroes and in Kansas.

Jan. 1, 1857. Thursday. A pleasant day. Congratulations are sounding from every mouth, from the gray head to the lisping babe. A new administration will come into power on the fourth day of next March. May the fear of the Lord preside over those in authority.

March 4, 1857. Wednesday. A day long to be remembered for good or evil. James Buchanan is inaugurated President of the United States, and Franklin Pierce is divested of his authority.

Dec. 31, 1857. Thursday. A year of bloodshed and murder. Kansas one continued place of disturbance. It appears that the President and the present administration love to have it so.

Jan. 1, 1858. Friday. "A happy New Year" are words heard to-day from the rising to the setting of the sun. The first

sleighting of the winter. Three P. M. walked up to the meeting-house to attend a lecture preparatory to communion. Door not opened. No fire. Mr. Wheel-right, the minister,¹ appeared. We tried to make a fire, but did not succeed. What is best to be done? These women will take cold. I said, "talk to us five minutes, it will be more than we can remember, and more than we shall be likely to practice." We talked a short time and then separated.

March 12, 1858. Friday. Let it be remembered that eighty-six years ago the writer of this page was introduced into this world a helpless little fellow, and he has lived to this day. I have a desire to live so long as I am free from aches and pains, and can enjoy society, and wish to do good, and do it. I have a desire to live till I am called and then to be ready to answer, "Lord, here I am."

Dec. 31, 1858. Friday. A year of great attention to religion, and of not much business. God seems to have said, "you have leisure now, attend to me!"

Jan. 1, 1859. Saturday. Warm. A happy New Year is announced the length and breadth of the land. Let us leave what is passed and attend to the future, and notice the dealings of Providence as they occur.

Nov. 30, 1859. Wednesday. Froze hard last night. The general conversation is the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, and the execution of John Brown, to take place day after to-morrow.

Dec. 2, 1859. Friday. This day will be noted throughout the world. The name of John Brown will be spoken of with respect, so long as George Washington's name is spoken of with respect. Christ said, do as you would be done by in an exchange of circumstances. Brown's blood will not be shed in vain.

Dec. 3, 1859. Saturday. All anxiety to hear from Virginia to know how Mr. Brown appeared on the gallows. How was he as to stability and courage? Did

¹ This was Mr. Bradley's successor in the active pastorate.

he act the hero? Time will not efface from memory the cruel transaction of the second day of December, 1859, when John Brown was murdered in cool blood for what he thought to be his duty.

Dec. 31, 1859. Saturday. Various have been the scenes of this year. One excitement was the expectation of a visit from the Great Eastern. It is now expected that the breath of life will be put into her next June, and she will be able to pay us a visit according to promise. Another excitement I shall mention was that at Harper's Ferry, when twenty men, under the direction of one John Brown, undertook to invade the Virginian state, and free the negroes. Brown and four others were taken prisoners, found guilty of murder and high treason, and sentenced to be hung, and were hung. Many sermons have been preached on this subject.

Jan. 1, 1860. The Lord's Day. Preached at the poorhouse. My theme was "A happy New Year." God had suffered them to commence a new year, and it was very desirable that they should be happy, and they had been told how: Fear God and keep his commandments, hope in Christ, and let the spirit of truth lead you in the way of life everlasting.

Dec. 31, 1860. Monday. Some snow last night. A recapitulation of the year would be more than I could undertake. The two political parties have acted as though Pandemonium had opened her doors and disgorged all her infernal inmates. The state of North Carolina has declared itself out of the Union. Congress is in session, but divided, as much as was the case at the building of Babel. They don't understand each other. The President is too fearful, too diffident, to take an independent ground and use all the power he possesses.

Jan. 1, 1861. Tuesday. Weather moderate. The atmosphere is verberating and reverberating with congratulations, but I fear there will be more tears than laughter for those who live through the year.

Feb. 19, 1861. Tuesday. A delightful day. The most important matter to be

collected from the newspapers is the journey of Mr. Lincoln, the President elect, from his home on his way to Washington, and his speeches at the different stopping places. Great enthusiasm of the people. It was hurrah, hurrah, hurrah. Every one is believing and feeling that should he take command of the ship of state a favorable change would soon be brought about.

Feb. 20, 1861. Wednesday. We expect no important news until after the Fourth of March. The story is in circulation that the seceders will have a powerful force in Washington, equal to the taking of the capital.

Feb. 21, 1861. Thursday. Warm and pleasant. The seceders are not quite so enthusiastic. They dread the Lincoln administration. They know he is a man of sound common sense and some uncommon sense.

Feb. 26, 1861. Tuesday. Pleasant. The great anxious day is near at hand, when the new President will take the chair of state, if he is not murdered before that day. We fear, we tremble.

March 2, 1861. Saturday. Cloudy and damp. This night the present Congress draw their last breath. Hope for the best and pray for the best.

March 4, 1861. Monday. Sloppy and bad getting about. This 4th of March will be remembered as long as time shall last. Abraham Lincoln will be inaugurated to-day. He will need much grace, much wisdom, much go-forward principle and discernment, enough to know when to say yes, and when to say no. May he be a blessing to his country and have the approbation of Heaven.

March 5, 1861. Tuesday. Calm and pleasant. Walked to the city. The first inquiry was, "Have you read the President's message?" "No, I have not seen it yet; have you?" "Yes." "How do you like it?" "Very much, no one can find any fault with it."

March 6, 1861. Wednesday. Very cold. I have read the President's message. It is mild, quiet, conciliating. No ill temper, no improper feeling. The laws must be executed. If not obeyed willingly, he must resort to force. Stolen property must be restored, duties collected, traitors called to account. To these sentiments I say Amen.

March 12, 1861. Tuesday. Cold night and day. It is my birthday. The gateway is clear and open for me to proceed on my ninetieth year. I am well, strong, and hearty, a miracle of mercy.

RABBI

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

WHAT teachest thou, Rabbi,
That man shall do and live?

*Grudge none; set out unsparingly
Thy best red wine, and give.*

Thy counsel is unplain;—
How give if wine be not?

*Sell all thou hast, till knowledge stain
The edges of the Pot.*

Then when the jar is filled—
What doth thy counsel say?

*Empty it till the last be spilled;
Grudge lest one drop should stay.*

Nay, Rabbi, answer me—
Poor were I as before!—

*What Jar except it emptied be,
Think you, is filled with more?*

THE COUNTRY STORE

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

STANDING before the door of his long-established but modest emporium, his ample form flanked by windows displaying hoes and pancake flour, boys' suits and writing-paper, washboards and cigars, while a garish sign, "General Merchandise" creaked above, the pioneer proprietor pointed to a heap of freight the train now disappearing over the plains had dumped on the depot platform.

"More work of the catalogues," he commented bitterly. "Three sacks of 'em came to the post office last week,—

now the folks are sending for the goods. Think they are saving money, I suppose."

"Perhaps they are?"

"Not much. If they will give me all their orders and pay cash as they have to do with the catalogue mail-order houses, I'll get 'em just as good stuff, and just as cheap. Some things they may buy cheaper, but they're cheaper goods."

"Why do they do it, then?"

"Because it's the city,—it sounds better, somehow; and the catalogues make everything look so fine. Why, the other day

a farmer came here to borrow wrenches to set up a windmill he had sent to Chicago for. Then they expect me to take what's left,—or when they have n't the cash to send away. It's getting so that the farmer can live ten miles from town and even buy his groceries in St. Louis or New York and have 'em delivered without leaving the place. It means that we might as well shut up shop."

Such is the attitude of most small store-keepers in the western states. The rapid progress of the rural delivery route and the farm telephone line have brought new conditions to the section where for forty years the country merchant has attained substantial glory.

The development of the prairies during the past half century has brought rich opportunity to the country merchant. He entered with the forefront of the tide of emigration from eastern homes. Scarcely had a settlement been formed when his square-gabled store was set up and his team was hauling varied cargoes of merchandise overland from the railroad, a score of miles away. He became postmaster and notary. The town hall—or "opera house," as it was most frequently called—was in the second story of his building; the first preaching service was there; the first lodge established a mysterious tabernacle in its ample space. The store became the centre of the community life.

Some of these early country stores drew trade twenty miles in every direction, and their owners, investing their savings in the rapidly growing settlement around, became wealthy. The fortunes of many of the capitalists of the middle West were laid in such establishments, where the sugar barrel jostled the lace counter and boots mingled frankly with the tinware.

Prosperity brought competition; rivals appeared, dividing the countryside trade; but usually the business grew correspondingly, so there yet remained enough. Later, as new railway lines came, and as farms took the place of ranches, other

country stores were started to repeat the old experience and absorb yet more of the business. The creamery industry brought about the establishment of thousands of small stores, one at each station to which the farmers carried their milk.

Such was the record of the country store, until, with the final opening of Oklahoma, the frontier passed away, and more settled conditions were manifest in the prairie West.

Then rural mail delivery wagons began their twenty-five-mile journeys from the county seats; farm telephones entered prosperous homes, and daily papers, which had been only for the townspeople, were read before noon ten miles from the railroad. The influence of the central settlement—usually the county-seat town, because the largest in the county and the point from which radiated the rural routes and telephone lines—was resumed, after having been lost in the scattered trading-points established with the incoming immigration.

This, however, merely changed the plan of the trading; it did not remove it from the locality. The merchant who had been in business at the isolated cross-roads creamery station changed to a small town, went to farming, or perhaps moved on to newer fields. The convenience of communication stimulated trade.

"This is Mr. Harvey," came over the telephone one February morning, and the groceryman recognized the voice as that of a farmer living ten miles away. "I see in the paper that you advertise some fresh lettuce,—I wish you would send out a quarter's worth by the carrier,—and what else have you that is nice?"

To the order were added other extra-season eatables suggested by the dealer. Had there been no telephone there would have been no sale of that bill of goods. Multiply the incident by hundreds in every town, and the result is the impetus given to the farmer's life by modern conveniences. They have stimulated business, and have created wants before unknown. The necessity of a trip of several

miles over bad roads or through storm gave good reason for foregoing many purchases that are made gladly under easier conditions.

It is fair to presume that these conveniences, by adding to the pleasures and comforts of the farmer's life, will increase the rural population and so make a larger patronage for the business men.

Substantial conditions have succeeded the experimental period of early days. In towns of practically unchanged populations fewer stores usually are doing business to-day than fifteen years ago. The transient store has passed away. It takes more capital to succeed now than then; it takes better goods and a larger stock. Brick buildings have succeeded the frame square-gabled structures. Only in the villages or in newer portions do the old forms appear. Land has doubled in value in half a decade; the farmers are well out of debt, and are seeking the luxuries as well as the necessities of modern life. They recognize the saving grace of a bathroom and understand the good points of a furnace.

Into this fair field entered the mail-order house with its persuasive eloquence.

For the asking, it sent bulky catalogues containing over a thousand pages each, illustrated with as many pictures of every article that the average family of moderate means could possibly desire to purchase. These catalogues go largely to country people,—the mail-order houses do not seek city trade. The goods are selected for country people, and the prices are made as low as the buying of immense quantities can force them. It is often true that articles are sold thus for less than the modest country merchant can buy them of his wholesale jobbing houses. But that does not mean that they are the same articles in every particular, or that everything in the bill of goods the farmer orders is equally a bargain. Supposing one can save a cent a pound on ten pounds of dried prunes, what profits it if half the prunes spoil before so large a quantity can be used? It saves freight to buy large

quantities of the distant store, and the bills are generous,—more liberal, frequently, than the circumstances warrant.

Then there is not a cent of credit,—not even personal checks will be accepted. Everything is paid for when it leaves the store, and if the buyer five hundred miles away is not satisfied, he has double transportation to pay in getting an exchange. Little wonder that there is an advantage over the country merchant, with his perpetually accommodating good nature, and his many trifling accounts which often are not paid for months.

A few weeks ago I visited the largest mail-order store in Chicago, where millions of dollars' worth of merchandise is sent out every year. Its dozen floors are crowded with goods and employees—and some customers. Few of the latter are from the city. At the door stands a clerk who carefully inspects every visitor.

"From out of the city, sir?"

If the answer be "No," you may enter or not as you please,—little does the well-trained employee care.

"Yes,—from Iowa," and how the hand goes out in greeting!

"Glad to have you come in; look over the store,—and here is a ticket for the elevator to the tower."

The ticket is marked "25 cents," and you are told it costs that sum to a resident of the city. The store caters only to out-of-town visitors. Of course you go to the tower,—you had paid gladly to reach lesser heights elsewhere. In the elevator you find people who are evidently strangers to the big town; some are farmer folk making their first visit to the metropolis. "We bought all Kate's house-furnishing from here," is overheard as a group is pressed against the iron railing at the top. They are overcome by the wonders spread out far below them, and will go back home with marvelous tales of the greatness of the city and of the magnitude of this supply-house in particular, the bestower of a free elevator ride.

When the rural delivery routes were started in country communities, the mail-

order houses were quick to see their advantage. They secured an order from the post-office department that the names of all patrons of the routes should be posted publicly in the lobbies of the post offices from which the routes started. In a short time they had a magnificent list of names to which to address catalogues. This order was recently rescinded.

It is probable that there is in prosperous farm life an influence that tends toward an assumption of independence of the towns. In the development period the townspeople are generally supposed to lead an easier existence than do those who are breaking the rough sod and founding homes on the new lands. When the soil has bestowed riches, the farmer becomes independent and looks at things from a new point of view.

A representative midwestern farmer addressed his state's agricultural society recently, making this plea for buying wherever he pleased: the farmer is able to sell as well as can the man of whom he buys, and he sells for cash; hence he is entitled to buy where he can buy cheapest. He went on: "Your nearest merchants claim the right to buy where they can buy the cheapest, whether it be of you, from Kansas City, or New York; it is also true that they exercise this right, for one day I happened in one of our home stores just as a town lady was buying some cabbage. The merchant was, of course, praising his wares, and would use his set form of speech by saying that those cabbages he had had shipped in from Wisconsin. Knowing that there were plenty of cabbages for sale by farmers, we put in our oar to the extent of asking why he did not buy his produce from those who bought goods of him. 'Well, you see,' he explained, 'we can get Wisconsin cabbage laid down in our store for the same as we have to pay for home stock, and these'—giving the crate the vegetables were shipped in a kick with his foot—'are solidier than any we can buy here.' How hollow their cry, 'Buy of your home merchant, the man who takes your pro-

ducts,' sounded to us after hearing this bit of talk from the dealer himself.

"But does the merchant you pay money to for goods keep it at home any more than you do when you send to Kansas City or Chicago for what you want? Let us see. Suppose you want a sack of granulated sugar. Your home merchant sells you a sack for six dollars, puts a dollar of it in his own pocket for handling it for you, and sends the rest to the sugar trust in the East to pay for the sugar. On the same day you buy the sugar from your home dealer, let us suppose you send to some mail-order house for another sack of a like grade. You send away \$4.75, and when the sugar comes you pay fifty cents in freight, making it cost you \$5.25, and saving you seventy-five cents. The reason we quote no freight charges against the home dealer is because all dealers usually buy on a basis of 'delivered at your store,' but the freight charges have been added, and the consumer has to pay them, no matter where the goods originally came from. You have seventy-five cents instead of the merchant having one dollar."

This is a typical argument of the mail-order house's farmer buyer, but it does not include the legitimate outcome of such a proceeding extended to an entire community. It is probable that few of the farmers who exploit so glibly the process by which seventy-five cents is kept at home would care to have their county towns come to the natural result from universal adoption of this policy. Instead of streets of brick blocks where thriving business houses bring the attendant features of modern town life, there would be only a railway station, post office, blacksmith shop, doctor's office, and grain elevator. The lawyers would have their offices in their homes or in the court house; there would be no need of storerooms, and the county newspaper, which would contain no advertising except mail-order house announcements printed on its "patient inside," could probably occupy one end of the commodious freight depot which

would be necessary to care for the many shipments of goods. The rural districts of the nation would be very dismal places were this the situation and were all the local places for distribution of the needs of the home wiped out.

It is also interesting to note the magnitude to which the central establishments for furnishing goods under such conditions would attain. They would overshadow the mightiest emporiums of the present. The railroads would be burdened with small shipments to individuals, and the mails would be heavy with orders. The few large cities would contain these great dispensing centres, and the remainder of the commercial life of the country would be practically nothing, being confined to the minor trades and needful professions. The country store would be a thing of the past; business would be centralized beyond any conditions now existing.

Some gloomy prophets seem convinced that such is to be the outcome. Here is the dark prediction of a dweller in western Nebraska:—

“The future of the ordinary merchant in the country towns is very discouraging, as the mail-order business is constantly increasing, while they are on the decrease, and our citizens are building up the large centres.

“The mercantile interests largely make the conditions of the town, and conditions of the town generally regulate the value of the real estate. Land sells near this town from seventy to one hundred dollars per acre, while several miles out it sells for fifty to sixty dollars per acre, and yet this has no material consideration for those who are looking for immediate bargains in merchandise.

“I predict that in a few years’ time all the business the small merchant will get is what coffee and sugar he can trade for stale butter and doubtful eggs, as the large commission houses will get the good eggs and the creameries the cream. He may possibly sell a little to some, on ‘after harvest’ terms, when they have not

the money to buy the money order from the rural mail clerk.”

Were this true, the outlook for the country merchant would be sad indeed; but there are some things to be said on the other side.

To go back to the genesis of the country store: from the beginning, as the nucleus of the settlement life, it has become one of a dozen struggling enterprises desirous of securing the trade of the surrounding country. As the town grew and reached its permanent position among the municipalities of the state, the pioneer store, if it was managed with intelligence, retained its general character, but, branching out, took on the nature of a department store on a small scale. It yet sold washboards and millinery, but it did so in the different departments, each with a head and a corps of clerks. The probabilities are that its owner has become a “mercantile company,” meaning that the originator has taken into partnership some of his helpers in order to get more faithful service. These stores, of which nearly every county seat has two or more, are to the country communities what the great emporiums are to the city trade. They occupy full pages in the county weeklies, and their advertising, prepared by some bright clerk or book-keeper, does not suffer in comparison with that of high-priced “adsmiths” who give professional service in the announcements of the city department stores. Smart delivery wagons make prompt and accommodating disposal of goods at customers’ houses. Frequent visits of the proprietors to the large cities keep in evidence through carefully arranged display windows a touch of the world’s newest designs.

The strength of these stores is this,—they carry large stocks; their owners are often interested in mills or elevators that buy the farmer’s grain; they take all the eggs and poultry brought to town,—being the feeders for the commission houses of which the Nebraskan complains,—and they meet the prices of the mail-order

houses as closely as possible. Many of them keep standing in the local papers such announcements as this:—

“We will duplicate the price of any article advertised in a mail-order catalogue.”

Such a statement does not secure all the trade, but it goes a long way to convince the buyers of the value of their home store.

The vividness of the illustrated advertising done by the mail-order houses, compared with that done by the country merchants, is held by many to be responsible for the success attained in securing trade, and it is probably a most important factor. The bulky catalogue introduces its readers to hundreds of articles never before dreamed of as possibilities of the home; it pictures these goods in all their imagined beauty and describes them in terms of eulogy. The reader sees therein an opportunity for supplying a want never before suspected,—the country merchant had never suggested this line of thought to him.

Herein lies a lesson for the country merchant of to-day. The latter, with his proximity to the buyer, his acquaintance with the community needs and abilities, his weekly access to the homes through the country paper which is read from first to last column by every member of the family, his lessened freight rates on large quantities instead of single orders, has an advantage over the city merchant which he ought to utilize, and which, in many places, he is seizing as a lever for trade-bringing.

The country papers which get no local advertising from the mail-order houses (many will not admit it to their columns) help along this home buying sentiment by vigorous sermons on the value of standing up for home industries. Here is a sample of their argument:—

“When your baby died, did the mail-order house send its sympathy? When your crop failed, did it offer to carry you a while? When your daughter was married, did it send a present? Has it helped build

the churches, the schoolhouses, or the bridges of the community? Stand by your home merchant who has done all of these things. Help home industries and home people.”

The country department store that uses modern methods in trade and advertising cannot be broken up. Its business is so interwoven with the industry of the people that it grows as the community grows; but there is not room for many such stores in a given town, not so many as there would be if the mail-order house and the city department house with its mail-order division did not exist.

Then there is the grocery store,—no mail-order house can destroy that. It is true that the master of the household may order sugar, coffee, prunes, canned goods, and oatmeal sent by freight; but the majority of the eatables must be seen by the mistress of the home before being paid for. Likewise the men’s clothing store,—little that men and boys wear can be bought satisfactorily at a distance of five hundred miles. So with the hardware and implement house; the farmer may order a windmill or a lot of binding twine by mail, but he gets his nails, stoves, building hardware, and implements at home. So with drugs, millinery, harness, and furniture stores,—there is a local demand for them because their articles are such that most people want to examine the goods before the order is given.

But all these lose some trade to the city. In every community many people visit the nearest big town once or twice during the year,—and those who go oftenest are usually the most generous spenders. On every trip some purchases are made, often the principal ones of the family or individual for the season.

This city buying is naturally most common in towns within short distances of the metropolis. With the frequent train service that enters the city depots the temptation to buy in the greater markets is irresistible. For fifty miles outside of St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other

large cities, there is little life visible in the business streets of the towns. Deserted store buildings are common, paint is needed,—many of the towns look as if the very life-blood had been sapped out of them. There may be beautiful residence streets and fine homes, but prosperous stores are few.

It is, naturally, impossible to put a stop to personal expenditures in the city by those who visit trade centres, except as public opinion may discourage it; but the country merchants through their business organizations endeavor to compel jobbing houses to coöperate with them in the protection of trade.

If the purchase be made of a firm that has also a wholesale department serving a merchant in the buyer's town, that home merchant is not worrying; he will get a check for the amount of his margin on the goods sold. The profit comes as surely as if he had made the sale. A good deal of public sentiment exists in the small town against city purchasing trips, and very little publicity is sought by the buyers concerning them. Everybody likes to keep up an appearance of loyalty to the home merchants, whether it be practiced or not. In one western town the leading daily paper undertook a movement to compel home buying by publishing each day the names of shoppers who went to the large city forty miles away. It was an heroic measure, and the paper soon discontinued it because of the enemies it made among subscribers,—but while the tactics continued they kept many a buyer from leaving town.

The retail trade associations—and the country merchant generally agrees with them—look with great disfavor on the parcels post, considering the scheme as another menace to their trade. "If," say they, "the rural delivery carrier is to become a hauler of express, we may as well go out of business,—the farmer now is compelled to come to town after most goods he orders by mail; then he may remain on his farm and have them brought to his door." The up-to-date country

merchant, like his competitor, is utilizing the rural delivery. In many counties half the people can be reached by it. Being nearer to the people, he is finding ways to combat the foreigner, and is including modern methods and better system as prominent features in his campaign.

If a wholesale dealer sells ploughs to a grocer who proposes to put in these as a side line, the officers of an association, with a thousand or more retail implement dealers as members, ask him for an explanation. If he does not wish to be black-listed by the legitimate trade, he must regain good standing. Such is the country merchant's protest against the transference of trade from himself to the city dealer and for the specialization of business within certain bounds.

So the country merchant has friends left, and while he finds his trade curtailed and his business lessened by the wide-reaching mail-order house, he fills a place in the economy of the rural portions of the nation that cannot be taken from him. He is close to the heart of the neighborhood. He may be harassed by rivalries and annoyed by the freight shipments from the city, but he is certain to be a factor in the community life, and it is probable that he will, as he accepts the new conditions and learns how to adapt his business to the modern ways, become even more influential. There is more business to be done now than of old, and he can spare a large portion of it and yet have in his hands the making of a comfortable living. His success depends on his own aggressiveness and his own grasp of modern conditions.

Vivid in the memory of the passing generation is the old-fashioned country store. To-day, though 56,000,000 of the 84,000,000 people of this nation live outside towns of 8000 population and over, and hence are more or less patrons of country stores, they find these business houses influenced by the advancement of the times and despoiled of much of the picturesque individuality that formerly made them such cheerful resorts,

such sympathetic features of the village.

The country store we shall have always with us. Though the old-time variety is found only here and there, and has for its keeper some aged gentleman or curl-wearing gentlewoman who seems a ghost of the past among the flesh and blood of the present, the type remains. The country store shares the development of the times; it sells syrup in bottles instead of from a keg; it disposes of butter in paper packages, and of dried beef in tin cans;

the cracker barrel and the open coffee sack are seldom seen; breakfast-food boxes succeed the bulk oatmeal supply. It encounters the perils of city competition and combats new business conditions,—but it is yet the nearest and most intimate commercial affair for hundreds of thousands of homes. It may not be so great a factor in the life of the people as it once was, but the country store is certain to remain an essential element in our existence.

THE STORY OF ITŌ NORISUKÉ

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

IN the town of Uji, in the province of Yamashiro, there lived, about six hundred years ago, a young samurai named Itō Tatēwaki Norisuké, whose ancestors were of the Heiké clan. Itō was of handsome person and amiable character, a good scholar and apt at arms. But his family were poor; and he had no patron among the military nobility,—so that his prospects were small. He lived in a very quiet way, devoting himself to the study of literature, and having (says the Japanese story-teller) “only the Moon and the Wind for friends.”

One autumn evening, as he was taking a solitary walk in the neighborhood of the hill called Kotobikiyama, he happened to overtake a young girl who was following the same path. She was richly dressed, and seemed to be about eleven or twelve years old. Itō greeted her, and said, “The sun will soon be setting, damsel, and this is rather a lonesome place. May I ask if you have lost your way?” She looked up at him with a bright smile, and answered deprecatingly: “Nay! I am a *miya-dzukai*,¹ serving in this neighborhood; and I have only a little way to go.”

¹ August-residence servant.

By her use of the term *miya-dzukai*, Itō knew that the girl must be in the service of persons of rank; and her statement surprised him, because he had never heard of any family of distinction residing in that vicinity. But he only said: “I am returning to Uji, where my home is. Perhaps you will allow me to accompany you on the way, as this is a very lonesome place.” She thanked him gracefully, seeming pleased by his offer; and they walked on together, chatting as they went. She talked about the weather, the flowers, the butterflies, and the birds; about a visit that she had once made to Uji; about the famous sights of the capital, where she had been born;—and the moments passed pleasantly for Itō, as he listened to her fresh prattle. Presently, at a turn in the road, they entered a hamlet, densely shadowed by a grove of young trees.

[Here I must interrupt the story to tell you that, without having actually seen them, you cannot imagine how dark some Japanese country villages remain even in the brightest and hottest weather. In the neighborhood of Tōkyō itself there are many villages of this kind. At a short dis-

tance from such a settlement you see no houses: nothing is visible but a dense grove of evergreen trees. The grove, which is usually composed of young cedars and bamboos, serves to shelter the village from storms, and also to supply timber for various purposes. So closely are the trees planted that there is no room to pass between the trunks of them: they stand straight as masts, and mingle their crests so as to form a roof that excludes the sun. Each thatched cottage occupies a clear space in the plantation, the trees forming a fence about it, double the height of the building. Under the trees it is always twilight, even at high noon; and the houses, morning or evening, are half in shadow. What makes the first impression of such a village almost disquieting is, not the transparent gloom, which has a certain weird charm of its own, but the stillness. There may be fifty or a hundred dwellings; but you see nobody; and you hear no sound but the twitter of invisible birds, the occasional crowing of cocks, and the shrilling of cicadæ. Even the cicadæ, however, find these groves too dim, and sing faintly; being sun-lovers, they prefer the trees outside the village. I forgot to say that you may sometimes hear a viewless shuttle — *chaka-ton, chaka-ton*; — but that familiar sound, in the great green silence, seems an elfish happening. The reason of the hush is simply that the people are not at home. All the adults, excepting some feeble elders, have gone to the neighboring fields, the women carrying their babies on their backs; and most of the children have gone to the nearest school, perhaps not less than a mile away. Verily, in these dim hushed villages, one seems to behold the mysterious perpetuation of conditions recorded in the texts of Kwang-Tze: —

"The ancients who had the nourishment of the world wished for nothing, and the world had enough; — they did nothing, and all things were transformed; — their stillness was abysmal, and the people were all composed."]

. . . The village was very dark when Itō reached it; for the sun had set, and the after-glow made no twilight in the shadowing of the trees. "Now, kind sir," the child said, pointing to a narrow lane opening upon the main road, "I have to go this way." "Permit me, then, to see you home," Itō responded; and he turned into the lane with her, feeling rather than seeing his way. But the girl soon stopped before a small gate, dimly visible in the gloom, — a gate of trellis-work, beyond which the lights of a dwelling could be seen. "Here," she said, "is the honorable residence in which I serve. As you have come thus far out of your way, kind sir, will you not deign to enter and to rest a while?" Itō assented. He was pleased by the informal invitation; and he wished to learn what persons of superior condition had chosen to reside in so lonesome a village. He knew that sometimes a family of rank would retire in this manner from public life, by reason of government displeasure or political trouble; and he imagined that such might be the history of the occupants of the dwelling before him. Passing the gate, which his young guide opened for him, he found himself in a large quaint garden. A miniature landscape, traversed by a winding stream, was faintly distinguishable. "Deign for one little moment to wait," the child said; "I go to announce the honorable coming;" and she hurried toward the house. It was a spacious house, but seemed very old, and built in the fashion of another time. The sliding doors were not closed; but the lighted interior was concealed by a beautiful bamboo curtain extending along the gallery-front. Behind it shadows were moving — shadows of women; — and suddenly the music of a *koto* rippled into the night. So light and sweet was the playing that Itō could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. A slumbrous feeling of delight stole over him as he listened, — a delight strangely mingled with sadness. He wondered how any woman could have learned to play thus, — won-

dered whether the player could be a woman, — wondered even whether he was hearing earthly music; for enchantment seemed to have entered into his blood with the sound of it.

The soft music ceased; and almost at the same moment Itō found the little *miya-dzukai* beside him. "Sir," she said, "it is requested that you will honorably enter." She conducted him to the entrance, where he removed his sandals; and an aged woman, whom he thought to be the *Rōjo*, or matron of the household, came to welcome him at the threshold. The old woman then led him through many apartments to a large and well-lighted room in the rear of the house, and with many respectful salutations requested him to take the place of honor accorded to guests of distinction. He was surprised by the stateliness of the chamber, and the curious beauty of its decorations. Presently some maid-servants brought refreshments; and he noticed that the cups and other vessels set before him were of rare and costly workmanship, and ornamented with a design indicating the high rank of the possessor. More and more he wondered what noble person had chosen this lonely retreat, and what happening could have inspired the wish for such solitude. But the aged attendant suddenly interrupted his reflections with the question:—

"Am I wrong in supposing that you are Itō Sama, of Uji, — Itō Tatéwaki Norisuké?"

Itō bowed in assent. He had not told his name to the little *miya-dzukai*, and the manner of the inquiry startled him.

"Please do not think my question rude," continued the attendant. "An old woman like myself may ask questions without improper curiosity. When you came to the house, I thought that I knew your face; and I asked your name only to clear away all doubt, before speaking of other matters. I have something of moment to tell you. You often pass

through this village; and our young Himégimi-Sama¹ happened one morning to see you going by; — and ever since that moment she has been thinking about you, day and night. Indeed, she thought so much that she became ill; and we have been very uneasy about her. For that reason I took means to find out your name and residence; and I was on the point of sending you a letter when — so unexpectedly! — you came to our gate with the little attendant. Now, to say how happy I am to see you is not possible; it seems almost too fortunate a happening to be true! Really I think that this meeting must have been brought about by the favor of Enmusubi-no-Kami, — that great God of Izumo who ties the knots of fortunate union. And now that so lucky a destiny has led you hither, perhaps you will not refuse — if there be no obstacle in the way of such a union — to make happy the heart of our Himégimi-Sama?"

For the moment Itō did not know how to reply. If the old woman had spoken the truth, an extraordinary chance was being offered to him. Only a great passion could impel the daughter of a noble house to seek, of her own will, the affection of an obscure and masterless samurai, possessing neither wealth nor any sort of prospects. On the other hand, it was not in the honorable nature of the man to further his own interests by taking advantage of a feminine weakness. Moreover, the circumstances were disquietingly mysterious. Yet how to decline the proposal, so unexpectedly made, troubled him not a little. After a short silence, he replied:—

"There would be no obstacle, as I have no wife, and no betrothed, and no relation with any woman. Until now I have lived with my parents; and the matter of my marriage was never discussed by them. You must know that I am a poor samurai, without any patron among

¹ A scarcely translatable honorific title compounded of the word *himé* (princess) and *kimi* (sovereign, master or mistress, lord or lady, etc.).

persons of rank; and I did not wish to marry until I could find some chance to improve my condition. As to the proposal which you have done me the very great honor to make, I can only say that I know myself yet unworthy of the notice of any noble maiden."

The old woman smiled as if pleased by these words, and responded:—

"Until you have seen our Himégimi-Sama, it were better that you make no decision. Perhaps you will feel no hesitation after you have seen her. Deign now to come with me, that I may present you to her."

She conducted him to another larger guest-room, where preparations for a feast had been made, and having shown him the place of honor, left him for a moment alone. She returned accompanied by the Himégimi-Sama; and, at the first sight of the young mistress, Itō felt again the strange thrill of wonder and delight that had come to him in the garden, as he listened to the music of the *koto*. Never had he dreamed of so beautiful a being. Light seemed to radiate from her presence, and to shine through her garments, as the light of the moon through flossy clouds; her loosely flowing hair swayed about her as she moved, like the boughs of the drooping willow bestirred by the breezes of spring; her lips were like flowers of the peach besprinkled with morning dew. Itō was bewildered by the vision. He asked himself whether he was not looking upon the person of Amanokawara-no-Ori-Himé herself,—the Weaving-Maiden who dwells by the shining River of Heaven.

Smiling, the aged woman turned to the fair one, who remained speechless, with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks, and said to her:—

"See, my child!—at the moment when we could least have hoped for such a thing, the very person whom you wished to meet has come of his own accord. So fortunate a happening could have been brought about only by the will of the high gods. To think of it makes me weep for

joy." And she sobbed aloud. "But now," she continued, wiping away her tears with her sleeve, "it only remains for you both—unless either prove unwilling, which I doubt—to pledge yourselves to each other, and to partake of your wedding feast."

Itō answered by no word: the incomparable vision before him had numbed his will and tied his tongue. Maid-servants entered, bearing dishes and wine; the wedding feast was spread before the pair; and the pledges were given. Itō nevertheless remained as in a trance: the marvel of the adventure, and the wonder of the beauty of the bride, still bewildered him. A gladness, beyond aught that he had ever known before, filled his heart—like a great silence. But gradually he recovered his wonted calm; and thereafter he found himself able to converse without embarrassment. Of the wine he partook freely; and he ventured to speak, in a self-depreciating but merry way, about the doubts and fears that had oppressed him. Meanwhile the bride remained still as moonlight, never lifting her eyes, and replying only by a blush or a smile when he addressed her.

Itō said to the aged attendant:—

"Many times, in my solitary walks, I have passed through this village without knowing of the existence of this honorable dwelling. And ever since entering here, I have been wondering why this noble household should have chosen so lonesome a place of sojourn. . . . Now that your Himégimi-Sama and I have become pledged to each other, it seems to me a strange thing that I do not yet know the name of her august family."

At this utterance, a shadow passed over the kindly face of the old woman; and the bride, who had yet hardly spoken, turned pale, and appeared to become painfully anxious. After some moments of silence, the aged woman responded:—

"To keep our secret from you much longer would be difficult; and I think that, under any circumstances, you should be

made aware of the facts, now that you are one of us. Know then, Sir Itō, that your bride is the daughter of Shigéhira-Kyō, the great and unfortunate San-mi Chūjō."

At those words, — "Shigéhira-Kyō, San-mi Chūjō," — the young samurai felt a chill, as of ice, strike through all his veins. Shigéhira-Kyō, the great Heiké general and statesman, had been dust for centuries. And Itō suddenly understood that everything around him — the chamber and the lights and the banquet — was a dream of the past; that the forms before him were not people, but shadows of people dead.

But in another instant the icy chill had passed; and the charm returned, and seemed to deepen about him; and he felt no fear. Though his bride had come to him out of Yomi, — out of the place of the Yellow Springs of death, — his heart had been wholly won. Who weds a ghost must become a ghost; — yet he knew himself ready to die, not once, but many times, rather than betray by word or look one thought that might bring a shadow of pain to the brow of the beautiful illusion before him. Of the affection proffered he had no misgiving: the truth had been told him when any unloving purpose might better have been served by deception. But these thoughts and emotions passed in a flash, leaving him resolved to accept the strange situation as it had presented itself, and to act just as he would have done if chosen, in the years of Jū-ei, by Shigéhira's daughter.

"Ah, the pity of it!" he exclaimed; "I have heard of the cruel fate of the august Lord Shigéhira."

"Ay," responded the aged woman, sobbing as she spoke; — "it was indeed a cruel fate. His horse, you know, was killed by an arrow, and fell upon him; and when he called for help, those who had lived upon his bounty deserted him in his need. Then he was taken prisoner, and sent to Kamakura, where they treated him shamefully, and at last put

him to death.¹ His wife and child — this dear maid here — were then in hiding; for everywhere the Heiké were being sought out and killed. When the news of the Lord Shigéhira's death reached us, the pain proved too great for the mother to bear, so the child was left with no one to care for her but me, — since her kindred had all perished or disappeared. She was only five years old. I had been her milk-nurse, and I did what I could for her. Year after year we wandered from place to place, traveling in pilgrim-garb. . . . But these tales of grief are ill-timed," exclaimed the nurse, wiping away her tears; — "pardon the foolish heart of an old woman who cannot forget the past. See! the little maid whom I fostered has now become a Himégimi-Sama indeed! — were we living in the good days of the Emperor Takakura, what a destiny might be reserved for her! However, she has obtained the husband whom she desired; that is the greatest happiness. . . . But the hour is late. The bridal-chamber has been prepared; and I must now leave you to care for each other until morning."

She rose, and sliding back the screens parting the guest-room from the adjoining chamber, ushered them to their sleeping apartment. Then, with many words of joy and congratulation, she withdrew; and Itō was left alone with his bride.

¹ Shigéhira, after a brave fight in defense of the capital, — then held by the Taira (or Heiké) party, — was surprised and routed by Yoshitsuné, leader of the Minamoto forces. A soldier named Iyénaga, who was a skilled archer, shot down Shigéhira's horse; and Shigéhira fell under the struggling animal. He cried to an attendant to bring another horse; but the man fled. Shigéhira was then captured by Iyénaga, and eventually given up to Yoritomo, head of the Minamoto clan, who caused him to be sent in a cage to Kamakura. There, after sundry humiliations, he was treated for a time with consideration, — having been able, by a Chinese poem, to touch even the cruel heart of Yoritomo. But in the following year he was executed by request of the Buddhist priests of Nanto, against whom he had formerly waged war by order of Kiyomori.

As they reposed together, Itō said: —
 "Tell me, my loved one, when was it that you first wished to have me for your husband."

(For everything appeared so real that he had almost ceased to think of the illusion woven around him.)

She answered, in a voice like a dove's voice: —

"My august lord and husband, it was at the temple of Ishiyama, where I went with my foster-mother, that I saw you for the first time. And because of seeing you, the world became changed to me from that hour and moment. But you do not remember, because our meeting was not in this, your present life: it was very, very long ago. Since that time you have passed through many deaths and births, and have had many comely bodies. But I have remained always that which you see me now: I could not obtain another body, nor enter into another state of existence, because of my great wish for you. My dear lord and husband, I have waited for you through many ages of men."

And the bridegroom felt nowise afraid at hearing these strange words, but desired nothing more in life, or in all his lives to come, than to feel her arms about him, and to hear the caress of her voice.

But the pealing of a temple-bell proclaimed the coming of dawn. Birds began to twitter; a morning breeze set all the trees a-whispering. Suddenly the old nurse pushed apart the sliding screens of the bridal-chamber, and exclaimed: —

"My children, it is time to separate! By daylight you must not be together, even for an instant: that were fatal! You must bid each other good-by."

Without a word, Itō made ready to depart. He vaguely understood the warning uttered, and resigned himself wholly to destiny. His will belonged to him no more; he desired only to please his shadowy bride.

She placed in his hands a little *suzuri*, or ink-stone, curiously carved, and said:

"My young lord and husband is a

scholar; therefore this small gift will probably not be despised by him. It is of strange fashion, because it is old, having been augustly bestowed upon my father by the favor of the Emperor Takakura. For that reason only, I thought it to be a precious thing."

Itō, in return, besought her to accept for a remembrance the *kōgai*¹ of his sword, which were decorated with inlaid work of silver and gold, representing plum-flowers and nightingales.

Then the little *miya-dzukai* came to guide him through the garden; and his bride with her foster-mother accompanied him to the threshold.

As he turned at the foot of the steps to make his parting salute, the old woman said: —

"We shall meet again the next Year of the Boar, at the same hour of the same day of the same month that you came here. This being the Year of the Tiger, you will have to wait ten years. But, for reasons which I must not say, we shall not be able to meet again in this place; we are going to the neighborhood of Kyōtō, where the good Emperor Takakura and our fathers and many of our people are dwelling. All the Heiké will be rejoiced by your coming. We shall send a *kago*² for you on the appointed day."

Above the village the stars were burning as Itō passed the gate; but on reaching the open road he saw the dawn brightening beyond leagues of silent fields. In his bosom he carried the gift of his bride. The charm of her voice lingered in his ears, — and nevertheless, had it not been for the memento which he touched with questioning fingers, he could have persuaded himself that the memories of the night were memories of sleep, and that his life still belonged to him.

But the certainty that he had doomed

¹ This was the name given to a pair of metal rods attached to a sword-sheath, and used like chop-sticks. They were sometimes exquisitely ornamented.

² A kind of palanquin.

himself evoked no least regret: he was troubled only by the pain of separation, and the thought of the seasons that would have to pass before the illusion could be renewed for him. Ten years! — and every day of those years would seem how long! The mystery of the delay he could not hope to solve; the secret ways of the dead are known to the gods alone.

Often and often, in his solitary walks, Itō revisited the village at Kotobikiyama, vaguely hoping to obtain another glimpse of the past. But never again, by night or by day, was he able to find the rustic gate in the shadowed lane; never again could he perceive the figure of the little *miya-dzukai*, walking alone in the sunset-glow.

The village people, whom he questioned carefully, thought him bewitched. No person of rank, they said, had ever dwelt in the settlement; and there had never been, in the neighborhood, any such garden as he described. But there had once been a great Buddhist temple near the place of which he spoke; and some gravestones of the temple-cemetery were still to be seen. Itō discovered the monuments in the middle of a dense thicket. They were of an ancient Chinese form, and were covered with moss and lichens. The characters that had been cut upon them could no longer be deciphered.

Of his adventure Itō spoke to no one. But friends and kindred soon perceived a great change in his appearance and manner. Day by day he seemed to become more pale and thin, — though physicians declared that he had no bodily ailment; he looked like a ghost, and moved like a shadow. Thoughtful and solitary he had always been, but now he appeared indif-

ferent to everything which had formerly given him pleasure, — even to those literary studies by means of which he might have hoped to win distinction. To his mother — who thought that marriage might quicken his former ambition, and revive his interest in life — he said that he had made a vow to marry no living woman. And the months dragged by.

At last came the Year of the Boar, and the season of autumn; but Itō could no longer take the solitary walks that he loved. He could not even rise from his bed. His life was ebbing, though none could divine the cause; and he slept so deeply and so long that his sleep was often mistaken for death.

Out of such a sleep he was startled, one bright evening, by the voice of a child; and he saw at his bedside the little *miya-dzukai* who had guided him, ten years before, to the gate of the vanished garden. She saluted him, and smiled, and said: "I am bidden to tell you that you will be received to-night at Ōhara, near Kyōtō, where the new home is, and that a *kago* has been sent for you." Then she disappeared.

Itō knew that he was being summoned away from the light of the sun; but the message so rejoiced him that he found strength to sit up and call his mother. To her he then for the first time related the story of his bridal, and he showed her the ink-stone which had been given him. He asked that it should be placed in his coffin, — and then he died.

The ink-stone was buried with him. But, before the funeral ceremonies, it was examined by experts, who said that it had been made in the period of *Jō-an* (1169 A. D.), and that it bore the seal-mark of an artist who had lived in the time of the Emperor Takakura.

OUR FIRST-BORN

BY JOHN B. TABB

It died so young! and yet,
Of all that vanished hence,
Is none to lingering Regret
So lost as Innocence:

For wheresoe'er we go,
Whatever else remain,
That Favorite of Heaven, we know,
We shall not find again.

THE WARFARE OF HUMANITY WITH UNREASON

HUGO GROTIUS

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

THE first characteristics which the book of Grotius revealed were faith and foresight. Great as it was, — the most beneficent among all volumes not claiming divine inspiration, — yet more wonderful than the book itself was the faith of its author. In none of the years during which he meditated it, and least of all during the years when it was written, could any other human being see in the anarchic darkness of the time any tribunal which could recognize a plea for right reason in international affairs, or enforce a decision upon it. The greatness of Grotius lies first of all in the fact that he saw in all this darkness one court sitting supreme to which he might make appeal, and that court — the heart and mind of man.

What the darkness was which his eye alone could pierce was stated in his preface. He says: "I saw many and grave causes why I should write a work on

that subject. I saw in the whole Christian world a license of fighting at which even barbarous nations might blush. Wars were begun on trifling pretexts or none at all, and carried on without any reverence for law, Divine or human. A declaration of war seemed to let loose every crime."¹

To understand the significance of Grotius' work, let us glance over the evolution of international law up to his time.

The Hebrews, in their wars with their neighbors, considered themselves bound by hardly any of the rules of humanity which in these days prevail as axioms. On sundry neighboring nations they thought themselves commanded by the Almighty to exercise merciless cruelties: "to save nothing alive that breatheth;" to burn cities; to mutilate and murder captives; to spare neither men, women, nor children. Any exceptions to this bar-

¹ *De Jure Belli ac Pacis, Prolegomena*, par. 28.

barity were, as a rule, confined to populations which would consent to be enslaved.

Exhortations to cruelty are not only constant in the laws of Moses, but they ring loud and long through the Psalms and Prophecies. Yet here and there we see an evolution of a better view: out of this mass of savagery there was developed some regard for treaties and for the persons of ambassadors, and from time to time precepts and examples of mercy.

During the Hellenic period, germs of humanity had appeared. Among themselves, the Greek states observed truces and treaties, took pains at times to make war less barbarous, occasionally gave quarter, substituted slavery or ransom for the murder of prisoners, spared public monuments, respected the persons of heralds and ambassadors. Such, with exceptions many and cruel, was their rule among themselves; but in dealing with those who were not of Hellenic origin, their rule, in peace and war, was outrage and slaughter.

The Roman Republic, struggling constantly with tribes, nations, and races not bound to it by any recognized tie, acknowledged, as a rule, no claims of humanity. In conquering the world, it demanded none, and, as a rule, granted none.

Under the Roman Empire a better evolution was seen. The Roman feeling for system and order took shape in their municipal law, and this was extended largely and wisely over their conquests. Though it was really a law imposed by conquerors upon conquered, it came to have many characteristics of an international law between the subject states. Law to nations began to look much like a law of nations: the *jus gentium* came to be mistaken by many, then and later, for a *jus inter gentes*.

In the confusion which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, there was one survival to which the world seemed likely to turn at once, and this was the idea of an imperial power giving laws to the nations. The heirship of this power was naturally claimed by

the mediæval empire in northern Europe, based upon German characteristics but permeated by Roman ideas; and had the successors of Charlemagne proved worthy of him, there might have been imposed upon Europe a *pax Germanica* as strong and as durable as the *pax Romana* had been. But the German Empire, fallen to weaklings and broken into discordant states, lost more and more its power to enforce a mediating will upon Europe; and, though at the Reformation it still called itself "Holy" and "Roman" and an "Empire," it had become merely a single party in a great struggle of warring religions and policies.

But there had arisen another power which soon appeared even more likely to inherit the old Roman mission of enforcing peace and law throughout the world. For this mission the Papacy seemed to fulfill every requirement. Seated on the hills once occupied by the Cæsars, representing an unquestioned spiritual authority, it seemed, even more than the German Empire, fitted to impose upon Europe, and indeed upon all mankind, a true law of nations, or at least to establish a court before which the nations should appear.

Great pontiffs came, like the early Gregories and Leos and Innocents, who worthily proclaimed this high mission. The Church at large, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, was clearly ready to join in it, and at various centres throughout Europe the spirit of the blessed Founder of Christianity asserted itself in efforts to check the mediæval flood of cruelty in war. Most striking among these efforts was the "Truce of God" which condemned and largely prevented war at various sacred seasons and on certain days of the week. But, unfortunately, the central hierarchy began to show an alloy of human weakness which gradually deprived the Papacy forever of this splendid and beneficent function.

The first element in this alloy was the lust for a petty earthly dominion. There came the pretended "Donation of Con-

stantine," the false Decretals, the struggles with sword and pen to despoil this petty prince, to win that petty territory, to establish a petty temporal throne, in the shade of which grew luxuriantly and noxiously nepotism and scoundrelism.

A far more serious obstacle in the way of the Papacy to recognition as a mediator and moderator between states was its doctrine regarding dealings with unbelievers and misbelievers. For the fundamental doctrine which permeated theological thought and ecclesiastical action was condensed into the statement that "no faith is to be kept with heretics." Throughout the Middle Ages and afterward, this doctrine steadily undermined confidence in the Papacy as an international umpire. The burning of John Huss by the Emperor Sigismund at the behest of ecclesiastics, in violation of a solemn promise and safe conduct; the advice to Charles V to violate the safe conduct he had given Luther; and various similar cases, quietly had their effect. Memorable was the solemn declaration, just after the Reformation, made by the Bishop of Augsburg: "There can be no peace between Catholics and heretics; as well attempt to make agreements between light and darkness." Significant, too, in Grotius' own time, was the declaration of an eminent professor of theology at Mainz, the seat of the German Primate, that "a peace which permits men to be Catholic, Lutheran, or Calvinist is absolutely null, because it is contrary to the law of God." Even in 1629, four years after the appearance of Grotius' work, came a treatise, eminently approved by the older Church throughout Europe, which declared: "Any treaty between Catholics and heretics is originally void." Indicative of a recognized fact was the declaration of the Jesuit father, Ribadeneira: "If Catholics sometimes make agreements with Protestants, it is solely in order to gain time and to get forces together with which to overwhelm them."¹

¹ See citations in Laurent, *Histoire du Droit des Gens*, Paris, 1865, vol. x, p. 439.

But that which most fatally undermined the Papal position as a law-giving and moderating umpire in Europe was its assertion, loud and frequent, of its power to break treaties and annul oaths. The fundamental doctrine of the Church on this subject, which theologians had devised and which ecclesiastics had enforced, was laid down in the decretal which declared in express terms that "an oath contrary to the interests of the Church is void."²

What this meant was seen when Clement VI gave to the confessors of a French king power to give releases from various oaths and vows which it might be found "inconvenient to keep;" when Eugenius IV released Nicholas Piccino from his solemn agreement with Francis Sforza; when Julius II released Ferdinand of Spain from the oath sworn upon his treaty with Louis XII of France; and, above all, when the Papal absolution, and indeed persuasion, led Francis I of France to break his solemn oath and pledges to the Treaty of Madrid, and to renew the war which desolated France, Germany, and Spain. So fearful had this evil become in Grotius' own land and time, that William of Orange made a solemn protest against the annulling of oaths and treaties as "leaving nothing certain in the world."³

War to extermination thus became the only means of obtaining peace. This was the strictly logical basis of the decree of the Holy Inquisition which Philip II solemnly approved, condemning to death the entire population of the Netherlands. All treaties had thus become illusory.

Nor was there any possibility, after the Reformation, of a Protestant international tribunal. For the breaking of oaths was sanctioned also by the Reformed Church. Noteworthy was the case of the Count of Nassau, of the great Protestant

² For the Latin text of this decretal, see Laurent, as above, vol. x, p. 429, note.

³ For the Latin text of the permission to absolve from oaths which were found "inconvenient to keep," see Laurent, vol. x, p. 432, note.

house of Orange. He had sworn to a treaty tolerating the worship of his Catholic subjects, but the Calvinist theologians insisted that he must violate his oath on the ground that Catholics were idolaters. It is something, however, that William of Orange and Beza opposed this decision.¹

In another important respect, Protestant practices were less excusable than Catholic. The Roman authorities and all that obeyed them throughout Europe felt themselves, in all their cruelties, to be striving for the "salvation of souls." The Protestants had no such excuse. They waged war, not only against conscientious Catholics, who, as they thought, came under the Old Testament denunciation for idolatry, but also against their Protestant brethren who differed from them on merely metaphysical points not involving salvation. The only thing to be said in mitigation of Protestant intolerance is that, though more inexcusable than the intolerance of the older Church, it was less inexorable: for in the Protestant Church there was no dogma of infallibility which prevented an open modification or even reversal of any teachings which the evolution of humanity had gradually proved false and noxious.

But, despite this mitigation, the Protestants found, as they thought, a sure warrant for cruelties quite as great as any practiced by Catholics. Among all who broke away from Papal authority in the sixteenth century, there had come an especial appeal to the Jewish and Christian sacred books. They were read as never before. From the Protestant pulpit, whether Lutheran, Calvinist, or Anabaptist, constant appeals were made to them as final in the conduct of war. On both sides of the great controversy which had taken such fearful shape in the middle of the seventeenth century, but especially on the Protestant side, the minds of men

were devoted, not to seeking that peace which was breathed upon the world by the New Testament, but to finding warrant for war—and especially the methods of the Chosen People in waging war against unbelievers—in the Old Testament. Did any legislator or professor of law yield to feelings of humanity, he was sure to meet with protests based upon authority of Holy Scripture. Plunder and pillage were supported by reference to the divinely approved "spoiling of the Egyptians" by the Israelites. The right to massacre unresisting enemies was based upon the command of the Almighty to the Jews in the twentieth chapter of Deuteronomy. The indiscriminate slaughter of whole populations was justified by a reference to the divine command to slaughter the nations round about Israel. Torture and mutilation of enemies was sanctioned by the conduct of Samuel against Agag, of King David against the Philistines, of the men of Judah against Adoni-bezek. Even the slaughter of babes in arms was supported by a passage from the Psalms,—“Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.” Treachery and assassination were supported by a reference to the divinely approved Phinehas, Ehud, Judith, and Jael; murdering the ministers of unapproved religions, by Elijah’s slaughter of the priests of Baal.

But while the Germanic Empire and the Papacy had proved their unfitness to mediate between the nations of Christendom, and while the Reformation had shown itself utterly unable to diminish the horrors of war or to increase the incentives to peace, there had been developed some beginnings of an appeal to right reason.

The first of these were seen when plain merchants and shipmasters devised such maritime codes as the *Jugemens d'Oleron*, the *Consolato del Mare*, the *Laws of Wisby*, the *Customs of Amsterdam*, and others. Still more important, there had come, during the closing years of the Middle Ages and at the beginning of

¹ For the case of John of Nassau, see Groen van Prinsterer, *Archives de la Maison d'Orange*, t. vii, pp. 127 ff. For Beza's view, *ibid.* pp. 248–254. For William of Orange, *ibid.* p. 133, note.

the modern period, even more hopeful evidences of a growth of better thought. Men like Vittorio, Soto, Vasquez, and Suarez in Spain, Conrad Bruno in Germany, Ayala in the Netherlands, and, above all, Albericus Gentilis in England, were the main representatives of this evolution of mercy. But the voices of these men seemed immediately lost in the clamor and confusion of their time. And yet their efforts were not in vain.

"One accent of the Holy Ghost

The heedless world hath never lost."

It is beyond a doubt that the ideas of these men, no matter how imperfect and inadequate, were received into the mind of Grotius. He himself makes ample acknowledgment of this.

But, as the Renaissance progressed, the system developed in diplomacy, and war became more and more vile. The fundamental textbook was Machiavelli's *Prince*. Lying and treachery were the rule. Assassination by poison and dagger, as supplementary to war, was frequent. Catherine de Medici, Philip II, Alva, Des Adrets, Tilly, Wallenstein, were simply incarnations of the Machiavellian theories which ruled this period.

The treatment of non-combatants is perhaps the most fearful element in all this chaos. The unspeakable cruelties of the war in the Netherlands, spread along through more than half a century, the world knows by heart.

The Thirty Years' War in Germany was in many respects worse. Apart from a few main leaders, of whom Gustavus Adolphus was chief, the commanders on both sides prompted or permitted satanic cruelties. Ministers of religion were mutilated in every conceivable way before murder; the churches drenched in the blood of non-combatants and refugees; women treated with every form of indignity and cruelty; children hacked to pieces before their parents' eyes; the limbs of non-combatants nailed to the doors of churches; families tied together and burned as fagots; torture used to force revelations regarding buried treasure;

whole city populations put to the sword; people of great districts exterminated; those not exterminated by the sword swept off in vast numbers by pestilence and famine. At the taking of Magdeburg by Tilly, four years after the publication of Grotius' book, the whole city was burned, — only the cathedral and a few houses being left, — and from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants were massacred. Other captured cities were reduced to one fourth their original population; hundreds of towns disappeared from the map of the empire. During all that period men might cry, with the king's son in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, —

"Hell is empty,

And all the devils are here."

Two hundred and fifty years after the Treaty of Münster, Germany had not fully recovered the prosperity which she enjoyed before this war of thirty years.

Especially to be noted in Grotius' work are the sources from which he develops it. These are two. The first is the principle of natural morality, — the commands of justice written, as he claims, by God on the hearts and minds of men. These, he says, are to be ascertained by right reason, — by the powers of discernment which God has given; thus is obtained what he calls the "Law of Nature." His second source he finds in the institutions, or enactments, or ideas, which the nations or gifted men have agreed upon as right, necessary, or final; thus is obtained what he calls the "Law of Nations."

Difficulties and dangers, many and great, meet him at once. Frequently the elements obtained from these sources did not at all agree; — indeed, in some cases could not by any ordinary means be made to agree. There were struggles as regarded "Natural Law" with theologians who pointed triumphantly to texts of Scripture; there were conflicts as regarded the "Law of Nations" with jurists who showed that what he maintained was by no means what had been held "always, everywhere, and by all."

No man of less splendid powers, in-

tellectual and moral, could have grappled with such opponents and triumphed over such difficulties. His genius as a reasoner, his scholarship so vast in range, his memory bringing to him the best thoughts of the best thinkers in all literature, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, his skill in applying the doctrines of Roman jurisprudence, enabled him to develop out of these elements a system. But his main guide through all this labyrinth of difficulties was his own earnestness and unselfishness, his nobility of mind, heart, and soul. He fused together right and authority on every fundamental question, and with precious results.

Some of the elements he cast into his crucible were doubtful, and some of his reasoning faulty; yet, when all were submitted to the fervor of his love of justice, the result was always the same, — a new doctrine, clear and lustrous, a new treasure for humanity.

Take, for example, the fundamental question which met him at the outset, regarding the right of waging war. He declares that war is legitimate if just, and in answer to the question what is a just and proper motive for war, he allows simply one cause, — a sincere desire for justice. To those who confront him with the Sermon on the Mount, he answers that similar arguments can be drawn from the Gospels against civil and penal justice, and concludes that the doctrines alluded to were ideals and not intended for literal embodiment in actual law.¹

As another example of his method, take his dealing with the question of wars for religion. He gives many reasonings which are precious, but, with them, some which seem to us in these days fallacious and even dangerous. He allows, for example, with all men of his time, that war is lawful to avenge insults offered to God, and brings this into accord with his fundamental assertion as to the proper motive for war by arguing that since any nation which insults the Almighty endangers the very foundations upon which all nations

repose, the rights of all are violated, and war to maintain these rights is of course allowable.

The danger of this concession is evident, for who is to decide what constitutes an insult to God? In one country, men see such an insult in a neglect to kneel before the consecrated wafer; in another country they see it in disrespect to the sacred cattle; here, in eating flesh on Friday; there, in catching fish on Sunday. But to this concession Grotius adds deductions from natural law which, in connection with his previous statements, give a noble product, for he arrives at the conclusion that war against infidel nations or against heretics as such is unjust. He says, "Christianity consists of mysteries which cannot be established by material proof, and therefore nations cannot force them upon any man's conscience, or make disbelief in them, by any person, a crime." He reminds his readers that all cannot believe who would gladly believe, that belief comes by the grace of God; and if war against infidels cannot be justified, still less, he says, can we justify war against heretics who have separated themselves from the Church on merely secondary beliefs; and he cites the words of Christ, of St. Paul, of St. John, and various fathers and doctors of the Church, as disapproving forced conversions.²

A striking example of Grotius' method, both in its weakness and in its strength, is his discussion of the question how far war shall be extended as to methods and persons. This was a question of capital importance. In his time, the theory and practice of antiquity and the Middle Ages were in cruel force. A vast array of authorities, from the commands of Jehovah to the children of Israel down to the latest orders in the Thirty Years' War, were frightfully cruel. Not only might combatants who had laid down their arms be massacred, but non-combatants; and not only men, but women and chil-

¹ *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. ii, cap. i.

² *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. ii, cap. xx, par. 48-50.

dren. To the question — where is the limit to what is lawful and unlawful? — he answers: "The substance of the evil ought to be in proportion to the right sought and the culpability of the enemy refusing to grant the right." From this it is easy for any one to follow him to the conclusion that, in modern times, the criminality of the enemy can rarely, if ever, be so great as to warrant the massacre of prisoners, and never so great as to warrant such reprisals as the slaughter and outrage of innocent non-combatants.

That some of his concessions were dangerous was the fault of the age. Grotius could not, in the seventeenth century, have solved the questions at issue otherwise. Had he not paid every respect to the Old Testament authorities, he would not only have done violence to his own convictions, but would have insured the suppression of his book by both Catholics and Protestants as blasphemous. Yet, even in the midst of these concessions, he seeks to deduce from its best sources a Law of Nations distinct from the Law of Nature, yet combining with it. He brings a mass of arguments to bear against assassination, against dishonor and cruelty to women and children, against plunder, against the whole train of atrocities common in his time; and finds authority for his declaration after his usual method: by citing the ideas and practice of the noblest warriors and thinkers of all nations and periods, thus stimulating the leading warriors and statesmen of his time, of whatever creed or party, to admire and imitate the noblest examples. The Renaissance had not spent its force. It was a period when, as never since, statesmen and generals emulated the great men of antiquity, — and Grotius' method proved fruitful in clemency.¹

Among a vast number of difficult questions, comes up the limit of a conqueror's rights over the conquered. First, as to property, shall he reimburse himself by stripping individuals and reducing them to poverty, or by levying contributions on

the entire nation? Grotius concedes that the authorities warrant either of these methods, but his noble instincts again lift him to a height from which he discerns a solution, and he declares strongly in favor of the modern and more merciful system of levying contributions, not on individuals, but on the entire hostile nation.

Then the second part of the question comes up. What is the right of the conqueror as regards the persons vanquished? Here, too, his sane instincts have to meet terrible precedents, in both sacred and profane history, but he falls back on his argument that the penalty should be brought into proportion with the offense, preaches clemency and moderation, applies his method of ascertaining the Law of Nations from the noblest utterances and examples, and leaves in his reader the conviction that there are few, if any, offenses in modern times of a nature which can justify extreme retaliation upon individuals.

Such is an outline of a few of the main positions of Grotius in regard to some of the larger practical questions of that and after ages. That the solutions are at times inconclusive, especially in the domain of what he calls "Natural Law," is the fault partly of his age, in which it was vain to deny or combat authorities held sacred, and partly of sundry limitations in his own reasoning; but his work had, none the less, vast results. — the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* is the real foundation of the modern science of international law.

And here should be mentioned the most penetrating of all its doctrines.

For a question of more practical importance than any other arises, — the nature of the tribunal in case of an infringement by one nation of the rights of another. His answer has been fruitful in the past and is to bear still greater fruit in the future. In his usual way, he points first of all to authority, and quotes Cicero as follows: "There are two ways of ending a dispute, — discussion and force; the latter manner is simply that of

¹ *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. iii, cap. xii.

brute beasts, the former is proper to beings gifted with reason: it is permitted then to recur to violence only when reason is powerless." He then takes up various methods by which international questions may be settled without war, and from these he deduces naturally the idea of conferences and international arbitration. Here is the culmination of his services to mankind. Others, indeed, had proposed plans for the peaceful settlement of differences between nations, and the world remembers them with honor: to all of them — from Henry IV and Kant and St. Pierre and Penn and Bentham down to the humblest writer in favor of peace — we may well feel grateful; but the germ of arbitration was planted in modern thought when Grotius wrote these words: "But especially are Christian kings and states bound to try this way of avoiding war." Out of the arguments of which this is the solemn culmination has arisen the greatest hope of mankind in its dealings with international questions.¹

The whole work of Grotius has been often censured, and harshly. Some religionists have insisted that his use of reason unduly tempered the authority of Scripture; some anti-religionists, that he yielded unduly to Scripture; others have complained of the arrangement of the work, of its immense number of citations, of what they call its "pedantry;" and among these are Voltaire and Dugald Stewart. It must be confessed that, wonderful as the book is, its arrangement, style, and sequence of thought are at times vexatious. Yet these are but the defects of its qualities. In the midst of masses of learning which not infrequently cloud the main issue, and fine-spun arguments which seem to lead nowhither, there frequently comes a pithy statement, an illuminating argument, a cogent citation which lights up a whole chapter. It reminds an American of Emerson. Grotius has even more than Emerson's power of pithy citation, — a power which any one

¹ *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. ii, cap. xxiii, viii, 3.

who studies Pufendorf's clumsy efforts to imitate it will appreciate painfully. As to the charge based on the number of citations, nothing can be more unjust. It arises from a complete misapprehension of Grotius' method; the brilliant refutation of it by Sir James Mackintosh is convincing. These citations were in accordance with the fundamental plan of the work, which was to formulate the decisions of right reason by showing its action in countries most diverse in situation and history and among men most different in habits and opinions. Grotius' own statement is conclusive. He says: "In order to give proofs on questions respecting this Natural Law, I have made use of the testimonies of philosophers, historians, poets, and, finally, orators. Not that I regard these as judges from whose decision there is no appeal, for they are warped by their party, their argument, their cause, — but I quote them as witnesses whose conspiring testimony, proceeding from innumerable different times and places, must be referred to some universal cause which, in the questions with which we are here concerned, cannot be any other than a right deduction proceeding from the proofs of reason or some common consent. The former cause of agreement points to the Law of Nature, the latter, to the Law of Nations."²

It has been objected that Grotius made a concession fatal to humanity, in excusing slavery. Rousseau was especially severe upon him for this.

But, in the atmosphere of Grotius' discussions of slavery, an evolution of ideas destructive to all involuntary servitude was sure. Starting with the idea that slavery is the first step beyond the massacre of prisoners, he limits and modifies it in

² *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, *Prolegomena*, par. 40, Whewell's translation. For the admirable defense of this method by Sir James Mackintosh, see Pradier-Fodéré, French edition of Grotius' work, Paris, 1867, tome i, p. 39, note; also, Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, part iii, chap. iv, with Hallam's impressive assent to it.

ways which lead more and more clearly to its abolition. He constantly finds mitigations of the Law of Nations in the Law of Nature, and of the Law of Nature in the Law of Nations; he dissents from a theological argument that slaves have, by the Law of Nations, no right to escape; he limits the right of the master in administering punishment; he insists that the private acquisitions of a slave, by economy or donation, are his own; that his ransom should be moderate; that his children should be free save as they are held for debts due for sustenance during their minority. In behalf of justice and mercy, he cites Seneca, St. Paul, Clement of Alexandria, and many others, until he finally rises to a conception of human brotherhood in which the whole basis of slavery, and indeed its whole practice, is soon dissolved away.¹

Another of his conclusions which has repelled, and even angered, many critics is embodied in his statement that to save the state or the city an innocent citizen might be delivered into the hands of the enemy. But, when closely scrutinized, we find it an extreme statement due to his horror of war, — much like that attributed to Franklin, — that there could not be a good war or a bad peace. Grotius' statement was evidently based on a very high conception of the duty of the individual to the state, namely, that to save the state the individual should be ready to sacrifice himself, and that the state had a right to presume on this readiness.²

Another charge which has been made against him is that he committed himself virtually to the doctrine of a primitive contract and was thus a forerunner of Rousseau and Robespierre. This charge has been made in many forms and reit-

erated, even in our own time, by sundry countrymen of Grotius, in whose hearts there still linger the old sectarian hatreds.³

Nothing can be more superficial or unjust. The "social contract" theory was not invented by Rousseau; a long series of men had labored at it, and, among them, Hobbes and Locke, with enormously different results. Grotius' theory is entirely different from that of Rousseau, both in its essence and outcome. To Rousseau's mind, as to that of Robespierre, human beings in a "state of nature" were good, and the generality of mankind, when freed from the ideas and institutions of civilized society, would return as a whole to this native goodness. The most effective appeal of Rousseau's disciples was to the Parisian mob, — the same mob which had applauded the St. Bartholomew massacres, the same which applauded the September massacres and the cruelties of the Reign of Terror, and which adored *la sainte guillotine*; — the same which glorified Napoleonism, deifying the man who trampled on their earlier ideal and sent them to slaughter by myriads; — the same which upheld the Commune. On the other hand, while Grotius accepted the hypothesis which for so long a time proved so serviceable, namely, the idea of original human consent to law, his appeal was not to "man in a state of nature" or to a mob of men in a "state of nature," whether that mob tyrannized a village or an empire. As a student of classical antiquity, he knew that some of the worst of the Roman emperors had been adored by the people; as a student of modern history, he knew that Henry VIII of England had been one of the most popular of monarchs; from his every-day life he knew but too well that Philip II of Spain, the monarch under whom he was born, — narrow, blood-thirsty, brutal, — was yet considered, by

¹ For Grotius' discussion of slavery, see mainly the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. iii, cap. vii and xiv.

² See Hallam's wise remark, but especially the brief argument of Whewell in a note on his translation of Grotius' statement. *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, lib. ii, cap. xxv, 3, iii, 1 and 2, note.

³ For a very striking, and even painful, example of this prejudice in an eminent and otherwise excellent Netherlands historian, see Groen van Prinsterer, *Maurice et Barnevelt*, chap. xiii.

the vast majority of his subjects, as an exponent of the Divine Will; he knew that Barneveld, one of the strongest and noblest men Europe had ever seen, who had served the Netherlands faithfully in the most difficult of all emergencies at home and abroad for forty years, had against him the vast majority of the people of the Dutch Republic simply because he had dreaded absolutism and loved toleration; and could he have looked forward an hundred years, he would have seen two other great Netherlands statesmen, the De Witts, murdered by "the people" at The Hague, within a stone's throw of the spot where Barneveld had suffered. The real appeal of Grotius was not to "man in a state of nature," but to the sense of justice, humanity, righteousness, evolved under the reign of God in the hearts and minds of thinking men. His appeal was not to a "contract made in the primeval woods," but to the hearts, minds, and souls of men, developed under Christian civilization.

Grotius' appeal was not to a mob; it was not, indeed, to the average man of the mob at any period; it was to the thinking man, whether educated or uneducated, whether Protestant or Catholic, whether Lutheran or Calvinist, whether Gomarist or Arminian. One feature of Grotius' great inspiration was his faith that there were such men, and that an appeal to them might be of use to the world. The result of Rousseau's idea was seen in the excesses of the French Revolution which led to new deluges of bloodshed, both during the Revolution and the reaction which followed it; the result of Grotius' theory was seen in the beginning of a new era of mercy to mankind, an era in which wars became infinitely less cruel both to combatants and non-combatants.¹

¹ The translation of Whewell of the words *ex consensu obligatio* in the *Prolegom.* xvi, by the words "obligation by mutual compact" seems somewhat likely to mislead. Pradier-Fodéré's translation runs "l'obligation que l'on s'est imposée par son propre consentement," and this does not seem so suggestive of the Rousseau "contract" theory.

But the good results of Grotius' book were at first veiled. Except Gustavus Adolphus and Richelieu, no commander of that time seems to have read it. In France, its influence seems manifest in the mercy shown to the Huguenots after the siege of La Rochelle, but in Germany the 'Thirty Years' War dragged on more and more cruelly for over twenty years after its publication. Commanders on both sides, Protestant and Catholic, seemed to become more and more merciless. Arson, bloodshed, torture, and murder became more and more the rule. But at the close of the war, as we have seen, in the Treaty of Westphalia, some of the fundamental ideas of Grotius had evidently taken hold of the plenipotentiaries at Osnabrück and Münster, and were wrought into their work.

During the fifty years which followed that great treaty, the book, thanks to disciples like Pufendorf and Thomasius, became more and more known; but at first there was little to show that its ideas had taken practical hold on Europe. Louis XIV, in his policy at home and in his wars abroad, showed little trace of Grotius' ideas on either toleration or peace: *le Grand Monarque*, under the inspiration of his bishops and his confessor, did his worst in revoking the Edict of Nantes and in laying waste the Palatinate; but in spite of his cold-blooded cruelty there was a steady diminution in military ferocity.

Early in the first days of the eighteenth century came the great War of the Spanish Succession, spreading over much of the same German and Dutch territory which had suffered during the Thirty Years' War; but a great change was now evident. Instead of leaders like Mansfeld, Wallenstein, Christian of Brunswick, and

For Rousseau's theory and the better character of Montesquieu's view, see Pollock, *Introduction to a History of the Science of Politics*, page 81. For Rousseau's hostility to Grotius' ideas, see *Le Contrat Social*, especially the opening chapters. For Rousseau's minute description of the process and results of forming the "social contract," *ibid.* chap. vii.

so many others, who had led in the old indiscriminate pillage and arson and murder and preying upon the enemy's country, there now came Marlborough, Eugene, Villars, and other commanders on both sides, who, as a rule, repressed pillage, murder, and arson, paid for supplies taken from the inhabitants, levied their contributions upon governments and not upon individuals, cared for their prisoners, were merciful to non-combatants, and in every way indicated an immense progress in mercy and justice. Here and there, it is true that, in spite of all that commanders could do, cruelties took place, as in the devastation of Bavaria in 1704; but, as a rule, the ideas advocated by Grotius had begun to take strong hold upon the world's best thought.

We must now return to Grotius' personal history and to his fruitful labor in another great field of humanitarian effort.

Until 1631, he remained in Paris, greatly honored, yet often suffering from poverty. The pension granted him by Louis XIII was rather honorable than useful; it was rarely paid.

Interwoven throughout all his efforts for peace and mercy was his continuous labor for toleration. A great publicist has said that "intolerance was then the common law of Europe." More than any of his contemporaries, Grotius wrought to undermine it. Neither triumphs nor sufferings abated his steady labor. Treatises philosophical and historical, translations and commentaries in which the first rank in the scholarship of his time was reached, came constantly from his pen; but his great work during this period was one which he had begun during his imprisonment at the Castle of Loevestein,—his *Truth of Christianity*. Though in advance of his time, its success was enormous. Five times it was translated from the original Latin into French, three times into German, and beside this, into English, Swedish, Danish, Flemish, Greek, Chinese, Malay, Persian, and Arabic. Its ideas spread widely among

European Christians of every name, Catholic and Protestant, Arminian and Calvinistic, Lutheran and Anglican. The reason was simple. It was a Christian book, but not sectarian. It was written with full belief in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, but with slight regard for the questions which divided Christians. At first it succeeded, but at last came the inevitable outcry. Narrow men on either side insisted that the book was not sufficiently "positive." Bigoted Protestants began to express hatred of it because it was not more "positive" in showing the weakness of Catholicism; bigoted Catholics because it was not more "positive" in showing the weakness of Protestantism; bigoted Lutherans because it was not more "positive" in argument against Calvinism; bigoted Calvinists because it was not more "positive" in its denunciation of Lutheranism.

All insisted that Grotius neglected many of the great doctrinal statements developed by theologians. On the fact that Grotius adopted the simple teaching of the Founder of Christianity were based the strongest charges against him. Voetius, an especially bitter foe, in answer to Grotius' assertions of Christian truth declared that "to place the principal part of religion in the observance of Christ's commands is rank Socinianism." This book, too, was put upon the Index at Rome, and its use discouraged by various eminent Protestant authorities. Still, it was effective. Its plan of defense has long since been abandoned; the work begun by Erasmus has brought the world beyond it. Biblical criticism was then in its infancy, and the growth of it has made necessary different methods and new statements; but Grotius' book on the Christian religion does its author none the less honor. None the less, too, has the book been a blessing to mankind in calling the attention of the Christian world to religious realities and away from theological subtleties. In this, as in all his writings, Grotius struggled as a peacemaker, and in his dedication to King Louis XIII, he

especially pleads for toleration. In one of his letters to his brother, he says, "I shall never cease to do my utmost for establishing peace among Christians, and if I do not succeed it will be honorable to die in such an enterprise." And again, "If there were no hopes of success at present, ought we not to sow the seed which may be useful for posterity?" And again, "Even if we should only diminish the mutual hatred among Christians, would not this be worth purchasing at the price of some labor and reproach?"¹

In 1631, Maurice of Orange having died five or six years before, and his successor, Prince Henry, seeming inclined to lenity, Grotius endeavored to return to Holland. But his reception was disappointing, — at first merely chilly; but ere long the bigots of the day bestirred themselves, and in March, 1632, to such purpose that the States-General offered a reward of two thousand guilders to any one who should deliver him up to them; and again he became an exile. His first place of refuge was Hamburg, and there, giving himself to literary work, he waited again for the return of reason among his countrymen. Flattering offers were now made him by the King of Denmark, by Spain, and even by Wallenstein, who was the real dictator of Germany. But all these he refused. He still looked lovingly toward the little Dutch Republic; and it was only after two years of weary waiting that he gave up that hope and entered the service of Sweden.

The invitation to this service was honorable both in its character and its source. Gustavus Adolphus had died at Lützen, but he had left a request that Grotius be secured for his kingdom; his great chancellor, Oxenstiern, bore this in mind, and in 1635 sent Grotius as Swedish Ambassador to Paris. The position was important, for Sweden was then one of the great militant powers of Europe; but the task of the new ambassador soon became trying. Though the French government

were at heart almost as jealous of Sweden as of Austria, he was expected to keep France and Sweden active allies against Austria; and in the Thirty Years' War, the government of his native country, from both public and private reasons, endeavored to thwart him. In all the more important part of his mission, Grotius succeeded well; in the lesser parts he was not so happy. There were questions of etiquette and form; Richelieu must be flattered; various parties must be petted or bribed; and for such work he was ill fitted: it is related that, while waiting in the ante-rooms at Court, instead of chattering nonsense, he whiled away his time by reading the Greek Testament.

During this final stay in Paris he employed his leisure in various works, among them an investigation as to the origin of the American tribes and an exegetical work upon the Bible; but though this latter showed good scholarship, its significance in modern criticism is small. He did, indeed, declare his conviction that sundry prophecies in the Old Testament, generally supposed to refer to the coming of the Messiah, had reference to events accomplished before that event, and this brought upon him much obloquy; but among the best religionists of all nations, his work was useful. At this time, too, he wrote his history of the Netherlands, and from it one of his best traits shines forth brightly: he was called, as historian, to discuss the character and services of Maurice of Orange; Maurice had unjustly deprived him of home, property, and freedom, and sought to deprive him of life; — but Grotius points out none the less fully his services as a commander and patriot; not a trace of ill will appears in any of his judgments.

The Swedish government showed, ere long, not unnaturally, the belief that one who did so much literary work could hardly do the political work required in such stirring times; his personal relations to Richelieu and Mazarin had become irksome to him; and, in 1645, he resigned his ambassadorship and returned, first

¹ See *Epist.* 494, 1706, 736, 396, cited by Bütler.

to Holland where, at last, he was more kindly received. Thence he went to Sweden, took formal leave of Queen Christina, and started upon his return voyage, hoping to pass the remainder of his life in his native country. But it was not so to be. The ship was thrown by a heavy sea upon the Pomeranian coast, and Grotius, having after great suffering reached Rostock, lay down to die.

The simple recital of the Lutheran pastor, Quistorp, who was with him in his last moments, touches the deep places of the human heart. The pastor made no effort to wrestle with the dying scholar and statesman, but simply read to him the parable of the Pharisee and the publican, ending with the words, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." And the dying man answered, "I am that publican."

On the 28th of August, 1645, he breathed his last. It had not been given to him to see any apparent result of his great gift to mankind. From his childhood to his last conscious moments, he had known nothing but war, bigoted, cruel, revengeful, extending on all sides about him. The Peace of Westphalia, which was to be so largely influenced by him, was not signed until three years after his death. One may hope that the faith which led him to write the book gave him power to divine some of its results.

His first burial-place was at Rostock near the German coast, and there, before the high altar of its great church to-day, is sacredly preserved, as an honor to Germany, the tomb in which his body was temporarily enshrined.

But his wish had been to rest in his native soil, and, after a time, his remains were conveyed to the Netherlands. It is hard to believe, and yet it is recorded, that as his coffin was borne through the city of Rotterdam, stones were thrown at it by the bigoted mob: finally, it was laid in a crypt beneath the great church of Delft, his birthplace.

Few monuments are more suggestive

to the thinking traveler than that ancient edifice. There lie the bones of men who took the lead in saving the Dutch Republic and civil liberty from the bigotry of Spain. Above all, in the apse, towers the canopied tomb of William the Silent, — sculptured marble and molten bronze showing forth the majesty of his purpose and the gratitude of his people. Hard by, in a quiet side aisle, is the modest tomb of Grotius, its inscription simple and touching. Each of these two great men was a leader in the service of liberty and justice; each died a martyr to unreason. Both are risen from the dead, and live evermore in modern liberty, civil and religious, in modern law fatal to tyranny, in modern institutions destructive to intolerance, and, above all, in the heart and mind of every man who worthily undertakes to serve the nobler purposes of his country or the larger interests of his race.

Thrice during the latter half of the century just closed did the world pay homage at this shrine. The first occasion was on April 10, 1883, — the three hundredth anniversary of Grotius' birth, when the people of the Netherlands honored themselves and mankind by a due celebration of it. The second act of homage took place three years later, on the erection of the bronze statue to his memory in front of the church where he lies buried. Not only the Netherlands, but the world's whole civilization, was there represented. Most worthily did the eminent Minister of the Netherlands, Mr. de Beaufort, dwell on the services thus commemorated, and the vast audience showed that the country at last recognized its great servant. Yet there came one note of discord. A touching feature in the tribute was the singing of simple hymns by a great chorus of school-children; but this chorus a section of the more determined adherents of the old rigid Calvinist orthodoxy refused to allow their children to join: one of their representatives, indeed, declared that the statue was fitly placed, since its back was turned to the Church; to this it was rejoined that

the statue was indeed fitly placed, since its face was turned toward Justice. The allusion was to the fact that the monument faced the Palace of Justice and the effigy of Justice adorning it.

The third of these recognitions was on the Fourth of July, 1899. On that day, the American delegation to the Peace Conference of The Hague celebrated the anniversary of American independence by placing, in behalf of the government of the United States which had especially authorized and directed it, a wreath of silver and gold with appropriate inscriptions on the tomb of Grotius. The audience filling the vast church comprised not only the ambassadors and other delegates to the conference, but the ministers of the Dutch Crown, professors from the various universities of the Netherlands, and a great body of invited guests from all parts of the world. A letter from the King of Sweden and Norway, expressing the gratitude of the power which Grotius had so faithfully served, and the utterances of the Netherlands ministers and of the American delegation presented the claims of Grotius to remembrance; the music of the chimes, of the great organ, and of the royal choir rolled majestically under the arches of the vast edifice: all in tribute to him who, first

among men, had uttered clearly and strongly that call to arbitration which the conference at The Hague was then making real.

And it may well be hoped that within the first decade of the twentieth century there will come yet another recognition. By the gift of an American citizen, provision has been made for a palace of international justice in which the Court of Arbitration created by the Hague Conference may hold its sessions. Thanks to the munificence of that gift, the world has a right to expect that this temple of peace will be worthy of its high purpose: its dome a fitting outward and visible sign to all peoples that at last there is a solution of international questions other than by plunder and bloodshed; its corridors ennobled by the statues, busts, and medallions of those who have opened this path to peace; its walls pictured with the main events in this evolution of Humanity. But among these memorials, one monument should stand supreme,—the statue of Grotius. And in his hand may well be held forth to the world his great book, opened at that inspired appeal in behalf of international arbitration:—

“*Maxime autem Christiani reges et civitates tenentur hanc inire viam ad arma vitanda.*”

ETHICS OF THE STREET

A PROTEST

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad, I am fain to remark, not how many poor I see, for in that respect the cities of the United States do not appear unduly freighted, but rather how many and how potent are the street influences that tend to pauperize the soul.

The school, the home; on these two foundations, we constantly are told, the welfare of this great republic rests; and that the assertion is far from being so much barren rhetoric is amply proved by the enormous sums spent on public education to a luxurious degree, and by the pure ideal of domesticity to which the private lives of candidates for high office at the people's hands are required to testify. Many and admirable, also, are the schemes of public and private enterprise that seek to carry humanizing influences into the crowded tenement, bridging so far as they may the gap between the standards of the classroom and the illiterate or alien homes in which such vast numbers of the commonwealth's school-children dwell. But there remains still a third factor to be reckoned with; a middle ground in the child's life; one which has yet to be fully recognized for its true value in the formation of character, the moulding of citizens. The larger education of mankind comes from contact with the world,—and the world, for city children, is the street.

Let us take a walk abroad with eyes not introspectively turned upon our own personal concerns, nor dulled to our objective surroundings by accustomedness, but open and sensitively alert to note in what fashion we are serving the ends of enlightenment in respect to the gods we set up in the marketplace, the influences we invoke or suffer to preside over the

thoroughfares our children traverse passing to and from their school, the pictures and legends with which we are wallpapering and adorning this their larger nursery, their unrestricted playground, their outdoor home, the street.

The hoardings are gay with advertisements, many of them no mean examples of decorative art, and all expressly contrived to arrest attention, catch the fancy, and fix the memory with phrase and symbol that shall create a want, or arouse desire for some commodity. Take any random mile of such devices, and then with closed eyes try to recall the general impression produced by their illustrated messages. You will find the average result to be a series of statements persuasive, authoritative: that it is a grinding necessity and a good thing to spend one's substance on whiskey, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, chewing-tobacco, chewing-gum, corsets, liqueurs, soap, whiskey, cigars, washing-powder, tooth powder, face powder, tobacco, whiskey, gas stoves, corsets, transportation, whiskey, clothes, cigars, whiskey, patent medicines, champagne, comic opera, pills, breakfast food, whiskey, tobacco, condensed-milk-or-rural-drama-impossible-to-distinguish-which, hats, whiskey, cigars, folding-beds, artificial limbs, corsets, other things, whiskey, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, tobacco, cigarettes, cigars, and whiskey!

Whiskey and cigars, excellent things both, are they in moderation. It is the undue excess of space allotted them in the commercial exposition of the highways that renders them a baneful influence; the hideous disproportion to the needs of life in which we allow their virtues to be blazoned on the city walls.

And the blazonry! . . . See these rows on rows of besotted-looking creatures depicted in the act of mixing, proffering, drinking, with an air of specious bonhomie designed to foster the corrupting notion that in reciprocity of tipples lies good-fellowship; these rows on rows of indecently clad women recommending some bottled or capsuled remedy for the effects of a debauch!

Breakfast foods; these at least are innocuous, you say, in their bid for notoriety. Not invariably so. Whenever a foodstuff makes a merit of its theft of nature's honest industries by announcing itself as predigested, it stands a self-convicted sinner against the natural moralities.

To the thinking adult these representations are only so much advertisement, to be deprecated from an æsthetic standpoint, but no eyesore to the blunted ethical vision. But how is the child of the street to discriminate between legitimate municipal decoration and the labels of private enterprise? To him these illustrated statements stand for mental furnishings, impressions of life, ranking in authority with the inscription on the monument, the statue of the patriot, the map and motto on his classroom walls, the text and banner of his Sunday-school, and chaining his remembrance with a hundredfold the distinctness and allure of these because of the appeal they make to his playful fancy, the intimate colloquial note they strike.

It is the positive thing that counts with a child. Innumerable repetitions of stern Don'ts cannot equal in compelling power one delusively attractive Do. Of what avail, then, for the city in school hours to lay down the principles of physiology with their ominous burden of inhibition, when at every turn the city's walls gain-say such teachings in rainbow colors, in optimistic phrase? How vital an impression does it produce upon a girl to tell her that tight lacing is injurious, while misshapen forms are presented as objects of fashionable elegance for her emulation

during recreation hours? Of what use is it to warn the boy that nicotine and alcohol are bad for him, so long as the city covers the walls of his great playground with dazzling invitations to smoke and drink, at the same time jocosely assuring him that all possible unpleasant consequences will be pleasantly averted by the action of a candy bolus while he sleeps?

Put up in the marketplace some exquisite example of the sculptor's craft in classic nudity, and with what sweeping denunciations of the immorality of art does the welkin ring! What a storm of outraged protest is aroused by any humanitarian movement that, by taking into consideration the social need which the saloon supplies, endeavors to give a poor man's thirst due dignity and measure! But blind are these censors, single and incorporate, to the shameful fact staring us forever in the face, that lessons are being inculcated into the city's children daily, after the most approved pedagogic methods, pictorially, and by endlessly varied iterations of one theme — lessons in intemperance and immodesty — by the unlicensed proclamations on the city walls!

A small boy acting in the same theatrical company with his mother, not long since, was haled to court, examined, remanded, committed, because he was found to be under certificated years. The mother, poor soul! had lied about his age because her earnings alone would not suffice to support the two; besides, to have her child traveling with her is all the home a wandering actress may call her own; and to the child this filial-maternal comradeship and working partnership is infinitely more a home than any of the host of institutions passing by the name. However, to keep the law the lad must now be committed to some such organization, or become a charge on unwilling relatives for the period of his scholastic liability, till at sixteen he will be turned loose, practically orphaned, to drift, if he so elect, back to the stage. At eleven, under his mother's wing, tutored in the crude but definite morality of the melo-

drama, there was nothing harmful in the child's breadwinning connection with the theatre. He is far more likely to be endangered by it at sixteen, but of that human aspect of the case the law takes no cognizance. Neither does it concern itself with the fact that the most degrading feature of the playhouse, the poster of so-called comic opera and farce, with its ever recurrent variation on the motif of marital duplicity, the elderly fool in evening dress wantoning with high kickers of the ballet, is offered year in and out for the contemplation of the city children in the street! I doubt if one child in thousands ever came to moral shipwreck by being on and of the real stage. Can it be doubted that thousands are being coarsened, if not corrupted, all the time by the pictures on the walls?

Clean streets in the maintenance of whose cleanliness the children are enlisted as allies may be counted as one of the saving graces of the day. But here also cities are not free from blame in their ethical responsibility. The exposure of dead animals to the public gaze is a shameful thing. To the children it is a coarsening influence that the household pet is suffered to become a thing of opprobrium in the gutter. Civilization demands that even for the dumb animal there shall be dignity and decency in death.

The press always should be, and more often is than not, friend of the children, the poor, the weak. Yet has the press a few sins to answer for in its relation to the morals of these wards of the commonwealth. We find ourselves in a populous district, though a far from poor one. We come upon a knot of small girls, seated at an improvised table on which are displayed pin-wheels and paper dolls for sale. The proceeds, they proudly inform us, are destined to swell such-and-such a paper's Fresh-Air Fund. How sweet and touching that sounds: children working that less fortunate children may enjoy! But as we further chat with them we discover that Fresh-Air Fund is as empty a

term to them as Borrioboola-Gha. All they know about it is that a reporter-gentleman has promised that the one who hands him the largest contribution shall have her picture in the paper! Next day we buy that paper, and there, sure enough, is the portrait of the most forth-putting little saleswoman, accompanied with a letter that does great credit to the inventiveness of the reporter-gentleman, positively lisping the joy the little heroine feels in aiding the sick babes of this noble charity! A love of cheap notoriety is one of the most pernicious teachings of the street.

Still further downtown we encounter a party of young men and women preparing to board an Atlantic liner. The aggressively vulgar quality of their good humor astounds us when we are told that they are school-teachers. Astonishment, however, is modified on learning these to be winners of a newspaper contest that bestows a vacation in Europe on the ten most popular educators of a certain district; this spurious popularity being purchased by the suffrages of their pupils on newspaper coupons. Clearly not the most popular, but the least particular, members of their calling are they; but what can be said of the authorities who allow the dignity of the whole corps to suffer by the misrepresentation of a thoughtless few! The day has gone by when education was supposed to be vested in a prig claiming omniscience with a ferule, and teachers are permitted to be human, even during school hours; but, so long as in their capacity of educators they lend themselves to advertisement, they aim a mortal blow at the ethics of the street.

In a public park we fall in with a bright-faced company of shopgirls eagerly devouring an extra which contains news of one of their associates. The heading reads, "Love Laughs at Locksmiths. Cupid defies Cruelty. Pretty Miss outwits Stern Parents and goes off with the Man of her Heart!"

The facts of the incident happen to be known to one of us. The girl was not pretty, — though, for that matter, she

might have been. She was an anæmic weakling, lacking even the fresh-skinned comeliness of youth. The cruelty of her parents, worthy souls, consisted in their loving efforts to cure her of her infatuation for a middle-aged man who had been turned out of a reputable profession and divorced by a good wife. But the press with jaunty unmorality gave the crooked situation the twist that made it read like spirited romance, with the effect — so great the power of the printed word! — that at the moment any one of those decent girls would have leapt with even a bad bargain of a man for the pleasure of seeing herself described as Dashing Brunette or Dainty Blonde in print!

"Pretty Stenographer corrals Another Woman's Husband!" Naturally the woman that steals another woman's man may be expected to possess some weapon of added beauty, or superior attraction, of one sort or another. This, however, is not going to save her from miserable consequences in the long run. But of that ephemeral literature takes no heed; and so long as with flattering emphasis it urges such possession as condonation for error, it simply makes the first step of the easy descent still easier for the children of the street.

These children are not ignorant. A bald statement of the facts of life cannot harm them, for in one form or another they know all there is to tell. It is the meretricious coloring imparted to these facts that counts for ill; the suppressions that ignore violated faith, make light of legitimate ties; the perversions employed at all costs to get a hurrah headline for a domestic tragedy.

We fear the judgment of the man in the street, not because we cannot rely on his solid understanding, but because we have learned to rate that understanding indi-

vidually low. We tremble lest collectively his inflammable passions should be roused, knowing well that the brute in him will demand a victim before law and order may resume their sway. We grieve over the fallacies with which we see him clog his own progress, delaying by centuries the day when the mighty truth shall prevail in his life. But do we sufficiently assume our share of responsibility for him when we thus grossly overlook the fact that the child in the street is the father of the man in the street with all our sins of omission and commission on his head?

A day will come when the commonwealth will realize that the character of its citizens is its valuable commercial asset, and that the mural areas of the highways are too precious to the nation's higher life to be given over to the exploitation of merchandise. Advertising will then be relegated to an urban supplement, as in magazines, and a high restricting license fee will be charged, not only to those who sell liquor, but also to those who advertise that and all other articles in which mankind is tempted to injurious excess, while the city walls will be preserved to suggest great thoughts, commemorate good deeds, and announce the latest inventions destined to benefit mankind.

That of course will be Utopia, — but, after all, why not Utopia? Meanwhile public sentiment can be up and doing. Nowadays it is a common occurrence to see a frail woman standing in the road, compelling a burly truck-driver to relieve his overladen cattle, or causing some poor chafed and goaded beast to be unharnessed and mercifully cared for. Schools, libraries, and settlements, fresh-air funds, and private charities, all are doing vital work along the lines of neighborliness. Let us hope, then, for a speedy betterment of the influences of the street.

THURSTON

BY MAY HARRIS

MISS DENBIGH and Driscoll were on the lake for the first time since Driscoll's return. They had been rather silent, as is permissible with old friends; and after miles of the placid water, their boat was turned toward the shore and its background of brilliant sunset.

It was then that Driscoll mentioned Thurston, and the drifting peace lost its soothing quality to Miss Denbigh. She felt herself thrown back into the old unrest, the old question. She had never, as the phrase is, gotten over Thurston's death. The fact stung with a fresh sense of explicit loss every time she heard his name. She had to hear it often during the summer following his death, for the people about her were all friends of Thurston's, and the topic revived frequently, — some fresh incident, some illuminating memory, like fresh stones on a memorial cairn.

Just the summer before, he had been one of the gay little colony, — the best oarsman, the best golfer, — what was it he had not been best in! Knowing him had been the wine and joy of life, and had colored what had grown to be Miss Denbigh's indifference, to a beautiful expectation. And then suddenly she had lost it. One day he was with them; the next gone to South Africa as war correspondent, to take the place of a man coming home on account of ill health. She had been away the day his telegram had come, so there had been no opportunity to say good-by. If he had come to say it, she had felt she utterly knew he would have said other things as well. And it was of those unspoken things she had thought during the past months, — treasuring the vision of what it would have meant to her as happier women would have done an assured reality. Perhaps she had treasured it more; for what dream ever comes ideally true, without losing the exquisite halo

that glorified it to the far-off eye? That it had been merely potential made it seem, in the analysis of some of her moods, more surely hers, — put it outside the shadow of defeat.

Whenever she recalled him, some special grace, some finer significance, seemed to accrue to his every act in regard to herself. She had to define and consider the difference carefully, for he had been — it was one of his charms, and she had fully understood — all things to all people. His deference and chivalry to women had made other men seem awkward and careless in comparison; and yet, with other men, his courtesy and good-fellowship had offered their irresistible and never disallowed appeal. Even her father, who was an invalid and capricious, had appreciated Thurston's camaraderie, and she had felt that to him Thurston's lack of fortune would never have appeared as an obstacle. To Miss Denbigh it had appeared of a fortunate fate that she would have been able to supply the complement of wealth. But beyond this the thought of her money had always been outside the question, — something she had known need never trouble her. For Thurston's strong, fine personality had rebutted the idea of sordid motives, — lifted itself free from such criticism like the splendid growth of a forest tree. His assurance had been of a modesty that defied the implication of conceit, — merely the surety and sense of well-being that seem to belong to the "man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." His mind, to Miss Denbigh's recollection, had been quick with the apprehension of beautiful things, and she had felt it a perversion of the natural order of life that the line of his work should have opposed so completely the trend of his characteristics.

He had been all things to all people, — yes; but to her he had been, past all doubt in her mind, himself. How many times she had recalled the long, lazy afternoons drifting across the lake with Thurston at the oars; the sunset on the ripples, on Thurston's curling hair. Their talk had sounded so many depths, had cast anchor in so many fair harbors of mutual likes, that their companionship had seemed to progress to an intimacy beyond the casual acquaintance of a few summer weeks. She had begun to be tired of the changeless round of her life, — a life that had swept for twenty-six years in the same orbit, with the same pleasures, the same social duties, the same people. It had begun, in spite of the popularity her beauty and her father's money gave her, to bore and exhaust; to open up perspectives that were only repetitions of the same commonplace conditions.

When Thurston came into her life, the perspective had changed and become of definite value. She had felt he would hesitate because he had so little, comparatively, to offer; and that he had never, after all, spoken, would have left the question always open to many women. But Miss Denbigh, in the poignant remembrance of the early months after his death, had never doubted. Even that he had never written had made no difference; he had meant to come back; and if he had, she felt it would have been to her.

This feeling of possession had grown into a cherished holding that comforted her grief and made her strong to bear the loss she had no right to mourn openly.

And then, suddenly, she was called on to take Thurston from the inner niches she had given him, and to realize that what he had seemed to her had been of the same fascination to other women; construed by them, as by her, to mean the thing desired. The shock of knowing this had come, six months after Thurston's death, from an unexpected source. The girl was a cousin of her own who had spent part of the past summer with her, and she closed a letter refusing another

invitation of Miss Denbigh's with the comprehensive paragraph: —

"And you, of all others, dear Margaret, ought to understand why I cannot go to you. You, who saw us together that summer, must have guessed the way we felt to each other. Shall I ever forget it — that summer! *I can't!* I can see him now, — the way he smiled, the meaning he could put into the simplest things. He did n't have to *speak*, — you felt it. If he had n't been called away, I know we would have been engaged. I should have had the *right* to grieve for him without hiding it. I speak of it to you, for I think you guessed it when he was here. *When he was here!*"

Miss Denbigh did not fail to recognize, in the midst of the recoil she instinctively felt from this confidence, the tragi-comic replica of her own feelings. She shivered away from the crudity of it, — from her own emotion as seen in another person.

And then there was Thurston! It left him in the balance, — a question to be debated. Had he meant to be misunderstood? Had all the beautiful meanings she had found in their intercourse been due only to his most perfect art of flirtation? She thought of the girl who had written to her; if he could inspire a girl like that! a schoolgirl, sentimental, silly, — what had he himself been? a poor hero for any woman's candles of constancy! rather a stalking-horse for other people's emotions of romance, — behind which he had, perhaps, enjoyed it all. But turning away from his image was not easy, now that it was no longer an entity and of a possible explanation. He had gained the dignity of a remembrance, and the illusion had almost the fixity of a memorial tablet. It had become, as it were, the inscription of an urn to which no one had prescriptive rights, and the loss Thurston sustained in this elision of ownership was of a significance she could only measure by the defeat it gave her own personality. The praise she heard whenever he was spoken of began to reverberate a little strangely, as from alien shores.

The summer dragged. The many repetitions of the summer before offered the comparison in so many phases of the lost pleasure of Thurston's companionship — what it had meant to her. The completion of her indolent, analytic temperament offered by the vigorous individuality of his, had stimulated, encouraged. In the drop back she had felt the need of him doubly, and the reprisal of her criticism had recoiled upon herself. The time was pricked with disillusion and processional with disappointments, and Driscoll's return from South Africa, where he had gone with Thurston, again gave the impetus to the analysis of Thurston that so morbidly lingered.

She had known Driscoll sufficiently well to be relatively glad of his return. His mother's cottage was next door, and he had been by way of making love to her through several indolent seasons. His resumption of what had grown to seem an attitude of provisional privilege was faintly irritating to Miss Denbigh. But this attitude had a certain difference that made itself felt, — a seriousness that was on the edge of intention. She kept it there with her effortless and ever so slightly critical acceptance of friendliness, — a response always so uncharged with sentiment that Driscoll perpetually hesitated in its cooling atmosphere.

"You've never asked me of Thurston;" he broke the silence that had held since his last speech and, idle at the oars, let the commonplace go without emphasis.

Miss Denbigh waited. "The others have," she said at last.

"A great deal," he acknowledged. "They devoured me ravenously. But you — you have n't asked a single question." With a little hesitancy he advanced his clause, "I wish you had."

"Had" —

"Wanted to know."

"Why?"

"Because I would have understood then that you did n't — except reasonably — care."

"Mr. Driscoll" —

"Wait! — just one moment! ask yourself why I should have pieced this out! You *know*, don't you?"

Leaning forward he looked straight at her, and against her will the color rose in her face.

"You mean" — she said uncertainly, and then looked away, a little angry with herself that the tone of Driscoll's voice should be able to rout the cool indifference of her manner. If her mind had not been filled with the thought of Thurston, she could have avoided — as she had done many times with other men — the stress of what was coming.

"I mean," Driscoll explained quietly, "that I only found out how much I loved you when I saw you cared for Thurston."

The boat, in the rich twilight, drifted a few moments in complete silence. Miss Denbigh broke it.

"Your — confession" — she smiled with a slight bitterness — "implies one on my part."

"No!" he interrupted gently, "it does n't, for *you* don't love me."

Miss Denbigh felt another warm wave of color in her face, but Driscoll missed it; he was looking absently toward the shore. The quick anger of her face changed — clarified to frankness.

"No," she said at last, "I don't love you. I could say that you had no right to know anything else. But I can be honest! I *did* like him, — but I am ashamed of it; for he never cared for me, — not in the least! I was simply one of the many women he was 'nice' to, and who — misunderstood."

Her beautiful eyes met his truthfully. Her face was a little pale; the line of her lips severe.

Driscoll looked away quickly. "Thank you," he said.

"It was n't easy to say," she murmured with a deep breath, "but now it's said, I think I feel better."

Miss Denbigh followed the pause before Driscoll spoke.

"And since I've told you this — no! don't protest, — I know it would n't be

possible for you to break a confidence you've divined beforehand — I will tell you it is n't the mere fact of having cared for him unasked," — Driscoll clenched his hand on the oar, — "it is n't *that*, that hurts! It's having allowed one's self to love what was n't worth one's love! That's the part that hurts, to a woman. A man who had n't it in him to be worthy any of those" — she bit her lip — "whom he flirted with! and to find one has cared — been attracted to — a man who simply posed — who was fraudulent to the estimate he fascinated people into giving — who could n't stand for a single trait he simulated, — that's what hurts terribly! You can't understand how I feel! Without discrimination, intuition, — lacking altogether."

Driscoll's face was grave as she finished. The droop of her head had a pathos; her hands lay in her lap loosely clasped, palms uppermost. He feathered the oars and sent the boat round the point. Less than a mile away to their left, the curve of the shore showed the cottages of the summer colony. A boat filled with enthusiastic fishermen had just reached the little pier. Gay taunts from the friends on shore, and triumphant cries of the day's catch from the boat, traveled across the still water. Other boats were coming in; from the distance a gay chorus of voices sang a Canadian boat song.

Driscoll, leaning on the oars, lifted a rather determined face to Miss Denbigh.

"Margaret," he said, "I am going to tell you something."

"Something about him?"

"Yes. You know — or perhaps you don't know — that we — he and I — were thrown together a good deal, — at college first, and then in our work. By some chance we got on the same paper in New York." It was unnecessary from Driscoll's point of view to explain that the paper in question belonged to his uncle, and that he had been the one to secure Thurston the trial which his cleverness made good. "He made a splendid record," Driscoll went on, "during the Spanish-

American War. He had the indomitable spirit for adventure, — in fact, there were none of the gifts that make for success that he did n't have. Not excepting" — Driscoll's voice as he paused was not bitter, but quite grave. "When he came back, he was a hero — in spirit and in letter. You remember the rally he made with those soldiers, — how he saved the life of the wounded Spaniard he found and carried nearly a mile to the hospital camp. Then came the Boer War; and when Brown had to come home, Thurston was rushed to fill his place. I went as assistant, — it seemed wiser to have two, — and so I was with him when he died."

Driscoll felt the strained quality of Miss Denbigh's attention, and as he continued, his own manner became just tinged with embarrassment.

"He had only a few minutes, — a half hour at most. I was with him until the end, and he left a message."

"For me?" the words were involuntary.

"No," Driscoll said gently, "for another woman."

Miss Denbigh's face showed the drop back from quick expectation.

"Why do you tell me?" she offered the protest.

"Because of what you said, — that you would n't mind having cared for him, if you could think he was n't unworthy."

"And you want to reestablish my" —

"I want you to feel as you would wish to feel about it," he interrupted; "that's why I tell you, — and it's justice to Thurston, too."

"Well?"

Again Driscoll looked away.

"She was a girl in the South, — he was Southern, you know, — and they had n't seen each other for several years. They had been engaged, but after a while that spirit of his — temperament, I suppose would give the modern extenuation — made him fall in love with another woman. He was n't really in love, you understand — it was just" —

"Flirtation."

Driscoll let it go.

—“And the girl broke the engagement. It was then Thurston found she had the permanent place,—he really belonged to her; but he could n’t in the least help his devotion to a beautiful face—to a brilliant mind. He responded always in equal measure with that charm of his—Don’t!” he added sharply, for Miss Denbigh had covered her face with her hands.

“He could n’t help it,” Driscoll continued. “He was one of those people who are born under a fortunate star, and he assisted his birthright in every way. But he always wanted to go back—the better part of him, his real self—to the girl in the South, and ask her to forgive him. To tell her all that was good in him was hers. And that was what he asked me to tell her, before he died.”

The girl in the boat leant forward with parted lips,—with beautiful, wide eyes.

“And you told her?”

“Yes,” he said gravely. “I took his message to her as soon as I came back. He had a picture of her in his watch. He wanted it buried with him.”

“And the girl?”—Miss Denbigh questioned.

“She was n’t in the least pretty. She was shy, appealing, gentle; perhaps of a type a little old-fashioned,—not one to interest many,—but she was Thurston’s ideal. He said she was the sweetest woman he had ever known.”

One or two stars were beginning to show, burning purely through the velvet dusk, and the shore as they drew near had a many-windowed gleam from its cottages. Behind them the lake spread, dim and inscrutable. Driscoll wondered if he had been wise.

Suddenly Miss Denbigh spoke:—

“Did it make her happy—to know?”

“I shall never forget how happy,” he answered. “She—she broke down, you know. She told me life had been hard before—everything; but his message to her made his memory hers—nothing, she said, could be bitter to her again.”

Other things he did not speak of were in Driscoll’s mind,—the girl’s hysterical

sobbing, her childlike face, the way she had kissed his hands because they had held Thurston’s as he lay dying on the burnt African grass. “I think I’d like for you to hold my hand,” had been Thurston’s last words. To be loved as that girl had loved Thurston—

He pushed aside his thoughts and looked at the girl he loved. Would Thurston, dead, always be paramount? he wondered. As he looked, she turned and met his eyes; there were conflicting emotions in the expression of her face. Seemingly they crystallized under his gaze into something very near relief.

“Thank you for telling me,” she said; “it was good of you. I have been abasing myself,—but now I don’t mind; I was n’t so far wrong after all! He did have the finer quality,—even if it was only for another woman.”

“And so I’ve justified you to continue”—the boat grated on the sandy shore in front of her cottage, breaking his speech in two.

“No,” she said gently, “only to say good-by to him—for good!”

“And if it’s good-by to *him*?” Driscoll said.

The quality of his voice touched her for the first time—past the old barrier—with the significance she discovered his personality could assume.

The flash of interest it conveyed was sudden, and she felt a new, scarcely definable sensation that held her silent.

He looked at her with intentness in the half light; his straightforward face, neither handsome nor ugly, in no way recalled Thurston’s. The power of this moment was Driscoll’s, and it made him dominant.

“If it’s good-by to him?” he persisted.

Miss Denbigh hesitated a little in the grasp of a strange shyness.

“Why—do you”—she paused.

“Why do I love you?” he said with directness. “Because”—he broke off, and with an effort brought his voice back from declarative passion to a gentleness.

"Promise me, Margaret, that you'll listen some day when I try to tell you!"

He held out his hand, and after a moment's hesitation she put hers into it.

As his strong, brown fingers closed over hers, Driscoll bent his head and touched them with his lips.

"Until then!" he said.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS: AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THE reading of biography and of autobiography must be approached at widely divergent angles. The biography is in large measure a piece of work, well or ill done; the autobiography, if sincere, is essentially a man. The piece of work may fairly be criticised from any one of a number of points of view. The man must be taken for what he is worth on his own showing,—as a man with whom one may be in sympathy or disagreement, yet after all fully entitled to his own point of view and the working out of his own salvation. The chief difference between autobiographies is that the subjects are inherently interesting or uninteresting, capable or incapable of giving a true and compelling account of themselves.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway has lived far too long and conspicuously in the world to leave any doubt that his life must be full of a rare sort of excitement and variety, and that his own pen is eminently qualified to portray it. On the very threshold of his story,¹ he declares: "In my ministry of a half century I have placed myself, or been placed, on record in advocacy of contrarious beliefs and ideas. A pilgrimage from pro-slavery to anti-slavery enthusiasm, from Methodism to Freethought, implies a career of contradictions. One who starts out at twenty to think for himself and pursue truth is likely to discover at seventy that one third of

his life was given to error, another third to exchanging it for other error, and the last third to unsay the errors and undo the mistakes of the other two thirds." This — in spite of a suspicion that a still later view, if such were possible, might recognize the misdirection of the final third — prepares one for frankness; and frankness is obviously required for the record of Mr. Conway's "contrarious beliefs and ideas."

A slightly fuller itinerary of his "pilgrimage" will give some idea of its variety. He was born in Virginia, in 1832, of a slaveholding family of high social standing. The religious influences of his boyhood carried him to a Methodist college and into the Methodist ministry. Certain inherited tendencies of radicalism and an early acquaintance with Emerson's writings unsettled his beliefs in the social and religious institutions to which he was allied. Separated from the sympathies and support of his family, he betook himself at twenty-one to the Harvard Divinity School in order to prepare for the Unitarian ministry. He describes his journal of this period as "a sort of herbarium of the thorns that pierced father, mother, and myself." Active participation in the anti-slavery movement, intimacy with all the emancipating influences of Boston in the early fifties, the charge of a Unitarian parish in Washington, from which his increasing radicalism bore him to the ministry of a still freer religious society in Cincinnati, — these filled the years immediately before the

¹ *Autobiography, Memories and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway*. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Civil War. Then came the editorship of *The Commonwealth* in Boston, and the vigorous advocacy of the immediate and complete abolition of slavery as the chief cause of the war and its continuance. In 1863 he went to England to lecture on behalf of the North, and thenceforward made London the centre of his activities. Twenty-one years were devoted to the ministry of the South Place Chapel, in which a Freethought religious society met. Through these and other years frequent interruptions permitted him to witness many interesting events in Europe, chiefly as correspondent for American journals; as, for example, in the Franco-Prussian War. To this bare record must be added some intimation of the extraordinary array of friendships with which all his years have been glorified. Emerson, Whitman, Hawthorne, the Carlyles, Froude, Browning, Tennyson, Annie Besant, may be taken almost at random as typical names from this bead-roll of the less conventional "good and great" of his time with whom Mr. Conway has held really intimate relations. Preacher, journalist, writer of books, devotee of peace, lover of the theatre, music, and pictures, his contacts with life and vital persons were inevitably legion. It is a manifest advantage of such a ministry as Mr. Conway's that he could be a little of everything else besides a minister.

The record of such a life, made by a vigorous and vivacious writer, who seems to have kept a lifelong journal, and to have filed his letters received, could hardly fall short of exceptional interest. The foregoing summary of Mr. Conway's career will at least have suggested the many-sidedness of the record. The constant glitter of its side lights should not blind the reader to the importance of a few typical and suggestive passages. Take, for example, the statement of the author's unwillingness to canonize Lincoln,—a passage reflecting more than one of Mr. Conway's religious and political convictions: "While

recognizing Abraham Lincoln's strong personality and high good qualities, I cannot participate in his canonization. The mass of mankind see in all great events the hand of God. Having no such faith, I see in the Union war a great catastrophe . . . In the canonization of Lincoln there lurks a consecration of the sword. The method of slaughter is credited with having abolished slavery. By the same method Booth placed in the presidential chair a tipsy tailor from Tennessee, who founded in the South a reign of terror over the negro race,—which has suffered more physically since the war began than under the previous century of slavery. . . . Alas!—the promises of the sword are always broken! Always!" Here preëminently speaks the uncompromising warrior against war, hopeless to-day of any good to come from The Hague because war is there recognized in provisions for its "civilized" conduct. Mr. Conway's chief disagreement with Lincoln was that emancipation was not more promptly declared and fully utilized as a means for ending the war. Feeling as he did on this point, it is to the credit of his candor that he gives so full a version of the admirable answer Lincoln made to W. H. Channing and himself when in 1862 they called upon him to urge immediate emancipation. "Turning to me the President said, 'In working in the anti-slavery movement you may naturally come in contact with a good many people who agree with you, and possibly may overestimate the number in the country who hold such views. But the position in which I am placed brings me into some knowledge of opinions in all parts of the country and of many different kinds of people; and it appears to me that the great masses of the country care comparatively little about the negro, and are anxious only for military successes.' We had, I think, risen to leave, and had thanked him for his friendly reception, when he said, 'We shall need all the anti-slavery feeling in the country, and more; you can go home and try to bring the

people to your views; and you may say anything you like about me; if that will help. Don't spare me!' This was said with a laugh. Then he said very gravely, 'When the hour comes for dealing with slavery I trust I will be willing to do my duty though it cost my life. And, gentlemen, lives will be lost.'"

Though Mr. Conway's peace principles kept him out of the army, even as a chaplain, one memorable instance reveals his quality of courage in facing the perils of the hour. This was the seeking out of his father's slaves in Virginia and piloting them, through hostile demonstrations at Baltimore, into freedom in Ohio. A little later in England his courage completely outran his discretion in a correspondence with Mason, the London representative of the Confederacy. But in looking back upon it all he is now courageous enough to acknowledge that one of his letters, pledging the abolitionists to act in accordance with his own views, should never have been written.

In the field of literary history the *Autobiography* throws many lights upon persons and books. Here, perhaps, there is no more important contribution than that which Mr. Conway makes to an understanding of Froude's course with regard to Carlyle. It is Mr. Conway's ingenious theory that Froude was naturally a maker of romance, that Carlyle diverted him from following his true bent, to which he returned after Carlyle's death. As if that were not dangerous enough in a biographer, Mr. Conway offers the further explanation that Froude produced his book in a desperate hurry in order to be the first in the field with a life of Carlyle. "Had I been superstitious," says this friend of both men, "I should have personified Froude's imaginative genius as a *dæmon* which, having been exorcised by Carlyle, returned to wreak posthumous revenge upon his memory."

There are of course many illuminations of religious and social conditions in England. All the more because of Mr. Conway's personal antagonism to most things

in the established order, his plea against the disestablishment of the English church has a peculiar interest. He makes the heartiest recognition of the valuable service rendered by clergy and church to the British nation. It is not to be expected that all will relish the form which his plea has taken: "Disestablishment would be like a toppling down of light-houses on rough moral coasts. As for the creeds and formulas, they have no more effect on the masses than if they were in Latin; they offend only the few that can understand them; altogether, with the music and the responses, they make a pretty Sunday concert. It is the refinement and the benevolence of the clergyman and his family that practically make his gospel." The free-thinking societies, he believes, have their uses in helping the broad churchmen, in criticism and restraint. "Had there been no Martineau, there had been no such Archbishop of Canterbury as Frederick Temple, and no such Dean as Stanley." Whether this is true or not, it would be easier to resent Mr. Conway's own dogmatism if he would not write such passages as this last bit to be quoted. He tells of watching the adoration of the decorated Bambino in Rome: "The doll with its staring eyes faced one with a *tu quoque*; I, too, had all my life been decorating one Bambino after another, — the Messiah, the Redeemer, the prophet, the martyr, the typical man, the reformer, the altruist, the free-thinking teacher."

Fragmentary as these comments on the nine hundred and more pages of Mr. Conway's book must be, they have quite failed in their purpose if they have not expressed the conviction that here is the remarkable record of an extraordinary life. The life has had so frequent and variant departures from the beaten paths that no one reader can possibly follow them all with sympathy. Yet he must possess a limited intellectual and human curiosity who will not take uncommon pleasure in their overflowing history of a radical personality and career of the most

highly developed type. "The Complete Come-outer" might serve as title for both man and book.

In contrast with Mr. Conway's autobiography, as that of an American transplanted in England, the *Memoirs of Henry Villard*¹ stand forth as the record of what a transplanted European may do in America. Though a portion of it is written in the third person, this also is an autobiography. What separates it from other books of its class is that it is a characteristic illustration of American possibilities. Such a career as Mr. Villard's might of course be made in any reasonably free country; yet its progress is probably more typical of American conditions than it could be of any other.

Henry Villard landed in New York in 1853, eighteen years old, without money, without a friend in the Eastern states, and utterly ignorant of English. He had the advantages of excellent inheritances and a good bringing up in Germany. His early struggles, not only to make his way to relatives in the West, but to keep himself alive, put him to rigorous tests of character and endurance. A buoyant nature carried him through almost incredible hardships to the humble dignities of law student and journalist. His first newspaper enterprises were by no means always successful, and for a time were distinctly special in character, in that most of his writing was for German-American periodicals. But with his own growth and the course of events, his opportunities greatly broadened. Before the war he had important assignments as a special correspondent,—for example, to report the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and the state of affairs at and about Pike's Peak at the height of the gold excitement.

His greatest journalistic opportunity came with the service to be rendered to the *New York Tribune* as its war cor-

respondent during the Civil War. It is of course the successful correspondent's good fortune to be sent to the most interesting, because the most dangerous, spots. The element of personal risk enters as clearly into some of Mr. Villard's narratives as if he had been the most active of fighting men. During the war he probably held his employment in higher regard than in later years when he wrote, "The harm certain to be done by war correspondents far outweighs any good they can possibly do. If I were a commanding general I would not tolerate any of the tribe within my army lines."

But the results of his war experience have been put to capital use. By the exercise of all his faculties of memory and research he has given full and valuable accounts not only of scenes actually witnessed, but of such a field as Chickamauga, which he could study and describe with all the skill of a military expert. His battle descriptions will of course have their chief uses for special students of separate engagements: it seems almost beyond the skill of man to make a particular battle live again for the "general reader." Mr. Villard's personal sketches and estimates of the commanders, however, have all the authority and interest of original portraits, in which a trained hand and a discerning eye have worked together. There are in his pages no more interesting personal glimpses than those of Lincoln, to whom he stood so near on various occasions that the heroic outlines were by no means the most observable. Lincoln's propensity for stories of more than doubtful taste is emphasized. He is even heard to exclaim with reference to his wife's ambition that he should become Senator and President, "Just think of such a sucker as me as President!" Yet the most enduring outlines also appear, together with a few rapid drawings of Mrs. Lincoln far from favorable to her memory.

Mr. Villard's transition from journalism to finance was one of the most significant developments of his career. His

¹ *Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier*, 1835-1900. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

ownership of the *New York Evening Post* represented both of these interests. In the story of his connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad the most picturesque phase of his activity as a financier is presented. His triumphal journey as creator of the road and host of the international excursion to witness its completion is rapidly followed by the collapse of the undertaking, and his own temporary downfall. To these in turn succeed the unbroken confidence of friends, and his restoration to power. That he continued to the end his journalist's practice of observation and effective expression the account of a visit to Bismarck, included in the completion of the *Memoirs*, bears abundant witness. The total picture of Mr. Villard himself is that of an embodiment of energy and steadily high ideals. The sanguine hopes ending so often in disaster were merely typical of an excess of the very qualities demanded for eminence in the two callings of journalist and financier.

No question of transplanting could ever have been raised about Andrew Jackson.¹ The foundations of Bunker Hill are no more firmly American. The title of this new record of his life — *History of Andrew Jackson* — seems to imply that he is to be regarded as a town, country, or institution, rather than a person. In spite of this elevation of his qualities, the title hardly justifies itself, for it does not appear that the old word Biography would have been misleading or inadequate. The title is rapidly followed by a dedication to President Roosevelt, "the embodiment in our times of the Jacksonian spirit." Now this may be taken as a compliment or the reverse. The President's best friends may well ask what parallels are to be found in his record for Jackson's defiant disregard, on more than one historic occasion, of those under whose military

authority he stood. Mr. Roosevelt's surviving opponents will possibly rub their hands at Mr. Buell's reference to a long category of incidents in which General Jackson "did right, but did it in the wrong way. That seemed to be something more than a habit. It amounted to an idiosyncrasy." Here, they will say, is the warrant for the dedication. Yet even so devoted a follower of Jackson as Mr. Buell must offer defenses and explanations which his latest successor has never required. Similarities of spirit may of course be noticed, but, with all allowances for the different periods to which the two men have belonged, it would be hard to find in the present "embodiment" such undisciplined hatreds and such failures to apprehend more than one point of view as every life of Jackson must record.

Mr. Buell makes a frank disavowal of the judicial attitude. "We" — he says, with an unrestrained fondness for the plural pronoun — "shall make no pretensions to the function of arbitrator. It would be absurd for a man whose grandfathers both voted for Jackson whenever they had the chance, to assume such a function." Fulfilling this state of mind he not only describes Jackson's hatred of England, Federalism, and his chief political opponents, but adopts a liberal share of the same sentiment. From such tokens — as from laxities of style sufficient to rouse a suspicion that every statement will not bear scrutiny — the reader finds his confidence in the historical value of the book impaired. Nor is it reassuring to note how much value is placed upon reported conversations with political, social, and military veterans of eighty and thereabouts at the time Mr. Buell interviewed them. Let these interviews be preserved by all means, but as side lights rather than prime authorities.

If, then, the book be taken with all these grains of salt, — for which even a teaspoon may be needed, — it will be found to possess compensating virtues. It does create a vivid impression of Jack-

¹ *History of Andrew Jackson, Pioneer, Patriot, Soldier, Politician, President.* By AUGUSTUS C. BUELL. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

son's unique personality, his really heroic qualities of physical courage, his primal sort of honesty and bigness. His limitations are displayed, though chiefly by the implications and suggestions of Mr. Buell's constant use of cudgels against "the General's" adversaries. One regrets that Major Jack Downing's familiar portrait of him is not taken even seriously enough to be mentioned. But the accepted Whig view of Jackson comes in for its share of opprobrium,—and it is well to remember that his second winning of the presidency was achieved by an electoral vote of 219 to 49. This is only another way of saying that Mr. Buell's estimate of Jackson happens to coincide with that of the vast majority of Jackson's contemporaries in America. To the author's credit it must also be said that he has performed with marked success the difficult task of giving a fairly intelligible account of the two great battles of Jackson's life,—the battle of New Orleans, and the fight against the United States Bank. In common fairness, moreover, one should remember first and last, that the author's death has deprived the book of that final revision which would doubtless have made it more satisfactory to him. Even without that advantage this is manifestly one of the works to which future students of the man and period must have recourse.

Still another record of a typical American, albeit of quite a different type from Jackson, is the new volume with General Robert E. Lee for its theme.¹ It has a higher documentary value than the life of Jackson, for many of its pages are filled with General Lee's own letters, especially to members of his family. Since the son who has brought these letters together was but a boy when the Civil War began, it is natural enough that more than half of the book has to do with the five years of life that remained to General Lee after 1865. The great commander is shown primarily in his family relations. Even

the war chapters reveal with special clearness his constant, loving thought for wife and children during the crucial years of his life and of their personal fortunes. Together with the rare quality of tenderness which is revealed, there are unceasing evidences of a religious faith and devotion more characteristic of the seventeenth than of the nineteenth century. To this is joined a pitiful regard for children and suffering soldiers, quite beautiful in its manifestations. It is worth noting that shortly after Mr. Conway escorted his father's slaves to Ohio, General Lee, in the very midst of the war, remembering the terms of his father-in-law's will, which provided for the manumission of his negroes at a certain date, took the necessary measures to set them free. Equally significant are the pictures of occasional meetings of Lee, the shining figure of the Confederate army, with his son, still a boy in the ranks, bearing all the hardships of the commonest soldier. One memorable picture of the great general portrays him at a review of twenty thousand infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia. Mounted on his faithful "Traveller," he rode at a rapid pace along the far-reaching line of soldiery, accompanied from point to point by the division commanders. "When the General drew up, after this nine-mile gallop, under the standard at the reviewing-stand, flushed with the exercise as well as with pride in his brave men, he raised his hat and saluted. Then arose a shout of applause and admiration from the entire assemblage, the memory of which to this day moistens the eye of every old soldier."

The descent from this pinnacle of military splendor to the place of the defeated leader is a matter of familiar history. But the dignity and beauty of the individual life in which the lost cause was chiefly embodied receive a fresh illumination from these pages. The uneventful work of the president of a small and crippled college was taken up with courage and hope. After leading the young men of the South in fruitless war, Lee was

¹ *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*. By his son Captain ROBERT E. LEE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

well content to train them for reaping the fruits of peace. With perhaps an undue profusion of letters — for they bear a somewhat unvaried burden — he is shown in all his quiet personal relations. His interest in friends and kinsfolk of every age has its important representation. Through this interest he kept in vital touch with that social life of the South in which his birth and circumstances entitled him to so conspicuous a part. The love and veneration with which the whole South regarded him is summed up by a young cousin recalling one of Lee's visits to "Shirley." "We had heard of God, but here was General Lee!" Enveloped in this atmosphere, he might well have been forgiven the utterance of regrets and resentments. Yet these do not appear, and one realizes that simple religious faith was the force which held them in check. Indeed, so high a spirit steadily reveals itself that the reader is left wishing it might have been universal in the South, and met with a corresponding spirit in the North. Then the existing history of Reconstruction could never have been written.

The reader of Mrs. Davis's *Bits of Gossip*¹ should turn quickly from its title to the few words with which the little volume is introduced. "It always has seemed to me that each human being, before going out into the silence, should leave behind him, not the story of his own life, but of the time in which he lived, — as he saw it, — its creed, its purpose, its queer habits, and the work which it did or left undone in the world. Taken singly, these accounts might be weak and trivial, but together, they would make history live and breathe." Just because Mrs. Davis has successfully done something like this, she has wrought a more impor-

tant result than that which her title suggests. The recollections she has jotted down are informal, and not invariably accurate in the letter. But they are full of a larger truth in spirit and feeling. Her girlhood in West Virginia gave her a vantage point for just observation to the North and to the South. From the South came stories of a code of honor responsible for tragic dealings with human life at the hands of both men and women. In the nearer North were the Scotch-Irish settlements of Pennsylvania, with conditions of moral and religious austerity well deserving the record which Mrs. Davis has made. Traveling still farther northward she came to Boston in the sixties with unusual opportunities for seeing the men and women who were contributing most to the intellectual distinction of the region. By reason of her very lack of New England traditions there is a refreshing novelty, even at this late day, in the quality of the impressions recorded. Especially in Concord a sense of remoteness from the struggle with which the nation was torn came vividly home to her. Yet it was Hawthorne, the veriest dreamer of all the company she met, who saw most clearly that the actual war was something beyond their apprehension. A misfortune of Mrs. Davis's geographical view-point is that in the ranks of the abolitionists, whom she describes as "A Peculiar People," she enrolls all the anti-slavery element. This, however, may be but a reflection of a Southern feeling that to all opponents of slavery, within and outside of political parties, belonged the title which in the North was reserved for the radical Garrisonians. But this is obviously a matter rather of the letter than of the spirit. In her treatment of persons, as of conditions, the spirit demands and secures the first consideration at her hands. Accordingly she has produced a genuine and stimulating little book.

¹ *Bits of Gossip*. By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

A GROUP OF SCIENTIFIC BOOKS¹

TIME out of mind, men have noticed some sort of correlation between the state of the weather and the "pinting" of the "innard vane;" but Professor Dexter has been first to investigate on a large scale the extent of this relation. Conduct, it turns out, depends to a surprising degree on temperature, humidity, wind velocity, and the like; although the "skyey influence" does little more than tip one way or the other the unstable balance of human motive.

To take an example almost at random, in New York city the number of arrests for assault varies closely with the temperature. The New Yorker, the mildest of men during freezing weather, becomes recalcitrant as the thermometer gets above forty, grows pugnacious above sixty-five, only to become long-suffering again when a really hot day, above eighty-five, has taken the starch out of him. Curiously enough, Shakespeare, whom nothing seems to have escaped, has noted this connection between temper and temperature.

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl,
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

The New York woman, moreover, has in her temper a still more sensitive thermometer than her brother. A very Griselda at low temperatures, give her just the right degree of heat and, reckoned

from her average, she is half again more quarrelsome than a man. Temperature and air pressure are, however, at odds in this. The contentious person, "rash and very sudden in choler" as the thermometer goes up, very properly flies his danger signals as the barometer falls. In fact, most things grow worse as a general storm comes on: sickness, insanity, crime suicide, and the natural depravity of school-children; though drunkenness and the clerical errors of bank officers decrease.

Scores of special investigations like this of Professor Dexter's have gone to the making of Mr. Havelock Ellis's study of "the two most interesting beings in the world." The book is, of course, not new; but the demand for a fourth edition has enabled the author to incorporate a considerable body of new evidence, and, in the light of this, to revise certain of his minor conclusions.

The net result of this latest account of "the only two kinds of people there are" is to show that there is hardly an organ of the body or a measurable quality of any sort which is not unlike in the two sexes. "A man is a man even to his thumbs, and a woman is a woman down to her little toes." Women even button their garments on the other side from men and choose Sunday instead of Monday as their favorite day for making way with themselves.

Whoso thinks that it is any part of the

¹ *Weather Influences: an Empirical Study of the Mental and Physiological Effects of Definite Meteorological Conditions.* By EDWIN GRANT DEXTER. New York and London: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Man and Woman: a Study of Human Secondary Sexual Characters. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Fourth edition. London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Adolescence: its Psychology and its Relations to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Religion, and Education. By G. STAN-

LEY HALL. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

A History of Matrimonial Institutions, chiefly in England and the United States, with an Introductory Analysis of the Literature and the Theories of Primitive Marriage and the Family. By GEORGE ELLIOTT HOWARD. Three volumes. Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press; T. Fisher Unwin. 1904.

Science and Immortality. By WILLIAM OSLER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

order of nature that one half of mankind should forever rule the other will get small comfort from Mr. Ellis. So far, at least, as laboratory tests go, our sisters "are unquestionably superior in general tactile sensibility and probably superior in the discrimination of tastes," with no advantage either way in the case of the other senses. They have better memories, read more rapidly, bear pain better, recover better from wounds and serious illnesses, are less changed by old age, and live longer. Unkindest cut of all, they have relatively larger brains,—especially in the frontal region. Even our old gibe at their likeness to children is now taken away from us, since every pertinent fact shows *pari passu* that men are more like apes. Women, in short, if one must have a formula, are more civilized than men; and civilization itself is but the process of making the world ladylike. In fact, about the only thing left to us men with which to withstand the feminist is our superiority of muscle. This, at least, is still unquestioned. Men are two, three, and four times stronger than women, and the occasional exceptional woman hardly reaches the level of the average man. Curiously, even between the ages of eleven and fifteen, when girls are taller and heavier, boys still retain their single advantage. Men, too, if slower of mind, are quicker of body, have much greater lung capacity and more blood corpuscles, and exhale nearly twice as much carbon dioxide. But we pay for it all by being less able to endure confinement and bad air, so that the very strength that is in us is weakness. Still, it is worth while to have one excellence, though we have to share it with the males of all the higher animals.

A considerable portion of Mr. Ellis's material appears in other guise in Dr. Hall's cyclopædic account of adolescence, many recent investigations on school-children serving equally well the purposes of both writers. Child study, of which the President of Clark University is the apostle if not the high priest, looks upon the child as a creature after his own

kind, with his own diseases, his own faculties, and his own instincts; a sort of larva, in short, who becomes adult almost as much by the suppression of some parts of his nature as by the expansion of others. So far as its main contention goes, the new science seems to have made out its case. After all, the fact that the child is growing and the man is not is in itself sufficient to make different beings of the two; and if Dr. Hall had done nothing more than bring together between two covers the great body of fact which bears on this single aspect of the question, he would have performed a notable service to the theory of education. Along, however, with this conception of the child as something other than undeveloped man, goes almost inevitably the doctrine that the soul, like the body, passes through "growth stages" which summarize epochs in the history of savage and pre-human ancestors. That "the soul is as old as the body" and like it has its rudimentary structures and its embryonic organs is the main thesis of the Genetic Psychology. It certainly is an attractive theory that the characteristic traits of boyhood, its vagrancy, its healthy-mindedness, its frank delight in the things of the body, are the inheritance from some large-limbed barbarian; as the inward-facing soles of infancy are a reminiscence of a still older progenitor. The child psychologist, however, is satisfied with no such general interpretation. Infancy, childhood, youth, are to be marked off into separate periods, each the recapitulation of some definite ancestral experience. Dr. Hall will have it that the years of retarded growth between eight and eleven "suggest on the recapitulation theory some long stationary period during which life had been pretty fully unfolded and could be led indefinitely and with stability and security in some not too cold Lemuria, New Atlantis, Eden, or other possible *cunabulum gentium*. This arrest may even suggest the age of senescence in some post-simian stage of ancestry. This short pause would thus be the present echo of a long phyletic stage

when for many generations our pre-human forebears were pigmoid adults, leading short lives and dying at or before the pubic growth increment now occurs." The theory is not altogether unpalatable, even in the absence of any evidence that we ever had a "pigmoid" ancestor.

Much beyond this, however, common sense must refuse to go in applying the evolutionary formula to every childish peculiarity. Some of the most striking physical characters of youth certainly do not repeat any ancestral condition, — the small jaw and large brain for example, which, so far as they look either way, look toward the future rather than the past, and show the direction in which the race is going, more than they reveal the way it has come. After the analogy of bodily organs, then, the child psychologist ought to expect no universal conformity to his adaptation of von Baer's great theory. Certainly one need not be infidel to the blessed and comfortable doctrine of recapitulation, if, even under Dr. Hall's tutelage, he fail to discover in the human soul any reminiscence of the paleozoic fish. For what, after all, does the evidence amount to, which, Dr. Hall thinks, deserves the equivalent of four *Atlantic* pages? Children and adults make motions which remind imaginative persons of the swaying of a fish's body or the paddling of its fins; we dream of "floating, hovering, gliding, with utter independence of gravity;" women, who are "physiologically older" than men, are more apt to drown themselves; children like to play in the water; certain land animals have become aquatic. What one of these would have been different if our race had begun its career in the Garden of Eden! The boy's liking for water has as much to do with an ancestral fish as his interest in fire with an ancestral salamander. All this is a part of Dr. Hall's tendency to push any theory beyond all necessity. For him no merely amphibious or freshwater or littoral forebear will account for the delights of wiggling bare toes in the mud. Our fishy ancestor must be every-

where "pelagic;" although, as in the case of the "pigmoid," what little evidence there is is rather against the existence of any such creature.

Indeed, the old-fashioned pedagogue, were he disposed to be sarcastic, might well retort on the new in terms of the latter's own recapitulation theory. Psychology is indeed the child of biology, and it is just now going through the "growth stage" which corresponds to the ancestral period when "reversion" was the fashion, when every supernumerary digit on a kitten's paw was thought to revive a fin-ray, and every variant in a human being, which chanced to resemble anything in one of the lower animals, was hailed as the inheritance from some — usually hypothetical — forefather. Poor Doctrine of Evolution! no sooner does one branch of science stop overworking it than another takes it up. But then, these young sciences must sow their speculative wild oats: though there might well be some sort of a statute of limitations to bar the Genetic Philosophers from everything earlier than the lower tertiary.

This, however, is but one aspect, and that not the most important, of a work remarkable no less for its range of ideas than for its learning and its candor. In spite, therefore, of some overstatement, — witness the account of the human gills (sic) in which the unquestioned facts would have been quite sufficient for the argument, — in spite also of much diffuseness and obscurity, — there is a sentence five feet and eight inches from noun to verb, — *Adolescence*, when all is said, is likely to turn out to be the most significant work in its field since Herbert Spencer's *Education*.

Like Mr. Havelock Ellis, and like a good many other students of primitive society nowadays, Dr. Howard maintains that the world has been far kinder to women than has been commonly supposed. Savages are like other men, and turn out on more extended acquaintance to be not nearly so black as early travelers painted them; while primitive customs

seem less barbarous as they become better understood. Doubtless, on the face of it, the Anglo-Saxon father who sold his daughter into matrimony regarded her like any other piece of property, and presumably cared little for the young woman's preferences. On the other hand, it is quite possible that the apparent bride-sale is a mere legal fiction designed to protect the rights of the wife by the most careful provisions known to early society, the obligation of a contract under the common law. Be this as it may, the habit of mind which interprets the wedding ring, not as a symbolic fetter, but as the rudiment of the "one dollar and other valuable consideration" which sustains a contract, works out under Dr. Howard's fingers into a delightfully simple interpretation of the history of marriage. For him group-marriage, bride-purchase, wife-capture, and other forms and patterns of the yoke, far from being in any sense inevitable stages in the development of the institution, are only local and temporary aberrations from a universal and primitive monogamy. Monogamy, often permanent, is the most common type of union among the higher animals, and without much doubt was nearly everywhere the rule in our own race before the beginnings of civilization. More than this, "in every stage of social development, consent and contract in some form have been cardinal elements of marriage."

Dr. Howard naturally, then, makes havoc with all theories of the development of matrimony which involve "growth stages." There never was any Patriarchal Family out of which has developed the State. There never was any Matriarchate in which women were the heads of the household and the superiors politically of men. In short, there never have been universal stages of any sort, except so far as man, like the species below him, has tried all possible experiments, and natural history has repeated itself. All variants, however, tend to instability, so that the history of matrimonial institutions is the story of the return of civilized man to the

self-betrothal and free marriage of the stone age. The highest type of marriage and the family is, therefore, at the same time the most primitive. Monogamy, tempered by divorce, is at once the starting point and the goal of human evolution.

These four books, each in its own way, suggest the question whether, notwithstanding all that has been justly urged on the other side, women have not upon the whole been happier than men. If men have too often been cruel to their sisters, they have by no means always been kind to one another; and the fact that women have fared ill in the civilizations which we know best should not blind us to other aspects of the case. At any rate, every year three or four times as many men as women find life not worth living; while, like the first, the second birth at adolescence — to use Dr. Hall's phrase — is often hardest on boys. The greater sensitiveness of women to changes in the weather, which appears almost everywhere in Professor Dexter's studies, is, as Mr. Ellis shows, but one aspect of their greater general affectibility. But to be affectible is to enjoy fullness of life, to be, in short, human. Besides, as things are now, civilization rests on the ability of each man to do one thing supremely well, though he neglect manifold sources of happiness. If, therefore, the great painters and musicians and prophets have been men, probably the average woman gets more pleasure from color and sound, and more consolation from faith, than the average man.

Lest, however, we should forget how much of human nature still keeps its ancient mystery, comes the Ingersoll Lecturer for 1904 to show us the barriers beyond which Science, remaining Science, may not pass. On the general question of immortality, Dr. Osler can only say once more what has already been said by nearly all who, with equal right to speak in the name of Science, have been equally careful not to exceed their authority:—

"Though his philosophy find nothing to support it, . . . the scientific student

should be ready to acknowledge the value of a belief in the hereafter as an asset in human life. In the presence of so many mysteries which have been unveiled, in the presence of so many yet unsolved, he cannot be dogmatic and deny the possibility of a future state, . . . he will ask to be left, reserving his judgment, but still inquiring. He will recognize that amid the turbid ebb and flow of human misery, a belief in the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come is the rock of safety to which many of the noblest of his fellows have clung; he will gratefully accept the incalculable comfort of such a belief to those sorrowing for precious friends hid in death's dateless night; he will acknowledge with

gratitude and reverence the service to humanity of the great souls who have departed this life in a sure and certain hope, — but this is all. Whether across death's threshold we step from life to life, or whether we go whence we shall not return, even to the land of darkness, as darkness itself, he cannot tell. Nor is this strange. Science is organized knowledge, and knowledge is of things we see. Now the things that are seen are temporal: of the things that are unseen science knows nothing, and has at present no means of knowing anything."

Small comfort as this opinion may bring to the troubled soul, it certainly does tend to introduce some sort of clarity into the muddled intellect. E. T. B.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON BEING THAT SECOND WIFE YOURSELF

JOHN and I were getting on in life; — into the early fifties and late forties. The two daughters were married and living in distant cities; the two boys were in college and never really at home any more.

We began our married life with happy poverty and had practiced New England thrift. I had enjoyed looking to the ways of my household and making us comfortable upon little money and much love. What joyous subterfuges and gay self-denials!

But now we were in a "flat and uninteresting state of prosperity." I had begun to realize that there was no longer any need for me to can tomatoes or make raspberry jam. There was time to do all the things I had longed to do during the years before; but what was the matter?

I had thought that all through the hurry and hard work of our lives we had not only kept together, but had kept awake to the new things that make life:

the new thoughts, the new poems. Was I sinking into the weariness of old age, that nothing seemed worth while any more?

To be sure, John was deep in the results of a well-earned reputation. He was being made president of banks, president of *The Club*, and was put upon commissions for the public good where there was hard work and no pay. In short, he was being a true citizen, and I was unspeakably proud that he should serve his generation. Of course it took him away from home and we no longer read poetry in the evenings. Our habit for more than twenty years of having our "Saturday afternoons out" had been given up. We had always done something pleasant together then. It had been a Paderewski matinée, or a drive to a certain beautiful place to find the bird's-foot violets. It was always something, even if it were nothing but looking in the shop windows and playing what we would buy. This, too, had been crowded out with the poetry.

At about this time an old friend and neighbor who was in much the same walk

of life married a second time, after being a widower a few years. I went to see the new wife with a sense of regret that the man had not found remembrance better than consolation; a little feeling of jealousy for the dead. I found things very different from what I expected. The changes in the house were not so marked in mere things as in a sense of ease and mental well-being; a subtle feeling of fuller life. How fresh and young she looked! Yet I knew she was quite as old as I, if not older. Was it her pretty clothes? Did they give one a broader outlook on life?

I came home feeling a little bitter and tired. It was always the way. The first wife worked hard, went without things, saved every penny possible, and then died, and her husband was happier with a new wife, who reaped where the first had sown. Evidently, I thought, it is high time I made way for my successor, who would go about with John, entertain people, and be charming and ornamental. I had outlived my time, and was useless and old and plain. All this was in very bad taste on my part, but it was very real.

Then I had a revelation. I—I, myself, would be John's second wife! And I have! John likes it. I have smartened myself as to raiment in the first place, going to a French dressmaker who has skill (and prices) and knows how to make the most of my few good looks; because with me, to feel that I am properly clad means to forget myself and be at perfect ease. I have made no startling innovations in the household, only added another maid, of a high and trustworthy order, who could help out behind the scenes. We have a few guests much oftener, informally and easily. When John goes to Boston or New York for a few days, I go, too, and stay a day longer, and see more than he would think of doing if I were not there. We give ourselves more time, we do a few of the things we want to do. I am daily using Her for a pattern, and we have more life, more leisure. Certainly it is a more sane and rational exist-

ence than it was. It is Life, and not unto ourselves alone.

Sometimes at dinner, when I have said something John thinks clever, I catch his admiring glance, exactly as if I were his second wife. How much of it is owing to the pretty clothes?

FYNES MORYSON ON GERMANY

Our friends the makers and practitioners of the contemporary sciences, Economics, Politics, and Sociology, often tell us of movements, qualities, and national traits, the origin of which they have discovered in the annals of last week. So occupied are they often with keeping their generalizations strictly "up to date" that when they have a moment to turn to the pages of history they find their unwonted contents "very fine," as the boy found *Hamlet*, "but dreadfully full of quotations." Not long since a prominent sociological generalizer in one of our large universities told his class that the national traits that make the English of to-day were not developed until the time of the Georges, that the England of Shakespeare was in no true sense national or distinguishable, as it is now distinguishable, from the national qualities going to make Frenchmen and Germans. Some of the generalizer's students were greatly troubled over this deliverance, and consulted their professor of history as to his opinion of this dictum of the new science. The historian astutely observed that had any one but a sociologist so delivered himself he would have stigmatized his words as arrant nonsense. And he quoted to his inquirers these words of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, who, after a delightful passage suggesting the appreciation of *As You Like It* as "the supreme and final test in determining nationality, at least as between the Gallic, Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon races," concludes: "*As You Like It* . . . is through and through an English comedy, on English soil, in English air, beneath English oaks; and it will be loved and admired, cherished and appre-

ciated, by English men as long as an English word is uttered by an English tongue."

But it is to a piece of contemporary evidence of the persistence of racial traits even in minor characteristics that I want to call the attention of the readers of the *Atlantic*. Fynes Moryson was born two years later than Shakespeare, and, after an honorable career at Cambridge, utilized his fellowship, there obtained, in a somewhat novel manner for his day, that is, by traveling to see the world, and sojourn in various foreign universities. Setting out in May, 1591, two years before Kit Marlowe met his desperate end, Moryson journeyed to Germany, residing successively at Wittenberg, Leipsic, Prague, Heidelberg, and Leyden, and visiting Cracow, Vienna, and Elsinore in Denmark. Strange to say, he there learned that there was "a gray-headed old senator" named George Rosenkrantz, greatly respected by the Danish court, and that Ubricus, the brother of the King of Denmark, was then a student at Wittenberg (Hamlet's university). Moryson was abroad again in 1596 and 1597, journeying as far as Jerusalem, and living for some time in Constantinople. Of all these travels he has left an interesting account, full of keen observation and plain wisdom, and not unilluminated by wit; as the work of a disinterested and qualified observer Moryson's *Itinerary* is worth many conscious memoirs, and though still to a large degree inaccessible to the average reader, the recent publication by Mr. Charles Hughes of part of Moryson's manuscripts, which had remained unpublished in the Bodleian Library, is a boon indeed to historical students and readers.

Moryson's remarks as to the Germans are especially entertaining. He found the conversations of the German gentlemen "very austere, full of scowling gravity rather than of disdainful pride." He tells us that they "chide rudely more than they fight;" that their "parsimony" is "singular," "only they spend

prodigally in drinke." He greatly commends the modesty and thrift of German women; and tells how German merchants "in their potts will promise any thinge, and make all bargaynes, but the consent of the sobber wife at home must first be had before any thinge be performed." He remarks upon the abuse of the feeing system, and on naming *Drinckgelt* explains, "that is drincking mony, for so they call all guifts, as if they had no other use but for drincking."

Moryson grants the Germans to be "excelent in manuall artes and the liberall sciences," but adds, "I think that to be attributed not to theire sharpnes of witt but to theire industry, for they use to plodd with great diligence upon their professions." Elsewhere he declares: "Indeede they knowe not what a pleasant jest is, but will interprett literally after the playne wordes such speeches as by strangers are spoken with savorye and witty conceyte." Evidently the sly and facetious wit of the Cantabrigian went begging in the Germany of Shakespeare's time.

Not the least interesting is Moryson's unconscious testimony to the presence in Germany and the repute of English actors there. The passage in question runs:

"Germany hath some fewe wandring Comeydians, more deseruing pitty then prayse, for the serious parts are dully penned, and worse acted, and the mirth they make is ridiculous, and nothing lesse then witty. . . . So as I remember that when some of our cast dispised Stage players came out of England into Germany, and played at Franckford in the tyme of the Mart, hauing nether a Complete number of Actours, nor any good Apparell, nor any ornament of the Stage, yet the Germans, not understanding a worde they sayde, both men and wemen, flocked wonderfully to see theire gesture and Action, rather then heare them, speaking English which they understoode not, and pronouncing peeces and Patches of English playes, which my selfe and some English men there present could

not heare without great wearysomenes. Yea my selfe Comming from Franckford in the Company of some cheefe marchants, Dutch and Flemish, heard them often bragg of the good markt they had made, only Condoling that they had not the leasure to heare the English players."

And lastly what could be more complete and contemporaneous than this:—

"One thinge I cannot commend in the Germans, that for desyre of vayneglory, being yet without Beardes and of smale knowledge, they make themselues known more than prayed, by untimely Printing of bookes, and very toyes, published in their names. Young Students who haue scarce layd their lipps to taste the sweete fountaynes of the Sciences, if they can wrest an Elegy out of their empty brayne, it must presently be Printed, yea if they can but make a wrangling disputation in the University, the questions they dispute upon, with the Disputers names, must also be Printed. Yea very graue men and Doctors of the liberall Professions, are so forward to rush into these Olimpick games, for gayning the prise from others, as they seeme rather to affect the writing of many and great, then iudicious and succinct bookes."

DRIFTWOOD FIRE-WORSHIP

Ancient is the cult of the Fire-worshiper, and a remnant of the faithful may still be found in those who, of a cool autumn evening, gather before a broad hearth-altar to serve the god of their idolatry with special offering, plucked, as it were, from the foaming jaws of Fire's feudal enemy, — even the gray despot of waters, the everlasting Sea himself.

I sing the praises of a frugal yet beautiful practice known to our sacred cult, — the purveying for, and tending of, a Driftwood Fire. The altar of my fellow Fire-worshippers is set up on a bluff overlooking a stretch of glistening beach on the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound. To this beach come Flotsam and Jetsam, not alone from local streams

forced in turn by the tide to part with their own plunderings; but I have reason to think that the woods of Maine, perhaps also those of Canada, contribute, to say nothing of occasional gleanings from Carolinian shores and beyond. Sometimes our far-traveled treasures still bear their labels; for instance, here is an empty peach-crate which announces, in bold letters, that it was consigned from the "Elliott Orchards" of some plantation in Georgia.

The hearth-altar which receives the offerings of my fellow communicants and myself is of most generous dimensions. I have often lamented that I had not received the treatment that Mother Demeter gave her favorite Triptolemus; then might I take my stool and sit within the precincts of the hearth-altar, even as in the early days of the English drama, spectator and player might share the stage together! — In this ample fireplace, we have, on more than one occasion, buried, entire and untrimmed, a young or a dwarfed tree, which Neptune has sent us. First, we planted its twisted and writhing roots firmly between the andirons and beneath supplementary blocks of wood; then, up the vertical shaft, by artful appliance of more inflammable material, would we, as it were, trail the hungry fire, until the god took undulatory, bright, serpentine form before our very eyes, curling his many-darting tongues hither and thither, lapping at every branch and twig of our revived phoenix tree!

A special sacrificial offering we old 'longshore Fire-worshippers recognize and strive to obtain for our deity; yet it is only through fire that we shall know if what we have treasured be worthy of acceptance. Happy are we when we receive the sign: of a sudden, in the midst of the wonted play and color of our fire, there will spring up, here, an emerald flame rivaling the green of April meadows, there, a shaft of aerial violet, interchanging with rose more tender than the tint of clouds that "bar the soft-dying day." The Fire-worshippers sit in silent

communion with the angel of the flame, — communion unbroken, spite of exclamation on the part of the non-elect, "Yes, that must be the copper on the bottom of some old whaling vessel!" How we have hunted the beach up and down, and how many unrevealing fragments of drift have we picked up, in hopes that this should prove to be the hiding-place of the prismatic Ariel!

I regret to say that there are those of my seaside neighbors who procure their elfin driftwood from a firm whose business it is artificially to prepare the same, from ordinary wood subjected to the proper chemical bath. But this is a distinct heresy. Those who are guilty thereof cannot claim to have received the baptism of flame, or to belong to the true family of the Fire-worshippers.

CONSCIENCE THAT MAKES COWARDS

It has been my opinion for some time that conscience is an unreliable guide. The feminine conscience especially is too much governed by conventions. Recently circumstances have involved me in a course of conduct which reason tells me is perhaps a trifle undignified, but comparatively blameless. Conscience, however, judges by the form rather than by the spirit, and sternly pronounces me a wretch. I struggle in vain to defy her. While I honestly believe myself to have done nothing which should debar me from the companionship of honorable, respectable people, I feel nevertheless like a spy, a hypocrite, and a thief. These are the circumstances which have led to my downfall.

I have had with me during the summer a maid who, while supposedly honest when articles she knows to be of value are in question, appropriates without scruple any trifles she may fancy. I confess to a discomfort at losing things in this manner, which is out of all proportion to the magnitude of the loss, so that I am likely to set a much higher value on anything

that Ellen has taken than while it remained in my own possession. My downward career began in the effort to recover my lost property. Ellen is always pleasant and courteous, and it would be difficult to allude to articles of mine in her possession without seeming to accuse her of ill breeding. A way presented itself, when, glancing into her room in passing, I saw a handkerchief of mine on her table beside some ribbon I had bought the day before. Seizing them, I fled to my own room and put them away. My actions were those of a thief, and I felt like one.

After that it became a habit with me when passing Ellen's room in her absence to step in and help myself to any articles of my own which might be scattered about. At first I did this with trepidation, fearing lest I be caught in the act. Gradually I grew bolder and more dextrous, learning to open and shut the door noiselessly and make off with my plunder much after the manner, I fear, of a professional thief. Each time that I thus surreptitiously possessed myself of my own effects, I had a sense of guilt much greater no doubt than that experienced by Ellen in taking them. In the course of the summer a number of articles originally mine have changed hands in this manner several times. Ellen, for example, has reserved for herself from the wash each week such of my handkerchiefs as pleased her, and I in turn have purloined them from her. Neither of us has ever shown any consciousness of these private transactions between us. Ellen has been uniformly kind and obliging, and I trust I have equaled her in courtesy.

One day not long since, after carelessly telling Ellen how many handkerchiefs I had put in the wash, so that she could understand how many I expected back, I strolled out to the clothes-yard and counted the handkerchiefs on the line. As I had anticipated, I found several extra ones bearing the mark I had placed on them for identification. If I let them stay until they were dry and taken in, I knew they would disappear. My best chance

of recovery was to take them then. So with frequent glances toward the house to see that Ellen was not looking out of the window, and with several false alarms thinking she was coming, I hastily jerked out pins, snatched the wet handkerchiefs, and thrust them into the waist of my gown. Then after picking some mignonette to serve as an excuse for my presence in the back yard, I returned to the house. Passing through the kitchen Ellen stopped me to ask about dinner, and as I talked with her, conscience caused me tremors that were worse than the chill of the cold, wet linen at the pit of my stomach.

My next step in the path of evil was to open Ellen's drawers and look into her trunk. Reason has not as yet decided whether she approves the act, but thinks it probably justifiable. Conscience sternly refuses to consider any extenuating circumstances, and holds me guilty of having secretly entered another woman's room and examined the contents of her private drawers and boxes.

The culminating point in my course has been reached, I think, within the last ten days, during which time I have become brazen and reckless. Ellen is to leave in a few days. Having the evidence of my own eyes that in the depths of her trunk were safely stowed away a box of candles of a peculiar size which I could not easily replace, and a cookbook containing my favorite recipes, I began a bold attack. I might have stolen them back when I found them, but all criminals have their limitations in evil, and that was mine. I could not secretly take things from Ellen's trunk. Instead I went straight to the kitchen, and bracing myself firmly against the table, with, I am sure, an expression of hardened defiance, said, "Ellen, I can't spare all those candles. I will give you two or three, but I want the rest, and you must bring back my cookbook."

Ellen looked at me in surprise. Our relations have been characterized by perfect courtesy toward each other, and here I was suddenly guilty of the ill breeding of

insinuating that she was dishonest and unblushingly showing a knowledge of the contents of her trunk. She felt her superiority, and I was conscious of acting a very unworthy part; but having begun it was impossible to retreat.

"I don't know what you mean," she said in a tone which intimated that she should be very sorry to have me injure myself in her estimation.

"I mean, Ellen, that I want you to find those things for me before you go," I said, and made my escape for the time being.

Some girls would have sulked after this, but Ellen was too well bred. She treated me just as well as ever. The next day I returned to the attack.

"Have you brought down my cookbook and the candles, Ellen?" I asked.

"Why, I don't know where they are," she answered.

"Well, be sure to find them," I replied.

She looked at me with a pitying air, and said: "Why, it seems as if you think I've got them. No one ever said such a thing to me before. I have always had such a pleasant time with the people I have worked for, and I should be very sorry to have anything disagreeable happen here."

Her conscience evidently did not give her a single qualm. Instead she had a virtuous air of self-approval. She felt that she was being a lady and that I was not.

"I should be sorry, too, Ellen, to have anything disagreeable happen," I persisted, "but I must have those things." With that I retired.

Evidently, Ellen is vulnerable. My insistence disturbed her; she did not know to what lengths I might go. So to-day the box of candles was in its usual place, and the cookbook on the table, when I entered the kitchen. Ellen and I had a pleasant little chat, but I was less at ease than she. My conscience was troublesome, while hers was not. Mine makes me feel as if I had been engaged for two months in a genuine criminal career. What is conscience good for when it shows so little discrimination?

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THE DEMOCRATIC PREDICAMENT

BY EDWARD STANWOOD

IN three successive national political campaigns the Republican party has won a signal victory. Such a circumstance is by no means unprecedented. To say nothing of the first three elections under the Constitution, the Republicans of that early time were successful six times consecutively over a gradually decreasing opposition, until the substantially unanimous second election of Monroe. Their successors, the modern Democratic party, carried the country thrice in succession under the leadership of Jackson and Van Buren. Finally, Republican presidents occupied the White House during the whole period from 1861 to 1885, six terms. Nevertheless, the situation during the last eight years, which is to continue for two years longer, at least, is exceptional. Both the Jackson-Van Buren and the Lincoln-Arthur periods of prolonged party supremacy were half interrupted by occasional adverse majorities in one branch or both branches of Congress, whereas the Republicans have held complete control of Congress since 1897, when McKinley began his first term. Moreover, the recent third successive victory of the Republicans was the greatest of that series. On the other hand, the overwhelming triumphs of General Jackson were followed by a comparatively narrow majority for Van Buren, — on the popular vote, 27,000 only in a total poll of a million and a half. One need only refer to the abnormal conditions that prevailed in the elections of 1864 and 1868, and to the disputed result in 1876, to show that the 1861-85 period furnishes no parallel or likeness to the recent and the present situation.

Every national political contest from 1856 to the present time has been waged between two great parties, which have had a continuous existence; yet, strange as is the fact, neither party is in its general character and tendencies what it was before the Civil War. They have, indeed, exchanged places, although most of the survivors of the Frémont and Lincoln campaign still adhere to the party of their early choice, and although the accessions to each party have in large part been young men whose political proclivities and sentiments were like those of the older men with whom they associated themselves. A rapid historical review of the whole period is necessary to justify a statement which seems paradoxical, to show by what steps, without a general change of *personnel*, the Republican party has become conservative, while the Democratic party has shifted itself to radical ground, and thus to gain a point of view that will enable us to understand the existing political situation.

No student of political history is unaware of the wide difference between the Democratic national platform in 1896 and every preceding platform of the party. From 1828 until 1860 the Democrats were almost constantly in power in the national government. The two occasions when they suffered defeat produced no change in the tone in which they announced the principles upon which they proposed to govern the country. They were at all times the conservative party. The National Republicans and their successors, the Whigs, the American or Know-Nothing party, and the new Re-

publican party, were in turn the liberal, the progressive, at times the radical element in politics. In the earlier period the Whigs favored a free interpretation of the Constitution; an extension of the functions of government, as in the construction of national roads and other internal improvements; a liberal policy in the disposal of the public lands; and a tariff system which they believed would develop new industries in the country. The Democrats interposed constitutional objections to all their measures. Agriculture was conservatively held to be the mainstay of American prosperity, and attempts to extend the sphere of government, and to foster any class of industry, were regarded as artificial interference with the order of nature.

When the slavery question became pressing the Democrats were still the conservatives. Even in the demand that slavery should be admitted to the territories, they really stood for the existing order, for that demand rested upon the principle that the right to property was not extinguished by removing one's possessions from place to place. Then occurred, under the stress of a new issue, the great radical secession from the Democratic party to the newly formed Republican party. The Whigs, disunited upon the slavery question, went down in overwhelming defeat, and in distributing themselves between the two parties followed each his natural bent. Thus in the final conflict before the Civil War there was a broad and deep line of separation between parties. There was a truly conservative party which could not coalesce completely because there were diverse views as to what conservatism demanded. There was a radical party, united and aggressive.

The radical party came into power. In the conduct of the war which ensued, in financial legislation, in the land policy, in granting aid to railways, in the reconstruction of the insurgent states, in the enfranchisement of the negro, in scores of ways and measures that need not be

enumerated, the tendency was distinctly radical. History may pronounce the acts of that period to have been wise or unwise; it will not hesitate in characterizing them as progressive, nor question the boldness and the thoroughness with which they were performed.

But as the Republican policies were successively established, a gradual change came over both parties, and it became distinctly perceptible when the programme of the party had been virtually carried into execution. It may be said that the Republicans became conservative, from the necessity they were under of defending their measures, before the Democrats were conscious of having become radical. There was an interim when, save that the Democrats were united on the question of the negro and the treatment of the South, no great principle was at issue between the parties. Bryce, writing during this period, said,¹ "Neither party has any principles, any distinctive tenets. Both have traditions." And much more to the same effect. The most striking illustration of the political stagnation of the time of transition is afforded by the Liberal Republican movement of 1872, when the Democrats declared that they accepted the Republican settlement, and when they had no other purpose in the canvass of that year than the defeat of General Grant.

Meanwhile they had already made one essay in radicalism, in 1868, when they advocated the payment of the five-twenty bonds with greenbacks, but not even their own candidate for president was in favor of that policy. Thenceforward they were to be surveying the whole field of politics for an issue upon which to attack the party so long intrenched in power. This is the essential characteristic of radicalism, — to seek to disturb and overthrow the existing order, in one of its parts or in many. Conservatism is not necessarily unprogressive; true conservatism is never so, but is slow and cautious.

¹ *American Commonwealth*, vol. ii, p. 20.

During most of the intervening period until the canvass of 1896, the political situation was unlike that at any other time in American political history. The Republican party was upon the whole conservative, although it contained a considerable radical element in its membership. The Democratic party was chiefly radical, yet it not only had a strong contingent of conservatives, but was to a great extent restrained and controlled by them. These facts explain many anomalies in recent politics. When the Greenbackers developed a new issue, it was notorious that the radicals in the Democratic party were with difficulty prevented from making common cause with them; and that there were so many in the Republican ranks who were carried away with the idea of a volume of currency "equal to the demands of business" that plain and unmistakable opposition to it in the party platforms was deemed inexpedient. Hence one of many "straddles" by each party, — one Democratic foot touching the ground on one side of the fence, one Republican foot touching it on the other side. Republican voters in the ranks and in the two Houses of Congress, in a vast majority, were opposed to the greenback movement and to inflation of the currency. On the Democratic side the voters and their congressional representatives were by a large majority for paper money. Yet so cautious were those who drafted and adopted platforms that a stranger to American politics would find it difficult to decide which party yielded more to the Greenbackers, or, indeed, if either party held a decided opinion on the currency question. But no candid person can doubt that the Republican party at this time furnished the most of the conservative votes, and exercised the greater restraint upon the movement.

In 1880 Democratic radicalism took the form of an assault upon the protective tariff, — at least, so the Republicans interpreted, as they had a right to do, the demand for "a tariff for revenue only." It came to nothing. The conservatives

made light of the phrase, and suppressed so far as they were able the discussion of the tariff.

Again for a few years there was no distinctive difference between the two parties upon any important issue, until Mr. Cleveland, by his bold and essentially radical tariff message in December, 1887, summoned the Democrats to the task of carrying out the principle on which, more than on any other, they were united, — the overthrow of the protective system. On this question the ordinarily conservative wing of the party was decidedly radical. It is composed largely of intelligent, thoroughly educated, and thinking men, — a class of which any party might well be proud. It may be doubted if those who constitute the rank and file of the Democratic party are at heart opposed to protection, but they joined in the movement. We know how it ended. Those who were conservative on this issue joined with the Republicans to defeat the anti-protection measure, and compelled their Democratic associates to pass a bill so moderate in its provisions that the President would not affix his signature to it.

Meantime the silver question, first heard of in 1877, temporarily disposed of by the so-called "Bland-Allison" Act of 1878, became so troublesome to the politicians of the Republican party that many even of the national leaders were seized with something like a panic. They fancied that the sentiment in favor of the free coinage of silver was growing so rapidly and becoming so deep that unless they were to "do something for silver" the movement would sweep all before it, and would bring into power the Democratic party, which already was coquetting with the silver advocates in the mining states. Republican timidity led to the passage of the Silver Purchase Act of 1890, the least harmful measure the leaders of the party could devise for taking care of the vast oversupply of the white metal. Injurious enough it proved to be in operation, and when a Democratic president,

carrying out a principle declared in a Democratic platform, asked Congress to repeal the purchase clauses of the act, it was the Republicans who saved the administration measure from defeat. For in the Senate a considerable majority of the Democrats voted against the passage of the bill; and although a majority of Democrats in the House of Representatives finally voted for the measure, a still larger majority of them voted again and again for free coinage, at various ratios, on proposed amendments offered by radical free silver members.

Radicalism had by this time completely permeated the Democratic party, but the radical element had not yet gained full control of it. The People's party, or Populists, which originated from the "Farmers' Alliance," and which had great success as an independent organization in 1890, was a true radical party. It so far recognized a congenial spirit, not fully developed, in the Democratic party, that in 1892 it "fused" with the Democrats in many states of the West. In five states the Democrats nominated no electors of president and vice president, but voted for the Populist candidates; and in two states the electoral ticket was made up of candidates divided between the two parties. Conservatism held sway in the Eastern and Northern states. The Democrats of the Northwest were strongly radical, as were also those of the South.

The action of Congress on the silver purchase clauses of the Act of 1890 was the chief cause of the revolutionary movements in both the Republican and the Democratic parties, which culminated in the canvass of 1896. To the aggressive radical Democrats of the West the course of President Cleveland on the silver question was an act of treachery. They had nothing in common with him or with the wing of the party which he represented. Sure of the support of the Southern contingent, they were resolved no longer to be ruled by the minority of the party which had its strongholds in states that gave no electoral votes to Democratic candidates,

and sent but a handful of members to the lower House of Congress. By a gigantic effort they wrested the control of the party from the hands of the conservatives, made common cause with the Populists in a comprehensive radical policy, and for the first time since 1860 presented to the country the spectacle of a bold, united opposition party, offering a full programme of measures, every one of which was the direct opposite of those that commended themselves to the party in power. It may sound paradoxical to speak of the Democrats as constituting an opposition party in 1896, since Mr. Cleveland was still President. But Congress was Republican. Moreover, the Democratic convention formally refused to "endorse" Mr. Cleveland, and to those who controlled that body he was as much a political enemy as was Major McKinley.

The votes in Congress on the repealing Act of 1893, the act which "struck down silver," had also a great effect upon the Republican party. They exposed the weakness of the pro-silver sentiment among the members of the party everywhere except in the mining states, and inspired the advocates of the gold standard with courage to resist the silver propaganda. They showed plainly to the silver wing of the party in the West that the great body of Republicans would no longer yield timidly to them. Thenceforward the policy of the party was to be a virtual advocacy of the gold standard, modified, it is humiliating to say, — with a view to give silver men still a chance to remain in the ranks, — by a declaration in favor of international bimetallism, which they all knew to be an impossibility. Nevertheless, no one was deceived. There was not an intelligent voter in the country who doubted that if the Democrats were successful at the election of 1896 they would enter upon a general policy of radicalism on the lines of Populist platforms. No one hoped or feared that in the event of Republican success any change would be made in the policy of

that party, — in particular that any concession whatever would be made to the pro-silver sentiment, or that any step would be taken adverse to the maintenance of the gold standard. The decided stand taken by the Democrats forced the Republicans to meet the issue fairly, and, although courage came to them slowly, the adoption of the national platform in 1896 marked the end of the attempts to placate the silver advocates in their ranks.

It has already been remarked that each party has maintained a continuous existence, and has retained to a large extent its membership during the entire period of transition. The South has continued to support the Democratic party with something like unanimity. The North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is Republican, as it was in 1868. The voters of Irish birth or descent are as firmly attached to the Democratic party as they were before the Civil War. Nevertheless, it would not be true to assert that conservative men and conservative communities have become radical, and radicals conservative, to such an extent as the general statement would imply, nor to intimate that there have not been many and great movements from one party to the other. A large secession from the Republican party took place during the presidency of Mr. Johnson, and another midway in the term of General Grant, before the progressive and radical policy of the party had been fully enacted into law. Other important secessions occurred: in 1884, partly in consequence of the nomination of Mr. Blaine, partly because of the tariff policy of the Republicans; before that time, as a result of the greenback movement; after it, on account of the disinclination of the Republicans to accede to the demand for the free coinage of silver. If it were not for such shiftings of party allegiance, one election would be like all the rest, and one party would govern the country permanently.

At any important and closely contested election, when new issues are presented for the decision of the voters, or when

old ones suddenly become prominent, the opposition is to a certain extent a "cave of Adullam." The party in power meets arrayed against it not only the life members of the opposing organization and those whom the new issue has estranged, but a greater or less number of persons who, dissatisfied with some platform principle, some political tendency, or some objectionable candidate of the party with which they have usually acted, seize the opportunity to cast their votes against it. Their purpose for the moment is merely to rebuke their associates for some act or omission which displeases them. It often happens, nevertheless, that their party does not heed — it may even not be aware of — the rebuke so administered, and the stragglers become permanent deserters. Occasionally they find the new camp more congenial to their tastes in political matters than that which they left, and they naturalize themselves easily. More frequently the company in which they find themselves is not to their liking, and the tone of the new society is abhorrent to them. In that case they hold themselves aloof to a certain extent; but as occasion requires they enter into close relation with their associates for the sole purpose of curbing, controlling, and guiding them. If those associates persistently refuse to be guided and controlled, they flit uneasily to and fro between the two camps, bemoaning the degeneracy of the times and proclaiming the unworthiness of both parties.

From the tendency of men to break away from old associations when conscience or political conviction demands such a course, — a most praiseworthy tendency, which is the best safeguard against political corruption and dry rot, — it results that there is in each of the great parties a large contingent of men who are misfits. They differ from the great mass of their fellow members in habits of thought and in political aspirations. Naturally they belong in the other camp; but whether it be that the original

cause of their desertion has not been removed, or that pride or perversity forbids their return, or that they hope to reform the party with which they have allied themselves, they rarely do return. They remain where they are to the end, or become, as they may be termed with their willing and proud consent, mugwumps.

It is a fact that apparently has not been generally observed that the losses by desertion are usually greater from the conservative than from the radical party. This does not result wholly from the almost universal preponderance of the conservative element in settled and well-ordered communities, — that is, it is not because the conservatives, being more numerous, lose a larger number. It is easily explained. One who is radical by nature is in favor of a variety of reforms. If his associates do not take up with all of them, he nevertheless votes with his party for the sake of what he can get now, and hopes that the turn of the other reforms will come in due time. The conservative, on the other hand, greatly disappointed in a single direction, as well as the person who favors a single radical measure only, which he sees a chance of obtaining from the other party, thinks there is no harm in going over to the other side on this one occasion, persuading himself that the way of return is always open. If he looks so far into the future, he can also promise himself that, although he may never come back, he can serve a useful purpose in opposing and helping to defeat any injurious measure brought forward by his radical associates. Since he seldom does return, it follows as a natural consequence that there is always a larger proportion of conservatives in the radical party than of radicals in the conservative party.

It is necessary only to study anew the political history of the past forty years, which has already been briefly reviewed, to perceive the truth of these statements as general propositions, and also to discover the exceptions. The Democratic party, in both its conservative and radical

wings, contains thousands upon thousands of former Republicans who left their party when one branch or another of the financial question, or the tariff, or "imperialism," was the issue. The Republican party does not contain one tenth as many members who were formerly Democrats. No doubt, however, a great many men who left the Republican party in greenback times, and upon the issue of free silver, and who joined newly formed radical organizations which were ephemeral, have returned to their old allegiance; and they constitute the exceptions just mentioned. It is interesting to note, nevertheless, that the conservative Democrats, whether bred Democrats or former Republicans, who were forced by strong conviction to oppose the radicalism of 1896, did not leave their party. For the time being they called themselves Gold Democrats, and supported independent candidates. In 1900 many of them were back in the ranks. In 1904 they were the reorganizers of the party, engaged at their old task of reforming it — against its will.

If the foregoing statements and the conclusions from them be accepted, it is easy to see why the aspirations for "a strong opposition party," frequently expressed during the late canvass, are wholly futile in existing conditions. That which goes under the name of the Democratic party consists of two elements wholly distinct from each other and incapable of forming a real union save in extraordinary circumstances, and when acted upon from without. To employ a figure borrowed from chemistry, they are intimately associated like the oxygen and nitrogen of the air, and form a mixture but not a union. The two chemical elements may be and are sometimes combined in a true sense, but never by means of mere association with each other. We might even extend the figure and liken the Southern Democrats to the argon which is never absent from atmospheric air. They are always in and of the party, but in characteristics and in purposes

they are unlike either of the other elements, for they can be conservative or radical at will, and even both at the same time; and in political aims they are self-centred and clannish, as argon is chemically inert and refuses to enter into a true combination with any other element.

Doubtless it will have occurred to many readers that there is a fairly close analogy between the situation in this country and in Great Britain. There as here the conservative party has been in power for many years, although in both countries there have been brief intervals in its hold upon the government. There as here the conservative party has been at the head of affairs during a war that resulted in an acquisition of territory from the inhabitants of which it seemed to the ruling party expedient to withhold full self-government; and in both cases the decision to that effect stirred up an anti-imperialist movement within the organization of the minority. In both countries the system of protection by means of a tariff is stronger in the conservative than in the radical party. In both the party out of power contains an element which is not radical nor anti-imperialistic. Lord Rosebery, who never gave more than a half-hearted support to Irish Home Rule, and who is no more a "Little Englander" than is Mr. Balfour himself, is the type of the British Liberal in the wrong camp.

The leaders of the radical party in Great Britain have long been seeking for an issue on which they could challenge successfully the government of the day. In that, too, they are like their fellow radicals of the United States. Possibly the British Liberals have found it, in the education question. The American Democrats have not found it. The radicals alienated the conservatives among them by advocating free silver; the conservatives alienated the radicals by trying to be "safe and sane." Now, all over the land they are asking themselves what was the cause of the stupendous defeat which they experienced in November,

and what they must do to be saved. They are divided on the question whether or not the party should be reorganized. It was reorganized in 1896 and again in 1904, and on both occasions defeat followed. A suggestion that has been made by more than one person of high and honorable standing in the party is that the Southern wing shall now assume a position of authority and prescribe Democratic principles and policies. The difficulty with that proposition is that the unanimity of the Southern white people in supporting the party is due solely to their belief that they can in no other way have their will in deciding the political and social status of the negroes who form so large a part of the population of the South. In fact, their democracy is purely artificial, and a result of local causes. Were the race question out of the way, they would divide, as do the people in other parts of the country, on national questions upon which, in spite of appearances to the contrary, they are not unanimous. It follows that a reorganization of the Democratic party under Southern auspices would result in an effort to elevate to a prominent position as a political issue a question which does not at present greatly interest Northern men, but which, if pressed, would surely excite sectional prejudices. It is therefore on all accounts the true policy of the South not to force that question upon the attention of the country. Upon what other issue, past or present, plainly visible or faintly discoverable, are Southern Democrats more united than are their Northern brethren, upon what issue can they summon the party to align its ranks for an attack upon the political enemy?

It may or may not be that if all men who describe themselves as Democrats had voted for the candidates of the party at the last three elections they would have been successful on one or more of those occasions. For our present purposes it does not matter whether they would or would not. The point to be observed is that, as at present constituted,

the Democratic party is not and cannot be a united, homogeneous body, and that it cannot become such a body until some new, spirit-arousing national issue effects a complete rearrangement of party lines, — until the radical element in the Republican party is permanently drawn into the Democratic organization, and until the truly conservative take refuge in their natural home, the Republican party. To make the statement in another and concrete form, it is absolutely impossible to draft a platform, frankly and explicitly setting forth a set of political principles, to which Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Olney, Mr. Hearst, Mr. McKelway, and Mr. Cockran could give their cordial approval as an adequate expression of their views. It would be necessary either to limit the platform to vague truisms to which all men would subscribe, or to contrive the vague, two-sided declarations known as "straddles," on the tariff, on silver free coinage, on "imperialism," on trusts, on the Panama Canal, on the income tax, on "government by injunction," — in short, upon every real issue that has arisen between the two parties in the last dozen years. Indeed, if it was really true that the question of executive usurpation was "paramount" in the late election, if Mr. Roosevelt himself was the issue, as was proclaimed with not a little emphasis, the Democrats have shown that they were not united even upon that.

All this does not signify that the various and heterogeneous elements constituting the Democratic party may not now and then get together, and even succeed in electing their candidate for president. But even should they do so, they will surely be powerless to accomplish any positive, characteristic, partisan legislation. On the only occasion in recent years when they had full possession of the government they were so hopelessly divided that on one great measure, the tariff, they would have failed altogether had they not yielded to the conservative

minority of their own members; on the other, the repeal of the silver purchase clauses, they succeeded only by the help of substantially all the Republican members. Moreover, whatever may have been said, on the one side or the other, during the progress of the campaign, no one seriously believes that — if it had been possible to elect Judge Parker and a Democratic Congress — there would have been any real change of national policy as to the Philippines or Panama, or in "curbing the trusts." For observe what reorganization of the party in a conservative sense signifies. The result would be complete agreement with the Republican party on some issues that have, quite recently, been "paramount;" difference on other issues that could not be perceived without careful weighing of the meaning of cunningly devised phrases; clear disagreement with the great body of the Democratic party itself on most of the questions of the day. The impossibility of harmonizing views so diverse as those held by members of the party was admirably illustrated by the speech-making campaign of Judge Parker toward the close of the canvass. He was originally nominated as "safe and sane," in the hope of enlisting the support of the men who were driven off by the radicalism of Mr. Bryan, and particularly of those large interests which were supposed to have been more or less alienated from the Republican party by Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the large corporations and trusts. In his early speeches there was a distinct tone of conservatism, illustrated by his suggestion that the trusts might be dealt with under the common law. But his mildness was so distasteful to a great body of those to whom he looked for support that he deemed it expedient gradually to intensify his opposition to trusts in general, and to use toward them language which was as violent, if not as picturesque, as anything Mr. Bryan has said. That is not the only example that might be given of his eleventh-hour radicalism, which seems

neither to have terrified the conservatives, among whom he is properly to be classed, nor to have mollified the radicals.

That is the situation as it appears to one who has already sufficiently indicated that he does not belong to either wing of the Democratic party, but who has endeavored to recount history and to interpret events fairly and candidly. It would be an impertinence for such a person to give advice to the party to which he has all his life been opposed. To predict what is likely to be the outcome of the situation is not the function of the historian or the observer, but of the prophet. Yet it is to be hoped that the writer will not be thought to be going too far in submitting some observations which must necessarily partake something of the nature of prophecy, something of the nature of advice.

It remains true, and it will always be true, that it is desirable that the two great parties in the country shall be nearly equally matched, — that there shall always be a strong opposition party. Long continuance of one party in power is followed by a train of evils, some of which are experienced when the ruling party is excessively strong even for a short time. The country may suffer from some of these evils as a result of present conditions, for the Republican party has held the power for many years, and is now in a position where it is almost unchecked by the minority. The question is how to rescue the country from possible disaster, by means of an opposition party grown so strong that it can effect a political revolution.

It is quite futile to attempt to create, or to invent, a party. One cannot sketch, plan, and construct a body of that sort as one might plan and build a house. Parties create themselves. Nor is it possible to "organize" a minority so as to convert it into a majority. Efforts in that direction are usually the reliance of small political managers who cannot grasp the ideas that the purpose of political endeavor should extend beyond carrying

the next election, and that the only victory worth achieving is that which is won by men who, having like aims and aspirations, constitute a majority of the electors. When great issues are at stake, those who think alike act together by an impulse that cannot be resisted, and organization is needed merely to indicate in what ways the common impulse may be made most effective.

If, then, there are to be two strong parties in this country, each will be a party composed of men holding like principles and cherishing like political aspirations. That cannot be a strong party in which both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan are leaders of factions, nor can it be strong if either of them is titular leader and the other nominally a follower. It is merely the expression of an opinion which can be neither verified nor refuted, that at present Mr. Bryan reflects the political sentiments of by far the more numerous wing of the party. Assuming that to be the fact, the logical consequence of the existing situation is that those who form that wing should and will take permanent control of the organization. Inasmuch as they would be hampered in the future as they have been in the past by men who call themselves Democrats but who have no sympathy with their forward policy, they should enter upon their new course with such clear and unmistakable statements of their purposes as to compel the withdrawal from the party of those who are with it but not of it.

The Democratic party so constituted might not carry the next election, nor the one after it, but a demonstration of earnestness and sincerity would redeem it from its present self-neutralization, and would offer to the voters of the country a choice between two clearly defined and mutually opposed tendencies in government. Such a party would also surely attract a great many of those who are now Republicans by habit or by inheritance whose instincts are radical rather than conservative.

Such a change would have far-reaching

consequences. It would render politically homeless that body of sincerely conservative and most highly respected men who by the process would be reduced to impotence in the party; for they could not remain in it with self-respect, and they would not become Republicans. Their situation would be akin to that of the supporters of Bell and Everett in the canvass of 1860. Ultimately they might

distribute themselves between the parties, but the most of them would probably be, and to the end remain, independents and mugwumps.

It remains only to suggest that when a strong, united party enters upon a new and vigorous campaign, the indifference of the South to all other national issues, so long as it is left free to deal with the negro, will probably disappear forever.

HANS BREITMANN AS ROMANY RYE¹

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

To the many who do not know, it is not easy to explain the charm of the Gypsy. But what it means to the few who feel it, Borrow, long ago, left no chance of doubt. I have come under the spell. There was a time when I found my hand's breadth of romance — "'mid the blank miles round about" — on the road and in the tents. But when I look back, the centre of the group round the fire or under the trees was not the Gypsy, but a tall, fair man, with flowing beard, more like a Viking, — my Uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland, without whom I might never have found my way to those camps by the wayside.

He first took me to see the Gypsies after his return to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1880. He had already written his first books about them, was already honored as a Romany scholar throughout the learned world, and welcomed as a friend in every green lane where Gypsies wander. I like best to remember him as he was on these tramps, gay and at ease in his velveteen coat and soft wide-brimmed hat, alert for discovery of the Romany in the Philadelphia fields, and like a child in his enjoyment of it all, from the first glimpse of the smoke curling through the trees and the first sound of the soft "sari-

shan" of greeting. Of his love for the Gypsies I can, therefore, speak from my vivid memory of the old days. And as, since his death, all his Gypsy papers and collections have been placed in my hands, by his wish, I now know no less well — perhaps better than anybody — just how hard he worked over their history and their language. For if "gypsying" was, as he said, the best sport he knew, it was also his most serious pursuit. There are notebooks, elaborate vocabularies, stories, proverbs, songs, diaries, lists of names, memoranda of all sorts; there are great bundles of letters: from Gypsies, from other "Romany Ryes," — Borrow, Groome, the Archduke Josef, Mr. MacRitchie, Professor Palmer, Mr. John Sampson, Mr. Hubert Smith, Dr. Bath Smart, Mr. Crofton. Nothing, I do believe, has ever united men as closely as love of the Gypsy, — when it has not estranged them completely, — and it happened that never was there a group of scholars so ready to be drawn together by this bond, Borrow their inspiration, as they would have been the first to admit.

If the "Romany Rye" is, as Groome defined him, one, not a Gypsy, who loves the race and has mastered the tongue, Borrow did not invent him. Already stu-

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dents had busied themselves with the language; already Gypsy scholars, like Glanvill's, — or Matthew Arnold's? — "had roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood." But they had been scattered through the many centuries since the first Gypsy had appeared in Europe. It was Borrow who, hearing the music of the wind on the heath, feeling the charm of the Gypsy's life, made others hear and feel with him, till, where there had been but one Romany Rye, there were now a score, learning more of Romany in a few years than earlier scholars had in hundreds, and, less fearful than Glanvill's youth, giving the world their knowledge of the language and the people who spoke it. A very craze for the Gypsy spread through the land. I know of nothing like it, save the ardor with which the Félibrige took root in Provence. Language in both cases — with the Félibres their own, with the Romanys Ryes that of the stranger — led to sympathy and fellowship. There were the same meetings, the same friendships and rivalries, the same collaboration, the same exaltation even, — only, the sober men of the North were less intoxicated with the noise of their own voices, less theatrical in proclaiming their brotherhood, less eager to make of a common study a new religion, — and more self-conscious. They would have been ashamed to blow their trumpets in public, to advertise themselves with joyous-self-abandonment. The Félibres were proud to be Provençal; the Romanys Ryes loved to play at gypsying. And so, while the history of the Félibrige — probably with years of life before it — has been written again and again, the movement Borrow started still waits its historian, though, if the child has been born who will see the last Gypsy, as has been said, the race of Gypsy scholars must now be dying out. It is a pity. The story of their studies and their friendships, as I read it in these yellowing letters and notebooks, is worth immortalizing.

Of all the little group, not one got to know the Gypsies better, loved them

more honestly, and wrote about them more learnedly and yet delightfully, than the Rye, — the name by which they all called him, by which I knew him best. During his life he had a wider notoriety as "Hans Breitmann," but I think he will be remembered better as the Romany Rye, for into his Gypsy books he put more of himself as well as his most perfect work. If his study of the Romanies began only when he came to settle in England in 1870, it was simply because, until then, he had found no Romanies to study. Love of them must always have been in his blood. Nothing appealed to him more than the mysterious. The passion for the strange that set him reading *Paracelsus* at an age when most boys, if they read at all, are deep in penny dreadfuls; that gave him, as his last keen pleasure just before his death, the recovery of the Voodoo stone stolen from his hotel in Florence; — this passion, always so strong in him, predestined him to dealings of the "deepest" with the Gypsies, — everything connected with whom is a mystery, as Lavengro told the Armenian, — once the Gypsies came his way. The Rye — I cannot speak, as I cannot think, of him by any other name — did not make Borrow's pretence to secret power; he did not pose as the Sapengro, their master. Nor was there anything of the vagabond about him. I cannot imagine him in the dingle with the Flaming Tinman and Isopel Berners. He would have been supremely uncomfortable wandering through Norway, or through life, with Esmeralda. He could not have passed himself off for a Gypsy with Wlislöcki or Herrmann in the mountains of Transylvania, with Sampson on Welsh roads, with Borrow in Spain. It was not his way of caring for the Gypsies that was the only difference; he cared for them no less. For him the fascination was in the message their dark faces brought from the East, the "fatherland of divination and enchantment;" in the shreds and tatters of myths and magics that clung to them; in their black language — the *kālo jīb* — with the some-

thing mysterious in it that drew Borrow to the Irish tongue.

Besides, in his religion, which was a sort of mystical materialism, love of nature played a large part. It would no more have driven him into the wilderness with Thoreau than love for the Gypsy could have led him to pitch his tent in Borrow's dingle. But it was very real, all the same, and opened his heart to the people who are at home with nature, and whom he thought the human types of this love which is vanishing. In his ears, theirs was "the cheerful voice of the public road;" to its "sentiment" their presence was the clue; and he believed that Borrow felt this with him. I am not so sure. For all the now famous picture of the Gypsy as the human cuckoo adding charm to the green lanes in spring and summer, it is a question whether nature ever really appealed to Borrow, save as a background for his own dramatic self. With the Rye, however, I have wandered often and far enough to know that he loved the wood, the sea, the road, none the less when all humanity had been left behind. And out of this love of Nature, and the people nearest to her, came the gift of which he boasted once in a letter to Borrow, — he had always, he said, been able to win the confidence of Indians and negroes. It was natural, then, that he and the Gypsies, as soon as they met, should understand each other.

I do not mean that he did not enjoy the dramatic moment when it came. He did. He liked to astonish the Gypsies by talking to them in their own language. He liked to be able, no matter where he chanced upon them, — in England or America, Hungary or Italy, Egypt or Russia, — to stroll up, to all appearances the complete Gorgio, or Gentile; to be greeted as one; and then, of a sudden, to break fluently into Romany: "to descend upon them by a way that was dark and a trick that was vain, in the path of mystery," and then to watch their wonder; — that was "a game, a jolly game, and no mistake," — a game, worth all the philo-

logical discoveries in the world, which, I must say, he played uncommonly well. Everything about him helped, — his imposing presence, his fine head, with the long flowing beard, always towering above the Romanies; his gestures; — he had an impressive way, all his own, of throwing out his large hands as he spoke the magic words; — his earnestness, for he was tremendously in earnest in everything he did, and no Romany Rye ever "looked fixedly for a minute" into the Gypsy's eye — the first move in the game — with more telling effect. To have an audience, especially a disinterested audience, added to the effect and the pleasure. "Wait, and you will see something queer," he told the friend who was with him at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, when he spoke to the Hungarian Gypsies. There you have it. And the "queer thing" did not end with the first breathless second of astonishment. For he could tell the Romanies their own stories and fortunes, sing them their own songs, put them up to their own tricks, every bit as well as they could themselves, if not better, and look the Gorgio all the time. "How do you do it up to such a high peg?" one of them asked him once. "It's the air and the style!" To become a mystery to the people of mystery was a situation to which the study of no other language could lead. And to have somebody, even a chance passer-by, see him do it; to force an involuntary, "Do you know, sir, I think you're the most mysterious gentleman I ever met!" but made his triumph complete.

If at home, up to 1869, he had never fallen among Gypsies, fate so willed it that in England he should settle first in the town of all others where to escape them was impossible for the few who did not want to escape, though most people there would not have known a Gypsy had they seen one. This was Brighton, middle-class and snobbish, still too dazzled by the royalty that once patronized it, to have eyes for the Romanies who, however, were always to be found at the Devil's

Dyke, but a few miles off. It was another piece of luck that chief among these Romanies should be old Matty Cooper, in his way as remarkable a personage as the Regent had been before him. He and his sister Gentilla, at the right seasons of the year, were certain to be camped somewhere about the Devil's Dyke, and what they did not know of English Romany was not worth knowing.

Exactly how it happened I cannot say, except that it could not have been otherwise, but the Rye had not been very long in Brighton before Matty Cooper was coming to him three and four times a week, sometimes every day, to teach him Romany. "I read to him aloud the Turkish Gypsy Dictionary of Paspatis," the Rye wrote years afterwards to Ibbetson, a Romany Rye of a later generation. "When he remembered or recognized a word, or it recalled another, I wrote it down. Then I went through the vocabularies of Liebich, Pott, Simson, etc., and finally through Brice's Hindustani Dictionary, and the great part of a much larger work and one in Persian." Matty had the courage, during the lesson, to face any dictionary his pupil chose to open, though how he faced his people in the tents afterwards, what language he used to them, is not on record. I have the notebooks by me, nine or ten in number, in which the results of each morning's work were set down, and nowhere are there signs of the master playing truant. The date of each lesson is entered; sometimes, too, the sum paid for it, and it is to Matty's credit that there were weeks when, at the rate of three shillings a lesson, he earned twenty-one. Then follows a list of the new words learned, or the old words discussed, each accompanied by its definition, its possible derivation, its variations suggested by different Gypsies and Gypsy scholars, and its practical application. There is no question that the lessons were not all "beer and baccy" for Matty.

But there are other entries that explain how he managed to bear the strain. Sometimes, the pupil records, "I went

with my professor to visit the Gypsies camped about Brighton far and near;" and, by the time he left Brighton, a few months later, for Oatlands Park, the open road had become the usual classroom. At first, I fancy, the Rye hoped to continue his studies by correspondence. Otherwise, I can hardly explain a couple of letters which I have found among his papers. Both are undated; but both, internal evidence proves, come from Gypsies at the Dyke. Here is the first, of which the second is practically but a repetition:

MY DEAR SIR, — I received your kind letter and happy to hear you was quite well also your friend Sir i have sorry to tell you that my poor sister is very ill i do not think she will be here long i cannot tell you anything about Romni Chib in the letter but if you will come down to see me i have a little more to say to you as you know where i live and if i have not at home i ham aways up on the Dike i must thank you for telling me about my niphews so no more from your well wisher.

However, the Romany university is all outdoors, and Matty was as much at home along the shores of the Thames as at the Devil's Dyke. Indeed, he was best known as "the Windsor Froggie," and Windsor is not far from Oatlands Park, which, in its turn, is not far from Walton Bridge and the old willow tree through which some thirty years ago — alas, I cannot say how it is now — the blue smoke was always curling: as sure a sign of the presence of Gypsies as the flag floating from Windsor Tower is of royalty. And in all the country round about — the country of the old church towers the Rye loved, rising over fringes of forest, of ancient castles with the village at their feet, of the river and bridge in the foreground — Gypsies were forever coming and going. By the cool banks of the Thames, by the "turf-edged way," they pitched their smoked tents, and in the little ale-house, at the country fair, on every near race-course, the pupil was sure of finding his

Romany professor or one or more of his tutors. The notebooks now are full of the sound of running water and rustling leaves; the sun shines in them, the rain pours. Borrow, teaching Isopel Berners Armenian, was not freer of academic traditions than the Rye, taking his frequent lesson from Matty Cooper. Certainly, nothing could be farther from the methods of Harvard or of Oxford than the session on Sunday, November 16, 1873:

"Went to the Bridge, but no Matty. Went to Joshua Cooper's tent, — not there. Finally found Joshua out of breath, who, having just been chased by a *gav-mush* [policeman], escaped by throwing away the wood he was carrying home.

'Convey, the wise it call.'

So we had a long session and a very stormy one, — the children squalling, the Gypsies *chingering* [quarrelling], and old Matty, as Head Dictionary, shutting them all up. Finally, young Smith, Sally Buckland's grandson, and another came to visit, and, after praising my great generosity, got a *tringrush* [shilling], and departed in a boat with a jug, returning joyfully, singing cheerful, — with three quarts, which made the Sabbath sweet unto them. During all the confusion, I extracted the following."

And the following means several pages of Romany words. Or here is another entry two days later: —

"Matty was waiting at the gate and took me a long walk, perhaps twenty-five miles, — visiting on near the way Ripley and Woking. . . . We got luncheon in Woking, Matty feasting on cold pork and I on beefsteak, hot baked 'tatures, bread and butter and ale."

And this was the day that, "as we got on, Matty became more excited, and when, after dusk we got near the Park, he began to sing jollily," with a gay "Diddle dumpty dum Hurrah!" a song all about the hunger of his children and the cold in his tent; a subject which would hardly strike any one, save a Gypsy, as something to be particularly jolly about. But, the Rye adds, "I got the following

words from him," and there are ten pages of them.

"I ran after the beagles, Matty of course was on the ground." "Out with the beagles, meeting Gypsies." "Another cold, frosty, bright morning, we started for Cobham," — are examples of some of the further entries that follow one another in rapid succession.

Not even English Gypsies have outgrown the primeval fashion of expressing gratitude through gifts, a fashion they brought with them from the East. Jasper Petulengro was as ready to lend Borrow the money to buy a horse, as the wild Gitano in Badajoz was to throw down before him the bursting pomegranate, his one possession. And the Rye's friends were as eager to give him something as to take from him, and, words being about all they had worth giving, and what he most wanted, words were lavished upon him, — in the daily lesson, at every chance meeting, even by trusty messenger. It is amusing in the notebooks to come across such an entry as: —

"Christopher Jones, a half-breed Gypsy, but whose mother was a full-blood (a Lee), and said to be deeply learned in old Gypsy, told Cooper to ask me if I knew that water was called the *boro Duvel*. C. Jones had much intercourse with old Gypsies."

The scholar, of course, would prize the facts in the notebooks, however acquired. But it is the entries like this that please me, the little memoranda, scribbled in pencil, meant no doubt to be rubbed out later, but left, fortunately, as witnesses to the friendly relations between the Rye in the *boro ketchema* (big hotel) and the Gypsies in their tent by the roadside.

"Write to G. Cooper," one of those entries says; "ask if she has seen Louisa Lee, — tell her her mother is dead. Oliver ill. Send your love."

And the Rye, gradually, came to be looked upon as a sort of general news-agent and letter-writer for all the Romanies in the south; and he must have accepted the trust with good nature, or

an "ever loving friend" would not have written from the tents to charge him:—

"if you should see my boy again you might ask him where his sister is as i should like to hear from her as well as i should from him if you see valentine Stanley you might give my love to him and tell him i should be glad to hear from him or his Brother at Any time and you might give my kind love and best wishes to Anybody that ask About me give my kind love and best Respects to your wife and neice sir if you should see any of the Smalls again plase to tell them there is some money left them By the death of their Aunt Eliza What Was in Australia the house is to be sold in taunton and the money is to be divided among her Brothers Children."

In the midst of all this hard work,— or pleasant play,— or rather when he first embarked upon it, the Rye's thoughts naturally turned to Borrow. No one could then, or can ever again, see or hear of Romanies without thinking of Borrow. And Borrow was still living,—not the magnificent, young, heroic Borrow, inviting wonder wherever he went, whatever he did, whether fighting the Horrors or the Tinman, talking to an old apple-woman on London Bridge, or drinking beer at a wayside inn, translating the Bible into Mant-chu or distributing it to the heathen in Spain. (By the way, only a few years ago, I saw the sign "G. Borrow, Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society," high up on a house in the Plaza Mayor, in Seville.) But it was now the old Borrow, ill natured, grumpy, living like any city man in a respectable Brompton Square, passing his afternoons at the Savile Club; still ready, however, to pose, if we can believe Groome, who saw him in the winter of 1873. "He posed even to me, a mere lad," Groome says; as he had to old Esther Faa in Yetholm, or to Colonel Napier in Seville. But of this talent for grumpiness and for posing, the Rye was agreeably ignorant. All he knew was that he owed the sport he cared more for than any other

in the world to George Borrow. "For twenty years it [Borrow's work] has had an incredible influence over me," he wrote in his first letter, asking for an interview. Gypsy scholars who came after Borrow might, and did, point out flaws and blunders in his work, might find fault with his want of exactness, and the meagreness of his knowledge of Romany. I tremble when I think of his rage, could he read some of the letters now lying before me. And yet, I do not think there was one of them all who did not agree with Groome in ranking "George Borrow above every other writer on the Gypsies."

"To mystify" was Borrow's game in life,—a game which the Rye could also play, when he held a leading hand; and it is characteristic that, between them, they should have made their short acquaintance a problem as baffling as the Romany was before they gave the world the solution. The letter, to which I have referred, published by Mr. Knapp in his *Life of Borrow*, is dated October 18, 1870. There is a second from the Rye, dated January, 1871,—both were written from Brighton,—and Mr. Knapp, keener to detect the matter of fact than the unusual, finds in it proof that during the interval the desired meeting had taken place. And yet, the only letter from Borrow which I have found among the Rye's papers, written as if no meeting had taken place, is dated November 2, 1871. It is from 22 Hereford Square, Brompton, and, though not enthusiastic, is at least not discouraging from the Borrow of those days.

SIR,— I have received your letter and am gratified by the desire you express to make my acquaintance.

Whenever you please to come, I shall be happy to see you.

Truly yours,

GEORGE BORROW.

This might settle matters, did not the Rye state in his *Memoirs* and again in *The Gypsies*—without any date, of course,

but 1870 is the year of which he is speaking in the *Memoirs*¹—that he was introduced, by chance, to Borrow in the British Museum, where, afterwards, he again met and talked several times with the “Nestor of Gypsyism.” But I am as ready to dispense with exactness in this matter as in Borrow’s philology. The main thing is that the younger Gypsy scholar did “once see Borrow plain,”—cannot you fancy them looking at each other “fixedly for a few moments” in the approved Romany Rye fashion?—that several meetings followed, and that the Rye, so far from being disillusioned, when he later gathered into a book all he had learned on the roads offered the dedication of *The English Gypsies* to the man he looked up to as master. The letter carrying the offer was directed to the care of Murray, the publisher, who assured the Rye it must have reached Borrow, and this assurance is also in my pile of letters,—the letters that tell me the whole story of those full years of Gypsy scholarship. But Borrow’s only answer was the public announcement, a few days later, of his *Lavo-Lil*. When it came to interest in the Gypsy, Lavengro drew the line at himself.

But hurry as Borrow might to throw together, anyhow, the words, stories, and names collected during long years, the Rye’s book came out first. I am not sure if *The English Gypsies* is remembered by a public dazzled by the melodramatic Romany of fiction, and incapable of appreciating its great learning. But in it the Rye also sings the joys of the road and of the things that make life sweet to the wanderer; it has something of the undefinable charm of the Gypsy himself; and what the public in the seventies thought is shown by the fact that the book went quickly into a second edition. What the Romany Ryes thought, they straightway sat down and wrote to tell the author,—Mr. Hubert Smith, Dr. Bath Smart, Crofton, Groome, Palmer, one and all. When I look at the great

pile of their letters, carefully preserved, it strikes me as one of the little ironies of life that the Gypsy, smoking and dreaming his own life away, should have excited his lovers to such a delirium of industry.

As I read these old letters, I wonder that the rest of the world could keep on plodding at its accustomed tasks and refuse to see that the Gypsy was the only thing of real importance in the world. I wish I had space for Groome’s letters, so charming are they, written with all the seriousness and enthusiasm of youth; he was only twenty-three or twenty-four at the time; but they would make a volume of themselves. Those from Professor E. H. Palmer show that he could be no less irresistible as a friend than accomplished as a scholar. In 1874, he and the Rye, with the further help of Miss Janet Tuckey, were hard at work collaborating, and to read Palmer’s letters is to believe that really there could be nothing worth doing except to write Gypsy ballads, and to publish them afterwards in a volume (*English Gypsy Songs*). Between Cambridge and London, those that were written flew backwards and forwards; getting themselves criticised with a zeal scarcely short of fanaticism. In their behalf papers were “nobbled,”—did n’t “young Fred Pollock” write for the *Saturday*, and did n’t he know well “Leslie Stephen of the *Pall Mall*”?—“I, like you, will do my damndest to make the book go,” Palmer writes with one of his reports of tried and suggested intrigue! “I am more *on* for it than even for my Arabic Grammar, which is just out, and which has absorbed almost all my thought for these two years past.” Occasionally, other matters call for a passing word, but they speedily make way for the only thing that counts.

“I will talk about your forthcoming Chinaman discoverer to-night at Trinity, where I dine with the Chancellor and Honorary degree men,—Sir James Wolsey and Co., and a distinguished countryman of yours, J. R. Lowell,—and on every other occasion that I can. It ought to be a

¹ A letter recently lent to me seems to fix the date as 1872!

success. My lectures are at an end, thank my *dearie duvel* [dear God], so that as soon as I can clear off a few reviews I shall be free to go ahead with the Romany Pomes. I am very glad Miss Tuckey is also likely to be free to finish off her lot. As soon as you let me have a printed slip of the Royal poem, I will get the Dean to present it. In the meantime please let us have the specimens for the *Athenæum*, etc., and then we will follow them up with a leader from W. Besant in the *Daily News*."

Log-rolling, you may say. Yes, but log-rolling done with a gayety, a disinterestedness, a sense of the fun of it, unknown to the present modern weakling with no ambition higher than the commercial traveller's.

The publisher, Trübner, intimate friend though he was of the Rye's, it seems, would not think of the book until a certain number of subscribers were assured.

"I don't much like having to do publisher's work as well as our own," Palmer says in one of his gayest letters, "nor do I like having to appeal *ad misericordiam* for subscribers, but I suppose we must submit.

"You are earnestly requested to subscribe to the above work; it is the composition of a blind orphan who is deaf and dumb and has no use of his limbs. Unless 50,000 copies at a penny each are taken by a Christian and sympathizing public the book will remain unpublished, and the writer will have no resource but the workhouse or dishonesty.' However, as soon as I have finished the glossary — which I am getting on with fast — I will draw up, as you suggest, a circular, and when you have approved and touched up, we will scatter it broadcast, and I will ask every one I know to subscribe. We will make it go somehow. I think we had better come out with a burst, get if we can Royalty's opinion, then get out our prospectus, then a leader on it in the *Daily News*, then specimens in the *Athenæum*, and say a sandwich man with a prospectus on his hat up and down Regent Street."

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It is impossible to read Palmer's letters without sharing his excitement, so that it is a regret to me when, in them, I reach the moment of the book's appearance. Not that the excitement is at an end. There is still the agitation of sending a copy to the Queen, this time through her equerry, Colonel Ponsonby, and of receiving in due course the usual formal, "I am desired to acknowledge the receipt of the Vol. on *English Gipsy Songs* forwarded by you to the Queen, and to announce Her Majesty's acceptance of it with thanks." — Did this sort of thing ever do any good to any book? — There is still the redoubled agitation of intrigue, now for reviews. From some unknown channel, news arrives that "Crofton is to be civil;" more encouraging, the *Athenæum* really is amiable. Palmer, in between a consultation with the oculist and a visit to the Sultan of Zanzibar, — who, it might be recorded, talked all the time "about Hell and Purgatory," — stops to write, "Hooray! *dordi* [behold] the *Athenæum*, — have n't they *mukked us tale mishto*" [done us well]! "Walter Pollock" is to write for the *Saturday*. A dinner with the proprietor of the *Spectator* may lead to things there, by gentle insinuation, — who knows? I may as well state at once that all this did lead to results more practical than the mere *kludos*, with which, usually, the philologist must be content, for the first edition was sold out by August.

After the launching of the book, Palmer's letters became few; partly because the two men were now more often together, meeting in the summer, and, eventually, Palmer coming to London to live; partly because the Rye returned to Philadelphia in 1879, and whatever letters Palmer wrote there, before his tragic death, are gone, no one knows where.

But, during the seventies, it seemed as if not only Groome, and Palmer, and Bath Smart, and Mr. Crofton, and Mr. Hubert Smith, but everybody who sent the Rye a letter, could write of nothing but Gypsies. One day it was George Boker, then Min-

ister to Russia, supplying him with information as to the Gypsies in that country; the next, it was a friend, giving him news of the Gypsies near Weybridge and Oatlands Park. Or else it was Dr. Garnett writing from the British Museum to enclose a Gypsy song from a Koloszvar publication; or Miss Janet Tuckey consulting him about her ballads, envying Palmer his facility,—“why, he’d soon make a book all by himself;” or Mr. Horace E. Scudder, with a message from army officers in the West, puzzled by a suggested relation between Romany and Red Indian;—and it is curious that the same relation, or rather comparison, should have suggested itself to “old Frank Cooper,” who, one day at the Walton Races, according to the notebooks, told the Rye he “had been often puzzled by Indians in America and their great resemblance to Gypsies;”—or Miss Genevieve Ward, anxious for Gypsy songs that, in her coming rôle of Gypsy, will be more effective, she thinks, sung “in the tree lingo,”—letters from any and every one; a long list, far too long to quote.

And it was another part of the charm the Romanies had for him, that, thanks to them, he could travel nowhere and not find friends waiting for him. All his journeys during these years mean so many chapters for his Gypsy books. He went to Russia for the winter, and the record is in his papers on the Russian Gypsies who sang to him in St. Petersburg and Moscow. He attended the Oriental Congress in Paris in 1878, and he might have forgotten it himself but for his meetings with the Hungarian Gypsies who played to him at the Exposition. He wandered over England, here, there, and I, for one, could not say where, were it not for the Gypsies, who, in each new place, gave him fresh material for his books. He spent a summer in Wales, Palmer with him, that would be a blank in the story of his life but for the discovery of Shelta, the encounters with some of the deep, wild Welsh Gypsies, and the legend that grew up among them of his passing. Of

this legend, Mr. John Sampson, of University College, Liverpool, wrote to him, more than twenty years later, in a letter that I quote now, because it refers more especially to this period. It is one of the most delightful letters in all the bundle,—delightful to write, delightful to receive:—

“I can scarcely tell you with what pleasure I again hear from you,—one of the few remaining *tacho-biëno* *Romany Rais*. Though it is long since I wrote to you, you have been so often in my thoughts that I feel as if I knew you better than perhaps I do. . . .

“Well, Romani, which you somewhere rightly compare to the longing for the plains (Kipling’s ‘East a-calling’) is as much a passion with me as ever, and since the cessation of our *Journal* I have done more work at it than ever, especially at the very perfect Welsh dialect. Five years ago, travelling through Wales in Gypsy fashion with van and tent, in company with Kuno Meyer, Walter Raleigh, and two other friends (one ‘a Gypsy’), I struck one of the Woods,—Edward Wood, a harper,—and begun from him my study of the Welsh dialect. Since then I have practically spent all my spare time in Wales with the Welsh Gypsies, and believe I now know every member of the family, and every word and inflexion. At times I have spent weeks without hearing English spoken, for the natives speak Welsh, and the Gypsies invariably Romani, not as with most English Gypsies only on rare occasions. . . .

“Now let me tell you something that I think will interest you. Do you know that you have become a mythical personage among the Welsh Gypsies, just as the Archduke has among some Continental Gypsy tribes? (I forget which, but I remember reading about it in Herrmann’s *Ethnologische Mittheilungen*, and I dare say I could rake out the reference if you want it.) I first heard vague allusions to it from several Gypsies without, of course, connecting it with you. Then meeting ‘Taw,’ that deepest of witches, at Menai,

I heard the story more definitely. It was told me as a great secret. Her story was of a great kinsman of the Woods who lived across the water, of great height and fabulous wealth which he held in trust for the family, and with which he would eventually endow them; who spoke deep Romani as they did, who knew everything, who travelled everywhere. 'You met him at Aberystwyth,' I said. '*Auaua Chavo!*' 'In the year 187—' '*Bichadās tut yov more fōkengi?*' I did not deny it, for it is a rule of mine neither to deny or affirm anything, neither to promise or refuse anything, to the Gypsies. Since then from different parts of Wales I have had repeated invitations to turn up the money at once or take the consequences. Only last year I received a letter from a Wrexham firm of solicitors saying that from information received they now positively knew that certain sums of money intended for their client, Mrs. Wood, had been withheld by me, and that, the matter having been placed in their hands, they would stand no nonsense, or words to that effect. I replied, saying that if they would read the enclosed letter to their client she would gather something of my intentions. The enclosed letter was in Romani."

When, after ten years, the Rye, in 1879, crossed the Atlantic again, and found Philadelphia, in many ways, transformed almost out of recognition, there were Gypsies to keep him from feeling a stranger in his native land. It was then I got to know the Romanies. Most people in those days — as I believe they do still — looked upon respectability as Philadelphia's only product. Its straight streets and regular vistas of house fronts seemed to offer no escape from the commonplace, no chance to stumble upon the unknown. And yet, to the Philadelphian, as to Borrow, "strange things" may every day occur; for America now, as well as the British Isles, is full of the people who bring adventure to one's very doorstep. I was young, the convent not so many years behind me, and I was carried off my feet by the wonder of it all. A quarter

of a century older as I am now, when I look back to those days I still see in North Broad Street, not the chief thoroughfare "up town," where no correct Philadelphian would be "found dead," but the path to the freedom of Oakdale Park, where the Costelloes camped in the early spring; the dreariest West Philadelphia suburb becomes transfigured into the highway to Bohemia and its seven castles, though to my blind fellow citizens it was only an open lot where the Lovells pitched their dirty little brown tents; the old thrill comes with the thought of the ferry where we embarked for Camden the Ineffable, and the Reservoir, and, under its shadow, Davy Wharton, the truest Gypsy of them all, who slept through the short crisp October days, while Shēva, his wife, begged and told fortunes in the town. But there was no going anywhere, on any matter-of-fact errand, without the happy risk of adventure. If I stepped into a street car, might I not, as sometimes happened, be greeted with the mysterious "sarishan" from Gypsy women carrying their day's plunder home, while all the Gorgios stared? In my own back yard, — good Philadelphian for garden, — or at my own front door, might I not run into a tinker, part if not all Gypsy, sharpening the family knives and scissors? And on decorous Chestnut Street, were there not rare, but unforgettable, visions of strange wild creatures with flashing eyes and long black hair, wearing strange garments decorated with big silver buttons, striding along on First Day morning, past the quiet groups of Friends in plain coats and plain bonnets, — beautiful beings, such as I had never seen before, but have since on the remote roads of Transylvania? "Do you remember," the Rye wrote me from Florence (in 1892), referring to these old days, "do you remember Rosanna Lovell, and how we took her a *dukkerin lil* [fortune-telling book] and brought a thousand people out to see her; and how Val Stanley sent out every ten minutes for beer, which we drank out of a moustache-cup, — and the

great tent with the Arab brass lamp, where the beer was carried round in a watering pot! — and the old Rom who apologised for the want of a *view* or scenery, and who offered a piece of tobacco for hospitality?" — Why, Philadelphia was all adventure, a town of "strange things."

The Rye had not lost in America his extraordinary faculty of inspiring others with his own enthusiasm, and the Gypsy fever spread, as in England, even to people he did not know. Before long, on our expeditions, we were joined by an artist, — he is now my husband; many articles, for the *Century* principally, coming of those days when we were fellow explorers, and, also, I sometimes think, our life for the last twenty years together. And, almost as soon, Gypsy bulletins were dispatched from Boston, where Miss Abby Alger watched for the passing *Romany*, with the keenness of Groome in Göttingen or Palmer in Cambridge. And, as promptly, we were hearing from our Gypsy friends of two *tāni rānis* (young ladies) down in Delaware, beautiful, rich, and real Romanies, — one a Lee, — talking deep *Romany*, though house-dwellers. We thought them myths for a while. But they, at the right moment, materialized, at first in a voluminous correspondence, eventually in person, when the *tāni rāni*, who was a Lee to the Romanies and Katharine Bayard to all the world beside, was crossing the ferry with us to that Lotus Land under the shadow of the Reservoir. But what now strikes me as the most curious evidence of the hold the Gypsy had taken of people's imagination, is the ease with which Planchette wrote *Romany* for a girl I knew, who, without its help, could not, or thought she could not, speak a word of the language.

It adds to the picturesqueness of these memories that Walt Whitman should have a prominent place in them. We seldom could get to Camden and home again without meeting and talking with him. Sometimes we found him sitting in

a big chair by the fruit stall at the foot of Market Street, gossiping with the Italian who kept it, eating peanuts, shaking hands with the horse-car drivers, whose stopping place was just in front. Sometimes he was leaving the ferryboat as we started, or stepping on it as we landed in Camden. Sometimes we paid him a visit in his brother's house, where he lived. Sometimes we rode up together in the Market Street car. He always wanted to hear about the Gypsies, though I fancied he was not quite in sympathy with our way of seeing them. It would not have been his way. He would rather have come across them by chance, not by design. In the memoranda of his life, left by the Rye to my care, there are some stray notes of these meetings with Walt Whitman, and I only wish I could make others realize all that they recall and suggest as I read them.

"It seems so strange to me now [1893] — to think that I used to walk with him [Walt Whitman] and take drinks with him in small publics and talk of poetry and people, and visit him in his home with Elizabeth Robins — long ago. There were always Gypsies camped about a mile from his house, and Elizabeth and I, going and coming, . . . used to meet him and tell him all that we had seen, which greatly interested the old Bohemian. I have some recollection of telling him his fortune or of examining his palm. We had no idea in those days that we were making print for the future. But we were really all three very congenial and Gypsyish. Whitman's manner was deliberate and grave; he always considered or 'took' an idea 'well in' before replying. He was, I think, rather proud of the portrait of an ancestor which hung in the parlor of his home. . . .

"One day, when I found him seated on a chair at the foot of Market Street in Philadelphia, by the ferry, a favourite haunt of his, he was admiring a wooden statue of an Indian, a tobacconist's sign. He called my attention to it, — not as a work of art, but as something character-

istic and indicative of national taste. I quite understood and agreed with him, for it had, as he saw it, an art value. It was a bit of true folk-lore. . . .

"Once, when I had first made his acquaintance, we met at the corner of Sansom and Seventh streets. He took me into a very common little bar-room where there was a table, and introduced me to several rather shabby, common looking men, not workmen, but looking like Bohemians and bummers. I drank ale and talked, and all easily and naturally enough,—I had in my time been *bon compagnon* with Gypsies, tinkers, and all kinds of loose fish, and thought nothing of it all. But when we came forth, Whitman complimented me very earnestly on having been so companionable, and said he had formed a very different idea of me; in short, he did not know the breadth of my capacity. I had evidently risen greatly in his opinion.

"When my book on the Gypsies appeared, I, knowing that it would interest him, gave him a copy, in which I had written a short complimentary poem; and, mindful of the great and warm gratitude which he had declared regarding my brother Henry, I asked him if he would not write for me a few original verses, though it were only a couplet, in the copy of *Leaves of Grass* which he had sent to my brother. His reply was a refusal at which I should not have felt hurt, had it been gently worded or civilly evasive, but his reply was to the effect that he never did anything of the kind except for money. His exact words then were, 'Sometimes when a fellow says to me: "Walt, here's ten or five dollars,—write me a poem for it," I do so.' And then, seeing a look of disappointment or astonishment in my face, he added, 'But I will give you my photograph and autograph,' which he did."

After I came to England, in 1884, the same year the Rye returned, I went on some expeditions with him to see the English Gypsies; but not many. I was seldom in London in the summer during

the few years he remained in England, and the fog and wet of a London winter never exactly made me long to see "the road before me." But of these few expeditions, two stand out with startling vividness in my memory, and are very characteristic of him as Romany Rye.

One was to the Derby. My only experience of what Mr. Henry James calls the "popular revel" taught me little of the English people,—its virtue in his eyes,—most of my day being spent with the Wanderers who could teach me more of the East. What horses ran, I do not think I knew; I am sure I did not look on at one race; it is doubtful if I had a glimpse of the course. My confused memory is of innumerable Gypsy tents; of more Romanies than I had ever seen together at any one moment in any one place; of endless beer and chaff, of which I am afraid I did not consume or contribute my share; of gay bouts in the cocoanut shies; of the Rye for the rest of the afternoon, with a cocoanut under each arm, beaming with pride over his skill in winning them; and of the day's wonders culminating in what, to me, was the great event of that year's Derby. I don't know quite how it happened. We were passing late in the afternoon a tent which somehow we had missed in the morning, and we stopped to speak to the *dye* and the children playing around it. Almost at once, out of the tent came a young woman. It was in the days of "water waves," and never had I beheld such an amazing arrangement of them on any one head. They and her face shone with soap and water. A bright new silk handkerchief was tied coquettishly about her neck. She smiled, and tripped on to greet a friend. In less time than I can write it, with hair streaming, handkerchief flying, face flowing with blood, she was struggling in the arms of the other woman, both swearing like troopers.

"Hold hard!" cried the Rye, "this won't do!"

And down fell the cocoanuts, and he was between the two women, his great

head and beard towering above them, blows and kicks falling upon him from either side like rain, for so quickly was it done that it took them a good minute to realize they were not pommeling each other. That ended the fight. But since then, I have understood Jasper Petulengro better! "Rum animals. . . . Did you ever feel their teeth and nails, brother?"

The other expedition was to the Hampton Races, where I had my one memorable meeting with Matty Cooper, who was then very old, and very drunk, too, I regret to say, but very charming; and where I wore the carnations he presented me, as, at other tournaments, maidens wore the colors of their knights.

From now onward, the Rye did not see so much of the Gypsies. And yet, never at any time, not even when collaborating with Palmer, was he so immersed in Gypsy matters as when, within four years of his return to England, the Gypsy Lore Society was established. There was again a perpetual interchange of letters, an agitation, a fever, an absorption. The Romany Ryes all joined forces. Old grievances were forgotten, old disputes settled, old correspondences renewed.

The credit for founding this society has been given to W. J. Ibbetson, who, in answer to Colonel Prideaux's question in *Notes and Queries* (October 8, 1887) as to whether any systematic attempt had been made to collect the songs and ballads of English Gypsies, suggested (November 17) that a club of Romany Ryes be formed to collect and publish by subscription as complete vocabularies and collections of ballads in the Anglo-American dialect as might be possible at that date. The matter was taken up by Mr. David MacRitchie, to whom, eventually, fell the work of starting the society. At first the Rye did not respond with enthusiasm. He had proposed just such a society eighteen years before, and the little band of Gypsy scholars then, instead of supporting him, "were very much annoyed (as George Borrow also was) at the ap-

pearance of a new intruder in their field."

His first letter on the subject to Mr. MacRitchie from Brighton, February 26, 1888, was rather indifferent. He agreed that there "should be a Romany society to collect what is left of this fast vanishing people," and he was quite willing to join and pay his guinea a year, but there must be no further responsibility, while he urged a greater exclusiveness than Mr. MacRitchie, with a necessary eye to the bank account, thought possible.

"I do not insist on anything, but I have possibly had a little more experience than most men in founding or watching such Clubs, and I will therefore give reasons for admitting only men who speak Romany. If such men *only* join, it will give the Society a marked character. The members will be able to do something and to work. A man who don't know Romany may pay his guinea, *but of what use will he be?* And of what earthly use will his *guinea* be? To publish our works! Why, if our works are worth printing at all, I can find a publisher who will do it all at his own expense. Now this is a fact. Half the works issued by Societies are *rubbish* which the writers could not get printed, except by influence. . . .

"I should prefer a small and poor society, but a *real* one, — even with gypsies in it, — to an amateur theatrical company. Pardon me for speaking so earnestly, but I have been so sickened by my experience of clubs in which men were taken in for their money, that I would like to be in one which was real."

His indifference was not quite conquered even when Mr. MacRitchie, early in May, wrote to offer him the highest tribute it was possible for the Romany Ryes to offer.

"Crofton and Groome and myself hope that you will also become our President," Mr. MacRitchie tells him. "Before we send a prospectus to others, we must have two or three office-bearers named, and there is no one so well fitted for the Presidency as yourself. So I hope soon to

hear that you have accepted. We propose that Mr. Crofton be Vice President, and that I be Secretary and Treasurer. Groome has kindly agreed to divide my labours (such as they are), but he firmly declines to appear as Secretary — or in any prominent position."

Later, however, Groome did appear as editor of the *Journal* with Mr. MacRitchie.

"Unless you can get along with my name alone, there will be very little use in proclaiming me as President," is the Rye's answer on May 4. "I am out of London and England — or expect to be — most of the time. . . . If my name will help I am willing to let it be used."

Of course his name would help, and so Mr. MacRitchie assured him promptly, and I can see that his indifference began to be shaken, by the interest he took when it came to the question of Romany spelling, which I wish, for my comfort and my readers', had been settled years before.

"Let the word be henceforward written Gypsies with a y," he wrote to Mr. MacRitchie on May 9. "You caused me to write it so. If it comes from Egypt — gypsies is right.

"Seriously, let us come to some agreement as to orthography. Groome writes Ri, — I write Rye after Borrow, because he made Rye known. But I don't like the *Kooshty* of Smart, nor the forcing Romany words into strict English form. So far as we can make Romany agree with Continental, and especially with Indian pronunciation, we really ought to do so. We had better arrange all this *en famille*. We can 'rehabilitate' Gypsy without manufacturing, if we will only be unselfish and harmonious."

The society, it is true, lasted only a short time, but while it did last it kept on, to use Mr. MacRitchie's phrase, "booming." In the summer of 1890 came the Folk-Lore Congress in Paris, and the Oriental Congress in Stockholm, and, with them, the occasion to flaunt the scholarship of the Romany Ryes in the face of the world. To the general public,

learned congresses of learned men may seem dull things, but never in the letters of the Romany Ryes. In Paris the president figured as "Directeur de la Gypsylore-Society;" he read a paper to prove that the Gypsies have been "the great colporteurs" of folk-lore, — a phrase Groome later applauded, expanding the theory, — he reported to Mr. MacRitchie, on August 1, 1889: —

"Yesterday was a grand day for us. As I said, it has fallen on the Gypsy Lore Society to come to the front and take all the honour of representing England, as the English Folk-Lore Society has not appeared at all in it! . . . In the evening Prince Roland Bonaparte gave an awful swell dinner (Roumanian gypsy musicians and pre-historic menu, etched for the occasion), and as President of the G. L. S. I was seated at the Prince's right hand. . . . At any rate, we have had a stupendous lift, and with energy may do much more. Lord knows that I have tried my little utmost, not without some effect." . . .

In Stockholm, he worked for the society no less hard, but — I leave it to his letter to explain the "but," and to throw an unexpected side light on the ways and woes of Orientalists assembled in solemn congress: —

"The Swedish Oriental Congress was one hundred times fuller of incident than the Paris one. It was awfully *overdone*, and turned into a great Oriental Circus, — to its very great detriment as a learned body. We were rushed about and fêted and made a great show of, — until I now loathe the very name of 'banquet,' 'reception,' the sight of banners or hurrahing thousands, fireworks and processions. We *all* got tired or fell ill, — half of the Orientalists became 'queer' or irritable, — and then they quarrelled! My God, how they did quarrel!! I kept out of it all, — but I am awful glad to get home again."

But despite congresses, despite booming, despite the tremendous interest of

everybody in the society, by February of 1891 the impossibility of a much longer life was realized.

The *Journal* actually ceased in 1892, and with it all reasons for the existence of the society disappeared. "But the Gypsy question is not played out," Mr. MacRitchie wrote during the last months. "It has *no end* of things to say for itself yet. I intend pegging away at the Gypsies for a long time to come, though of course avoiding Gypsomania." The Rye, when he was enthusiastic about anything, was never to be outdone in enthusiasm by any one. He, too, kept "pegging away." Before the work of the society was over, he had published his *Gypsy Sorcery*, a book full of curious information, but concerned less with the Gypsy himself than with Gypsy superstitions. He now promptly undertook a *Gypsy Decameron*, and finished it, too, with the name changed to *Romany Wit and Wisdom*, but never got so far as to publish it; the manuscript lies with all his other Gypsy papers, a marvelous collection. He planned a record of the Romany Ryes of Great Britain and their work, "especially to please them," he wrote to me at the time. But they all shrank back, afraid of the critic, and he had to give up the idea.

And the Gypsy still filled his letters. He kept on writing to Mr. MacRitchie, though at longer intervals; he renewed the long interrupted correspondence with Groome; he found a new correspondent in Mr. Sampson, who, when not writing of his wanderings with the Gypsies on Welsh roads, was sending his Romany translations of Heine and Omar Khayyám, and once of *Gaudeamus*, the Rye having long before made an English version of Scheffel; "we used to sing it around our camp-fire in the evening," Mr. Sampson adds. Nor could the Rye keep the Gypsy out of his letters to me. The almost in-

evitable ending of them all is "*Tiro Kam-lo Koko*" (your affectionate Uncle), and, wherever he went, he had Gypsy adventures to report to me, sure of my sympathy. Now it was at the Bagni di Lucca, where "down in the valley I met a band of Piedmontese Gypsies. They denied being Gypsy, and did n't know a word of Romany. Indignantly pointing to the horse, I said, 'How do you call that?' And the answer was '*Grai*.' 'Yes,' quoth I, 'and thou art *manusch* [man], *te adovo se a chava, te me shom o boro Romani Rai*' [and that is a boy, and I am a great Gypsy gentleman]. Then we got on very well." Now it was in Geneva, and a French Gypsy woman told him his fortune, and he gave in return "a small shell tied up in leather which was received with boundless gratitude. I also described eloquently the value of the shell as a bringer of *bacht*" [luck]. Now it was at Innsbrück, where, lonely, without the companionship he always craved, "I met a charming van full of Romanys three days ago, and almost cried for joy." Now it was at Homburg, the last place to suggest that sort of society, but,—"I met with a real Gypsy family in a beer garden, day before yesterday, and had a gay time." And so it went on to the very last year of his life (the last quotation I give is as recent as 1899).

I have said enough, however, to show what the Gypsies meant to him all his life long, once he got to know them; how much more his interest was than the passing "fad" he never forgave any one for calling it. He loved them as a friend, he studied them as a scholar, and to such good purpose that, when they have vanished forever from the roads, they will still live and wander in the pages of his books. Even if Borrow had never written, the Romany would be immortalized in *The English Gypsies* and *The Gypsies*.

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE

BY JANE SEYMOUR KLINK

IN beginning the consideration of a question which touches the American home in its quickest part, let me be pardoned for saying that I have sat in intelligence offices, my letters of reference in my hand; have passed the scrutiny of the householder seeking a servant; have been engaged as one, and gone into the kitchen or the butler's pantry; that I have had my hours of domestic service and my "days out;" earned and taken my wages; scored my failures and successes, my disappointments and satisfactions. I have experienced the eternal truth that to every question there are two sides.

Until a few years ago the question of domestic service had been set aside as a woman's affair by those endeavoring to solve the world's problems, with the result that it has grown constantly more complex, and the solution more difficult. It never was merely a woman's problem. It was, and it always will be, a part of the great labor problem; and it is recognized also that the character of the problem has been influenced by shifting conditions, economic and social. But granted all this, what are you going to do about it? Though it be the same old labor problem, though its character change with altering of social conditions, whether it hang on the law of supply and demand or be in conflict with the American spirit, here is the situation; and something must be done.

Factories are overwhelmed with applicants for work, sweat shops flourish on cheap and abundant labor, department stores turn away thousands of would-be salesgirls, typewriters are legion, there are more teachers than there are places, and the cry of the unemployed is often heard in the land. Yet households are broken up, cafés glitter, restaurants issue

cheap meal tickets, boarding-houses multiply, and the American home is yearly growing less, because the American housekeeper cannot obtain willing and competent service. In factories are girls who would rather cook, in shops are women who would make good housekeepers; hundreds of typewriters who would make creditable waitresses are reeling off badly spelled words, and many are teaching school who should be doing anything else in the world. The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston made a systematic effort to attract the workers in shops and factories to domestic service, but with signal failure. From five hundred and sixty-four women who were asked to consider housework, only thirty-six applied, and these were not altogether satisfactory. Their dislike for the work is frankly stated to be on account of the long hours, no evenings for themselves, the isolation from other workers, and the social stigma that attaches to the occupation.

Here we have our dilemma. On one side is wanted work; on the other workers. Is it not possible, is it not reasonable, that these needs should be satisfied each by the other, and that this work and these workers should be brought into contact agreeable and beneficial to both?

The social aspect of domestic service has been changed by the fact that, since 1860, succeeding tides of immigration from various countries have swept over the United States, and the foreigners who replaced the "help" of New England had been fitted neither by birth nor environment for the social equality which had been granted to their predecessors as a matter of course. These newcomers were not "help," they were "servants," and a different appreciation was placed on their

services, a different status given to the employment. This term servant, I believe, has more real effect in deterring American girls from entering household service than any other one thing, operating most unfavorably among just that class of intelligent, capable girls whose help is needed to elevate and dignify the occupation. It is all very well to say that the term servant is a generic one, and that any one working for a cash equivalent under authority is the servant of those whose orders are to be obeyed. That may be true, but socially—and this is the aspect we are considering—this term servant has become so restricted to those who perform household service that its ordinary use carries no other signification. The native-born American objects to being placed in any position where there is not at least the semblance of freedom. It would seem to be the most natural thing in the world that when domestic employees have married and have families of their own, good household workers should be found among their children. But they are brought up rather to be anything else, because such parents wish their children to be just as good as or a bit better than anybody's children; whether that to be called "a servant" carries too much of a demeaning implication, or for whatever other reason. One bright girl who was the cook in a home where I was employed, invariably referred to us as "the kitchen mechanics," another always called the maids "us girls," still another "the kitchen people;" and in all association with maids in service, I have never heard them call themselves servants. Furthermore, the occupation is regarded as one affording little opportunity to rise in the world. If fortunate ones have risen, the fact that they have been servants is carefully concealed. The railway millionaire may be proud of the fact that he once peddled peanuts on the train, the bonanza king that he began as the mule driver of an ore car; but what woman will say with pride, "Yes, I once was a cook for Mrs. B——, and tried to do my work well"?

To establish a school, and frankly call it one for the training of servants, is distinctly against present tendencies; the name alone would kill it. Train domestic employees, home workers, household aids, just as much as you can, but unless the term servant be left out, possibly even from the signs of employment bureaus, you must combat an unappeasable prejudice. Of the principal of a normal school where an excellent course in cooking was given I asked, "What is the object in taking this course,—is it obligatory?"

"They wish specially to teach cooking, and take it in addition to their regular work."

"What is the object in view in teaching cooking to the children?"

"Simply, madam, to help them make better homes; the aim is to improve the homes."

"But some of these pupils will have to earn their own living; will not these cooking lessons open another avenue of employment?"

"Madam, we are not training servants."

Now as to supply and demand. The ranks of household employees are recruited mainly from the immigrants, but their number is far less than the calls for them. Any girl coming to this country, and willing to take a place as a cook or waitress, can find work three times over the moment she steps on land. We must look for other sources of supply. We must train and educate our own American girls to fill these places, classifying these girls as part of the great labor problem which here demands and should engage concerted effort in its solution. Certainly, as other phases of this general problem have been treated with at least partial success, this specific phase of this same general problem can be treated in like manner. Whatever the individual views as to trades-unionism, its methods, its abuses, or its excesses, are we not all prepared to admit in this day that there must have been certain wrongs, and some justice in the

demands of wage-earners, since the improvements as to hours, as to wages, and as to the physical conditions of work-rooms and surroundings are now assented to by all employers, indeed conceded by all employers to be a distinct advantage both to capital and to labor? And surely the servant problem has never yet presented the complications, the embarrassments, the possibilities of revolution, that were presented so long ago in the problem of the organized wage-earners declining to accept unconditional terms of employment from capital.

Then the question arises: "Would you have a union of domestic employees?" That is not the real question. The real question is: here are certain conditions of labor as to hours, duties, wages, and standards of life, which demand adjustment; if these other conditions in factory, mill, or foundry could be adjusted, what are the conditions here, favorable or unfavorable to the domestic employee, that make it so difficult to reach such readjustment as has been proved feasible in other fields of employment?

In the matter of wages the houseworker has the advantage of the outside worker in respect of net returns for the services performed. A good general housemaid in Alameda, a suburb of San Francisco, gets twenty-five dollars a month. She does all the washing but the shirts and collars. In Chicago a girl for general housework receives as high as five dollars a week, with neither washing nor ironing; while in New York a general housemaid at four and a half dollars a week is expected, as a rule, to do the laundry work, excepting shirts and collars. A man attends to the porches, brasses, and furnace. In Boston a general housemaid averages four and a half or five dollars a week, usually doing the laundry work. There is no organized union, but the tacit agreement among domestic employees as to the rate of wages is strong; they are rather overpaid than underpaid, and these wages are clear to those who receive them, no part being expended, as in the

case of other wage-earners, for house rent and food.

But the house employees have made complaint about other conditions of labor which may be summed up under the heads of rooms, food, and bathing facilities. I have known girls who have had ill-ventilated basement rooms, stifling in summer, freezing in winter, flooded by storms. I have seen a closet off the kitchen used as a sleeping apartment for two of the employees. I have myself slept for a week upon a table; but it seems reasonable to think this is not the rule. With two exceptions a clean, sweet room was given to me. If the room were shared with another maid, there were generally separate beds. My experience has been that the rooms, while fairly well lighted, seldom have the gas or electric light so placed that one can read, write, or sew with comfort. For bathing facilities, the tendency in the newer houses and apartments is to have a maids' bathroom; in the older houses, the personal equation plays a part. In one such I asked whether I could have the privilege of the bathroom, and the answer was, —

"Certainly. I would a great deal rather know that you used it than feel that you needed to."

In an apartment where there was only one bathroom, the lady said, "If my girls are real nice I allow them to use the bathroom."

Often the laundry tubs are made to serve, but there are difficulties in the way of their use for bathing that I never could bring myself to surmount.

Regarding the table, I have known girls working in households where they have not had enough to eat, but these cases have been few and far between. Whether the family be rich, well to do, or with a comparatively small income, the general feeling is a fear lest the household employee have not enough, rather than too much. I have known this to be the case, even where strict economy was carefully practiced. Usually separate dishes, plated ware, tablecloths, and nap-

kins are provided for the employees. The single exception to that rule was noteworthy. There were three to be served in the kitchen, and the table service was rather scanty. There were no napkins. In cleaning out the table drawers and washing up dish towels, I discovered a very old worn piece of tablecloth, just a nice, soft rag. Without asking permission I tore it into three pieces. Palm Sunday furnished palms for napkin rings, and we ate in comfort. Mrs. —, looking in the drawer, asked what those were.

"They are table napkins," I said.

"I never give napkins in the kitchen," she replied.

"I am sorry," I said, "to have torn it without asking you, but we all have been used to napkins, and I did not think you would mind."

She made no verbal reply, but threw the napkins, Palm Sunday rings and all, in the garbage barrel. I still am wondering why it made her so uncomfortable to know that the household employees used table napkins, even though they were torn and ragged.

Speaking by and large, the general disposition seems to be to provide well for the employee's "inner man." Mrs. — may buy thousand-dollar pictures for the parlor, and expect the bone of a two-pound steak from which four have dined to serve as the basis of a dinner for two people in the kitchen; but she is rather the exception than the rule, and in regard to food, it is safe to say that the household employee is generally better fed than any other class of workmen. I have sat night after night in a Boston café, and seen women and girls come in and dine with unfailing regularity off tea and rolls, costing ten cents. Yet they had been working hard all day, and, to judge by their looks, needed something more substantial. And many more have not even that, but cook in their rooms, reducing the cost of living to that of simple existence.

As to the employee's hours of work and time off, these are largely individual mat-

ters, yet not entirely so. There is misapprehension on both sides regarding this. Taking the general houseworker as an illustration, her hours from time of rising until she ceases to be "on call" in the evening, are usually from six o'clock A. M. until nine o'clock P. M., fifteen hours, with ordinarily every other Thursday and every other Sunday off. Sometimes the Thursday off means going out as soon as the morning's work is done, and remaining until it is time to prepare dinner, thus having the whole day to one's self. Sometimes it means going away directly after luncheon, and spending afternoon and evening out. Sometimes it means going as soon as possible after luncheon and coming home in time to prepare dinner.

The Sunday off generally means an early dinner, any time from one until three, and leaving after the work is done, having first left everything ready for supper. The days off are usually stipulated for, but the manner of their granting is at the discretion of the mistress.

Now, concerning hours of work, the household employee, particularly the general houseworker, is likely to say that she works from six in the morning until nine at night. This is not quite true. If she worked in a factory or a shop, she would not count her hours from the time of rising until retiring, but from the time that she began her duties until the hour of dismissal, counting out the time taken for luncheon. A cash girl arrives at eight o'clock A. M., goes at six o'clock P. M., with say an hour off for luncheon, working nine hours. The general housemaid may rise at six A. M., but she usually begins work at 6.30 A. M. and finishes perhaps at 8.30 P. M., and is on call half an hour longer. There are fourteen hours and a half to be accounted for. Take off an hour for the three meals. Unless on washday, there usually are, there always should be, two hours off in the afternoon, when she is simply on call. But she is not free, she cannot rest. Taking out the time for meals, and two

hours and a half on call, there are still eleven hours of work. Were this toil unremitting it could not be borne, but is it?

One can sit down to peel potatoes and apples, to "top and tail the gooseberries," hull strawberries, chop meats, "and many other things too numerous to mention." Then the grocer and the butcher come for orders and frequently linger for a moment's chat; the postman is really a welcome friend; there is often yesterday's paper to be glanced at; in fact, there are many opportunities for rest, of which full advantage is taken, and on the whole the pleasure in the duties is not so overbalanced by fatigue that work becomes labor. This gain, being both physical and economic, admits the possibility of longer hours of employment. All housekeepers are not like the woman in Chicago, who built her house so that the kitchen had a very nice outlook, and then boarded up the lower part of the window, so that "the girl's attention should not be taken from her work."

More than one lady has said to me, "I am very good to my girls; they have from two to three hours every afternoon to sit down except on washing and ironing days."

"What time do you breakfast?" I ask.

The answer is generally, "Half-past seven."

"At what time do you dine?"

"Half-past six."

"That means that your maid is in the kitchen from 6.30 A. M. until nine P. M., does it not?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that fourteen hours and a half?"

"Ye-e-es" — reluctantly.

"Does she not deserve two or three hours in the afternoon, especially if she be on call all of that time?"

"I never thought of it in that way."

A lady who is more practically interested in this question than any one I know said to me, "Miss Klink, I thought I had my household well regulated, and I was amazed to find that my parlor maid

was busy and on call twelve hours each day."

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that, though the hours are indefinite, yet because the work admits of change and periods of rest the grievance often sounds harder than it really is, and to one who has worked with them, domestic employees will readily admit that such is the case.

Employers do not always realize how much work is done on the maids' days off. I find on my Sundays off I have worked from eight to eleven hours — and yet it was called "my day out" — and I had "not much to do but get the meals." Eight hours would be a fair day's work, and I never had less than that, excepting at one place in Boston. The work was continuous, as well, so that when at four or five o'clock I was ready for my outing I was too tired to do anything but go and sit in the park and rest.

The question of hours leaves some things to be desired. On the other hand, what does the employer receive in return for just conditions and fair wage, — "service that is faithful and efficient in its grade"? That she does not is evident from the fact that the employer is the one who complains most. The causes of complaint may be summed up somewhat in this manner:—

Both experienced and inexperienced girls demand the same wages.

The grade of service is out of proportion to the wages given.

There is no guarantee that the domestic employee will remain with the employer.

Well, these things being true, who should unite to remedy them, the mistresses or the maids?

As most of the training of domestic employees has been done in the households, the different grades of service can but reflect upon the different grades of teachers, and additional emphasis is given to the fact that not every American woman can keep house.

Why are domestics likely to leave at any moment? One answer may be seen

in the character of one of my typical places. In many respects it was agreeable, but the master of the house was forever fussing around the kitchen, and his manner was snappish and disagreeable to the last degree. No woman could stand it. Over and over again I said to myself, "He is a little chimney and soon heated." Your home may be all that is desired, but your children may not be; you "can't kill them off," as a lady said to me, but would you blame your cook if she sought a place where the family was smaller, other things being equal? You may have a small family, and on that account you expect your maid to do outside work and beat the rugs. Can you blame her if she prefers a place where a man is hired to do such things? You may be a most considerate mistress, but if your kitchen measures ninety-eight *inches* by seventy-four inches, and in that kitchen are placed cupboard, sink, ice chest, and gas range, could you blame your maid of all work if, feeling "like a bull in a china shop," she sought a larger sphere? There is another, more potent, reason for a girl's going. Facilities of travel have so increased the mobility of labor, that a girl thinks less to-day of going from Boston to the Pacific coast than she would have thought a hundred years ago of going from Boston to Roxbury.

Apparently the employers have the more grounds for complaint, therefore it is from them that the initiative should naturally come. Reform, with its educative influences both on those above and on those below, is needed, — not revolution. More education is needed in the science and art of housekeeping, which comes neither by inspiration nor with the possession of mother's cookbook and a supply of household linen. If it be a talent, or instinct, it needs developing, adapting, training. Housekeeping involves a knowledge of food values, dietetic combinations, practical chemistry, on the one hand; on the other, of market prices, the cost of the household plant, allowance for its wear and tear, and a just idea of

the time required to perform particular tasks.

Mrs. A — said to me, "Jane, it will take you half an hour to scrub your kitchen floor."

Now scrubbing this kitchen floor included also wiping up the butler's pantry, hall, and kitchen closet. The kitchen itself was about sixteen feet square, with little oilcloth paths wherever I did not want them, and two stoves to retard the cleaning process. I swept the kitchen thoroughly, removed and washed the oilcloths, wiped up pantries, and the like, and set to work on the floor proper. Twenty minutes of my half hour were gone. Perhaps I was slow, I do not know, but glancing at the clock I went to work with plenty of soap and water, and the courage of desperation. I was behind the stove when the doorbell rang. I wriggled out, washed and wiped my hands, took off my big brown apron, put my bow straight, and went to the door. Then upstairs two flights and down again, roll up sleeves, slip into the big apron, and return to the floor. I had no sooner rounded one stove and thrown a nice scrubby splash over a fresh area, than the bell rang again. I answered it and, returning, got down to business once more. Five different times did that doorbell ring the knell of scrubbing. The floor was not finished in half an hour!

It is true that the study of domestic science is introduced into the curricula of girls' schools, courses in household economics are given in colleges, special schools in cookery, and colleges of domestic science have been established, and cooking is generally taught in the public schools. But with the possible exception of the special schools in cookery, such as Miss Farmer's in Boston, the general aim of those attending is not that they may thus be better qualified to take charge of their own houses, but rather that they may become either teachers of cooking, or managing housekeepers in institutions. But if training be needed for institutional management, why not

for the house? Philip Gilbert Hamerton writes: "The importance of scientific cookery can hardly be exaggerated. This is one of those matters which people cannot be brought to consider seriously; but cookery in its perfection — the great science of preparing food in the way best suited to our use — is really the most important of all sciences, and the mother of the arts. . . . A scientific cook will keep you in regular health, when an ignorant one will offer you the daily alternative of starving or indigestion."

Why is it that while many women will admit that they cannot sew, acknowledge that they cannot cook, there is yet to be found the woman who confesses her inability to keep house? She may say she does not like to do it, or that she "cannot keep house so well as Mrs. B——;" but she does not say that she cannot do it. Yet how many can? More theoretical and technical knowledge on the employer's part of the duties to be performed would give a better idea of the time which should be allowed for certain tasks, the manner in which they should be done, and also a clearer judgment as to the amount of wages which should be paid for such service, and the number of hours required.

By special courtesy I visited a cooking class one morning, which was composed of young housekeepers. They sat around a table, each armed with a cookbook, from which the teacher read the lesson and explained the chemistry of the compounds. For instance, in making Scotch broth the meat was to be put into boiling water and then allowed to simmer gently for an hour and a half, so that it should still retain some of its juices.

"I always put mine on in cold water," said one.

"I took anything that came handy, hot or cold," from another.

"I just told the girl to put it on and cook it," a third remarked to me, *sotto voce*.

The menu consisted of Scotch broth, broiled scrod, potato balls, egg salad,

boiled dressing, graham muffins, cheese straws, lemon tartlets, and apple puffs. Different tasks were assigned to each, and we went to the kitchen; the whole mechanism of the stove was explained, a fire was lighted, and its care given to one of the class. Her look of dire dismay was amusing. "But I don't know how."

"You'll learn," responded the teacher.

"Then there was hurrying to and fro."

The fire-lady vibrated tremulously between the ice-box and the fire-box, banging the lids impartially. Meat and butter were washed, flour and sugar measured, eggs and dressing beaten, apples and potatoes peeled, fish scraped and cheese grated. Seven women were taking hold of one luncheon. The boiled dressing had to be remade; the fire was a roaring success; but the centre of attraction was the pastry. Each woman had a finger in the pie, and folded and rolled and patted and cut in turn. The luncheon was excellent. But this is what I kept thinking: "One pair of hands is ordinarily expected to do all this work, one pair of feet to do all this running, one head to keep all these things in mind. Certainly this training will help these women to appreciate practically the fact that these things take time." Sure enough. Just then a little lady said to me, "I never thought things took so long."

But some one says, "You cannot send every employee to a cooking school." No more can you; nevertheless, they need more education. They must get it somehow. And though there may be differences of opinion as to how much the housekeeper needs, there is among them only one voice when the training of the employee is in question. Well, how shall this be accomplished? Thus far the efforts made toward the training of domestic employees have not been signally successful. There is a school for domestic employees connected with the Y.W. C. A. of Boston. The girls are given a home and six months' training in general housework, together with lessons, in so far as it is practicable, in the chemistry of foods.

During the fall and winter months, Miss Farmer has a special class for cooks on Wednesday evenings, at which there is an average attendance of seventy-five to a hundred women; the cost of each lesson being fifty cents, which is sometimes defrayed by the girls, sometimes by their employers. In Pratt Institute there is a like class from October to April, with an average attendance of seventy-five. A similar one is connected with Drexel Institute, and many others may be scattered through the land; but the fact is that they are not patronized by those who most need the lessons.

Take the immigrant. What is the use of going even to a free school when she can obtain employment instantly, and begin to refund the passage money which in nine cases out of ten has been advanced to her? The girl born upon American soil usually has early grasped the American axiom that the way to do a thing is to do it, and she takes a place and does it. Why should she go to school? If she can learn at some one's else cost rather than her own, and be paid for the trouble, why not take that way? Going to an employment bureau in Boston, and showing my references, I asked for work. The matron in charge questioned me: "What have you been doing?"

"General housework, but not any laundry."

"What wages have you been getting?"

"Five dollars a week."

"Can you cook?"

"Yes, I am a good plain cook."

"Can you cook meats, make soups, salads, hot breads, pies, and cakes?"

"Yes, I can do all that."

"Well, why don't you go out as a cook, then? I can get you a good place right away."

"I cannot make puff paste nor timbales; besides, I do not know whether I could cook well enough. I have never gone out just as a cook."

"Well, you had better go to cooking school; it will pay you."

Very sensible advice, and I heard her

give it to others as well. Did they take it? In most cases — no.

One of the pleasantest classes I ever taught was in San Francisco under the principalship of Mr. James G. Kennedy. The boys and girls often had to leave school at an early age to help take care of the family. Cooking was introduced into the course of study. I was delighted, for I thought it would not only help the girls to make their homes more attractive, but provide a sure way of self-support when it became necessary for them to leave school. The following conversation took place one afternoon in my classroom:—

"Do you know, girls, I am surprised. We have all been so interested in that kitchen upstairs, and yet — Do you not like the cooking lessons?"

"Oh yes, Miss Klink."

"Yet here we have been talking for half an hour. You have been telling me what you intended to be and to do in life, and not one has mentioned cooking. I had not expected it of the boys, they will be cooked for, I hope; but — girls, not one single one has said that she was going to do housework. Tell me why."

There was a chorus of responses.

"It is nicer to work in a store; you are let off evenings, so you can go out and enjoy yourself."

"And you don't have no work on Sundays, neither."

"If you're a servant there is n't any place where your beau can come to see you, but just the kitchen."

"And our mothers want us at home at night." This from a dear little Minna whose ambition had been to "just get married and keep house like mother."

"It is awful lonely, nobody comes to see you hardly ever." As Bella was an inveterate talker, her objection carried weight.

"Yes, Miss Klink, and your work is never done; you are always busy all the time."

"We are not training servants" in our public schools.

But in every rank of life homemakers might be trained either to make their own or other homes better. The problem is largely one of supply and demand, and the best source of supply is the American girls, many of whom are growing up to poverty, and worse, because they do not get the right training when they need it.

Perhaps it may be wise to state that all the illustrations used in these articles are those which have occurred in my own observation and experience in those cities which I considered to be typical. People have said to me, "But, Miss Klink, people would see you were different from the ordinary maid, and treat you accordingly." That may be true, but I do not think so. I believe we are all nearer the commonplace than we think we are, and given a different dress, a different style of wearing the hair, above all, a different environment, and few of us rise so completely above these things as to be particularly noticeable. Take many a maid, dress her in her mistress's clothes, and could a casual observer tell who was who? Turn the case the other way. One lady said to me, "You seem to be above your position." I replied that I had not always "lived out." Another employer, of whom I shall always think with pleasure, said, "It has been so nice to have you with me; you are educated, and yet you keep your place." Did I not "keep my place" because of my education? One employer corrected herself in the use of "Miss Jane" nearly every time she asked me to do anything. However, I cannot say that I impressed the majority of my employers as being anything else than I represented myself to be,—a woman eager for work, and anxious to do it just as well as she knew how.

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When I first determined to undertake this investigation, while endeavoring to preserve an open mind, I must say that my sympathies were with the maid; and, commiserating her, I put myself as far as possible in her place. I felt that she was a downtrodden creature. Going out as a domestic employee, I expected to be lonely. Well, I was. I experienced to the full the loneliness of one who is a member of the household but not of the family, the isolation of the stranger in a strange land. I expected to wear caps and aprons, and I did; it was a small matter. I was prepared to have every one call me by my first name, and was seldom disappointed.

But for one thing I was not prepared, and that was that I should pity my mistress. My experiences as a domestic employee led me to see the difficulties of the employer, more clearly than I had ever imagined, through the light of my own mistakes,—contrasting the service I was giving with what I felt I should give. When I made a meat pie with a crust that might have been a blanket, do you not suppose I imagined what my feelings would have been, had any one placed that creation before me? I was as sorry that it had to be eaten as I was that it had been made. When, one day, in a wild hurry, I took the wrong jar from the cold closet and filled the water glasses with gasoline, was I sorrier for myself or for my employer when my offense "smelt to heaven"?

While performing the duties of the maid, I have instinctively put myself in the place of the mistress, and for that reason I shall discuss this matter of domestic service again, to see how the present tendencies can be shaped into policies which may induce action leading to some result.

ISIDRO ¹

BY MARY AUSTIN

XXV

IN WHICH MASCADO HEARS NEWS

THE keepers of the camp lay supine in the late yellow light, on beds of skins or heaped brown needles of the pines, following the shade around. The women, of whom there were three or four with the renegades, stooped at their interminable pattering housewifery by the cold ashes of their careless hearths.

Isidro lay apart from the camp. He had his back to the Indians, and stared into the hot sunshine lying heavily on the fern beginning to curl brownly at the edges. Fading torches of castillea stood up here and there, and tall yellow lilies running fast to seed. The air above the meadow was weighted with the scent of the sun-steeped fern; small broken winds wafted it to him, palpable, like wisps of blown hair. It recalled a day when a gust of warm sweet rain had sent him and the lad to shelter under a madroño on the hill above Monterey. They had to run for it, crowding against the tree bole shoulder to shoulder, with the boy's hair blown across his cheek. He was conscious of a thrill that flew to his heart at the recollection and settled there.

Arnaldo lay on the earth the full width of the camp from Escobar. He seemed asleep, and now drew up a limb and now thrust it out in the abandon of drowsing indolence. Every move carried him an inch or two nearer the edge of the rose thickets and deep fern. Arnaldo was, in fact, widest awake of any at Hidden Waters, bent upon a series of experiments to discover how far and by what means he could get away from the camp without exciting suspicion. For the tracker had made up his mind to escape. Devotion to

Escobar, in whose service he held himself to be, had kept him faithful to his bonds, but now the virtue was gone out of patience. He understood better than Escobar how the campaign went against the renegades, and in the event of Urbano's absence at any critical moment of defeat, doubted if Mascado would have the ability or the wish to save his prisoners. Besides, the tracker was greatly bored by the company of the renegades; the food was poor, and Isidro had no more cigarettes, and though he managed to win all the young man's coin at cards one day, Escobar as regularly won it back the next. The escape must be made good in broad day, when the prisoners had the freedom of the camp, being bound at night and placed between watchers. Therefore he lay awake and experimented while the camp dozed. Being so alert, he caught the first motion of approach, and guessed what it augured by the manner of it. The noise of battle had not penetrated so far in the thick wood; the panic of flight, sobered by distance, brought the refugees up at nearly their normal discretion. They came noiselessly enough, dropping from the trackless stony rim of the hollow, or by secret trails through the manzanita. They cast down their arms as they came, and trod upon them with moccasined feet; they dropped to earth by the unlit hearths and turned their backs upon their kind. One who had broken his bow across his knee stood up and made a song of it, treading upon the fragments as he sang.

This is the bow, — the war-weapon,
The heart of a juniper tree.
False, false is the heart,
For it answered not to the cord,
For it spake not truly the will of the bow-
man.

"*Ai, ai, ai!*" rose the wail of the women; they beat upon their breasts and cast ashes on their unbound hair. "*Ai, ai!*—false is the bow," they chanted.

The voice of the singer rose bleak and bitterly, and this was the sense of his broken words, sighs, gesticulations, and wild intoning:—

It is the arrow, — slender reed of the river,
The feathered reed, the swift-flier,
The reed that stings like a snake,
That speaks of death to the foeman,
Like a snake it is false to the bowstring,
Like the snake of two tongues it speaks falsely.

Mascado came haltingly into the isle of pines, and held up his hand; the song and the wailing ceased.

"Faugh!" he said; "ye sing and ye weep, but ye will not fight, frightened at the sound of guns as children at thunder, beaten upon your own ground! Weep, then, for ye cannot fight!"

The men took the whips of his scorn in silence, but Marta's motherliness was proof against the occasions. "Neither will you fight any more, my son, if you lie not down and let me tend your wound."

He turned from her and dropped sullenly upon the ground.

Isidro had drawn in toward the group of wounded with the natural motion of curiosity and concern. The prolonged dribble of fugitives over the rim of the hollow, the distress of their hurts, the noiseless effect of hurry and disaster, involved him in the sense of defeat. Being so fine as to feel that, he was too fine not to be conscious of the isolation made for him, as a party of the enemy, by the indrawing of their thoughts upon their own concerns. The best help he could offer was the turning of his back upon their shameful hour.

The sun, sloping far to seaward, parted the shadows of the pines in slender files by long paths of light that led the eye away from the prone and sullen fighting men toward the lonely wood. Isidro let his gaze rove down the yellow lane, walked toward the outskirts of the camp, leaned his back against a tree, looking into

the shadowy hollow of Hidden Waters, thinking homesickly of El Zarzo, and turning presently, obedient to the instinct which warns of approaching presence, saw her there. She stood beyond him in the shadow, where the sunbeams filtering through the boughs of pines spread a vapor thin and blue,—the erect young figure and the level, unfrightened gaze. He could have touched her where she stood, but made no motion; his pulse leaped toward her with the tug of his startled spirit.

"Lad, lad," he whispered.

"Señor," she breathed.

A long flight of time went over them while they stood in the shadow and each grew aware, without so much as daring to look, what absence and circumstance had wrought upon the other. A keen and sudden whistling shocked their spirits back to the sense of things, as the naked blade of a knife flashed between them and sank to the hilt in the earth at their feet. Back in the camp Mascado had half raised himself from his bed to throw it, and now leaned upon his elbow watching them with keen darts of hate. They saw the weary and sullen braves turn toward him with momentary amazement, and Marta running to ease him to the ground with a steady flow of talk, presenting her broad back as a screen between the pair and him. The knife handle still quivered in the sod.

"Now if he were not already a fallen man I could kill him for that," said Isidro.

"Let him be," said the girl; "Marta has much to say to him."

"And I to you, Lady Wife; I left you safe at San Antonio; how comes it that you are here?"

It was a long story, and the best telling of it would have left something wanting to a full understanding. Jacintha lifted up her eyes and laid it bare. Isidro could not escape the conviction that this detached young spirit loved him, and for a man who meant to make a priest of himself took it light-heartedly.

"I did wrong," he said, "to leave you

so; wrong, again, not to go straight to you from Peter Lebecque's. Will you sit? There is much to tell."

They sat down on the strong roots of the redwood. Mascado's knife stuck in the ground between them. They told their story in concert, capping each other's adventures with coincidences of time and occasion, with now and then a shy hint of explanation of motive or impulse, not clear but wonderfully satisfactory. They thrilled together over the fact of their nearness on the night of the raid at Soledad, and discovered in themselves on that occasion presentiments that should have warned each of the other's proximity. They touched lightly on the reasons for Jacintha's flight toward Hidden Waters. She was afraid, she said, lest Mascado should do him harm, and only Marta could persuade Mascado; this did not quite account for Jacintha, but they let it go at that.

The light failed out of the hollow, and little fires began to glow among the dead leaves. An Indian woman brought them food heaped on a piece of bark. Pungent odors of night-blooming plants came out of the meadow, and the wind creaked the drowsy redwoods. Jacintha told of her night's sally from Monterey, the long strain of riding, the shock of the battle and retreat. Isidro's hand crept out along the gnarly roots; another hand fluttered toward it and lay softly in its grasp.

"Oh, my Briar, Wild Rose of the Mountain, was it worth while to endure so long, to risk so much?"

"It was worth," she whispered.

An Indian came up and plucked Isidro silently from the earth and led him to his bonds. The girl crept away to Marta. Mascado's knife stuck still in the ground.

The first thing Isidro did in the morning, when he had his freedom, was to pull up the blade and carry it to Mascado. The renegade's face was set in its usual lines of severity, but the rage and sweat of battle, the drain of his wound, more than all, the fever of his night's musing on Marta's news, had not left him without

traces. He sat with his back to a tree, and his eyes were dull; he dropped the knife in its sheath, and turned away. Marta and Escobar exchanged glances.

"He knows?" questioned one.

"Knows all," answered the other.

The young man turned back to Mascado. "Madam my wife," he said, "the Commandante's daughter, comes to no harm?" It was put as a question, but appeared a threat.

Mascado, who was at the ebb of spirit and strength, made a motion of negative.

"I am surety for that," said Marta. Urbano's lieutenant roused; he was not yet at the point of letting a woman speak for him.

"She needs no surety," he said. He rose up stiffly, hesitated, and turned. "Even now we hold a council; it will be as well she remains a boy in the eyes of the camp, and is not seen too much with the prisoners."

"You know best," said Escobar with no trace of raillery. It was the first word that had passed between them concerning the girl, since Las Chimineas. Once spoken it bound them together for her protection, and they began to grow in each other's esteem.

Maybe Mascado's wound had drained a little of the graceless savage out of him. As the affair stood it was too big for him. He believed Jacintha to be a wife in fact and Castro's daughter. Escobar had beaten him, and so had the Commandante. He felt the girl immeasurably removed from him; if it came to that, in her dispassionate contempt she had beaten him worst of all. What he might have thought had he been whole and his men undaunted is another matter,—one does not often think unharnessed by conditions.

Isidro saw the force of Mascado's warning in the sour looks he had from the defeated renegades drawing in to council. It threatened open hostility at the discovery that Arnaldo the tracker was missing. It was surmised that in the confusion he had slipped away to bring

Castro down upon them. Isidro was genuinely put out by the breach of faith.

"A graceless dog," he said to Mascado. "He knew I had passed my word, and as my servant should have been bound by it."

"It is not much matter; Castro would find us in a few days at most," said Mascado dully; "but the men believe you concerned in it; I have ordered that you be bound."

Bound he was with the most ungentle handling. So much of an explanation was almost an apology. It irked Mascado exceedingly to seem at that time to push his advantage against Escobar. Dumbly he was trying to pull himself up to the other man's standard of magnanimous behavior.

Scouts were out to try to intercept Arnaldo and to keep watch of Castro's men. The council proceeded heavily; men spoke at long intervals with dragging speech; gusty flaws of passion broke out and fell away as the smoke of the camp-fire dropped back to earth in the heavy air. One of the wounded had died in the night, and his kin sat around him with pitch smeared on their faces, raising the death song in a hushed, mutilated cry. The pine wood, the over-ripe grasses, the fruiting shrubs looked skimp and dingy in the hot, straight beams of the sun.

Isidro had only a few words with Jacinth as she strayed near him in Marta's company, and those went contrarily.

"You did wrong," she said, "to give back Mascado's knife; you should have kept it against need."

"Mascado himself will use it better in your defense. Are you armed?"

"I have a pistol that I brought from my father's house."

"If the worst comes," said Isidro, strained with anxiety, "stay close by Marta, turn your back, and make no motion to be of my party. You will be safest so."

"I will not twice bestow my company where it is not wanted," said the girl stiffly.

"Eh, my Briar," said Isidro, "will you still prick?" But the girl had turned away.

The tension of strained nerves increased with the day. The air was close; it quivered above the meadow, and breathed like cotton wool. Toward mid-morning they heard the long-drawn, dolorous whine of a coyote, singular and terrifying for that time of day. Hearing it, one of the naked savages shivered in the sun. One laughed, and in a twinkling knives were out.

"Down, fools!" roared Mascado.

They sat down, sheepish and sullen. Flocks of quail began to go by in numbers; their alarm calls sounded thickly in the wood. Touching the rim of the meadow they broke into whirring flight, running and flying alternately as they struck the farther side. A bear pushed eastward, snorting heavily with haste; squirrels began to move in the same direction with flying leaps. From the forest sounded short throaty howls of coyotes going by. Several of the Indians stood up, nosing the air like hounds.

It was about noon of the sun. There began to be a faint smell of smoke. Isidro thought it came from the camp-fire, but one of the renegades went and stamped it out. There was distinctly an acrid smell as of green wood burning. Suddenly one of the scouts broke running from the lower edge of the meadow passing through the camp.

"Fire," he said, "forest fire," and went on running.

Fretting to get back to his daughter at Monterey, and finding any other method of driving the renegades from their stronghold too tedious and costly of men, Castro had fired the wood.

XXVI

FOREST FIRE

At the first shock of the scout's warning cry the camp at Hidden Waters stiff-

ened into instant attention, and instantly afterward, as if from the twang of a bow-string, several of the braves set off running in the same direction as the wild creatures had gone all that day. There were others who ran about crazily, picking up belongings and dropping them, recollecting themselves, and going on over the edge of the hollow with the flights of quail. The wounded cried out upon the others for help; all were running and in commotion, dizzily, as men run in dreams. The wife of the dead man began to run, came back, and lifted him by the shoulders, dragging him a pace or two on the slippery needles, then dropping him, ran on into the deep fern.

Isidro had hardly grasped the words of the warning, but he understood the smell of burning, the hurry of the camp, and the crash of deer like gray darts through the underbrush. He looked once at his bonds, and then around for Jacintha. He saw her running with her arms outspread, and observed that Mascado came toward him hastily with his knife out, and the girl made as if to intercept him. Mascado avoided her, and put his keen blade to the rawhide thongs that held Escobar hand and foot. He drew him up from the earth, and shook him as if to relieve the cramping of his limbs. Thought seemed to translate itself into action without sound. Escobar and the mestizo took the girl between them and set off in the wake of the flying camp, Marta laboring alongside them. She was middle-aged and fat; she could offer Mascado no help, nor could he on account of his wound do anything for her. Jacintha ran lightly between the two men.

"Not so fast," said Mascado; "there is worse yet."

After that no one spoke.

The forest of Hidden Waters was perhaps ten miles in extent, from the point where the Arroyo Seca cut the open swale diagonally to its thinning out on the crest of the range. Castro had started the fire at the lowest point of the triangle, and at several places along the open side, favored

by the light wind which blew diagonally up the slope. On the farther side Hidden Waters was divided from the rest of the wooded region, which went on sparsely after that, by the stony wash of the Arroyo Seca. The path of the intermittent river lay dry at this season for more than half its length. Nearer its source a brownish stream spread thinly over a rocky bottom, and filled into boulder-rimmed pools that purled over gently to lower levels where the stream pinched out at last in sandy shoals. The wash of the river was steep and choked with water-smoothed stones, widened at intervals to several hundred yards, or narrowing to a stone's throw between points of boulder-anchored pines. It was usually just at the entrance of one of these defiles that the pools occurred. A chain of them, threaded on the slender rill, lay about five miles from the camp of the renegades, but higher up and barred from it by more than one terrace wall, nearly perpendicular, and smothered in gooseberry, buckthorn, and manzanita.

The fire had been started toward the arroyo, and the natural configuration of the forest carried it up the slope. Toward the pools and the open stony spaces bobcat, coyote, and deer ran steadily, with the unteachable instinct for safety, and the Indians followed them.

Mascado and his party were almost the last to leave the camp. Beyond the meadow the wood grew more openly and the rise of the ground was slight. They could see the renegades spread out among the trees, running. A brown bear went between them, trotting heavily like a pig, with an impatient woof! — woof! as he crossed paths with the Indians. A coyote pack went by with dropped heads and now and then a mutilated whine. Squirrels hopped in the branches with long flying bounds, all traveling east by north. At the first barrier they caught up with several of the warriors who had not found their second wind, with the wounded and the women. There was no trail here, but heaps of angular stones, piled logs, and

a nearly straight ascent of a hundred feet. They worked up over this, every man for himself; nobody spoke or cried. They pushed up, crowding with the beasts. The smell of burning increased; Marta began to pant. From the top of this wall they could see, over the lower terraces, smoke rising; the fire had not yet reached the thickest wood, but rolled up by puffs from single trees lit like torches, and came from four or five points at once.

The second terrace sloped more steeply and offered a check to the running. The wood was still overhead; all the birds had gone on; the squirrels dropped to the ground, eating up the distance by incredible bounds. The only sound was the thudding of feet on the soft litter of the trees. The open places were full of small hurrying things. Two porcupines trailed beside Isidro, and seemed to find comfort in his company. He passed them. A fox vixen and her young snaked through the brush at his side and passed him. The fox mother snarled at him as she went.

Presently a sound rose in the wood and gripped them all with terror. It was the freshening of the afternoon wind which was to be looked for at that season, following on the heated noons. It blew on the tempered needles till the pleasant hum shrilled to the singing of flames, and hurried the pounding feet to the pace of increasing fear.

Jacintha and Escobar were still going with tolerable ease. In the strips of calico bound about Mascado's body across his wound a red spot showed that spread visibly. Marta had mixed with the renegades and the other women, perhaps to hide from them the distress of her laboring sides.

At the next barrier they could see the fires rolled together as one and the smoke of it glowing ruddily underneath. It spread toward them above the trees; particles of ashes floated in the air. Here they had half an hour of hard climbing, while the fire gained visibly. The man with the wounded knee, whose friends had abandoned him, climbed on doggedly be-

side them; he made no plea or outcry, but dug his fingers into the earth and climbed. The muscles of his chest seemed fit to burst with his incredible labors. Isidro lent him a hand over the edge and ran on. Only once an Indian uttered an exclamation. The fire traveled more rapidly along the edge of the open draw south of them, and nearing a narrow passage of the river, it had blown over and caught in the redwoods on the farther side. Now the wind drove it toward the Indians from the middle of the wood, in two crescent arms like the horns of a bull. After that there was only the business of running. Jacintha and Isidro went touching; Mascado held both his hands to his side. The air was suffocating with smoke that blew over the fire and struck and rolled against the higher ground.

The wall of the third terrace had a smooth stony front rooted in a strong thicket of mountain shrubs. From the foot of it men and beasts turned northward toward the river. Above the hurry of running they heard the high shrieking of the flame and the deep crescendo of it as it climbed the slope behind them. One of the hurt Indians, arrived at the limit of his strength, sat by a tree with his head hanging on his breast. They ran on and left him.

Jacintha began to faint. Mascado held her up on his side, but his knees trembled under him. A sharper crash broke at their back; Isidro thought it was the fire, and for an instant the use of his limbs forsook him. He saw Mascado's mouth open, a ring of blackness in the brown pallor of his face, but he could hear nothing; only the sense of the words reached him.

"The deer, the deer!" cried Mascado.

A great herd of them, starting far south of their camp, had turned at the foot of the terrace and run into the midst of the flying Indians. The rush of their coming seemed to shake the stifling air. A great buck plunging in the thickets brushed between the two men; they felt the breath of his panting. Mascado, who had the girl on his side, heaved her up out of the

path; Isidro caught her arm across the buck's shoulder; she swung there. The herd tore trampling through the thicket. Mascado's wound burst as he lifted the girl and he went down under the cutting hooves. The deer went on toward the river, Isidro and the girl with them. The buck checked and blundered with his double burden; his tongue hung out of his mouth; the stiff thickets tore them as he ran. Isidro was able to help himself a little. Jacintha lay white and flaccid; her body swayed with the running, and the wind of the fire blew forward her hot, soft hair. Fragments of burning bark sailed past them, and lit the patches of ripe grass. The buck cleared them and ran on. Their skin crawled with the heat; the roar of the fire blotted out all thought; the boulders of the river were in sight. The buck reached a pool, plunged into it belly deep; Isidro blessed God. The wind, moving the free tips of the flames forward, lighted the tops of all the trees; roseate spires streamed up from them toward a low black heaven of smoky cloud. Between the boles he saw small creatures and Indians running. Now and then fires lit by falling brands flared up and obscured them, but they broke through; they shouldered together into the pool. Marta panted among the boulders and saw Escobar.

"Mascado?" she cried.

Isidro pointed; it seemed no time for considerate lying. The woman turned instantly. The wind lifted the smoke and showed long aisles of yet unlighted boles roofed with flame. Marta took something from her bosom; it was the blessed candle that had burned for Mascado before San Antonio and the Child. The Indians thought her crazed with fear. She stooped and lit it at a glowing brand and ran back toward Mascado. They saw her holding the candle aloft in the lighted aisle for a moment, and the curtain of smoke and flame swept down and obscured her. It seemed as if great lapses of time occurred between these incidents, but it was a very little while.

Several of the Indians were crowded in a lower pool, and they seemed to call, but the roaring of the wood shut out all. The air trembled with heat; lighted brands fell in the water and steamed there. Men and beasts crouched to bring themselves as much as possible into the pool. Three deer, two bobcats, and a coyote rubbed shoulders with the renegades; two foxes, one of them with a burned quarter, whimpered at the edge of the water.

In the shelter of the boulders, and along the shallow rill that slipped between the stones, there were small cowering things,—rabbits and badgers, wood rats and porcupines. When the last border of the redwoods was lit, and the fire roared at them from the opposite side of the gully, little dead bodies floated down into the pool. Presently there was no stream left to float them, cut off by the heat that scorched out its source. The pool grew almost intolerably hot, and shrunk at the edges. There was no other noise could live in the rip of the flames; the smoke billowed down upon them, and they had no knowledge when the day passed into night.

Isidro sprinkled water on the girl's face, still holding her against the buck's shoulder. After a little she revived and began to ask for Marta.

"I think she must be in the lower pool," said Escobar. "I saw her come out of the woods soon after us." Jacintha slipped from the buck's shoulders and found her feet under her. The water came to her armpits. Isidro took the kerchief from her head and wet it for her to breathe through and cover up her eyes. They clasped hands under the buck's white throat. The fierce incandescence of the forest faded, and the pitchy smoke obscured them more and more. They edged together and Isidro took her in his arms.

"Where is Mascado?" at length she whispered.

"His wound burst; he went down under the deer."

She shivered in spite of the heat. "He lifted me up," she said; "I remember

that; was it then?" Isidro pressed her softly against his breast.

"He saved my life," she said, "he saved my life, and I had never so much as a kind word for him."

"Think no more of it," said Escobar.

The girl was quiet for a long time; her mind still ran on Mascado.

"He was very brave," she said. "I remember, as much as six years ago, there was a place near Peter Lebecque's where none of the Indians would go,—a tall, strange rock in a lonely cañon. There had been witchcraft there which made them afraid. Juana, my mother, would cross herself if so much as a wind blew from it, and I being both wild and bad thought to frighten her by going there. She was nearly frantic; Lebecque was from home, so she sent Mascado to fetch me. He was young, then, and quite as much frightened as any, but he came; he was quite pale with fright, and I laughed at him, but he came. He was a brave man."

"He died as a brave man would wish to die. Think no more of it, my Briar," said Escobar.

Billows of hot smoke beat upon them, the water hissed on the stones; she hid her face on his bosom. Presently she asked,—

"Do you see Marta?"

"I see nothing but thick smoke."

"Do you think we shall come safely through?"

"I am sure of that."

They were silent a longer time.

"What is that which stirs by me in the water?" asked the girl.

"It is a doe that pants with the running. It is better so, to screen you from the heat."

His lips were very near her face. They struggled in the smother of heat and smoke for breath.

"What is that I hear?" she whispered.

"It is a hurt fox at the water's edge," answered Isidro.

"It is a woeful sound," she said.

"Do not hear, then;" he sheltered her head within his arm.

The cloud of smoke passed a little from them.

"I would Marta were with us," said she.

"Am I not enough, Heart's Dearest?"

"You will not leave me?" breathed the girl.

"Never while my life lasts," said he.

Presently he raised her face between his hands and kissed her with a tender passion. The tall buck stooped above them and breathed lightly on their hair.

XXVII

ARROYO SECA

Isidro roused out of a doze, leaning against the buck, to hear the slow soft trickle of the water that had come back to its borders, sure sign that the fire had raged out on the bald summit of the hill. The night wind which came from the sea blew up the arroyo and cleared the smoke; it was possible to breathe freely. He could see through the murk a fringe of red fire outlining the bulk of the hills. Heat and smoke still rose from the burnt district; logs snapped asunder in glowing coals; tall trunks of standing trees burned feebly at the top like half-extinguished torches. In pits and hollows, where two or three had fallen together, the fire still ripped and flared.

The Indians had drawn out of the water and slept on the warm stones, but the wild things looked not to have moved all night; their eyes were all open and a-gaze. The air lightened a little to approaching dawn.

Jacintha slept on Isidro's breast, standing deep in the water; her face made a pale disk in the dark. The heat, the suffocation, the acrid smoke, the tepid, ash-impregnated water, full of crowding men and beasts and small charred bodies, the intolerable tedium of the night, had no more poignant sense for Escobar than the feeling of the soft young body within the hollow of his arms. If he had not felt

the want of a wife before, he felt it now. It was something to comfort and protect, something to wear against his heart to keep it warm.

The sky lightened behind its veil of smoke. The sun rose above the ranges, shorn of all his rays. The Indians began to stir; Jacintha woke.

Her first inquiry was for Marta. Isidro avoided it, drawing her out of the pool to dry their clothing on the still heated boulders.

"You said that you saw her come safely out of the burning," she insisted.

"She came, yes," said Escobar, driven to mannish bluntness by distress. "But when she saw Mascado was not with us she ran back."

"Back there! Into the fire? Marta?" The girl started up for an instant as if she would have gone after her. "And you let her go? You let her go?"

Isidro took her by the shoulders.

"I had you to see to; it was done all in a moment; no one could have prevented her. She had something, a candle I think, which she took from her bosom."

"I know; a blessed candle from the church at Carmelo. She burned one always for Mascado before San Antonio and the Child."

"She ran with it among the trees. No doubt San Antonio had her in hand. The flames seemed to part to let her through."

"Oh, but you should not have let her go!" cried Jacintha; "you should not have let her go." She sobbed dryly; the heat and exhaustion had stopped the source of tears. The girl's grief was genuine; Isidro let it have way. Marta had been the first to show her tenderness since her foster-mother had died.

They sat down with their backs to a boulder, hand in hand, doubtful what the Indians would do to them. They had little matter for conversation; now and then Jacintha gave a shudder and a shaking sob and Isidro pressed her hand.

The Indians got together. Most of them were scorched along their naked backs, many were badly burned. In-

cluding Marta, five of their party had failed to win through. They did not talk much. One of them had killed a deer with his knife where it stood beside him in the pool, and they ate of it in the same sombre silence. Isidro, seeing no motion in his direction, cut strips of the flesh with his own knife, and toasted them on the coals for himself and the girl. After food the courage of them all revived. The blueness of smoke hung thick in the air, relieved a little above the cañon of the stream which made a little draft of wind.

The renegades, with no debate, but as if by the concerted instinct which sets a herd of deer in motion, began to move upstream, taking with them what was left of the meat. They walked in the track of the water and gingerly among the hot stones of its borders. They looked not once nor spoke to Escobar. Upstream and over the blackened ridge lay a safe green country full of game, and beyond that was home. By twos and threes they vanished into the mist of smoke. One of them, hesitating at the last, half turned toward Escobar with a gesture of dismissal. Their game was up; they wanted no more of him.

All this time the animals in the water had not moved, shocked into quietude by the disorder of their world. The pool reddened still with the blood of the slain deer.

"Wife, let us go," said Escobar.

Jacintha waded out to the buck and put her arms up to his neck; he suffered it with timidity. She laid her cheek to his throat and blessed him, signing the cross on his shoulders.

"Let none come after thee to hurt thee, and none lie in wait by night. Let no arrow find thee, no, nor hunger, nor forsaking of thy kind. Blessed be thou among beasts."

She came up out of the water, and Isidro took her hand. They went downstream.

"What shall we do?" said Jacintha when they had traveled in silence a painful quarter of an hour. The broadening

day brought them an accession of embarrassment, mixed with a deep satisfaction in each other's company.

"Yesterday," said Isidro, "the Commandante must have been at the lower part of the wood. I trust he is not far removed. We may come up with him. If Arnaldo made his way safely, as I have no doubt he did, he may be looking for us."

"He — my father — does not know that I am here," faltered Jacintha. She was still greatly in awe of the Commandante.

"No matter," said Escobar stoutly; "it is proper that you be with me."

The implication of his words reddened her pinched and weary face.

They made way very slowly, being stiff with the strain and exertion of the night and day. They met animals, rabbits, ground-inhabiting things, bobcats, and a lean cougar mother mouthing three dead kittens, herself all singed and scarred, and came frequently on dead bodies of beasts lying in the wash. Then Jacintha would think of Marta, and her face would quiver and draw pitifully, until Isidro would quiet her with audacious tenderness and set her glowing as from a delicate inner flame. Once after such a sally she smiled up to him.

"You are too good to me, señor."

"Eh, what!" cried Isidro in mock amazement. "Is that a name for a man's wife to give him? Señor, indeed!"

"Am I really that to you, Don Isidro?"

"Are you what?"

"What you said."

"My wife? As much as the Sacrament can make you!" was his assurance; the look that went with it said much more.

"And you wish it so?"

"Must I tell you that, my Briar?"

"But you are vowed to Holy Church."

"No vow of mine; an old promise made before I was born. I am convinced that I have no vocation."

"And after all," she said wistfully, "I am really the Commandante's daughter."

"You are — Ah, I do not know what

you are. I think I shall need all my life to find you out, all my life and heart. Ah lad, lad!" It was always after a word of supreme endearment between them. He held both her hands and drew her up to him.

Castro, having delivered his final stroke at the stronghold of the renegades, drew off to wait and see what came of it, and to deliberate how he should strike as effectively at the remnant under Urbano. The condition of mission affairs, and the spirit of insurrection kept alive among the neophytes by the successes of Urbano's men, justified, in his sight, the severest measures. He esteemed the fire roaring up the terraces of Hidden Waters a splendid engine of war, but not for long. That was the day and, when the fire raged the hottest, the hour when Pascual and Don Valentin dropped in upon his camp on the scarp of a low hill, with fagged horses and bloody spurs.

Pascual, mindless of military dignities, called out to him as man to man.

"My brother, Escobar, have you got him? Is he yet with the rascals? What is that fire?" The two men had smelled the burning an hour since, and guessed what Castro was about. Don Valentin spoke more to the point and at length.

"Señor Escobar a prisoner with the renegades?" said the Commandante, visibly disturbed. "How long has this been known?"

"Since Tuesday of this week. It was at first a rumor hardly believed."

"We lost our way in these damnable hills," exploded Pascual, "or you should have heard of it soon enough. Did you light that fire?"

Delgado waved him aside. "Send out the men," he said; "there is more."

Castro gave the order. "My daughter?" he said.

"Señorita Castro and the woman Marta have been missing since Wednesday morning. It is believed they have gone in search of him. Marta is Mascado's mother."

Castro's body strained with the impotent violence of nightmare. The news seemed to divide him body and spirit. He made as if he would have struck Delgado for his disastrous tidings.

He saw the men's eyes upon him from a little distance under the trees and gulped back a momentary control.

"Montaña! Montaña!" he cried out to his lieutenant, and lapsed weakly to his seat; his hands moved fumblingly across his lips.

"Put out the fire, Montaña," he said in a dead, flaccid voice.

"Pardon?" said the puzzled lieutenant.

"I said put out the fire, the fire on the mountain;" he moved with a feeble impatience at the other's slowness. "My daughter is there on the mountain; she will burn."

Delgado went to him. "Señor Comandante, it is best that you lie down. I will see that Montaña understands."

All the while Mascado and Escobar, with the girl between them, were making their running in the redwoods above Hidden Waters; all that night, when they stood against the tall buck in the pool, Castro lay in his blankets, burying his head in them to shut out the shriek and snapping of the fire, the roseate purple glow, the great roar of the pitchy smoke going skyward. Bodily weakness served to intervene between him and the force of his mind's distress, which returned upon him at intervals like a spasm of pain. He thought Montaña and the men busy about putting out the fire, asking Delgado continually how they sped, and Delgado humored him.

Montaña had, in fact, dispatched men up the arroyo and along the open south side, but the first came back reporting the trees afire on both sides of the wash and the passing dangerous; the others found only Arnaldo nearly dead with running, and no comforting news.

"How does it now?" questioned Castro from his bed when they had turned him away from gazing on the hills.

"It dies out along the lower edges," said Don Valentin, propping his tired eyes upon his hand.

"Does it burn fast?"

"Hardly so fast as an Indian can run," said the conscienceless Delgado.

"And Marta had horses, you say?"

"She had; José, Martinez's man, got them for her."

"Besides," said Castro for the thousandth time, "they may not yet have reached the camp."

Delgado, who had seen Arnaldo, had nothing to say to that. Pascual groaned. Then they fell into silence and a doze of deep exhaustion, until Castro roused them, fretting from his bed.

"How does it now?"

"It burns slowly where the bluffs are treeless and steep."

"Will they win through, think you?"

"By the grace of God, I am sure of it."

And so on through the hours until the fire passed thinly to the tree line, and the smoke hid all but the red reflection on the sky.

Pascual and Don Valentin got some needed sleep at last. Castro's strength began to come back to him, and with it his collected spirit, which, though it quickened the agony of apprehension, helped him to spare others the exhibition of it. By morning, which broke dully, blurred with smoke, he was able to mount and ride; but the ten years which it was said he had lost since his daughter was found came back, and settled heavily on his shoulders and bent him toward the saddle-bow.

From Arnaldo's account he judged it best seeking up the arroyo. He sent the tracker with men to try if possible to cross the hot ashes to the camp, and follow the probable line of flight, for he knew now all that Arnaldo could tell him of Escobar and his daughter.

Castro, Pascual, Delgado, and six men rode up the stony wash. The stench of burning, the acrid ash that whirled about in the wind, the difficulties and discomforts of the way, took the edge off

of anguished expectation. The men rode in advance, — Castro had no hope to spur him forward, — and whatever of dead they found they hid out of the way.

Isidro and the girl heard the clank of shod hoofs on the boulders. Escobar raised a cracked, dry halloo. The answer to it set them trembling with the eagerness of relief.

"*Virgen Santissima*, Mother inviolate, Mary most Holy, Queen of the Angels," murmured the Commandante in deep thankfulness as he saw her come.

Not the greatest moments are long proof against daily habits and hates. Castro's anxiety for his daughter's life was not of such long standing that his prejudice against Escobar was not longer; but his habit of authority was older than both. It fretted him in his enfeebled state, almost before he had done returning thanks, to have her appear so in boyish disguise before his men; chafed his new dignity as a parent to have her leave his house and go running to the woods after this young sprig Escobar; and since his daughter was above all blame, he blamed Escobar. There was a moment of embarrassment and chill after the greeting and congratulation. Don Isidro had that in his heart which fortified him against all frostiness of behavior.

Castro turned to his men. "Miguel and Pedro," he said, "will give up their horses to Señor Escobar and my daughter." He kept fast hold of the girl, but Isidro claimed her with his eyes. The men led up the horses. She, who a month before had been free to vault Indian-like from the ground, suffered herself to be lifted up ladywise. Castro reserved that occupation for himself, though he was hardly able for it. Isidro went on quietly shortening the stirrups; the two men eyed each other over the horse's shoulders.

Said Isidro, courteous and smiling, "I give madam my wife into your keeping, Señor Commandante, until we come to a better state."

The Commandante turned abruptly to his own horse and broke twice in the

effort to mount. One of the troopers gave him a hand. Isidro's hand was on the girl's, her eyes on his eyes. She stooped lightly; the young man brought his horse alongside, one foot in the stirrup; her soft hair fell forward, his eyes drew her, they kissed.

"March!" cried the Commandante. The horses clattered on the start; they struck into a trot.

Pascual burst out a-laughing. "By my soul, brother," he cried, "but you begin well for a priest!"

Isidro blushed.

"I am not a priest yet," he said, "and the lady is really my wife."

They mounted and rode after Castro's men.

XXVIII

THE END OF THE TRAIL

"And what," said the Father President, pacing up and down in the mission parlor, "what becomes of your priestly calling?"

"Padre," said Escobar, leaning his arm upon the table, "I have no true vocation."

"You thought differently a month since."

"A month since, yes. Much may happen in a month."

"Hardly enough, I should think, to out-balance a decision made practically before you were born."

"Before I was born, Padre, and therefore hardly within my power of agreeing or disagreeing. But within the month, Reverend Father, I have been in captivity and distress. I have faced dreadful death, and fleeing from it have learned that I wished to live, not to do priest's work in the world, but for the sake of life itself, for seeing and feeling and stirring about among men."

"You wish not to do the work of Our Father Christ?"

"It is not that I do not wish it, but I wish to do a man's work more."

"A month since," said Saavedra again, "that was not your thought."

"My thought then was the thought of a boy; but hear now what is in my mind. You have heard how Marta died, going into the fire after she had come safe out of it. We do not know well what was in her heart, but my — but Jacintha thinks that she wished to bring the blessed candle to Mascado, so that he might have that much of religion at his end. She took no care of what might happen to herself. It is my thought that God's priests should so carry salvation to men, counting not the cost, and I have not that spirit, Padre; I should count the cost."

"What, then, do you wish?" The Padre was visibly patient and, by an effort, kind.

"I wish — the common life of man, the common chances; no more, I think; common duties, labors, occupations; to have my own house, my wife," — here the young man colored slightly, — "and children, if God please. It is not much."

The Padre stopped in his walk and laid both hands on the table, looking across at Escobar.

"No, it is not much," he said, "not much for which to give over a great labor, toward which we thought, — or at least I thought and you agreed with me, a month since, — toward which the need and occasion pointed as the Finger of God."

"A great work, Padre, but wanting a proper instrument. I am afraid I could not help you there." There was a pause.

"What do you mean, my son?" said the Padre at last. There was a hint of anxiety in his voice, a dawning grayness in his face.

"I mean, Padre," the young man came out, halting and reluctantly, with his thought, "in regard to the foundation of the Franciscans, — the Missions, — there is much that sticks in my mind."

"You mean" — said the Padre dully.

"I mean — I hardly know what, except that what you expected of me as to the continuance of the Missions in their pre-

sent aspiration and direction has become impossible." He was going on with argument and extenuation, all that Jacintha had taught him, all that he had learned from Mascado in the hills, all the eager young straining after ideals of liberty which fomented in the heart of Mexico, but the Padre held up his hand.

"Spare me," he said, "spare me." The old man turned away to the window and looked long toward the sea, toward the orchard, the laborers in the barley, the women spinning in the sun, the comfort, busyness and peace, the cross twinkling over all. He was used in these days to men who doubted the efficiency of all these; but the hurt, the deep intolerable wound, lay in knowing that the matter had been brought to Escobar by his own hand, the contrary judgment shaped, as far as he knew, on his own showing. He came back at last and laid his worn, thin palms on the young man's shoulders.

"Oh, my son, my son, could you not have spared me this?"

Tears rose in Isidro's eyes, and he touched the old hands reverently with his lips, but he could not take back his word.

"We priests," said Saavedra with an unused accent of bitterness, "have none of the joys of parents, but at least one of their pangs, — to know that those we have nurtured in our dearest hopes have not found those hopes worth gathering up."

The young man said nothing to this; there was, in fact, nothing to say.

"I am an old man," went on Saavedra, "and a great sinner. No doubt I set my mind above my Master's, desiring what is not good for me to have."

They were silent for some time, and Escobar guessed that the Padre prayed. Finally he moved somewhat feebly as if he felt his age press upon him, brought up a chair, and sat at the opposite side of the table.

"What, then, do you wish of me?" he said with courageous cheer.

"That you persuade Castro to recognize my marriage with his daughter, or at least my claims to her hand."

"The marriage was duly celebrated with the Sacrament, you say, and recorded?"

"It was. But for the recording we had not the lady's name. It was written *Señorita Lebecque*. The Commandante holds that to invalidate the marriage."

"Hardly, unless conscious fraud was used, and that it was not could easily be proved. The Sacrament of the Church cannot be lightly set aside. What says the lady?"

Isidro had the grace to blush, but held on steadfastly. "The lady wishes what I wish. We are of one mind."

The Padre's face softened with a weary smile. "No doubt it can be arranged; I will see Castro. Now leave me, my son; I have much to think on."

Isidro knelt to receive a blessing; he looked up into the kind, pale eyes, and his heart wrung him for his defection. He thought of the quest of Juan Ruiz.

"Oh, Padre, Padre," he cried with half a sob, "I owe you much!"

"It is nothing. Go in peace, my son; the Lord keep you and make His face to shine upon you."

The old priest, left to himself, sat a long time sadly staring into the room. It is an ill hour for an old man when the objects of a life-long renunciation, lusts of the heart, the common human aspirations, rise up to defeat him in the end.

At the last Castro made no great difficulty. He persuaded himself that he wished merely to be assured that his daughter's heart inclined toward Escobar. Really the trouble was in his hurt susceptibilities at being so soon set aside.

All the lean, wifeless, childless years could not be filled out in a month. Now that his daughter was found he wanted time for adoring her, and though he had not been a parent long, it was long enough to develop parental proclivities for meddling in his daughter's affairs. His worst objection to Escobar at this juncture was that Jacintha had chosen him. As much as the young man had associated himself with the girl's life before her father had

found her, the Commandante resented it. All those companionable hours, the captivity, the distress which they shared, their very youth which they had in common, Castro envied them.

The experience of an unhappy love as often as not unfits a man to deal fairly by a happy one. Castro had lost the mother, before he had her, to another man; now, it appeared, he was to lose the daughter, and in the same case; but with her, as with Ysabel, he had the passionate purpose to hold to the form and shadow of possession.

Jacintha left him in no doubt as to her sentiments. Now that Escobar claimed her she went no longer shamefaced, but wore her love nakedly and gloried in it. She increased in dignity; her beauty grew apace like a flower. Not all the artificialities of dress and behavior imposed on her by the matrons Castro brought to be her advisers had made her a woman, but a man's need of womanliness to love. Where Escobar put her in his thought she stayed; she might live a little above that level, but never below it. She gave Castro no warrant for his reluctance to admit the marriage at San Antonio, though warrant might have been found for it in his agreement with Valentin Delgado. He had gone so far with that gentleman as to recognize his claim to be considered a suitor for his daughter's hand. As usage was at that time, the Commandante might have held himself bound, but here Delfina's tongue came aptly in. The interval between Jacintha's flight to Hidden Waters and her return had been employed by Delfina and Fray Demetrio in making the fame of the girl and Escobar a thing of shreds and tatters. There will always be these blue flies buzzing on the fringe of nobler lives, shaping them unguessed to contrary courses. Originating, if it had any origin but pure affinity for mischief, in malice toward Escobar, the gossip served him an excellent turn. Not much of it reached the Commandante, but it was in the air, and Don Valentin, who was not known to be

directly implicated, heard more than he stomached easily. Besides, he had seen the kiss exchanged by Isidro and the girl in the Arroyo Seca, and being a politic youth as well as honorable in the main, Don Valentin withdrew. Castro was, however, the poorer for that, and Delgado made a beginning of that fortune which in the heyday of Alta California became notable. The Commandante, all other consideration going down before it, allowed the announcement of the marriage at last, to quiet scandal. He would have wished to have the ceremony repeated, but Saavedra judged it inexpedient. They had in lieu of it a special service in the church of San Carlos, followed by a *baile* at the Presidio, at which both Pascual and Don Valentin outdid the groom in the splendor of their buttons and embroideries. The festivities were attended by the Governor and his lady, by everybody who could by any reasonable excuse be invited, by long trains of Indians bearing flowers; and it lacked but one item of an exceptionally fashionable affair, — the bride, riding to the church as the custom was, chose, not her father's splendid mount as would any girl in her senses, but the same kicking pinto which had brought her up from the hut of the Grapevine in the train of Escobar. As the wedding party halted at the church door, Isidro unpinned a fly-specked paper from it, offering, in the handwriting of the secretary, a reward for information concerning certain papers found in the alms-box. He passed it up to the Commandante; Castro gave a thin, wintry smile.

"You have not given me the information," he said, "but you seem to have the reward."

Within a month after the marriage the Commandante got his release, and soon after that, the galleon *La Golindrina* putting into port, bound for Mexico, he embarked upon her with his daughter and Escobar.

Isidro with his young wife leaned upon the rail and watched the dwindling of the white walls of Monterey.

"Said I not truly," whispered the girl, "that when you sailed for Mexico I should be with you on the sea?"

"Most truly, my Briar, and with me shall see the world, though it seems I serve myself more than God."

"But that was not what I said."

"What was it, most dear? I forget."

"That I should serve God — and you." She lifted soft eyes to him, shy and adoring, as to a saint. It appeared she would make an excellent wife; Isidro, at least, was sure of it. He held her hand under the rebozo, and watched the town fade into the blueness of the hills.

They said to each other, and believed it, that they would come again and visit the places of their young delight, — the cañada of the Grapevines, the Mission San Antonio, and all the seaward, poppy-colored slope of the coastwise hills; but, in fact, they never came together to Alta California. The care of the Ramirez estates and the political preferment to which Escobar's facile temper led him proved sufficient occupation. Isidro came once to see his father die, but Doña Jacintha kept at home with her young children.

Padre Saavedra knew them well in Old Mexico, where he followed them within two years, upon the breaking up of the Missions, the loss of which colored all his later years with a gentle and equable grief. His faith and the natural temper of his mind forbade that any bitterness should mingle with it, but he left much of his sprightly vigor at Carmelo, where the memory of him served to keep many of his following in the faith when all other props failed. Among the traditions of the Mission recounted by the dwindling band of neophytes were many incidents of his great-heartedness, and one, admonishing them to steadfastness, of Marta, the story of whose life and heroic end showed her in receding time a sainted figure vanishing between the lines of lighted trees attended by a host of flaming wings.

It was reported at the time of the secularization of the Missions that one and

another of the Padres secretly enriched themselves from their accumulated coin, — the discoverable amount of which fell so far below the popular estimate, — and of these there was none had so much laid to his credit as Demetrio Fages. Certainly, when one considers the prelate he became, knowing the man he was, one might well believe it; no doubt he found his opportunity in the simple-seeming honesty of the Padre Presidente.

Padre Tomas de las Peñas went out of California with the retiring Franciscans, bewept by his people; but being a single-hearted man of few affections, had no peace, nor gave his superiors any, until he was permitted, as he believed in answer to prayer, to return to his children of the wilderness. He found the Mission in ruins, the church a breeding-place for bats, and his Indians far sunk in original savagery. A few of them came about him again, remembering his simple jollity, and hungering, no doubt, for the old order, the comfortable meals, the ceremonial, the show, the sense of things orderly and secure. Neither so round nor so rosy after a few years of such labors,

Padre Tomas set his hand to harvesting the few lean ears that a mistaken policy had left of the Franciscans' splendid sowing.

Peter Lebecque, missing the Briar from the lonely hut of the Grapevine, and having no fancy for annexing another woman, perhaps finding none so suited to his taste as the silent Juana, took to wandering again, and was killed by a bear under an oak in the cañon of *El Tejon*, in 1835, and was buried there.

Delfina continued an uninterrupted course of busyness about other people's affairs until the influx of Gringos drove her and too many of her race on a lee shore; after that she became very religious, as ladies of her metal are apt to become, and was to be seen on Sundays and Saints' days telling a rosary in the church of San Carlos.

So all these, having danced their measure in the time of Escobar's life, passed on separate ways, neither more merry nor more sad because of it; but as for Castro, he got no ease of his heart hunger until he held a grandchild on his knees who looked at him with Ysabel's eyes, and the eyes were full of love.

(*The end.*)

GEORGE HERBERT AS A RELIGIOUS POET

BY GEORGE H. PALMER

To English poetry George Herbert made a notable contribution, — he devised the religious love-lyric. This forms his substantial claim to originality. To state, illustrate, and qualify that claim is the object of this paper.

I

Of course there was religious verse in England before Herbert's time. To see how considerable it was, and how he modified it, I will roughly classify what had been written under the four headings of Vision, Meditation, Paraphrase, and Hymn. In the poetry of Vision the poet stands above his world, and is concerned rather with divine transactions than with human. So Cynewulf in Saxon times looked into the wonders of the Advent, Ascension, and Doomsday. The author of *Piers Plowman*, with visions of the Kingdom of Heaven before his eyes, condemned the institutions of rural England. Spenser imagined a fairy realm where chivalry, holiness, and unearthly beauty dominate all forms of evil. Giles Fletcher in Keats-like verse pictured the four Victories achieved by Christ. The young Milton, just before Herbert took orders, celebrated the Nativity, Circumcision, and Passion. And a few years after Herbert's death, Sandys translated into English verse Grotius' *Drama of Christ's Passion*. In all these cases the writers are not primarily interested in their relations to God, but in his to the world; and these relations they behold dramatically embodied in certain divine occurrences. In such dramatic visions we may perceive a kind of survival of the early Miracle Play.

But the imaginative point of view belongs to exceptional men. Much com-

moner, especially in Herbert's early life, was religious meditation. Spenser had practiced it with his accustomed splendor in his two *Hymns in Honor of Divine Love and Beauty*; so had Constable in his *Spiritual Sonnets to the Honor of God and His Saints*, and Drayton in his *Harmonies of the Church*. Many of Sidney's sonnets, of Shakespeare's, are reveries on the nature of the soul, its immortality, and its relation to its Maker. Sir John Davies studies these questions more abstractly in his *Nosce Teipsum*, as does Phineas Fletcher in *The Purple Island*. Lord Herbert looks at them romantically in his Tennysonian Ode, *Inquiring Whether Love Should Continue Forever*. Drummond gravely examines them in his *Flowers of Sion*. Fulke Greville draws up in verse a *Treatise of Religion*. Nicholas Breton has several similar discussions of sacred themes. Many of Daniel's and of Donne's epistles and elegies are weighty with a moral wisdom not to be distinguished from religion; while Donne's *Anatomy of the World*, *Progress of the Soul*, and *Divine Poems* would, if they were not so intellectual, be genuinely devout. Quarles's *Divine Fancies* are of the same character. Raleigh and Wotton, too, and many other poets less famous than they, have single meditations of sweet seriousness and depth on God, man, death, and duty. Yet religious verse of this type everywhere bears the same mark. It studies a problem and tries to reach a general truth. Its writers do not content themselves with recording their own emotions. Their poetry, therefore, lacks the individual note and is not lyric. If the preceding group of religious verse may be thought of as following the Miracle Play, this continues the traditions of the old Morality.

But there is more in religion than sacred scenes and wise meditation. There is worship, the open profession by God's children of their exultation in Him and their need of his continual care. Worship, however, especially in the time preceding Herbert, was a collective affair in which the holy aspirations of the individual were merged in those of his fellows and went forth in company along already consecrated paths. For such national worship and such sanctified associations nothing could be a more fitting expression than the Holy Scriptures. The Bible was the Magna Charta of the Reformation. To love it was to show one's hostility to Popery. In it all truth was contained. If one needed poetry, then, or sacred song, where could one obtain it better than in this its original source? For a time it seemed almost profane to look elsewhere. The favorite form of religious utterance was the versified paraphrase of some portion of the Bible. Naturally the Psalms were the part most commonly chosen. The collection of paraphrases of the Psalms which goes by the name of Sternhold and Hopkins was drawn up in 1562, and was soon adopted into the use of the English churches. But almost every prominent poet attempted a few Psalms. To translate them became a literary fashion. Wyatt and Surrey engaged in it, as later did Sidney and his sister, Spenser, Sylvester, Davison, Phineas Fletcher, King James, Lord Bacon, Milton, Sandys, Wither, and even Carew. But the disposition to paraphrase the Bible did not confine itself to the Psalms. Surrey put Ecclesiastes into verse; Sylvester, Job; Quarles versified Job, Samson, Esther, and the Song of Solomon. Both he and Donne tried to make poetry out of the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Drayton told the stories of Noah, Moses, and David. Indeed, the strange fashion lasted down to the time of Cowley, who in 1656 published four books of the Troubles of King David, and translated one of them back into Latin. *Paradise Lost* itself may be

regarded as but the full, gorgeous, and belated consummation of what Milton's predecessors in Paraphrase and Vision had already attempted.

The Hymn, however, that form of religious aspiration most natural to us, developed slowly in the England of Elizabeth and James, and gained only a partial acceptance during the reign of Charles. The Catholic Church had always had its Latin hymns. Many of these were translated by Luther and the German reformers, and freely used in their churches. Luther's own hymns were much prized. The English Prayer Book is largely a translation of the Roman Breviary, and the Breviary contains many hymns; but the makers of the Prayer Book left the hymns untranslated. Why so low an estimate was set on hymns in England is not altogether clear, but for some reason English Protestants contented themselves for the most part with versions of the Psalms. Perhaps they took example from Geneva. Clement Marot in 1541 translated fifty Psalms into French, and these were completed in 1562 by Beza, and adopted into the service of the Reformed Swiss and French churches. Genevan influences, being strong in George Herbert's England, may have coöperated with other causes to hold back the promising movement toward giving the English people their own religious songs. For such a movement did start. Coverdale in 1539 published some *Spiritual Songs* in company with thirteen *Goostly Psalms*, mostly translated from German originals. The collection of Sternhold and Hopkins contained a group of hymns beside its translated Psalms, while a more marked advance in this direction was made by Wedderburn's widely used book of *Psalms and Spiritual Songs*, printed in Scotland in 1560. This had three parts: the first consisting of Psalms, the second of hymns, and the third of popular secular songs to which a religious meaning had been attached. Half a dozen *Songs of Sadness and Piety* were in Wil-

liam Byrd's book of songs, 1587. But these admirable beginnings — English and Scotch — were only slenderly followed up. Such songs were apparently too individual, and could not compete with the broad and universal Psalms. As Puritanism advanced, the Bible tended to overshadow all other inspiration. It was not until 1623 that George Wither in his *Hymns and Songs of the Church* composed the first hymn book that ever appeared in England, and obtained permission to have it used in churches. Eighteen years later he published a second and larger volume under the title of *England's Hallelujah*, but like the former it met with much opposition. Hymns were not a natural form of devotion in the first half of the seventeenth century, and few were even in existence previously to Wither's book. Wither complained in his *Scholar's Purgatory* (1624) that "for divers ages together there have been but so many hymns composed and published as make not above two sheets and a half of paper."

II

Such, then, was the condition of English sacred poetry when Herbert began to write. To each of its four varieties he made good contributions. In *The Sacrifice* and *The Bag* he has visions of divine events. The massive reflections of *The Church-Porch*, *The Church-Militant*, and many of the shorter poems give him a high rank among the meditative religious poets. He also translated half a dozen Psalms; and possibly the two *Antiphons*, one of the poems entitled *Praise*, and the songs which are appended to *Easter*, *The Holy Communion*, and *An Offering*, may pass for hymns. I do not mention *Vertue* and *The Elixer*; for though these bear his name in our hymn books, their popular form is not due to him, but to John Wesley.

Yet in spite of the worth of Herbert's work in all these four accredited varieties and his real eminence in the second, his

distinctive merit must be sought elsewhere. For he originated a new species of sacred verse, the religious lyric, a species for which the English world was waiting, which it welcomed with enthusiasm, and which at once became so firmly established that it is now difficult to conceive that it did not always exist. In reality, though cases of something similar may be discovered in earlier poetry, it was Herbert who thought it out, studied its æsthetic possibilities, and created the type for future generations. Wherein, then, does this fifth type of Herbert's differ from the preceding four? In this: the religious lyric is a cry of the individual heart to God. Standing face to face with Him, its writer describes no event, explores no general problem, leans on no authoritative book. He searches his own soul, and utters the love, the timidity, the joy, the vacillations, the remorse, the anxieties, he finds there. That is not done in the hymn. Though its writer often speaks in the first person, he gives voice to collective feeling. He thinks of himself as representative, and selects from that which he finds in his heart only what will identify him with others. On God and himself his attention is not exclusively fixed. Always in the lyric it is thus fixed. When Burns sings of Mary Morison, he has no audience in mind, nor could his words be adopted by any company. Just so the religious lyric is a supreme love-song, involving two persons and two only,—the individual soul as the lover, and its divine and incomparable love. We hear the voice of the former appealing in introspective monologue to the distant and exalted dear one. "Divinest love lies in this book," says Crashaw in writing of Herbert's *Temple*; and he justly marks its distinctive feature.

A certain preparation for Herbert's work was already laid in the poetry of Robert Southwell. This heroic young Englishman was born in high station in 1560, became a Jesuit priest, and in 1592 was arrested by Elizabeth on account of his religion. After three years of impris-

onment in the Tower, where he was thirteen times subjected to torture, he was executed in February, 1595. In the same year were printed two volumes of his verse. These include the long *St. Peter's Complaint* and about fifty short poems, many of them written during his imprisonment. Perhaps the best known is the Christmas Song of *The Burning Babe*. All are vivid, sincere, and accomplished, and all without exception deal with religious themes. Southwell is accordingly our earliest religious poet, the only one before Herbert who confined himself to that single field. Possibly Herbert derived from him the idea of taking religion for his province. Southwell's book was popular in Herbert's boyhood; and when Herbert as a young man announces to his mother his resolve to dedicate his poetic powers to God's service, he uses language strikingly similar to that in Southwell's *Epistle of the Authour to the Reader*. Herbert's long early poem, too, *The Church-Porch*, is in the metre of *St. Peter's Complaint*. Yet the temper of the two men is unlike and their aims divergent. In style Southwell connects with Spenser, Herbert with Donne. Southwell, too, like Crashaw afterwards, lives in a beautiful Romish world where the saints claim more attention than his own salvation. Fortitude is his principal theme, and reflections on the emptiness of the world. His is a stout heart. It does not seek intimate communings with its Master, and is seldom alone with God. The lyric yearning of the fearful lover is not his; though in such poems as *Content and Rich*, *Sin's Heavy Load*, and *Lewd Love is Loss*, he nearly approaches the meditative and sententious power of Herbert. That religious love-song, however, in which Herbert traces all the waywardness of his affection for the mighty object of his love, exhibiting the same fervency of passion which enters into the human relation, does not occur in Southwell.

Nearer to Herbert is Thomas Campion, who about 1613 published twenty *Divine and Moral Songs*. Campion is an equi-

site experimenter, skillful in discovering every sweet subtlety which song admits. Both in the personal quality of his religious verse and in its beauty of structure, he may fairly be called a predecessor of Herbert. But he, too, is under Spenserian influence. His religious poems are pure songs, written — like most of his verse — with reference to a musical setting. They lack, therefore, that introspective passion which fills Herbert's throbbing stanzas. Herbert could have obtained little direct aid from them. He is more likely to have been indebted to Donne's few hymns and to his *Holy Sonnets*. In these there is Herbert's own deep communing with God. But instances of this occur all the way down the long line of English poetry. The Early English Text Society has published several volumes of religious verse, which, while for the most part of the types I have named Vision and Meditation, show occasional instances of personal appeal. Religious poetry of the personal life had never been uncommon among continental Catholics, the mystics, and the German Reformers, though it had not yet found full voice in England. In no strict sense, then, can Herbert be said to have created it, for it is grounded in one of the most constant cravings of human nature. Yet the true discoverer is not he who first perceives a thing, but he who discerns its importance and its place in human life. And this is what Herbert did. He is the first in England to bring this universal craving to adequate utterance. He rediscovered it, enriched it with his own ingenuity, precision, and candor, and established it as a theme for English poetry, freed from the mystic and sensuous morbidity which has often disfigured it in other literatures.

III

Certain general tendencies of Herbert's time combined with peculiarities of his own nature to bring about the new poetry. Individualism was abroad, disturbing "the unity and married calm of states," and sending its subtle influence

into every department of English life. The rise of Puritanism was but one of its manifestations. Everywhere the Renaissance movement pressed toward a return to nature and an assertion of the rights of the individual. At its rise these tendencies were partially concealed. Its first fruits were delivery from oppressive seriousness, a general emancipation of human powers, the enrichment of daily life, beauty, splendor, scholarship, a quickened and incisive intelligence. But as it advanced, the Renaissance opened doors to all kinds of self-assertion. Each person, each desire, each opinion, became clamorous and set up for itself, regardless of all else. In its remoteness England was tardy in feeling these disintegrating influences. The splendor, too, of the Renaissance was somewhat dimmed in Italy and France before it shone on the age of Elizabeth. There it found a society exceptionally consolidated under a forceful queen. Foreign dangers welded the nation together. It is doubtful if at any other period of its history the English people has believed, acted, enjoyed, and aspired so nearly like a single person as during the first three quarters of the age of Elizabeth. She, her great ministers, and the historical plays of Shakespeare, set forth its ideals of orderly government. Spenser's poem consummated its ideals of orderly beauty, as did Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* those of an orderly church. Men in those days marched together. Dissenters, either of a religious, political, or artistic sort, were few and despised.

But change was impending. A second period of the Renaissance began, a period of introspection, where each man was prone to insist on the importance of whatever was his own. At the coming of the Stuarts this great change was prepared, and was steadily fostered by their inability to comprehend it. In science Bacon had already questioned established authority, and sent men to nature to observe for themselves. In government the king's prerogative was speedily questioned, and parliaments became so re-

bellious that they were often dismissed. A revolution in poetic taste was under way. Spenser's lulling rhythms and bloodless heroes were being displaced by the jolting and passionate realism of Donne.

The changes wrought in religion were of a deeper and more varied kind. Forms and ceremonies, the product of a collective religious consciousness, gradually became objects of suspicion. Personal religion, the sense of individual responsibility to God, was regarded as the one thing needful. Already the setting up of a national church and the rejection of a Catholic or world-church had admitted the principle of individual judgment, and now the further progress of this principle could not be stayed. If a single nation might seek what was best for itself, regardless of the Papacy, why might not also a single body of Christians, regardless of the nation, — or even an individual soul, regardless of its fellows? Our souls, the Puritans held, are our own. No man can save his brother. Each stands single before his Maker, answerable to him alone. The social sense, it may be said, had decayed as an instinct and had not yet been rationally reconstructed. It needed to decay if a fresh and varied religious experience was to invigorate English life. The call to individualism was the most sacred summons of the age. All sections of the community heard it. Puritanism merely accepted it with a peculiar heartiness and reverence. In the High Church party ideas substantially similar were at work. By them too asceticism and "freedom from the world" were often regarded as the path of piety. What a sign of the times is the conduct of Herbert's friend, Nicholas Ferrar, who would cut all ties, stand naked before God, and so seek holiness! Ferrar was a religious genius, able to discern the highest ideals of his age, and courageous enough to carry them out. But how widely and in what unlike forms these individualistic ideas pervaded the community may be seen in

three other powerful men, all born before Herbert died, Thomas Hobbes, George Fox, and John Bunyan. The best and the worst tendencies of that age demanded that each man should seek God for himself, unhampered by his neighbor.

And just as the seeker after God is at this time conceived as a detached individual, so is the object of the search, — God himself. Notions of the divine immanence do not belong to this age. God is not a spiritual principle, the power that makes for righteousness, universal reason, collective natural force. Such ideas come later, in the train of that Deistic movement of which Herbert's brother was the precursor. God is an independent person, exactly like ourselves, having foresight, skill, love and hatred, grief, self-sacrifice, and a power of action a good deal limited by the kind of world and people among whom he works. From him Jesus Christ is indistinguishable. With him one may talk as with a friend; and though no answering sound comes back, the Bible — every portion of which is his living word — reports his instructions, while the conditions of mind and heart in which we find ourselves after communion with him disclose his influence and indicate his will. In all this religious realism there is a vitality and precision, a permission to take God with us into daily affairs, a banishment of loneliness, and a refreshment of courage impossible to those who accept the broader but vaguer notions fashionable in our day. Without attempting to assess the completeness or truth of the opposing conceptions, we must see that the earlier has immense advantages for artistic purposes. This concrete, vivid thought of God sets the religious imagination free and makes it creative in poetry as nothing else can. All art is personal and anthropomorphic.

IV

Herbert was a true child of this eager, individualistic, realistic age. In its full

tide he lived. An exceptionally wide acquaintance with its leaders of philosophy, poetry, and the Church brought his impressionable nature to accept its ideals as matters of course. He has not the hardy and spacious nature that asks fundamental questions. His mind is receptive, even if anticipatory. Too proud and independent for an imitator, and ever disposed to build his own pathway, he still employs in that building only the material he finds at hand. Rarely does he desire more. Small modifications, readjustments, the application of refinement and elevation where coarseness had been before, — these rather than revolutionary measures are what he adds to the intellectual stock of his age. He is no Wordsworth, Keats, or Browning; he is related to his time rather as an early Gray or Arnold, as one who voices with exquisite art what those around him already feel. But if the ideals of his time shaped him, he in turn shaped them. Through his responsive heart and dexterous fingers they attained a precision, beauty, and compelling power which bore them far past the limits of that age.

In his first years at Cambridge Herbert had thought of religion as primarily an affair of ritual and ordinance. This is painfully evident in the Latin epigrams written at this time in reply to Andrew Melville. That learned and witty Scotchman in some verses entitled *Anti-Tam-Cami - Categoria* had attacked certain features of the English Church as meaningless and injurious to piety. Herbert replies, but shows no devotional spirit in his smart and scurrilous lines. He does not write as a defender of God, of his own soul, or of holy agencies personally found dear. He defends an established and external institution, whose usages must all alike be exempt from criticism. But such blind partisanship was brief. The love of Anglicanism which fills Herbert's later poems and his *Country Parson* is of a different type. It springs from a belief in the aid his Church can afford to individual holiness,

collective convenience, and permanent beauty. That Church he thinks of as a means and not an end; and the end is everywhere communion of the individual soul with God.

Strangely enough it was at this very time of the Melville controversy and while defending ecclesiasticism that Herbert heard and accepted his deeper call to vindicate personal religion as a poetic theme. On New Year's Day, 1610, at the age of seventeen he sent his mother two momentous sonnets. They and their accompanying letter announce a literary and religious programme, which marks an epoch in the life of Herbert and in the development of English poetry. "In these sonnets," Walton reports him as saying, "I declare my resolution to be that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." Herbert, thus early discovering himself to be a poet, here fixes the field most suitable to his genius. He will give himself exclusively to religious verse, something never before attempted in England except by Southwell. But he fixes a special aim, too. He will "reprove those many love-poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus." Though love is the proper theme of poetry, why should it be studied in its pettiest form as the half physical tie between men and women, and not where it shows its full force, volume, and variety, when God and man are drawn together? "Cannot thy love heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise as well as any she?" These are accordingly his resolves: he will become a life-long poet; an exclusively religious poet; and while studying love, as do secular poets, — "that fire which by God's power and might each breast does feel," — he will present it freed from those sexual limits and artificialities in which it is usually set.

v

To these resolves Herbert remained, I believe, substantially true. Edmund Gosse and some others have asserted that

he wrote secular verse also, destroying it when he took orders. For evidence they urge that it is improbable that a courtly poet should have written nothing in the current styles, that the religious verse left by Herbert is extremely small in amount, while it still shows an excellence hardly possible without long practice. As this is a point crucial for the understanding of Herbert, I will briefly sum up the strong opposing evidence.

Herbert's secular verse is purely supposititious. Nobody ever saw it and mentioned it, though in certain quarters it would have been mentioned had it existed. Oley and Walton, his early biographers, know nothing of it. They give us to understand that he wrote only on religion. In none of his letters is it alluded to, nor in his poems, — full though these latter are of regrets for youthful follies. On the other hand, we know that in pursuance of his early purpose he set himself at Cambridge to create a poetry of divine love. On this he was still engaged at Bemerton. In what period of his life, then, do his secular poems fall? Surely not in the years when he was antagonizing secular poetry. But what others remain? Already eight years before Herbert's death Bacon, dedicating to him some Psalms, knows of his great reputation for "divinity and poesy met." And twenty years after his death Henry Vaughan looks back on the loose love-poetry of the previous half-century and counts it Herbert's glory to have opposed it. In the preface of *Silex Scintillans* he writes: "The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts, of whom I am the least."

Nor need we be disturbed over the small quantity of sacred verse included in *The Temple*. Herbert may have written much more. In the early manuscript of his verse preserved in the Williams Library are six poems which were not included in Ferrar's Edition. How many

others were similarly rejected we do not know. Differences of style among those preserved indicate that his writing extended over many years. The many changes in the Williams manuscript show how largely he revised such poems as he intended to retain. In order, then, to give his pen long and sufficient practice, we have no need to invent secular poetry. And as regards the choice character of what was finally published, it may be said that fineness rather than fecundity was ever Herbert's characteristic. Till he settled at Bemerton he wrote no English prose.

In view, then, of the fact that there is no evidence in behalf of his secular poetry, while there are strong probabilities against it, we may fairly accept Herbert's declared purpose as final, and believe that he dedicated all his verse to the exposition of divine love, experienced in the communion of each individual heart with God, and announced as a world-force in the coming of Christ.

VI

Good examples of the latter sort of love-lyric, where God solicits us, are *The Pulley*, *Misery*, *Sion*, *Decay*, *The Agony*, *The Second Prayer*, *The Second Love*. In these the progress of God's love is traced, advancing majestically through humiliation and suffering to rescue little, fallen, headlong, runaway man. Yet here, too, while love is examined on its divine side, its work is not — as in the Visions previously considered — viewed pictorially and as a purely celestial affair. God is the lover of man, and his slighted appeal to the individual soul is the subject of the song. These poems are accordingly veritable lyrics. They deal with the inner life, — with moods, affections, solicitations, — not with heavenly transactions, dramatic scenes, objective situations. Indeed, facts and outward events have no place in Herbert's poetry. He might well say with Browning, whom in many respects he strongly

resembles, "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study."

But it is when Herbert turns to man's side of the great alliance, to man's wavering yet inevitable love of God, that he is most truly himself. For here he can be frankly psychological, and mental analysis is really his whole stock in trade. Yet what passion and tenderness does he contrive to weave into his subtle introspections! Hardly do the impetuous love-songs of Shelley yearn and sob more profoundly than these tangled, allusive, self-conscious, and over-intellectual verses of him who first in English poetry spoke face to face with God. The particular poems I have in mind are the following: *The Afflictions*, *The Call*, *Clasping of Hands*, *The Collar*, *Denial*, *The Elixer*, *The Flower*, *The Glance*, *The Glimpse*, *Gratefulness*, *Longing*, *The Method*, *The Odour*, *The Pearl*, *The Search*, *Submission*, *The Temper*, *Unkindness*, *A Wreath*. But where shall one stop? To specify what belongs under this heading would be to enumerate a third of all Herbert has written. Perhaps those already named are enough to explain the mighty impact on his generation of the Herbertian conception of religious verse as personal aspiration. Out of his one hundred and sixty-nine poems only twenty-three do not employ the first person; and half a dozen of these are addresses in the second person to his own soul, while several others are dramatic. Practically all his poetry is poetry of the personal life. "He speaks of God like a man that really believeth in God," says Richard Baxter of Herbert. His matter is individual experience, reported in all the variety of mood and shifting fancy which everywhere characterizes veritable experience. In that experience he will exhibit the profundities of love, and thus confute the love-poets.

And who are these love-poets? Of course the whole airy company of Elizabethan songsters, including Donne with his early wild poems of love. But it may

be conjectured that in his two sonnets Herbert has especially in mind those men who have left behind them their long sonnet sequences. And this is the more likely because most of these sonneteers came into close connection with him through the Pembrokes of Wilton. Sidney, who wrote the *Stella* series, was the uncle of the Earl of Pembroke. Spenser was the friend of Sidney, edited his sonnets, and four years after, in 1595, published his own series of *Amoretti*. Daniel, who brought out his *Sonnets to Delia* in 1592, had for his patroness the Countess of Pembroke. So had Constable, who printed his *Sonnets to Diana* in 1592, and prefaced Sidney's *Apology for Poetrie* in 1595. Drayton's series to Idea appeared in 1593, their author the only one not closely connected with the Herbert and Pembroke circle. But in the very year in which Herbert declared his resolve to his mother, Shakespeare's *Sonnets* were published and dedicated to Mr. W. H., mysterious initials often supposed — though in my judgment erroneously — to be those of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom the first folio of Shakespeare's plays is also dedicated. With the leaders, therefore, of that group of men who domesticated in England the love sonnet of Petrarch, Herbert was brought into close relation, and he probably had them in mind when he resolved to initiate a movement in opposition to the artificial love-poetry of his day.

For these men were artificial, and much disposed to "doleful sonnets made to their mistress' eyebrow." They undertook the complete anatomy of love. No phase of the passion was too trivial to receive their detailed attention, though the emotional situation itself often became so paramount as somewhat to hide the features of her who was supposed to inspire it. In fact, her existence became comparatively unimportant. Whether there ever was a heroine or hero of a single one among the several sonnet sequences just named has been strongly

doubted. The elder Giles Fletcher, printing in 1593 his *Sonnets to Licia*, says, "This kind of poetry wherein I write I did it only to try my humour." The writers of such sonnets were engaged in exploiting an ideal situation and in recording what was demanded by it. Nothing of the sort may ever have occurred in their own experience. Very largely they borrowed their situations and even their phrases from French and Italian sonneteers. A stock of poetic motives had been accumulated among the disciples of Petrarch from which each poet now helped himself at will. Sighing was thus made easy. Mr. Sidney Lee computes that between 1591 and 1597 more than two thousand sonnets were printed in England, and there were nearly as many more lyrics. The aim of their authors was literature, not life, their ideals Italian rather than English, while under the sacred name of love they spun their thin web of delicate fancies, exquisite wordings, and intellectual involvement, prized the more the farther it could be removed from reality.

VII

Now in protesting against these love-poets Herbert does not take issue with their strangely elaborate method. This, indeed, he considers to be a danger, but one involved in the very nature of poetry. He had himself incurred it.

When first my lines of heavenly joys made
mention,

Such was their lustre, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words and trim in-
vention,

My thoughts began to burnish, sprout and
swell,

Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense as if it were to sell.

What he objects to is that the matter of such verse is unequal to its manner. Here is a vast expenditure of good brains on trivial stuff. The love talked about is ephemeral, and there is no true beauty there. "Beauty and beauteous words

should go together." Put solid love, love of the eternal sort, underneath this "lovely enchanting language, sugar cane, honey of roses," and we shall have a worthy union. He tries, therefore, to give the love-lyric body, by employing its secular methods upon sacred subjects, guarding them against its obvious dangers, but preserving its intellectual exuberance and æsthetic charm. Imagine Shakespeare's sonnets with God as the adored object, instead of the lovely boy, and we shall probably have something like what Herbert was dreaming of.

The wanton lover in a curious strain

Can praise his fairest fair;

And with quaint metaphors her curled hair

Curl o'er again.

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,

Beauty alone to me;

Thy bloody death and undeserved, makes thee

Pure red and white.

He honors and imitates the poetry he attacks.

And this imitation is not confined to fiction. It extends to situations as well. Coventry Patmore explains how

Fractions indefinitely small

Of interests infinitely great

Count in love's learned wit for all,

And have the dignity of fate.

Accordingly his lady's frown or smile, her temporary absence, his possible neglects, his punctilious execution of her trivial command, the annoyance his small misbehaviors may have caused her, his delight when permitted to speak her praise, all these and other such interior incidents make up the events of the lover's agitated day. Just such are the perplexities of Herbert's sacred love. Is he grateful enough? What do his fluctuations of fervor and coolness import? Surely his pains can come from nothing but God's withdrawal, and inner peace must signify that He is near. To count up how much he sacrifices for his great Love fills him with a content almost comparable to that which comes from seeing how unworthy he is of what he has received. To work

for God is his greatest delight; his greatest hardship that he is given so little to do. But even in lack of employment praise is possible, and he can always busy himself with depicting past errors. Herbert, in short, is a veritable lover, and of true Petrarchan type. In his poem *A Parody*, it costs him but a slight change of phrase to turn one of Donne's love-songs into one of his own kind. Yet in his most ardent moments he keeps clear of eroticism. Never, like Crashaw and the Catholic mystics, does he mingle sexual passion with divine. And filled though his verses are with Biblical allusion, they contain hardly a reference to Solomon's Song. He is a man of sobriety, of intellectual and moral self-command.

VIII

But this is not the impression one at first receives. Whoever approaches these fervid little poems with the prepossessions of our time must regard Herbert as a religious sentimentalist, a man of extreme and somewhat morbid piety, attaching undue importance to passing moods. Unfortunately this is the popular impression, and for being such a person he is even admired. Often he is pictured as an aged saint who, through spending a lifetime in priestly offices, has come to find interest only in devout emotions. For such a fantastic picture there is no evidence, though Walton's romantic *Life* has done much to confirm it. In reality, Herbert died under forty; was a priest less than three years; spent his remaining thirty-six years among men who loved power, place, wit, pleasure, and learning; and held his own among them remarkably well. His *Church-Porch* and the compact sententiousness of his poetic style show a character the reverse of sentimental. His Latin poems on the death of his mother are distinctly lacking in piety. His Latin orations and letters are skillful attempts to win favor with the great. His admirable *Country Parson* is a clear-headed study of the conditions of

the minister's work and the means of performing it effectively. In it, while Herbert is much in earnest about religion, he is sagacious, too, calculating, and at times almost canny. I give an abridgment of his discussion of preaching:—

“When the parson preacheth, he procures attention by all possible art, both by earnestness of speech—it being natural to men to think that where is much earnestness there is somewhat worth hearing—and by a diligent and busy cast of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he observes who marks and who not; and with particularizing of his speech, now to the younger sort, then to the elder, now to the poor, and now to the rich. By these and other means the parson procures attention; but the character of his sermon is holiness. He is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but holy. And this character is gained, first, by choosing texts of devotion not controversy, moving and ravishing texts, whereof the Scriptures are full. Secondly, by dipping and seasoning all words and sentences in the heart before they come to the mouth. Thirdly, by turning often and making many apostrophes to God, as ‘Oh God, bless my people and teach them on this point;’ or ‘O my Master, on whose errand I come, let me hold my peace and do thou speak thyself.’ Some such irradiations scatteringly in the sermon carry great holiness in them. Lastly, by an often urging of the presence and majesty of God, by these and such like speeches: ‘Oh let us all take heed what we do. God sees us, He sees whether I speak as I ought or you hear as you ought. He sees hearts as we see faces.’ Such discourses show very holy.”

I have quoted this passage at some length because it well illustrates Herbert's ever present use of art. Just as we are ashamed of art and conceal it where it is employed, thinking it corrupts the genuineness of feeling, so is Herbert ashamed of unregulated spontaneity. He thinks he honors feeling best by bringing all its niceties to appropriate expression.

He wishes to inspect it through and through, to supply it with intelligence, and to picture precisely how it might issue in action. What comes short of such fullness is maimed, barbaric, and brutal. Art he considers the appropriate investiture of all we prize, and beauty the mark of its worth. Accordingly he ever seeks

Not rudely as a beast
To run into an action;
But still to make God prepossess
And give it its perfection.

There are few pages of his poems in which the preciousness of art-constructed beauty is not in some way expressed.

IX

When, however, one has come to view things thus artistically, it becomes a delight through the exercise of art to detach single ingredients of life, free them from the entanglements of reality, and view them in their emotional fullness. To secure beauty, this is a necessary process. In the mixed currents of daily affairs devotion to my love is crossed by the need of sleep, attention to business, books, or food. I am occupied, forgetful, listless. These foreign matters the artist clears away. Starting with a veritable mood, he allows this to dictate congenial circumstances, to color all details—however minute—with its influence, and so to exhibit a rounded completeness. For such artistic work, requiring intellectual reflection rather than the raw material of emotion, the sentimentalist is disqualified. It is not surprising, then, to find that all the six sonneteers named above, though men who profess to be spending their days pining over unrequited love, are really persons of exceptional intellect, energy, and poise. Sidney was an accomplished soldier, the idol of his time in mind and morals. Spenser was entrusted by his country with a share in the government of Ireland. Constable was a political plotter and refugee. Shakespeare was beyond all other men “self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure.”

Drayton was a geographer and historian of England. And "well-languaged Daniel's" chief defect as a poet is that his stock of good sense is somewhat excessive. These men are no love-sick dreamers. They care for other things than Diana and Stella and Idea. They are artists. Of course they have felt the power of love and have been shaken by its vicissitudes. But every poet takes on an attitude and utters the emotion which one so circumstanced would feel. It would be as absurd to suppose that in their sonnets these men are simply narrating facts of their own lives, as to imagine that Walter Scott went through all the adventures he reports. Their interest is in beauty. Out of scattered and meagre facts they develop ideal situations.

And this is just what Herbert did. To-day it is usual to make a sharp distinction between the real and the artificial. But Herbert knows no such contrast. When he is most artificial, he is all aglow with passion; and when he describes one of his own moods, he is full of constructive artifice. That he was a truly religious man, no one will doubt. He certainly felt within himself the conflicts he depicts. In these strange lyrics the course of his wayward and incongruous life may accurately be traced. By attending to biographic hints, and grouping the poems in something like a living order, I believe we throw much light upon their meanings. The series becomes connectedly interesting, almost dramatic. A highly individual personality emerges and takes the place of a conventional figure, a personality whose work cannot justly be understood without constant and minute reference to the incidents of his life and the ideals of his time. Yet there is duality even here. These personal experiences are after all not the main thing. They are starting points for subtle intellectual play, occasions for exercise of that beauty-pro-

ducing art which Herbert loves. Moods which exist in him merely in germ, or which coexist with much else, he heightens, isolates, renders dominant and exclusive. One must be dull indeed not to feel the genuineness of Herbert's religious experience. But he is no mere reporter or historian. We miss his power and splendor if we mistake his imaginative constructions for plain facts. To this sort of misconception we Americans, so little artistic, so veraciously practical, are peculiarly liable. Herbert's contemporaries were not so misled. They knew him to be a poet — sensitive in experience, fertile in invention, rejoicing in shapely construction. Only seven years after his death Christopher Harvey wrote thus in his *Stepping Stone to the Threshold of Mr. Herbert's Church-Porch* :—

What Church is this? Christ's Church. Who builded it?

Master George Herbert. Who assisted it?

Many assisted; who, I may not say,
So much contention might arise that way.

If I say Grace gave all, Wit straight doth thwart,

And says, "All that is there is mine." But Art Denies and says, "There's nothing there but's mine."

Nor can I easily the right define.

Divide! Say Grace the matter gave, and Wit Did polish it; Art measur'd, and made fit
Each several piece and fram'd it altogether.

No, by no means. This may not please them neither.

None's well contented with a part alone.

When each doth challenge all to be his own.

The matter, the expression and the measures
Are equally Art's, Wit's and Grace's treasures.
Then he that would impartially discuss

This doubtful question must answer thus:

In building of his Temple Master Herbert

Is equally all Grace, all Wit, all Art.

Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:

One English poem darkens all your day.

Such are the triple factors — pious fervor, intellectual play, and ideal construction — which equally coöperate to fashion Herbert's religious love-lyric.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A NEWSPAPER WOMAN

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW

I CAN scarcely remember the time when I did not intend to be a writer. In my childhood days I used to dream dreams of the time when my name should be as well known to other children as those of Louisa Alcott and J. T. Trowbridge were to me; and in my early girlhood I essayed a short story of less than mediocre merit and sent it off to a New York publisher, who deemed it worthy of so much less consideration than the trash he was publishing that it came back to cut short effectually my youthful ambitions. There was no further wooing of the muses, except in the matter of flowery "compositions," until after my school-days were well past. But the day of dreaming was never ended, and every dewy morning, every glowing sunset, every vine that trailed along the dusty roadside, was woven into a romance or a fugitive, unwritten bit of song. There came a day when the songs began to be written surreptitiously, for I was not in a literary atmosphere, and was as sensitive to criticism as when, at the age of nine, I had burst forth one spring afternoon with an ode to the insects that hummed around us, only to be jeered at by an unfeeling brother.

The time had come when I wanted to express myself on paper, and was beginning to do so, tentatively. Verses accompanied by pencil or charcoal sketches were made and hidden shyly away lest some one see them. How much better if I had gone on with them until something of real worth had come, and with it the courage to submit it to an editor. But by some accident of fate, there came an editor, and, all unknowing, gave me the wrong impetus. It was only the editor and publisher of the county journal, — have I said we lived far out in the coun-

try? He sat behind me during a school exhibition, — a rather meagre place to display my latent literary talent. When it was over he spoke to me.

"I want a good correspondent from this town," he said. "I am convinced you will be a good one. Take it." In vain I said I had no knowledge of what was wanted; he saw in me the making of a good newspaper woman in a day when women journalists could be counted on the fingers of the hands. In the end I began, not only contributing items of interest about town (at five cents apiece), but "writing up" the occasional conventions, cattle shows, camp-meetings, and other festivities of the locality. In this way I gained a facility in the use of the pen, and increased my vocabulary, without too much of a strain on time or brain. Then, with family changes, came a day when I must choose whether I would remain in the country, writing there, or seek a wider field in the town. I had already begun to send out poems and stories with fair success, getting a proportion of my things published, and even an occasional check. The proudest moment of my life was when I received a check from the *Atlantic Monthly* for four dollars to pay for a screed in the "Contributors' Club," — the only one, alas! I wondered whether I would not attain my heart's desire sooner by staying in the country and working steadily, slowly, surely on until I made a name among writers of good poetry and fiction. I had sense enough even then to see that my best chance might possibly lie there; to-day I believe it did. But the resources of the village where I lived were woefully limited. There was no good library; my father's was better. And society was as narrow as it knows how to be in a small New Eng-

land town. I persuaded myself that life in a great city, where I might come into close contact with the great, pulsating mass of humanity, would be of more use to me. It is always easy to decide in favor of what we prefer to do. And so I came to the city. Once here, I must live. The occasional check for two, ten, twenty-five dollars is not half as punctual as the landlady's rent bill or the insistence of a healthy appetite. I was no Keats. I was not minded to emulate Chatterton. I met a comfortable, optimistic, well-fed woman who did regular work on a newspaper. I determined to try for a position, not as a permanency, but as a stepping-stone.

Now a stepping-stone is right enough in its place, if one does not linger on it until the desire to go farther has died. I applied for a position on four metropolitan papers, and by each managing editor was well received (one of them going so far as to put on his coat when he saw me). Each one wrote my name and address in a small book, saying he would send for me when he needed me. Fortunately I sat where I could see into the first of these books. There were three pages of similar names and addresses; or, to be exact, of addresses of women with similar ambitions, all of whom had, doubtless, been told the same thing, — that they would be sent for when they were needed. Doubtless some of them are waiting still, although that was twenty years ago. But the glimpse into that book proved that I had the sort of sense that is necessary to success. I did not wait to be sent for. I went forth and applied to all the managing editors I could reach, and not being set at regular work with the alacrity which I had hoped to see displayed, I set myself at work. I hunted up lectures and concerts that were not scheduled on the city editor's lists. I reported Shakespeare lectures by noted professors before their regular classes. I began to depend on my "nose for news," and brought in short, readable accounts of happenings in places where the regular

reporters were not sent. They were used, and I was paid "space rates," — and little enough they amounted to. After a time I was sent for and a new managing editor engaged me at the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week to edit the "woman's page," which meant contributing five columns to every Sunday edition of the paper. I took the place in delight, filled it three weeks, and then was told that the new editor had left, and that another woman had my position. I saw the successor of my editor, and he was exceedingly polite; but he regretted that he could not employ two of us, and as the other woman was poor he felt obliged to let her keep the position she needed more than I seemed to. I could not tell him that I had nothing but the clothes I wore, and that beyond the paltry fifteen dollars I knew not how I should live. I have always believed in the gospel of clothes. If a woman goes to seek employment in well-fitting, tasteful, "lady-like" attire, she will usually get what she wants far more quickly and surely than if she is shabby; but in this case my respectable clothes were my undoing. The other woman wore cheap satins, frayed around the bindings; I wore plain, well-made cloth. And she got the work because she was in apparent need. I went home, wept a few tears in private, and went at my writing again. I got a position as eastern correspondent for a western daily. The pay was good (this was years ago when western papers paid for eastern letters), and I was happy again, but the wild and woolly editor wanted to marry me, without the preliminaries of meeting, and that cut short my usefulness on his paper.

But I was a good reporter, and soon found work enough on the daily papers at space rates to take care of myself. Some weeks I earned from fifty to eighty dollars; oftener I did not earn ten. I have attended an all-day convention, and worked far into the night, writing reports for messenger boys to take in sections "red hot" to the presses, so that the first part of the article would be in type before the

last was written. And I have kept this up for many hours at a time. I have gone forth after breakfast to see a whole page of the paper given up to my report of such all-day meetings, at which I had worked for fourteen consecutive hours the day before, lunching on bananas and a sandwich and supping on a similar meal. I have had the printer's "devil" stand at my elbow to seize every fresh sheet that flew out from under my pencil, almost before it was done, the hot presses upstairs crying, with the horse-leech's daughters, "Give, give." I have crawled from my bed in the morning only to fall back across it in a dead faint, and then have gotten up and gone out to another regular day's work. And I have beaten the men on rival papers in "scoops" which occupied columns, and told no lies. But in spite of the fascination in this sort of thing—and it is a wonderful fascination—I could not keep it up. And when, after a few years, there came a chance to edit an obscure monthly at a fair salary, I took it. Then I added a dramatic department for a weekly paper to my regular duties, doing the work evenings. Later I went to the weekly paper as editor of several departments, and still later took on a regular department in the Saturday edition of the most highly respected journal in my city.

Then came a time, covering several years, when I had charge of twenty-eight columns a week, on three papers, all of which I filled on time and without help from "subs." I was not paid well enough to hire subordinates. I worked eight hours a day in my dark, dingy office, and six more in my "den" at home every night, going to theatres from twice to five times a week, and working all day Sunday to bring up the ends. I have edited news-columns, fashion, health, dramatic, hotel, book-review, railroad, bicycle, fancy-work, kitchen, woman's club, society, palmistry, and correspondence departments, and withal kept up an editorial-notes column for eight years. And then I started a journal of my own.

"Why did I attempt so much?" The question has been asked repeatedly. Chiefly because I was not paid enough for any one department so that I could afford to do less. A man in my place on the weekly paper would have been paid twice my salary. On the Saturday paper he would have received three or four times what I got. I am not prepared to say that he would have done these things any better than I, but I can safely admit that if I had not done so much I could have given much better "stuff," to use a technical newspaper term. When I opened my department on the Saturday paper, it covered a new field, one about which the managing editor felt doubtful. He insisted that I sign my name; to this I consented, and my name appeared for three years at the end of my article. Then came a time when my department was fearfully cut, not to say mutilated, every week in the city department. I bore it for a time, and then protested. "I think," said the managing editor, in reply to my complaint, "the whole trouble comes from your signing your name." "But I did it because you said I must," I cried in astonishment. "Yes," was his answer. "But your department has proved one of the most popular features of the paper. You are getting a great deal of glory out of it, and some of the men upstairs, who do good work but are not allowed to sign it, are jealous. You cannot blame them." And so to please these men I stopped signing my name, and matters ran smoothly again for several years, until my own paper took so much of my time that I withdrew from others.

I started my own journal because, reasoning from such incidents as I have just narrated, I saw the time coming when I should be calmly dropped from the regular newspaper. Women had become plentiful in journalistic ranks,—women who could do sensational work, whose health was more reliable, and who had the advantage of being young. I saw that in a few years I should be succeeded by the younger generation of newspaper wo-

men, and that I could not provide against the proverbial rainy day from any salaries I might earn. I started my paper, worked like a slave for seven years on it. I wrote articles, editorials, read manuscripts and books, kept up an enormous correspondence, solicited most of my advertisements, and went to the printing office every issue to attend personally to the details of "make-up" and proofreading. No day laborer ever worked as I did, for there is an end to his hours. I worked from the time I crawled out of bed in the morning until I crept in again in the wee, sma' hours next morning. Then I had an opportunity to sell out, and did so, at half the figures any man in my place would have got. But at least I am better off than if I had stuck to newspaper work for somebody else.

Better off? How? Financially, only. Otherwise, I had been far better off to-day had I stayed in my little country town and worked faithfully and carefully at writing things less ephemeral. I am worn out. My brain is fagged. When I walk along a country road to-day, I see no visions. The babbling brooks, the singing birds, the soft west wind, the blue skies above, have no great messages for me. My head aches. I cannot exert my mental faculties to evolve a second set of rhymes, even when the first comes involuntarily. There is no more poetry left in me. I dropped it somewhere in those dusty, musty newspaper offices when I went home after midnight. I did not miss it then, I was too dead tired; but to-day I know where I left all my capabilities for beautiful, poetic fancies. I try to write stories, remembering the great novel which was the early dream of my life. But the blue pencil habit has killed all ability to do fine writing. Condensation is valuable in a newspaper; in a novel it does not help to adorn the page nor point a moral. Human nature is no longer interesting to me; how can I make it so to others? I have seen too much of it. I used to know a man journalist who said, "The newspaper will use you as long as

there is any freshness in you; then it will throw you aside like a squeezed lemon." I am a squeezed lemon.

"But you have had your day," says the younger woman. "Why grumble now?" Because it was not the day I wanted, and I only meant to make it the stepping-stone to something better. I did not want to be a newspaper woman and nothing more; and now that I have leisure for something more, I find my mental faculties, instead of being sharpened for further use, dulled. I have done desultory work so long I cannot take up anything more thorough. I have been a "hack" too many years. I cannot be a race horse now.

There is a moral to my tale of woe. Let the young woman who has ambitions of a literary nature shun the newspaper office as she would any other hurtful thing. I know women who are content to be reporters to the end of the chapter. But they never cared to write poems. They never glowed with imaginary triumphs. They are content with whatever work falls to their hands, so long as their daily bread and butter is assured. But there is an ever increasing army of young women coming on from colleges and schools, who have in them the ambition to do more than make a living. Let them not waste time and talent on the newspaper. The first thing they will learn is that the newspaper office is not a drawing-room. Men will treat them as they would another man, — or the office boy. They will not take the trouble to remove their pipes because a woman happens to sit in the same room with them; they will not wear coats, nor remove their feet from the table. They may even throw "spitballs" at her. But if she would be popular with the "boys" she must take all this as a matter of course. She will be met everywhere by the argument that if she goes into men's offices to do men's work, she must take men as they are in actual life, not as they appear in drawing-rooms. The sensible woman who can take this philosophically, without becoming herself "one of the boys," will find that

she is cordially liked by the men in her office. But if she persists in feeling that hats should be doffed and pipes laid by when she comes in, she will not make friends. The girl who goes to an opposite extreme and tries to make herself popular by smoking cigarettes, swinging her feet from the table, and betting on the races, will not achieve unbounded popularity, since it is necessary to stand well with the managing editor; but she who can retain her own refinement and good manners without surrounding herself with the air of superiority is liked by all classes. And yet, let her smother her love of refinement and persuade herself to enjoy a seat in the room where cuspidors are as numerous as desks, breathing an atmosphere of mingled tobacco smoke and profanity, for a few years, and her moral tone is sure to be blunted and her manner to take on a certain brusqueness not native to the delicately reared girl with college affinities. If she is honest with herself, she will own this, and question seriously whether the experience is worth while.

"But the work brings you into contact with so many delightful people!" Yes. But there are all kinds of people in the world, and the newspaper woman is pretty sure to meet them. Celebrities of all kinds become so familiar to her that the word "glamour" might well be eliminated from her dictionary. She learns to meet them on such off-hand, free-and-easy terms as to offend both the celebrities and the onlookers. It does not take her long to discover that geniuses are only men and women with some particular faculty a little more developed than the rest of us, and that usually some other faculty — too often that of common sense — is correspondingly stunted. Accordingly, she loses her reverence for geniuses. "We all look alike to our Maker," is her motto, forgetting that our Maker, if he compares us at all, uses a standard quite unknown in the newspaper office. The society woman and the club woman, too, become as transparent as glass to the

keen-witted newspaper woman. There is a time, at the very first, when she is flattered by invitations to select club-gatherings and exclusive weddings; but she soon learns, sometimes by humiliating experience, that she is tolerated for the sake of the paper she represents. She will meet with some true and beautiful women who will never let it be seen that they appreciate any difference in station or education. But she will meet more who are polite only when they have something to gain by good manners. Women will try to bribe her into writing favorable reviews of their books or flowery descriptions of their gowns; and she will come to have no more respect for the one kind than the other. It will not take long for her to discover that not only her particular doll, but all the dolls in the world, are stuffed with sawdust. Distinguished actresses will send for her, give her tickets, ask her to their dressing-rooms or to go autoing. But let her cease to write for the dramatic or social departments, and where is she? Forgotten, like a last season's play.

All this, taken as experience in the art of living, or preparatory to doing better work, may have a shaping purpose in her life. Some women who have tried it claim that it is all educatory in effect; I thought so once, myself. Now I question if I should not have been a sweeter, saner, healthier writer to-day if I had kept out of the roughening process and stuck to the country byways and hedges where songs spring easily alongside the peaceful road and idyls may be lived as well as imagined. It all comes to this: ask any newspaper woman who has worked hard and long at her profession, even her who has achieved an enviable record in it, if she would put her own young daughter into a daily newspaper office to work her way up. Her answer is, invariably, "No: a thousand times, no."

Of course, there are positions, editorial positions on the weekly and monthly publications, where conditions are entirely different. The college-educated girl with

a taste for literary work may find here a pleasant way of beginning her literary career. These places came to me only after many years of the hardest kind of newspaper work. There has been a great influx of women into newspaper offices within the last decade, but I believe they will never be so numerous as reporters again. The life is too hard and too hardening. Women are not fitted for the rush-at-all-hours a reporter's life demands. There will always be a chance for them as editorial, fashion, household, society, and critical writers, but the time is soon coming when the reporters' ranks will be filled from the men's schools instead of from the girls'. Meanwhile the young woman of literary proclivities will work her way, either from the editor's desk, or from the quiet of her own particular

corner at home, — as I should have done. Look around you and see if the women who have really succeeded with the pen have not been those who have kept off the newspaper staff.

I said, better off financially. But, after all, I doubt it. Had I remained in my country town, living sanely, thoughtfully, and helpfully to myself and others, I could have lived on less than half of what it has cost in the city. I should have had leisure for reading, walking, driving, and enjoying things, with ample time to write at regular hours. I should have arrived sooner at the point where I could command good prices for my work, and at the same time have given better, more enduring work. And I should have been younger in spirit, better in health, and more plethoric of pocket than I am to-day.

JANE

BY ARTHUR COLTON

EARLY of a dewy morning the cow, Prudence, driven by Angelica and Willy Flint, came by the house of Mrs. Jerolamon on the Salem road, and, reaching over the fence, ate the tops off the geraniums which stood in brown pots in a row on the edge of the porch. Also she nosed over two of the pots, while Willy Flint looked on and argued as follows: —

"Mrs. Jerolamon's a scratch cat. She'll lay for us pretty good."

Mrs. Jerolamon was in the barnyard out of sight, Orphan Jane was in the kitchen. Prudence lumbered innocently up the Salem road, with ruin behind her and pleasure before, namely, the brownings in high pasture below the Cattle Ridge. A half hour passed, and nothing more yet happened at the Jerolamon house.

So it is in this world. Your lumbering and milky instinct upsets your orderly

potted plants, devours with large warm mouth your careful blossoms, and goes its guileless way to other pleasures; and therefore if your desires are set on things of fragile artifice, let there be some space between your picket fence and your porch, for life goes vagrantly on the highway.

Prudence, the cow, then floated up the Salem road, and turned through the bars into the cattle lane that led past Cumming's alder swamp and the parti-colored meadows to the hill pastures. Angelica and Willy Flint walked behind her, forgetful almost of Mrs. Jerolamon's geraniums. They plotted how society might be tempted to other explosions.

Angelica had yellow hair, and a taste for swift emotions. Willy Flint had an industrious intelligence, which kept him experimenting with the eruptive forces that lay hidden in nature and society.

Prudence was a large reddish brown cow with an even disposition, and belonged to Willy and Angelica Flint. Orphan Jane was a person partially adopted by Mrs. Jerolamon. Some unknown ancestor must have passed down to her that temperament which caused her to be fond of silky surfaces; of sucking geranium blossoms, and fingering the leaves, half purring over them the while like a well-fed kitten. She was peculiar in that way, and had two meagre braids of hair, and plump shoulders, and was absent-minded. Life under Mrs. Jerolamon had little that was velvety about it; Mrs. Jerolamon's disposition might well be called "scratchy," whereas Jane's disposition resembled that of all creatures bland and bovine, who show by their looks and manner their love of slothful comforts in the flesh. The Salem road ran from the village of Hagar to the village of Salem.

When Jane came out on the front porch at length, in simple search of fallen geranium blossoms, she stopped and stared, seeing the ruins.

When Mrs. Jerolamon came, she cried out, and seized Orphan Jane by the twin braids, and dragged her within.

"I told you to let those geraniums alone!" she cried, slapping with horny hand. "You don't have any breakfast! You stay there!" She thrust her tyrannically by the shoulders into the coal shed, and locked the door.

Orphan Jane lay stretched on the coal, and wept in the darkness. Black despair was upon her. She had done no wrong, and was beaten for it, thrust into the coal shed on the hard, grimy coal. She hated slaps. Injustice and sharp-edged coal were both uncomfortable. The palm of Mrs. Jerolamon's hand had a scratchy, uneven surface. Jane often wondered why she did not soften and smooth it before slapping; but Jane's questionings never went farther than a certain limpid, incurious wonder.

After a time she lifted her aching eyes, and stared around, and listened; she

heard no sound of Mrs. Jerolamon. The only light came through cracks in the boards, and that mainly around the trap-door through which coal was dumped. The trap was fastened with a catch.

She got up on her knees and crept desperately across the rattling coal, unfasted the catch, and lifted the trap.

The Salem road was empty. The barnyard was empty, except for the hens and their drowsy broods. The meadows were empty, and sloped up to the pastures, which lay under the hazy woods of the Cattle Ridge, miles and miles of cool, deep, gracious woods with millions of green leaves.

She climbed through the trap-door, dropped on the grass, and clambered over the back fence. The barn lay between her and Mrs. Jerolamon's notice and pursuit, and Mrs. Jerolamon's slaps.

"I'll run away, I will!" she said through her gulping sobs. "I'll never come back!" She ran across the meadows and past the alder swamp, and followed the cattle lane that wound and lingered upward. In half an hour she came to the hill pastures. The woods were near by.

"There's Jane Jerolamon!" said Angelica. "She's crying." Willy Flint said, "Mrs. Jerolamon scratched her." Prudence did not look up from the placid business of her appetite. Angelica shouted, "Hi! Jane!" and Orphan Jane came in among the ferns breathlessly.

"I'll never go back, I won't!" she broke out, sobbing again.

"Why?" said Angelica with sudden interest.

"I did n't chew no geraniums, and I did n't touch 'em! Oh, Oh!"

"Shut up, Angelica," said Willy Flint calmly.

"Me?"

"You were going to."

Angelica thought it over and admitted that she was. She put aside anger for the sake of interest. It was Prudence and not Jane who had eaten the geraniums, but let that pass. Angelica had thought of

mentioning the fact, but she knew that Willy Flint's mind worked to ends more important and elaborate than truth. Orphan Jane lay among the ferns and seemed to feel more composed.

"I'm hungry," she sighed.

"You can have some of Prudence's milk," said Willy Flint, dangerously affable. "She's been milked, but she's got some more." He unfastened a tin cup from his belt. "We bring the cup, because sometimes we stay here all day, because it's a good place, because people don't come up so high mostly, and then you can hide in the edges of the woods and watch what they do."

"Hi!" said Angelica, and sprang to her feet. "You can stay up here always, and live on Prudence and huckleberries. They'll never find you, Jane. Gee whacks!" said Angelica, — for she was not subtle but direct, — "you can sleep nights in the woods and watch fireflies. I wish I was you!"

Orphan Jane lay with one cheek in the cool moss and the other warmed by the sun. The contrast between the two sensations was interesting. Presently she drank of the milk of Prudence, and felt in all respects comfortable. Sufficient was the pleasantness of the moment. She had no far-seeing mind, industrious, inquisitive, like Willy Flint's. She had no boiling energy in her, that needs must bubble and burst, like Angelica's. Sleeping of nights in the woods with fireflies and leaves sounded pleasant enough. She had never done it. She imagined it but vaguely. She was satisfied with the blissful stillness of her comfort. There was no dish-washing here; no sweeping, mopping, dusting, ironing, or soaping; no painful cleanness of any kind; nobody to push one into coal cellars or into ways of life against one's nature.

A woodchuck on a near-by hillock came out of his hole and crawled about, sprawling fatly along the ground. Prudence fed between the rocks, cropping violets and columbine, with heavy, somnolent breathing.

Between eleven and twelve by the church clock Willy Flint and Angelica came down the Salem road, and stopped at the Jerolamon house. Mrs. Jerolamon sat in the front room, looking grim.

"Mrs. Jerolamon," said Willy Flint, "Prudence ate your geraniums this morning. She reached over the fence. I guess my mother'll give you some others. I did n't see you anywheres."

"What!" said Mrs. Jerolamon.

"Prudence eats all sorts of things. Her mouth's so big she don't mind."

Late in the afternoon a neighbor came to visit Mrs. Jerolamon, and found her weeping in the front room. She had fought with her conscience since noon, and was beaten.

"She's run away!" she said. "I ain't done right by the child."

From then on inquiry ran through the village of Hagar: "Who's seen Jane Jerolamon?" Willy and Angelica Flint fled from the breath of inquiry.

It was after five o'clock when they came to the hill pastures, and, searching, found no Orphan Jane, no Prudence, and said, "They must be in the woods."

There was only one wood road leading up the Cattle Ridge from the pastures. It went up, winding, grassy, overshadowed, for a half mile, and then split and split again. One could wander back and about a score of miles on the Cattle Ridge, by trail and cart path, and still be in the woods.

The sun was low when they came out into the pastures again.

"Now you've done it, Willy Flint!" said Angelica. "You're too smart for anything!"

"You can say you did n't do it, if you like," said Willy Flint coldly, and Angelica surrendered.

"I won't either;" and she added proudly, "They would n't believe it."

"I guess they're stirred up pretty good," he said, looking down on the village of Hagar, as one looks on an ant-hill after poking it. "I wonder what Jane did."

A generation ago empty houses, in lonely spots and by-roads of New England, used commonly to disappear piecemeal, as if eaten by mice. Let a few years pass, and nothing would be left but the chimney and cellar and a heap of plaster. Such a house, so deserted, would suffer little change now from year to year. Vagrancy laws have arisen and driven from the country roads those nibbling rodents, happy lotus-eaters, clients of chance and change, snatchers up of the world's overflow, pilferers of the honey of industry. Elsewhere, men say, they are droning still, but no more, as in old times, are they common as bumblebees on summer highways of Hagar. The tramp is a decayed institution in the neighborhood. He has gone elsewhere. But hardly a day would pass then, except we saw one plodding in the sunlit road, or dozing aside in the shadow. They camped in barns and deserted houses, and shiftlessly used up their shelters for firewood.

Looking back through the perspective of years, I fancy they must have varied greatly in type, though most of them were possessed by a common instinct. Some were criminals, or petty thieves; some mere lumps of heavy indolence; some men of character and intelligence, some of intelligence without character; some permanent vagabonds, some temporary. But one and all, they gave to the children of Hagar of that generation an advantage over the children of this, who have lost one of the clues to those kingdoms of infinite outreachings, and to "that untraveled world whose margin fades forever." Where did they come from, and where did they go to? we asked. They were like the winds blowing where they listed. They came and went like night or heat, gradual, leisurely, and elemental.

When the noonday sun, that day, made it too hot among the ferns, Orphan Jane drove Prudence into the grassy cart path that led up the Cattle Ridge. She did not mean to go far from the pasture. The cool green duskiness drew her on,

the scent of leaves and moss, and the flutings of wood-thrushes and veeries. Prudence ate a bit of herbage here and there. Paths and cart roads crossed and twisted. No one knows which paths they really followed. Jane could give no account of them, or say whether at some point she entered one that differed in its nature from the others, one that no woodchopper had cut, or cattle trod before. She reveled in the vague green light and the suave sense of idleness. When hungry she milked Prudence sufficiently into the tin cup. Somehow she must have reached the broad crest of the Cattle Ridge, which runs east and west.

Some time — and that far past the middle of the afternoon — she started up from the tufted moss, thinking that Willy Flint and Angelica would be coming to the pasture for Prudence. She realized that she had been asleep. She turned Prudence in the opposite direction from that in which she had come.

In the wood roads of the Cattle Ridge, turning in the opposite direction from that in which one had come did not mean, without doubt, that one got back to the starting point. There were critical choices, paths that hinted, faltered, and misled. Jane hurried on. She came at last into a track that went downward, overarched and grassy. By the growing duskiness it must be late. She saw the light below, where the road broke into the open. She hurried down rejoicing, and came out on a sloping pasture. A wide prospect lay before, of an unknown land.

The sun was setting in the east, instead of in the west as in commonly regulated countries. Far below and beyond stretched strange, dim farm lands, glints of a river, mysterious hills, and a distant lake winding and shimmering. There were spires of leafy villages in sight, but no village of Hagar, no touch of familiar landscape. It was all dim, eerie, and unknown, hushed, motionless, dimly beautiful. On the lower edge of the pasture stood a small, old, half-ruined house.

Prudence moved down the pasture, lowing uneasily. They came to the ruined little house, whose glassless windows stared at them.

A few hundred feet lower still a highway ran past, plunging downward through the woods.

They came about the corner of the house. A man in a long black coat sat on the grass, listening. He seemed to have been lying down, and was smoking a large whitish pipe with a hanging tassel. Prudence and Jane stopped short and were dumb.

The man in black looked to and fro, from one to the other. He said nothing for a long time, but smoked, looked at them. He seemed somewhat like Alice's Caterpillar, who sat on a mushroom, and smoked a hookah, and was very critical. At last he took his pipe from his mouth, and said in a deep voice:—

"Are you two any relations?"

"I'm Jane, sir."

"And she?"

"She's Prudence."

"But no relations?"

"No, sir. She belongs to Willy Flint and Angelica."

"Ah!"

He put his pipe back in his mouth, and fell to smoking again, contemplative and impassive. Prudence moaned and grumbled. Jane asked timidly:—

"Can you tell me which is the way to go to Hagar?"

"Hagar!" said the man in black sharply. "Ah! Very likely. I suppose you may have been in some such place once. But, child, you don't 'go' anywhere in this country, you know, or come, or travel at all between places. One is here, or there, or anywhere, just as one happens. You must have been translated, too, same as me."

Jane remonstrated. "But I came from Hagar."

"Tut! You are deceived. How do you fancy it happened?"

She came nearer, and stood beside him,

and told of the day's adventures, though he smoked silently all the time, and she felt more and more eerie and unsettled,—
"different," as she afterwards expressed it. The landscape was vanishing rapidly in the dusk.

"There it is!" he said at last. "I thought so. You go to sleep on the moss. You wake up. You don't notice that things have changed, but they have, in the twink of an eye. It's hobgoblins, or genii. They generally do things that way, and they're always hanging around, you know. You come out of the woods, and where do you find yourself? Why, here, of course. It happened to me much the same. Why, you see, my name was Abdullah, Prince of Shinar, and this afternoon I was walking in my palace gardens, and lay down on a—on a bed of roses, and fell asleep, and woke up, and I was here. How? Translated, of course. Where? How should I know? It's all the same thing. There, you see how it is, Jane. We're enchanted, you and I and Prudence. That's the way we're fixed. Perhaps you're not used to it, but it often happens to me. I get enchanted every two or three weeks. Likely we'll both be changed back some time to-night. Maybe Prudence will be translated to Hagar, maybe to Shinar. It depends on who does it. Genii always do things regular, but hobgoblins are tricky, so if you take my advice you shun hobgoblins and tie up to genii. Can you milk a cow?"

"Yes, sir."

"So can I, some, but not well. It dribbles."

He lay on his back and talked while Jane milked cupfuls out of Prudence. They drank, taking turns, until both were satisfied, and Prudence more at ease; and indeed Jane held the state of being enchanted for a comfortable state. Wherever it might be situated, it did very well. The world according to Abdullah differed from the world according to Mrs. Jerolamon in a number of beneficial respects. One did not take pains in it, nor thoughts for the morrow.

A vast number of things he must have said to Jane, for so many of them to remain in her placid and literal memory. He must have maintained long sentimental monologues, while the great full moon came up and looked at them over the wood's edge. Something about Jane must have pleased him, her serenity, perhaps, her uncritical acceptance.

"I like you, Jane, you and Prudence," he said, "for you are sisters in soul. You never ask 'Why?' You and I, Jane, are also alike. I, too, object to the angles of this world. Its injustice disagrees with me. I think its ugliness not appropriate. Now, over such as you and me strange influences have power, which carry us whither we know not. We become minions of the moon, squires of the night's body, pensioners of nature. Infinity is our patron. In the fashion of common speech, what are we now? Such stuff as dreams are made of, occupants of a sleep." What he was saying when Jane fell asleep, or for some time back, she did not know. His voice died away gradually in her ears, a monotonous murmur.

When Abdullah noticed this, he must have risen, and plucked armfuls of fern and other weeds, and softly covered her, for so covered she found herself in the morning. It may have been then — it was probably at least long before dawn — that he took a blank sheet of paper, perhaps from his pocket, and on it printed in large letters, that Jane might read, supposing her facility small, as follows: —

JANE

Take the road to the right. It leads to Salem. There are witches in Salem. They will tell you how to get to Hagar. Prudence was translated to Shinar.

ABDULLAH.

He thrust a stick through the paper, and the stick upright in front of Jane. Still she slept under her coverlet of weeds. Did he linger to look at her face, pleasure-loving Jane, round-faced, guileless, dreaming Jane, Jane with the moonlight

on her eyelashes, Jane watched and wondered at by the stars? Certainly he milked Prudence somewhat, for he left the tin cup full, and on a stone hard by, against Jane's awakening. Certainly he departed, driving Prudence before him, down the open to the highroad. There he must have turned her to the left, and vanished from the moonlight in the woods.

He was seen no more, nor Prudence. The land below had many roads. Whither such roads led, or what would happen to one who set himself to follow them earnestly, was always a mooted point with the children of Hagar.

Orphan Jane found her way back to Hagar, with the tin cup in her hand. Mrs. Jerolamon wavered in mind between weeping over Jane and putting her in the coal shed again, but wept in the end, and let the coal shed go. Prudence was never found. Reddish brown cows are not distinct and memorable, except to their intimates. Was she sold to some migrant cattle dealer? Who knows?

But the adventure of Orphan Jane became one of the possessions in legendry of the children of Hagar. Her shadowy wanderings, the meeting with Abdullah, both came to us only through Jane's confused report. There was Abdullah's letter, besides, which spoke of the translation of Prudence, but no more. Jane did not know how she got to Salem, except that she followed a road. She remembered no directions. Like "Kilmeny," she "had been she knew not where," save that it was on, or beyond, the Cattle Ridge; nor how, except that Abdullah called it enchantment; nor why, which, Abdullah said, was a word that wise persons would have nothing to do with.

Abdullah suffered a change as the myth grew in our minds. Sometimes we thought of him with Prudence in rose gardens of Shinar, but mainly we saw him forever going behind her, through moonlight and shadow, on endless but hopeful roads, on the Cattle Ridge, or the land beyond. The smoke of his pipe clothed the Cattle

Ridge in haze. We heard the lowings of Prudence in those strange sounds in nature "that come a-swooning over hollow grounds."

In the story which is called *Kilmeny*, one reads, —

"In yon green woods there is a waik," — which means an open space, pasture, or clearing, —

"And in that waik there is a wene," — that is to say, a house, —

"And in that wene there is a maik," — which means, not simply a person, but a *companionable* person, —

"That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane, And down in yon green wood he walks his lane," that is, by himself, alone.

But you, O Abdullah, walk with Prudence. Out of your iniquities, which were doubtless many, out of your touch of kindness which was perhaps but casual, came a benefit unforgotten, the free gift of a fruitful legend. It may well be that you were in fact a man whom some taint or degenerate tendency had driven out to be a pariah among men. It may have been but an odd incident in your singular life, in the course of your adventurous, and no doubt reproachful, career. We never knew, for you out of the unknown came, and went back, much as every soul in this world comes out of the unknown and goes back.

THE JACKSON AND VAN BUREN PAPERS

BY JAMES SCHOULER

AFTER a long era of close secrecy, the manuscript collections of two great Democratic chieftains, presidents in succession, have been almost simultaneously donated to the government, and their contents now lie open to exploration in the Library of Congress.

These collections show somewhat in contrast the idiosyncrasies of the two leaders they severally represent. That of Jackson, consigned to his editorial friend, Francis P. Blair, whether in trust or in beneficial ownership, and passing to the children and grandchildren of the latter in lumbering condition, makes rather a chaotic mass. It contains few letters which Jackson himself wrote, aside from those already familiar; while it preserves, equally with the correspondence of great contemporaries like McLean, Taney, Kendall, Blair, and Benton, a quantity of trivial military material, and of insignificant letters from humble admirers, who, from one cause or another, seem to have touched the general's lingering concern. The Van Buren collection, on

the other hand, though seemingly smaller, is choice and valuable, and shows a fine selecting skill in the retrospect. It is full of letters worth preserving permanently, from James Madison and Rufus King downward; it exhibits much of Van Buren's own composition; and it contains the fresh and interesting correspondence which Van Buren himself kept up with Jackson from 1831 to 1845, here (to the loss of the Jackson collection) presented in full, with the letters as they passed on either side. Van Buren lived many years in placid retirement after his presidency, and probably assorted and reassorted his papers, preparing from them some personal memoirs toward the close. His heirs, too, have shown a pious solicitude, as custodians, for his posthumous fame.

While, on the whole, posterity's judgment upon the character and public acts of these distinguished Americans is not likely to be changed by the new revelations of either collection, some side lights are furnished, upon the imperturbable

humor and amiability which characterized Van Buren, as well as upon the best fibre of his qualities as a statesman and politician. For Van Buren, when a young man, took sage counsel from some of the soundest statesmen who founded the Union; he enjoyed, in the leisure hours of his prime, the companionship of men famous in our literature, such as Irving and Paulding; and when we speak of the "Albany regency" in his native state, which owned in politics his skillful direction, we must not forget that it comprised public men like Marcy, Silas Wright, Azariah Flagg, John A. Dix, and Van Buren's law partner, Butler, — all men of high talent and character, and useful in their day to the republic. Whatever writings might once have existed that showed the deft and cunning hand of our "little magician" in placing or displacing for political discipline have certainly been weeded out of the Van Buren correspondence as it now reaches us. Only such letters are here discoverable as support that leader's claim to a higher posthumous distinction.

Jackson, on the other hand, was somewhat careless and indiscreet in preserving his own papers; and to these papers, it will be recalled, Benton found access when preparing his *Thirty Years' View*, so that whatever vindication Jackson might have needed has long been sufficiently afforded. A careful study and comparison of the contents of these two collections will not essentially change the historical estimate of either president. And yet, while Jackson remains the same earnest, impetuous, willful, quarrelsome leader of men as before, devoted to his country though with a shade of dissimulation in dealing with those he uses for his ends, Van Buren rises to a higher level, perhaps, than his countrymen and contemporaries ever accorded to him, and shows, despite all politic and time-serving propensities while seeking the presidency, a real courage and statesmanship and withal a notable breadth of public conception, while in consummate station and after his defeat

in 1840. So, too, as an adviser during Jackson's presidency, though suave and deferential, he gave some good restraining counsel, and showed a judicious temperament.

A few notes, taken from these two valuable sets of papers, may be of interest to present students of American history. And first, with reference to the War of 1812. It is known that our government at Washington received, December 9, and promptly transmitted, the news of the intended British invasion of New Orleans from the West Indies, warning not Jackson alone, but the executives of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia, whose militia were hastened forward. Jackson claims in these papers that the Washington dispatch did not reach him until the 18th of the following February, long after the battle of New Orleans had been fought; and that he hastened his preparations upon other information of the British designs which came to him, December 5, from a surgeon at Pensacola. Yet apprehensive letters, based upon information less certain, must have reached him seasonably from the War Department, and aroused his vigilance.

Gratitude toward benefactors was a sentiment not cherished in this warrior's breast, and those who had shown him repeated favors when he stood in need of friends he disparaged and disdained in the day of his strength. Gratitude or gratulation he claimed rather for himself; and as friends were those who might subserve his immediate ambition, friends and foes changed places often in his estimation. Recalling that strange taint of duplicity with which the Rhea correspondence with ex-President Monroe seemed flavored, I have often wondered whether a closer acquaintance with Jackson's private papers would confirm his own personal connection with that controversy. Aside, indeed, from the ex-President's solemn denial on his deathbed, which Cabinet advisers like Wirt, Calhoun, and John Quincy Adams, honorable like himself, confirmed, there were

political circumstances of 1818-19 which made it inherently impossible that Monroe should have issued the secret order through Rhea, which President Jackson claimed by 1831 to have acted upon in seizing Pensacola and afterwards to have stealthily burnt at Monroe's special request, sent orally through Rhea.¹ Was it possible that Rhea himself deceived the general in 1818-19, by twice pretending an authority from the White House which he did not possess, and whose falsehood might have been exposed at any moment? Rhea had neither the nerve nor the cunning to play the Iago, and, in his prime at least, cherished the regard of his constituents, while personally devoted to Jackson. Yet the whole tale must have been a fabrication; and that fabrication dates assuredly from 1831. A few months before exploring these Jackson papers, I received through the mail from one of John Rhea's descendants a Tennessee paper, which printed Rhea's retained copy of the letter which he sent to Monroe in June, 1831; and that copy bore the signature of two witnesses, one of whom was Jackson's adopted son, Andrew J. Donelson. This brought the fabrication close to Jackson's own door, and the Jackson papers, as still preserved, complete the evidence. Here several letters from Rhea to the general are seen during the period of the Seminole War, but not in one of them, nor in any other correspondence of the next ten years, is there the least allusion to the order which Jackson claimed later to have burnt. But when the Seminole controversy raged hot with Calhoun in 1831, and Jackson's reelection to the presidency was at stake, with his quondam friend Calhoun thrust from confidence, this story leaped into life, full clad, and Jackson must have been its responsible author. For to John Rhea (then seventy-eight years old and at home in Tennessee) he wrote, early in the year,

¹ See this writer's article on "Monroe and the Rhea Letter," *Historical Briefs*, p. 97; *History of the United States*, vol. iv, p. 38.

suggesting the statement he desired from him; and Rhea, all tremulous and as though forgetful, asked to see a copy of Jackson's letter of January, 1818, to President Monroe, which had mentioned his name. He promises to come to Washington to make the statement; he will help all he can, since Jackson is on the defensive, but he wants everything brought to his recollection. "Say nothing of me in the business," he entreats, "until I speak out as fully as I can, and therefore this letter is so far *confidential*, CONFIDENTIAL." This was in February. In June, at Washington, President Jackson wrote out a full statement to Rhea of the story as agreed upon (his personal friend, General Eaton, late of the Cabinet, attesting the copy), and thereupon Rhea at once wrote Monroe. Was it thought that the ex-President was too old, too feeble, too near to death, to arouse himself for such a controversy? For a few months, Jackson wrote to personal friends, here and there, giving these same details concerning the "confidential order" he had received in 1818. But Monroe died July 4; Rhea's letter had been retained, unanswered; and presently it became known in Jackson's circle that a solemn denial, made by the ex-President *in extremis*, was in possession of the family. Jackson made secret inquiry; and in October, 1832, a discreet friend in New York city informed him confidentially that the Rhea letter had been read over and over again, paragraph by paragraph, to the dying Monroe, whose reply was then reduced to writing and signed in the presence of friends. After this, from one cause or another, Jackson dropped the tale; and when, shortly before his final retirement from office, Gouverneur, Monroe's son-in-law, wrote, January 6, 1837, transmitting to him a copy of Rhea's letter of June, 1831, denouncing the production as an impudent falsehood, a singular epistle on its face in matter and manner, and stated further that the ex-President had left a record of his own views on the subject, made in the

most solemn manner, Jackson formally acknowledged the receipt of the communication, as requested, and made no other reply. Rhea, we may observe, had died in May, 1832, less than a year after he penned that falsehood.

Jackson, in July, 1843, long after his presidency, received a letter from Anthony Butler, referring to charges just made against him in a Whig pamphlet, and asking the general to sustain him. Butler had been Jackson's minister to Mexico, where, in 1834, he made special effort to procure a peaceable transfer of Texas to the United States, for \$5,000,000, advising that out of this fund a certain part should be devoted to bribing Mexican officials (notably Santa Anna) to sign a treaty of cession. Butler now claimed that President Jackson had sanctioned and then angrily denounced the proposed bribery, and then in an oral conversation had signified his willingness, provided the affair was managed without his own cognizance. Jackson in reply roundly denounced Butler as a scamp, and his statement as a tissue of falsehoods. Jackson's disapproval of bribery by his minister may well be believed; but sure it is that Butler's dispatches from Mexico, proposing in a translated cipher precisely such a course, were duly read by the President and placed among his private papers instead of the public archives, and that Butler continued the negotiation, though in vain. Jackson was always strong and sweeping in his asseverations, but in the concentration of immediate purpose he sometimes forgot past facts.

Let us turn to a more amiable phase of the general's character, — his chivalrous regard for woman. The Van Buren collection supplies a novel illustration in this respect. Both Van Buren and Jackson, it will be recalled, were widowers in 1833. During July of that year a long letter reached the Vice President, written from New Haven in a feminine hand and signed with modest initials. The writer asked to become the wife of the President of the United States: first, be-

cause she was ambitious, and ambition for a woman lay mainly in the marriage direction; next, because she wished to make her hero happy in his declining years. Her own age was stated at thirty-three. Pleading with Van Buren to advance her suit, if possible, she expressed a few flowery sentiments, and ended her epistle with a verse of poetry. Van Buren transmitted the letter to the President, who, without a word of coarse or jocular comment, returned his written reply for the young lady to peruse, meeting her unconventional proposal with a tender seriousness. He felt honored by her interest in him; but his only answer to such a letter would be, that his heart was in the grave of his dear, departed wife, from which sacred spot no living being could recall it. The sequel to this episode was a curious one. The woman wrote once more to the Vice President, this time over her full signature, to say that a man of her acquaintance had out of revenge written the previous letter, imitating her style and chirography. She besought Van Buren to destroy that "forged" epistle and consign all remembrance of it "to the tomb of the Capulets." As usually happens with such injunctions, the custodian of the correspondence preserved it carefully.

Once clearly associated with Andrew Jackson, by aiding his election in 1828, and entering the Cabinet as Secretary of State, Van Buren, only recently a supporter at all, became a most influential adviser of the long eight years' administration. Jackson in those times sought constantly his advice, and, though not yielding to it, he showed a strong anxiety to learn his associate's point of view, and gain the soothing corrective most needed for his own vigorous plans. For in this aspect, and moreover as a Northern ally of influence, Van Buren was indispensable. The proof of all this is found in the Van Buren collection, where the many autograph letters that passed between himself and his chief, during that period, are brought so happily together, with,

likely enough, the coöperation of Blair after Jackson's death. Jackson could scarcely bear to be separated from his friend and accomplished associate during the latter's brief absence on the English mission. To him, in 1831, he confides passionately the progress of his own dissociation from Calhoun; he tenderly avows the wish of his heart to have his late Secretary return soon and remain near him for counsel; he affectionately declares his purpose to have him made the next Vice President and placed on the highroad to the succession. Upon Van Buren's rejection as minister by a Senate cabal, "the people will resent" was Jackson's consoling message, sent to London; and scarcely was Van Buren home again from abroad, when the President wrote him earnestly about the bank, internal improvement, and nullification perplexities through which he was now piloting. Van Buren wrote occasionally in reply; but he kept away from Washington that eventful winter, and avoided the turmoil of politics as much as possible until he should be sworn in as Vice President, in March, 1833. Meanwhile Jackson wrote his friend again and again, most of all avowing his determination to drive the nullifiers to the wall. "The moment I am prepared with proof, I will direct prosecutions for treason to be instituted against the leaders. . . . Nothing must be permitted to weaken our government at home or abroad." Van Buren's advice at this crisis was given dispassionately. He encouraged the President to do his duty, but to avoid extremities, if possible, so long as it was a constructive nullification only, without actual force applied.

Jackson's initiative in the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank, soon after entering upon his second term of office, is well confirmed by these manuscript collections. He did not move to his purpose until he felt that the Vice President would sustain him. Van Buren, it seems, had taken up this whole bank subject cautiously, upon his return

from abroad, slowly maturing his own views of financial policy. He promptly accepted the President's veto of a recharter; thinking the country might get along for a while without a national bank, and then, if need be, incorporate a central bank, not in any state, but in the District of Columbia, with state branches. As to fighting Nicholas Biddle, however, and the present bank with its unexpired charter, he was more reluctant. But, in the course of Jackson's Northern tour, Van Buren appears to have yielded the point that the deposits should be removed, and this because the chief executive so willed it. Such being the situation, he wrote the President from Albany, September 4, 1833, after a careful conference with his friend Silas Wright. Premising that the people's interests should afford the motive, and not any desire to injure the present institution or to subserve state banks, he states three modes of removal: (1) with prior application to Congress and request for its coöperation; (2) with direct removal and completed state bank arrangements before Congress convened; (3) with completed state bank arrangements, and an order for removal before Congress convened, but so as to defer the actual removal until January 1, and after Congress had come together. Van Buren and Wright advocated skillfully the third plan, promising, however, to stand by the President's conclusion at any rate. This promise was enough for Jackson; and rejecting the third course, which would have been more politic, he took the second, as posterity is well aware.

From this time forward for many years, save only upon one subject, Jackson's correspondence with Van Buren continued frank and intimate, and he found his own resolute plans of administration treated with a deferential assent, not unmingled with wise and judicious suggestions to modify. His soft and conciliatory temper contrasts with the violent and aggressive demeanor of the old warrior, who, though mingling in correspondence his ailments and his political

views together, as time went on, kept always the upper hand. And here we may remark that Jackson, in letter as in speech, was clear, pungent, and dogmatic; and his facility with the pen was doubtless very great. Page after page of large sheets of paper are seen covered in a bold and characteristic running hand; thought and expression flowing free and scarcely a word or a phrase altered. Political adversaries who sneered at his bad spelling and grammar are confuted; for mistakes of that kind are comparatively few and trivial, while the thought itself stands out clear of misconception. The real point of criticism to which Jackson's letters are liable consists rather in the narrow, passionate, and intensely partisan strain which they constantly betray. Though clearly conveying the purpose he was bent upon, he wrote with little delicacy of appreciation for his political friends and respecters; while to political opponents, Clay for instance, he could scarcely give a decent word, but loaded the "Whiggs" and Whig leaders alike with opprobrious epithets, as though all political opponents were enemies of their country. A correspondence couched in angry temper over old and forgotten things is never meet for posterity, and the composer of such letters may well wish them written in an ink that will speedily fade out. Jackson once wrote to Van Buren that he never read "the papers which diffuse falsehood;" meaning thereby that in a controversy he recognized only presses which were subservient to himself.

When Van Buren succeeded to the presidency the scene was shifted. Andrew Jackson lived in Tennessee and at the distant Hermitage for the rest of his life. Yet his hold was tenacious, still, upon the party management, and he kept up a frequent correspondence both with Van Buren and with Editor Blair. Scarcely had he reached home when he wrote to urge the new President not to repeal the specie circular; and so Van Buren in fact decided, not submitting the question

to his own Cabinet counselors, as he has recorded, because he knew them to be divided. When the crash came, Van Buren bore himself with all the calmness possible; and too late had his predecessor betrayed a disquiet, in the midst of self-complacency, by urging him to look out that the deposit banks were safe, and to have the money counted. The new President now devised the plan of a sub-treasury; and he worked out the details of its presentation in Congress with his bosom friend, Silas Wright. Violent in his vituperation of the defaulting banks, Jackson indorsed the new measure heartily and steadily. "Fear not," he wrote to his successor, like a father, "the people are with you and will sustain you." Jackson remained true to his endeavor that Van Buren should have an eight years' administration like himself, and bitterly enough did he fling out at the "hard cider drinkers and coon worshippers" who brought Harrison in with the Whigs in 1840; but for the vice presidency he had pushed Polk's name so vigorously against Johnson of Kentucky, the former associate on the Democratic ticket, that Van Buren had to decline all interference from personal delicacy, while the Democratic convention itself yielded so far to the warrior's wishes as to nominate no one at all to that office, a course which in the end secured Johnson's precedence.

It was not easy to oppose Jackson face to face; and Van Buren, always filial, considerate, and worshipful in corresponding with him, would use his best arts to baffle or divert when pressed too hard. Despite the palpable embarrassments now suffered from his own willful misuse of the patronage, — a great error of his administration, as Jackson's best party friends conceded, — the veteran at the Hermitage urged repeatedly that places should be found by his successor for other favorites of his, regardless of their merits. In these, as in other matters of correspondence, Van Buren would gently parry, but Jackson thrust again

until his point was gained. None of the minor defalcations of his term hurt Van Buren so much with the public as that of Swartwout, collector at the port of New York, whom Jackson had appointed at the outset of his presidency; and never to Jackson himself did Van Buren murmur a word of complaint. Yet Van Buren's papers show that Swartwout's unfitness to handle public moneys was so well known to him that in 1829 he stealthily set his New York friends to work, though all in vain, to prevent that appointment and to induce the general to find for such a crony a more appropriate place. And it was Van Buren's refusal, when President, to reappoint Swartwout that brought to light the collector's betrayal of his trust.

After Van Buren's retirement from office in 1841, the correspondence of these two great Democrats continued: the one thoughtful and solicitous for his chief's declining health; the other inclined, as he long had been, to make commodity of infirmities, yet showing himself as alert and vigorous as ever in impressing his personal direction upon the party politics. All was affectionate and confiding between them. Van Buren made a journey from New York to Tennessee, to see his preceptor in the flesh once more. He was hospitably welcomed, and his whole tour was one of unbroken enjoyment. Again and again was assurance given him that he would be once more the party nominee for 1844; but as the time approached it also became clear that Polk was the general's determined choice for the second place. "You and Polk," wrote Jackson, late in 1843, would be the next year's ticket.

But, as I have intimated, there was one subject which Jackson and Van Buren seemed mutually to avoid, in all their intimacy of correspondence, and this was the annexation of Texas. And as Northern and Southern men, respectively, from states whose political sentiments on that whole issue of slavery expansion were wide apart, they shrank

from comparing views. Jackson, it is well known, favored and sought the acquisition of Texas, to maintain the sectional equilibrium which he believed essential to a permanent union of free and slave states, under the Constitution. Just before retiring from office he recognized Texan independence from Mexico, by nominating a minister to that republic. The Senate laid over this nomination until the new President was inaugurated; then, March 6, it was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations which promptly reported it back, and the Senate consented. No explanations appear to have passed between the two Presidents, but Van Buren, it is well known, so conducted relations with Texas and Mexico as to avoid all cause of offense to the latter power and place our intercourse upon a friendly footing. And so stood the situation, until John Tyler, lifted into supreme magistracy by the accident of Harrison's death, turned upon the Whig party, and the majority wish of the country, by seeking Texan annexation for Southern ends, and forcing artfully that issue for the campaign of 1844. Ex-President Jackson had been drawn into such an advocacy, having, indeed, steadily promoted, or perhaps contrived such a policy. The Texan designs of a recreant administration sought an establishment at the Hermitage; and Donelson, Jackson's adopted son, accepted the new mission to that republic. But Jackson, all the while encouraging Van Buren to consider himself the coming choice of the Democracy, confided not a word as to the new intrigue. Van Buren, however, had been confidentially warned, in March, through Editor Ritchie of Virginia, that Texan annexation was going to succeed, that Jackson was with the movement, had originated it, and would see it through; and that if Van Buren opposed he would be set aside, but otherwise would be renominated and elected. The party convention approached; Van Buren, like Clay, came out in a letter against the whole project, and the result

is well known. Jackson avoided direct discussion; but shortly before the convention met, he sent a thundering epistle addressed to Butler, Van Buren's confidential friend, in the nature perhaps of a last appeal. In that epistle he bluntly and positively stated his regret that Van Buren had written publicly as he had done; for Jackson had hoped his friend would support Texan annexation and yield to the irresistible force of that issue. Texan acquisition, he argued, was necessary for the sake of the Union, and unless we annexed now, that republic would revert to England. Van Buren did not recant, but maintained a dignified self-respect; he bore his defeat in the party convention manfully; and for once it would seem that the master had miscalculated the depth of compliance into which he could draw one hitherto so docile and submissive.

Van Buren supported faithfully the party candidates, though the South had been untrue to him, and brought the Empire State into line for a Democratic victory. Nor did he permit Jackson to cast him off as the latter had done Calhoun. In due time he wrote his chief once more, and received a kind reply, each avoiding the tender topic. A few more letters passed between them of no special significance, and Jackson's sands of life ran out soon after Polk's accession to office. Polk had promptly expressed his thanks to Van Buren for the political support in New York to which he so largely owed his own election, and invited the latter's advice concerning the new Cabinet. But a misunderstanding arose, and while Van Buren was arranging which of his New York friends to propose (Silas Wright having declined the treasury), Polk chose Marcy, who was not acceptable. Van Buren cooled toward the new administration, and in the course of the Mexican War which soon followed, became completely estranged. On the Wilmot Proviso his views harmonized with those of the lamented Wright; and in a correspondence, No-

vember, 1847, with Justice Daniel of Virginia, he maintained such a position. The sentiment of New York state ran strongly at that time against Polk's aggressive policy for a wholesale Southern expansion.

No new light is thrown by these manuscripts upon Van Buren's acceptance, in 1848, of the Free-Soil nomination for President as against Cass and the regular Democratic ticket. But in a public letter he had, months before, expressed himself as opposed to fastening slavery upon new national territory already free. This was, in fact, the strong ground taken at the North concerning the new conquests from Mexico; and to meet such objection, Calhoun and his disciples developed the counter dogma, to which the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case gave later support, that the Constitution, of its own force, carried potential slavery into all territory acquired by the United States, leaving the test of freedom or slavery to await the transition from territory to state. That ultra dogma, with its corollary of intervening protection to the master's rights, as opposed to Douglas's "squatter sovereignty," was what split the Democracy in 1860, in platform and candidates, and assured the election of Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate. Van Buren, there is reason to think, had mainly in view, in 1848, the desire to get even with a dough-faced Northerner from whose rivalry he had suffered at the party convention of 1844; and certainly, by dividing the popular vote of the New York Democracy, he brought in Taylor and the Whigs, that year, and compassed Cass's national defeat. In these later years, Van Buren worked New York politics through his son John, a man of wit and bright promise. One of the Cass Democracy, it is said, spoke to "Prince John," deploring the party defeat, that November, and hoping to elicit an explanation. "Yes," was the latter's quick reply, as though misapprehending, "it hurt the old man."

Van Buren shared with the elder

Blair and Benton a certain isolation in national affairs during the years that followed. He kept up with Blair a desultory intercourse over passing politics; and both together soothed the dying Benton and Clay, their fellow veterans. Donelson remained bitter against Jackson's former friend as a "deserter" on the Texan annexation. Yet Van Buren, in his calm leisure and retirement, did not keep up his new Free-Soil connections, nor did he, like Blair, join the Republican movement which was organized after the Kansas-Nebraska Act. He collected facts and made notes for a review of his past career, touching lightly on things present. Autobiography became his cherished hobby. He dreaded geographical parties and sectional issues. Resolutions which he personally drew up for the Democratic convention of his state in 1860 were not used, because ill adapted to the disposition of that body.

Van Buren's ruling idea, the next momentous winter, seems to have been, so far as he expressed himself outwardly, that, as the slave and non-slaveholding states so greatly differed, a division of the whole territory of the Union on the Crittenden basis was desirable; or, if that proved futile, to permit the Southern states to withdraw in peace. But he stood by the government when the crisis of collision came in 1861, and declined the proposal made by Franklin Pierce, that a meeting of the ex-Presidents should be held to consider the alarming condition of the country and make a united appeal.

"The great fault of the American people," observed an intimate friend of Van Buren's, soon after the latter's death, "is to represent him as a politician, when he was rather a patriot; though at the same time he took pleasure and pride in the means by which he carried out his measures."

"IN THE HEIGHTS"

(JOHN R. PROCTER)

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

ONE who this valley passionately loved
 No more these slopes shall climb, nor hear these streams
 That like the murmured melody of dreams
 His happy spirit moved.

He knew the sudden and mysterious thrill
 That takes the heart of man on mountain heights,
 These autumn days that flame from hill to hill,
 These deep and starry nights.

O vanished spirit! tell us, if so may be,
 Are our wild longings, stirred by scenes like this, —
 Our deep-breathed, shadowless felicity, —
 A mocking, empty bliss?

No answering word, save from the inmost soul
 That cries: all things are real, — beauty, youth;

"In the Heights"

All the heart feels; of sorrow and joy the whole;
That which but seems is truth.

This mortal frame, that harbors the immortal,
Mechanic though it be, — in our life's fires
Turns spiritual; it becomes the portal
Wherethrough the soul aspires.

The soul's existence in this human sheath
Is life no more than is the spirit's life
In this wide nature whose keen air we breathe;
Whose strife arms us to strife.

And they are wise who seek not to destroy
The unreasoned happiness of the outpoured year.
To him, the lost! this vale brought no false joy,
And therefore is most dear.

Wherever in the majesty of space,
Near or afar, — but not from God afar, —
Where'er his spirit soars, whatever grace
Is his, whatever star, —

The aspirations and imaginings
That in these glorious paths his soul sublimed, —
They are a part of him; they are the wings
Whereby he strove and climbed.

Nature to man not alien doth endure;
His spirit with her spirit is transfused;
On this high mystery dream the humble-pure,
The mightiest poets mused.

The white clouds billow down the blowing sky,
Then, O my heart, be lifted up, rejoice!
The trumpet of the winds, to that wild voice
Let all my soul reply!

THOREAU'S JOURNAL II

[The following paragraphs as far as the heading 1850 on page 231 are taken from a large commonplace book containing transcripts from earlier journals. Thoreau drew largely from this book in writing the *Week*, and to a less extent in writing *Walden*. From internal evidence it appears that the entries were all written before 1847. The matter headed 1850 is taken from the Journal covering apparently the period from May 12 to September 19 of that year. Many of these entries lack dates. — THE EDITORS.]

CONSIDER the phenomena of morn or eve, and you will say that Nature has perfected herself by an eternity of practice,—evening stealing over the fields, the stars coming to bathe in retired waters, the shadows of the trees creeping farther and farther into the meadows, and a myriad phenomena beside.

I know of no rule which holds so true as that we are always paid for our suspicion by finding what we suspect. There can be no fairer recompense than this. Our suspicions exercise a demoniacal power over the subject of them. By some obscure law of influence, when we are perhaps unconsciously the subject of another's suspicion, we feel a strong impulse, even when it is contrary to our nature, to do that which he expects but reprobrates.

No man seems to be aware that his influence is the result of his entire character, both that which is subject and that which is superior to his understanding, and what he really means or intends it is not in his power to explain or offer an apology for.

No man was ever party to a secure and settled friendship. It is no more a constant phenomenon than meteors and lightning. It is a war of positions, of silent tactics.

Beauty is a finer utility whose end we do not see.

Gower writes like a man of common sense and good parts who has under-

taken with steady, rather than high, purpose to do narrative with rhyme. With little or no invention, following in the track of the old fablers, he employs his leisure and his pen-craft to entertain his readers and speak a good word for the right. He has no fire, or rather blaze, though occasionally some brand's end peeps out from the ashes, especially if you approach the heap in a dark day, and if you extend your hands over it you experience a slight warmth there more than elsewhere. In fair weather you may see a slight smoke go up here and there. He narrates what Chaucer sometimes sings. He tells his story with a fair understanding of the original, and sometimes it gains a little in blunt plainness and in point in his hands. Unlike the early Saxon and later English, his poetry is but a plainer and directer speech than other men's prose. He might have been a teamster and written his rhymes on his wagon seat as he went to mill with a load of plaster.

October 21, 1842.

The atmosphere is so dry and transparent and, as it were, inflammable at this season that a candle in the grass shines white and dazzling, and purer and brighter the farther off it is. Its heat seems to have been extracted and only its harmless refulgent light left. It is a star dropped down. The ancients were more than poetically true when they called fire Vulcan's flower. Light is somewhat almost moral. The most intense — as the fixed stars and our own sun — has an unquestionable preëminence among the

elements. At a certain stage in the generation of all life, no doubt, light as well as heat is developed. It guides to the first rudiments of life. There is a vitality in heat and light.

Men who are felt rather than understood are being most rapidly developed. They stand many deep.

The truly noble and settled character of a man is not put forward, as the king or conqueror does not march foremost in a procession.

Commonly we use life sparingly, we husband it as if it were scarce, and admit the right of prudence; but occasionally we see how ample and inexhaustible is the stock from which we so scantily draw, and learn that we need not be prudent, that we may be prodigal and all expenses will be met.

I am sometimes made aware of a kindness which may have long since been shown, which surely memory cannot retain, which reflects its light long after its heat. I realize, my friend, that there have been times when thy thoughts of me have been of such lofty kindness that they passed over me like the winds of heaven unnoticed, so pure that they presented no object to my eyes, so generous and universal that I did not detect them. Thou hast loved me for what I was not, but for what I aspired to be. We shudder to think of the kindness of our friend which has fallen on us cold, though in some true but tardy hour we have awakened. There has just reached me the kindness of some acts, not to be forgotten, not to be remembered. I wipe off these scores at midnight, at rare intervals in moments of insight and gratitude.

What is called talking is a remarkable though I believe universal phenomenon of human society. The most constant phenomenon when men and women come together is talking. A chemist might try

this experiment in his laboratory with certainty, and set down the fact in his journal. This characteristic of the race may be considered as established. No doubt every one can call to mind numerous conclusive instances. Some nations, it is true, are said to articulate more distinctly than others; yet the rule holds with those who have the fewest letters in their alphabet. Men cannot stay long together without talking, according to the rules of polite society. (As all men have two ears and but one tongue, they must spend the extra and unavoidable hours of silence in listening to the whisperings of genius, and this fact it is that makes silence always respectable in my eyes.) Not that they have anything to communicate, or do anything quite natural or important to be done so, but by common consent they fall to using the invention of speech, and make a conversation, good or bad. They say things, first this one and then that. They express their "opinions," as they are called.

By a well directed silence I have sometimes seen threatening and troublesome people routed. You sit musing as if you were in broad nature again. They cannot stand it. Their position becomes more and more uncomfortable every moment. So much humanity over against one without any disguise, — not even the disguise of speech! They cannot stand it nor sit against it.

Not only must men talk, but for the most part must talk about talk, — even about books, or dead and buried talk. Sometimes my friend expects a few periods from me. Is he exorbitant? He thinks it is my turn now. Sometimes my companion thinks he has said a good thing, but I don't see the difference. He looks just as he did before. Well, it is no loss. I suppose he has plenty more.

Then I have seen very near and intimate, very old friends introduced by very old strangers, with liberty given to talk. The stranger, who knows only the countersign, says, "Jonas — Eldred," giving those names which will make a title good

in a court of law. (It may be presumed that God does not know the Christian names of men.) Then Jonas, like a ready soldier, makes a remark, — a benediction on the weather it may be, — and Eldred swiftly responds, and unburdens his breast, and so the action begins. They bless God and nature many times gratuitously, and part mutually well pleased, leaving their cards. They did not happen to be present at each other's christening.

Sometimes I have listened so attentively and with so much interest to the whole expression of a man that I did not hear one word he was saying, and saying too with the more vivacity observing my attention.

But a man may be an object of interest to me though his tongue is pulled out by the roots.

Men sometimes do as if they could eject themselves like bits of packthread from the end of the tongue.

Scholars have for the most part a diseased way of looking at the world. They mean by it a few cities and unfortunate assemblies of men and women, who might all be concealed in the grass of the prairies. They describe this world as old or new, healthy or diseased, according to the state of their libraries, — a little dust more or less on their shelves. When I go abroad from under this shingle or slate roof, I find several things which they have not considered. Their conclusions seem imperfect.

Buonaparte said that the three o'clock in the morning courage was the rarest, but I cannot agree with him. Fear does not awake so early. Few men are so degenerate as to balk nature by not beginning the day well.

I hold in my hands a recent volume of essays and poems, in its outward aspects like the thousands which the press sends forth, and, if the gods permitted their own inspiration to be breathed in vain,

this might be forgotten in the mass, but the accents of truth are as sure to be heard on earth as in heaven. The more I read it the more I am impressed by its sincerity, its depth and grandeur. It already seems ancient and has lost the traces of its modern birth. It is an evidence of many virtues in the writer. More serenely and humbly confident, this man has listened to the inspiration which all may hear, and with greater fidelity reported it. It is therefore a true prophecy, and shall at length come to pass. It has the grandeur of the Greek tragedy, or rather its Hebrew original, yet it is not necessarily referred to any form of faith. The slumbering, heavy depth of its sentences is perhaps without recent parallel. It lies like the sward in its native pasture, where its roots are never disturbed, and not spread over a sandy embankment.

All parts of nature belong to one head, as the curls of a maiden's hair. How beautifully flow the seasons as one year, and all streams as one ocean!

I hate museums; there is nothing so weighs upon my spirits. They are the catacombs of nature. One green bud of spring, one willow catkin, one faint trill from a migrating sparrow would set the world on its legs again. The life that is in a single green weed is of more worth than all this death. They are dead nature collected by dead men. I know not whether I muse most at the bodies stuffed with cotton and sawdust or those stuffed with bowels and fleshy fibre outside the cases.

Where is the proper herbarium, the true cabinet of shells, and museum of skeletons, but in the meadow where the flower bloomed, by the seaside where the tide cast up the fish, and on the hills and in the valleys where the beast laid down its life and the skeleton of the traveller reposes on the grass? What right have mortals to parade these things on their legs again, with their wires, and, when heaven has decreed that they shall return

to dust again, to return them to sawdust? Would you have a dried specimen of a world, or a pickled one?

Embalming is a sin against heaven and earth,—against heaven, who has recalled the soul and set free the servile elements, and against the earth which is thus robbed of her dust. I have had my right-perceiving senses so disturbed in these haunts as to mistake a veritable living man for a stuffed specimen, and surveyed him with dumb wonder as the strangest of the whole collection. For the strangest is that which, being in many particulars most like, is in some essential particular most unlike.

We pass through all degrees of life from the least organic to the most complex. Sometimes we are mere pudding-stone and scoriæ.

The present is the instant work and near process of living and will be found in the last analysis to be nothing more nor less than digestion. Sometimes, it is true, it is indigestion.

It is one great and rare merit in the old English tragedy that it says something. The words slide away very fast but toward some conclusion. It has to do with things, and the reader feels as if he were advancing. It does not make much odds what message the author has to deliver at this distance of time, since no message can startle us, but how he delivers it,—that it be done in a downright and manly way. They come to the point and do not waste the time.

After all, we draw on very gradually in English literature to Shakespeare, through Peele and Marlowe, to say nothing of Raleigh and Spenser and Sidney. We hear the same great tone already sounding to which Shakespeare added a serener wisdom and clearer expression. Its chief characteristics of reality and unaffected manliness are there. The more we read of the literature of those

times, the more does acquaintance divest the genius of Shakespeare of the in some measure false mystery which has thickened around it, and leave it shrouded in the grander mystery of daylight. His critics have for the most part made their [sic] contemporaries less that they might make Shakespeare more.

The distinguished men of those times had a great flow of spirits, a cheerful and elastic wit far removed from the solemn wisdom of later days. What another thing was fame and a name then and now! This is seen in the familiar manner in which they were spoken of by each other and the nation at large,—*Kit Marlowe*, and *George (Peele)* and *Will Shakespeare*, and *Ben Jonson*,—great fellows,—chaps.

It is hard to know rocks. They are crude and inaccessible to our nature. We have not enough of the stony element in us.

It is hard to know men by rumor only. But to stand near somewhat living and conscious! Who would not sail through mutiny and storm farther than Columbus, to reach the fabulous retreating shores of some continent man?

Yesterday I skated after a fox over the ice. Occasionally he sat on his haunches and barked at me like a young wolf. It made me think of the bear and her cubs mentioned by Captain Parry, I think. All brutes seem to have a genius for mystery, an oriental aptitude for symbols and the language of signs; and this is the origin of Pilpay and Æsop. The fox manifested an almost human suspicion of mystery in my actions. While I skated directly after him, he cantered at the top of his speed; but when I stood still, though his fear was not abated, some strange but inflexible law of his nature caused him to stop also, and sit again on his haunches. While I still stood motionless, he would go slowly a rod to one side, then sit and bark, then a rod to the other side, and sit

and bark again, but did not retreat, as if spellbound. When, however, I commenced the pursuit again, he found himself released from his durance.

Plainly the fox belongs to a different order of things from that which reigns in the village. Our courts, though they offer a bounty for his hide, and our pulpits, though they draw many a moral from his cunning, are in few senses contemporary with his free forest life.

It is the saddest thought of all, that what we are to others, that we are much more to ourselves — avaricious, mean, irascible, affected, — we are the victims of these faults. If our pride offends our humble neighbor, much more does it offend ourselves, though our lives are never so private and solitary.

If the Indian is somewhat of a stranger in nature, the gardener is too much a familiar. There is something vulgar and foul in the latter's closeness to his mistress, something noble and cleanly in the former's distance. Yet the hunter seems to have a property in the moon which even the farmer has not. Ah! the poet knows uses of plants which are not easily reported, though he cultivates no parterre. See how the sun smiles on him while he walks in the gardener's aisles, rather than on the gardener.

How many young finny contemporaries of various character and destiny, form and habits, we have even in this water! And it will not be forgotten by some memory that we *were* contemporaries. It is of *some* import. We shall be some time friends, I trust, and know each other better. Distrust is too prevalent now. We are so much alike! have so many faculties in common! I have not yet met with the philosopher who could, in a quite conclusive, undoubtful way, show me *the*, and, if not *the*, then how *any*, difference between man and a fish. We are so much alike! How much could a really tolerant, patient, humane, and

truly great and natural man make of them, if he should try? For they are to be understood, surely, as all things else, by no other method than that of sympathy. It is easy to say what they are not to us, *i. e.*, what we are not to them; but what we might and ought to be is another affair.

Carlyle's works are not to be studied — hardly read. Their first impression is the truest and deepest. There is no reprint. If you look again, you will be disappointed and find nothing answering to the mood they have excited. They are true natural products in this respect. All things are but once and never repeated. The first faint blushes of the morning gilding the mountain tops, with the pale phosphorus and saffron colored clouds, — they verily transport us to the morning of creation; but what avails it to travel eastward or look again there an hour hence. We should be as far in the day ourselves, mounting toward our meridian. There is no *double entendre* for the alert reader; in fact the work was designed for such complete success that it serves but for a single occasion.

For every inferior, earthly pleasure we forego, a superior, celestial one is substituted.

1850

The Hindoos are more serenely and thoughtfully religious than the Hebrews. They have perhaps a purer, more independent and impersonal knowledge of God. Their religious books describe the first inquisitive and contemplative access to God; the Hebrew bible a conscientious return, a grosser and more personal repentance. Repentance is not a free and fair highway to God. A wise man will dispense with repentance. It is shocking and passionate. God prefers that you approach him thoughtful, not penitent, though you are the chief of sinners. It is only by forgetting yourself that you draw near to him.

The calmness and gentleness with which the Hindoo philosophers approach and discourse on forbidden themes is admirable.

What extracts from the Vedas I have read fall on me like the light of a higher and purer luminary, which describes a loftier course through a purer stratum, — free from particulars, simple, universal. It rises on me like the full moon after the stars have come out, wading through some far summer stratum of the sky.

The Vedant teaches how, "by forsaking religious rites," the votary may "obtain purification of mind."

One wise sentence is worth the state of Massachusetts many times over.

The Vedas contain a sensible account of God.

The religion and philosophy of the Hebrews are those of a wilder and ruder tribe, wanting the civility and intellectual refinement and subtlety of the Hindoos.

I do not prefer one religion or philosophy to another. I have no sympathy with the bigotry and ignorance which make transient and partial and puerile distinctions between one man's faith or form of faith and another's — as Christian and heathen. I pray to be delivered from narrowness, partiality, exaggeration, bigotry. To the philosopher, all sects, all nations, are alike. I like Brahma, Hari, Buddha, the Great Spirit, as well as God.

When the rocks were covered with snow I even uncovered them with my hands, that I might observe their composition and strata, and thought myself lucky when the sun had laid one bare for me, but [now] that they are all uncovered I pass by without noticing them. There is a time for everything.

The year has many seasons more than are recognized in the almanac. There is that time about the first of June, the beginning of summer, when the buttercups blossom in the now luxuriant grass,

and I am first reminded of mowing and of the dairy.

Every one will have observed different epochs. There is the time when they begin to drive cows to pasture, — about the 20th of May, — observed by the farmer, but a little arbitrary year by year. Cows spend their winters in barns and cow-yards, their summers in pastures. In summer, therefore, they may low with emphasis, "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new." I sometimes see a neighbor or two united with their boys and hired men to drive their cattle to some far-off country pasture, fifty or sixty miles distant in New Hampshire, early in the morning, with their sticks and dogs. It is a memorable time with the farmers' boys, and frequently their first journey from home. The herdsman in some mountain pasture is expecting them. And then in the fall, when they go up to drive them back, they speculate as to whether Janet or Brindle will know them. I heard such a boy exclaim on such an occasion, when the calf of the spring returned a heifer, as he stroked her side, "She knows me, father; she knows me." Driven up to be the cattle on a thousand hills.

I once set fire to the woods. Having set out, one April day, to go to the sources of Concord River in a boat with a single companion, meaning to camp on the bank at night or seek a lodging in some neighboring country inn or farmhouse, we took fishing tackle with us that we might fitly procure our food from the stream, Indian-like. At the shoemaker's near the river, we obtained a match, which we had forgotten. Though it was thus early in the spring, the river was low, for there had not been much rain, and we succeeded in catching a mess of fish sufficient for our dinner before we had left the town, and by the shores of Fair Haven Pond we proceeded to cook them. The earth was uncommonly dry, and our fire, kindled far from the woods in a sunny recess in the hillside on the east of the pond, suddenly caught the

dry grass of the previous year which grew about the stump on which it was kindled. We sprang to extinguish it at first with our hands and feet, and then we fought it with a board obtained from the boat, but in a few minutes it was beyond our reach; being on the side of a hill, it spread rapidly upward through the long, dry, wiry grass interspersed with bushes.

"Well, where will this end?" asked my companion. I saw that it might be bounded by Well Meadow Brook on one side, but would, perchance, go to the village side of the brook. "It will go to town," I answered. While my companion took the boat back down the river, I set out through the woods to inform the owners and to raise the town. The fire had already spread a dozen rods on every side, and went leaping and crackling wildly and irreclaimably toward the town. That way went the flames with wild delight, and we felt that we had no control over the demonic creature to which we had given birth. We had kindled many fires in the woods before, burning a clear space in the grass, without ever kindling such a fire as this.

As I ran toward the town through the woods, I could see the smoke over the woods behind me marking the spot and the progress of the flames. The first farmer whom I met driving a team, after leaving the woods, inquired the cause of the smoke. I told him. "Well," said he, "it is none of my stuff," and drove along. The next I met was the owner in his field, with whom I returned at once to the woods, running all the way. I had already run two miles. When at length we got into the neighborhood of the flames, we met a carpenter who had been hewing timber, an infirm man who had been driven off by the fire, fleeing with his axe. The farmer returned to hasten more assistance. I, who was spent with running, remained. What could I do alone against a front of flame half a mile wide?

I walked slowly through the wood to

Fair Haven Cliff, climbed to the highest rock, and sat down upon it to observe the progress of the flames, which were rapidly approaching me, now about a mile distant from the spot where the fire was kindled. Presently I heard the sound of the distant bell giving the alarm, and I knew that the town was on its way to the scene. Hitherto I had felt like a guilty person — nothing but shame and regret. But now I settled the matter with myself shortly. I said to myself, "Who are these men who are said to be the owners of these woods, and how am I related to them? I have set fire to the forest, but I have done no wrong therein, and now it is as if the lightning had done it. These flames are but consuming their natural food." It has never troubled me from that day to this more than if the lightning had done it. The trivial fishing was all that disturbed me and disturbs me still. So shortly I settled it with myself and stood to watch the approaching flames. It was a glorious spectacle and I was the only one there to enjoy it. The fire now reached the base of the cliff, and then rushed up its sides. The squirrels ran before it in blind haste, and three pigeons dashed into the midst of the smoke. The flames flashed up the pines to their tops, as if they were powder.

When I found I was about to be surrounded by the fire, I retreated and joined the forces now arriving from the town. It took us several hours to surround the flames with our hoes and shovels and by back fires subdue them. In the midst of all I saw the farmer whom I first met, who had turned indifferently away saying it was none of his stuff, striving earnestly to save his corded wood, his stuff, which the fire had already seized and which it after all consumed.

It burned over a hundred acres or more and destroyed much young wood. When I returned home late in the day, with others of my townsmen, I could not help noticing that the crowd who were so ready to condemn the individual who had kindled the fire did not sympathize

with the owners of the wood, but were in fact highly elate and as it were thankful for the opportunity which had afforded them so much sport, and it was only half a dozen owners so called, though not all of them, who looked sour or grieved, and I felt that I had a deeper interest in the woods, knew them better, and should feel their loss more, than any or all of them. The farmer whom I had first conducted to the woods was obliged to ask me the shortest way back, through his own lot. Why, then, should the half dozen owners [and] the individuals who set the fire alone feel sorrow for the loss of the wood, while the rest of the town have their spirits raised? Some of the owners, however, bore their loss like men, but other some declared behind my back that I was a "damned rascal;" and a flibbertigibbet or two, who crowed like the old cock, shouted some reminiscences of "burnt woods" from safe recesses for some years after. I have had nothing to say to any of them. The locomotive engine has since burned over nearly all the same ground and more, and in some measure blotted out the memory of the previous fire. For a long time after I had learned this lesson I marvelled that while matches and tinder were contemporaries the world was not consumed, why the houses that have hearths were not burned before another day, if the flames were not as hungry now as when I waked them. I at once ceased to regard the owners and my own fault, — if fault there was any in the matter, — and attended to the phenomenon before me, determined to make the most of it. To be sure, I felt a little ashamed when I reflected on what a trivial occasion this had happened, that at the time I was no better employed than my townsmen.

That night I watched the fire, where some stumps still flamed at midnight in the midst of the blackened waste, wandering through the woods by myself; and far in the night I threaded my way to the spot where the fire had taken, and discovered the now broiled fish, — which

had been dressed, — scattered over the burnt grass.

To-day, June 4th, I have been tending a burning in the woods. Ray was there. It is a pleasant fact that you will know no man long, however low in the social scale, however poor, miserable, intemperate, and worthless he may appear to be, a mere burden to society, but you will find at last that there is something that he understands and can do better than any other. I was pleased to hear that one man had sent Ray as the one who had had the most experience in setting fires of any man in Lincoln. He had experience and skill as a burner of brush.

You must burn against the wind always and burn slowly. When the fire breaks over the hoed line, a little system and perseverance will accomplish more toward quelling it than any man would believe. It fortunately happens that the experience acquired is oftentimes worth more than the wages. When a fire breaks out in the woods, and a man fights it too near and on the side, in the heat of the moment, without the systematic coöperation of others, he is disposed to think it a desperate case, and that this relentless fiend will run through the forest till it is glutted with food; but let the company rest from their labors a moment and then proceed more deliberately and systematically, giving the fire a wider berth, and the company will be astonished to find how soon and easily they will subdue it. The woods themselves furnish one of the best methods with which to contend with the fires that destroy them, — a pitch pine bough. It is the best instrument to thrash with. There are few men who do not love better to give advice than to give assistance.

However large the fire, let a few men go to work deliberately but perseveringly to rake away the leaves and hoe off the surface of the ground at a convenient distance from the fire, while others follow with pine boughs to thrash it with when it reaches the line, and they will finally

get round it and subdue it, and will be astonished at their own success.

A man who is about to burn his field in the midst of woods should rake off the leaves and twigs for the breadth of a rod at least, making no large heaps near the outside, and then plough around it several furrows and break them up with hoes, and set his fire early in the morning before the wind rises.

As I was fighting the fire to-day, in the midst of the roaring and crackling, — for the fire seemed to snort like a wild horse, — I heard from time to time the dying strain, the last sigh, the fine, clear, shrill scream of agony, as it were, of the trees breathing their last, probably the heated air or the steam escaping from some chink. At first I thought it was some bird, or a dying squirrel's note of anguish, or steam escaping from the tree. You sometimes hear it on a small scale in the log on the hearth. When a field is burned over, the squirrels probably go into the ground.

The fire stopped within a few inches of a partridge's nest to-day, June 4th, whom we took off in our hands and found thirteen creamy-colored eggs. I started up a woodcock when I went to a rill to drink, at the westernmost angle of R. W. E.'s woodlot.

I saw a striped snake which the fire in the woods had killed, stiffened and partially blackened by the flames, with its body partly coiled up and raised from the ground, and its head still erect as if ready to dart out its tongue and strike its foe. No creature can exhibit more venom than a snake, even when it is not venomous, strictly speaking.

My friends wonder that I love to walk alone in solitary fields and woods by night. Sometimes in my loneliest and wildest midnight walk I hear the sound of the whistle and rattle of the cars, where perchance some of those very friends are being whirled by night over, as they think, a well-known, safe, and public road. I see that men do not make or choose their own paths, whether they are railroads or trackless through the wilds, but what the powers permit each one enjoys. My solitary course has the same sanction that the Fitchburg Railroad has. If they have a charter from Massachusetts and — what is of much more importance — from Heaven, to travel the course and in the fashion they do, I have a charter, though it be from Heaven alone, to travel the course I do, — to take the necessary lands and pay the damages. It is by the grace of God in both cases.

(To be continued.)

PET'S HUSBAND

BY JENNETTE LEE

I

It was generally thought that Pet had done very well for herself when she married him. She was the third daughter of Mr. Wainwright of Dedham, and he was Instructor in English at the — College for women. I spell Instructor with a capital, since it is so spelled in the institution in which he served. The branch of English that he elected to teach — and that his official superior graciously permitted him to teach — was a mysterious branch of Gaelic. It had to do with North of Ireland ballads and Scottish Border poems, enlivened by dabs of Chaucer. It may easily be understood that neither the trustees of the institution nor his official superior were altogether fitted to pronounce on the thoroughness of his knowledge or the range of his equipment; and he was popularly supposed to have received his appointment on the strength of poems published in the *Century Magazine*. Those who took the trouble to look up the poems found that they were three in number and of remarkable length. They dealt with supernatural powers and gnomes, and gave the reader a sense of wind soughing through empty boughs or ghosts striving to lift a trap-door of ebony. No one pretended to understand the poems. But it was conceded that they were remarkable work, — for a young man, — and that they promised yet more remarkable things in the future.

He was therefore elected to the instructorship; and he and Pet were married in June. In September he took up his duties at the college. He offered two courses in his subject, and they were elected by ten students each.

There was a feeling in the college that since so erudite a subject was offered it

would be, in a certain sense, a disgrace to the college should no one elect it. It might seem to indicate that women were not the intellectual equals of men, or something to that effect. The student body had a courageous conviction that women were in all respects the equals of men, as well as their superiors. They held themselves ready to elect any number of subjects to prove it. Moreover, the new Instructor had an interesting lock of hair that fell across his forehead and required brushing back absently as he talked. This stimulated the imagination. It was held, by some at least, to offset the difficulties of the course.

It was soon found, however, that, except for the lock of hair, the new Instructor added no personal inducements to the study of Gaelic. He worshiped his subject — and Pet. His mind was preoccupied with poetic dreams, and his gaze was, for the most part, turned inward. He was blind to the very intelligent faces that confronted him in the front row. His dark eyes rested on them impartially, and his lips, framed to utter musical sounds, expounded learnedly the secrets of middle-high Gaelic.

Pet meanwhile had settled down to the career of being a professor's wife, with exalted joy. That she was as yet only the wife of an Instructor did not trouble her. She knew that Alwyn had in him lofty powers, that he was destined for high places. She accepted, without question, the responsibility of assisting his great career, and of rising beside him to stand at last in the full radiance of glory. She was curiously unalive to the possibility of failure. She knew Alwyn for what he was, and she believed in him to the utmost. Meantime it was her obvious duty to fail him in no particular. She kept her

pretty new clothes in the freshest order, and received and returned her calls with promptness. It was not always easy to cajole Alwyn into accompanying her on the calling expeditions, and he was sometimes guilty of stealing away through the side door to the little grove that flanked the house, when callers appeared at the front door. Pet's manner on these occasions did duty for two. She did not attempt to conceal the flight or excuse it. She took the public boldly into her confidence. She assumed that they, too, admired Alwyn's genius and were proud of it, and, with her, shared the responsibility of preserving it to the world. She so far succeeded that, whatever the public might think of the new Instructor's manners, they agreed in pronouncing those of his wife charming. She was a distinct acquisition to the slow-moving life of the place. The wives of countless professors had exercised themselves through endless years in inventing appropriate social excuses for delinquent husbands. It had not occurred to them to acknowledge the thing openly and glory in it. Pet's frankness toward life entertained them. It might easily have shocked them. And the sense of license and wild risk involved added to her charm.

Before the close of the first year the Condors held an assured place in the community; and when, on the opening of college in September, it was known that the baby that had come to them in the vacation had died, the sympathy of the whole community went out to them. They were knit into the life of the place by social dependence, and now by sympathy.

II

It was near the close of the first semester of the second year that Alwyn came in one afternoon with a disturbed face. Pet, who was writing out the menu for a little dinner party the following week, put down her papers and came across to the fire.

He sat leaning forward, looking into the fire and rubbing his long fingers.

She took the hearth-brush and brushed away infinitesimal specks. She hung the brush on its nail and sat down near him. He smiled at her absently.

She nodded, with a quick look, leaning forward, "Everything all right?"

"Not — quite."

She waited in silence.

"It's nothing." He pushed back the lock of hair. "Only my classes" —

"Don't they work?"

"What there is of them — yes."

Her eyes grew quickly round. "What do you mean? You have almost as many as you had last year."

"About half," he corrected. "And they're going to drop it."

"All of them?"

"There will be one student left in the three-hour course, and none in the two-hour. The list came in to-day." He smiled at her a little apologetically.

She smiled back bravely. "Sillies!" She moved nearer to him, brushing his sleeve with her fingers. "What do you suppose made them?"

He shook his head. "Just the freak — perhaps."

"Yes?"

"There's another course in Economics, — a new man."

"They're sheep. What one takes, the rest will!"

"I have sometimes thought they don't elect a subject because they care for the subject?" He put it tentatively.

"They don't elect subjects — nor even professors," she said with decision; "they just elect each other. — You have one left?"

"Yes. I have one."

"I'm going to make you a cup of tea," she said, "and then we'll go for a long walk. I want to take you to that place up the glen where I found the ice crystals. They're beautiful." She busied herself among the tea-things. "Besides, dear, the fewer you have, the more time you'll get for yourself and your writing. It's

really better." She looked up with a smile.

He returned the smile, his eyes lingering on the trim figure and peach-blossom skin and wide eyes. "It's really better," he assented. "So long as I keep enough to draw my salary."

Something in the tone reached her. She dropped the sugar-tongs. "So long as" — She gave a quick laugh. "How silly, Alwyn! Of course you'll draw your salary."

"If I have a student," he said. "I imagine the trustees won't feel justified in paying me a salary just as an ornament."

"They ought to."

"Well — perhaps."

"It is n't like most subjects," she said indignantly. "Of course the classes will be small."

"Small — yes," he assented.

"The college ought to be proud to keep you even if you had n't a student — just for glory."

He laughed shortly.

She came across to him, bringing the cup of tea.

He took it from her absently. "It's not a rich college," he said.

"Neither are we," she replied.

"I know. I've thought of that. I must do something."

"You will do nothing," she said promptly, "except be a poet." She bent and kissed the lock of hair on his forehead lightly. "Now I'm going to put on my walking-skirt. Finish your tea, dear, and then we'll go out." She flashed from the room and tripped up the long stairway, humming a little song. She closed the door of her room softly. She stood very still, staring before her with wide eyes.

III

In the summer the Condors went to the White Mountains. Alwyn was not strong. A slight cough troubled him. The doctor had ordered a bracing climate. They set-

tled down comfortably in the small hotel in which they found themselves. The other guests were pleasant people, and they had a large room facing to the east. Alwyn began to take long walks by himself among the hills. He gained in color and weight. They resolutely turned their thoughts from the coming year and from college. Unless some student should alter her election when college reopened, Alwyn would have no classes. His one student had finished her course in June, and the lists handed in for the coming year furnished no one to take her place. Pet refused to admit that the situation was serious. Even if no one should elect the work, she pointed out, the college could not turn him adrift at the opening of the year. They must, in common decency, carry him on for a while, and there would be a revival of interest in Gaelic before another year. Alwyn admitted the possibility, and the subject was dropped.

He continued his long walks in the hills, and Pet devoted herself to the guests of the hotel. She would have preferred to go with Alwyn. She would have tramped by his side for miles without a word. But since he did not wish her, she served him, staying behind. There might be something she could do for him if she were watchful and ready.

She made friends with women from New York and Boston, and with one from Philadelphia. There was always the possibility of lectures in the winter. The hotel responded warmly to her advances. She was tactful and spontaneous, and she never drew a breath without devoting it to Alwyn. The hotel pronounced her charming, and her husband distinguished and interesting.

When they had been five weeks at the hotel a new guest arrived. She was from Maryland, a young woman with a Southern accent and reddish brown hair. She and Pet at once became good friends. They walked together, and drove and played golf, and sat on the piazza and made doilies. When Alwyn returned from his walks he found them always to-

gether. It came about naturally that he read to them both the verses he had formerly read to Pet. The Southern girl sat with downcast eyes listening to the strange lines. As she listened a flush crept into her face, and when she lifted her eyes they were shining. Pet, watching her, smiled serenely. If one woman were so moved by it, what would be the result when all the world should hear it! She begged him to publish something now. But he put her aside. It was not finished. It must wait.

When the summer was almost done, and they were about to return to college, she made a discovery to him. He was going for a last walk across the hills, and seeing the look in her eyes, he had asked her to go with him.

They spread their luncheon on a rock, mid-stream in a tumbling brook. Pet made her way back and forth from the bank to the rock, bearing great handfuls of leaves and branches and flowers to deck the table. Alwyn, lying on his back on the rock, watched her from under his hat-brim as she flitted from rock to rock, breathless, laden with trailing green. Her hair, curling in tendrils, blew about her face, her eyes glowed, and her color came and went softly. She was supple and vigorous. There was something of the woods about her, — cleanliness and abandon. She laid the last branches on the rock, and pushed back the hair from her face, leaning over the side of the rock to dash the water across her face and neck. She dried it on a fresh napkin that she took from the basket.

He pushed back his hat and sat up. She regarded him critically. "You might wash your face," she said, "and comb your hair a little."

"With my fingers?" He held them up.

"When they're washed," she assented.

He leaned over, dabbling them in the water where it foamed against the rock.

She watched him with clear eyes. "Who do you think is going to college next year?" Her voice laughed.

"To our college?"

"Yes."

"Anybody I know?"

"Yes."

He considered, dipping his fingers up and down in the water and letting it drip from them as he held them up. "Somebody here?" he asked.

"Yes."

He sat up. "Not — Miss Leffingwell?"

She nodded, her eyes dancing.

"She said she was going back to Maryland." A shadow from a pine tree flecked his face.

"She is. But she's coming North again — later."

There was silence. The air stirred freshly about them. Alwyn had taken a sandwich from its green plate and was breaking it absently in his fingers. "What is she going for?"

"To study ballad poetry and Gaelic."

"What!" He sat up suddenly.

She smiled at him.

He returned the look with sternness.

"You have told her" —

"I have *not* told her a thing," she said slowly, "except what you teach."

"She will be the only one in the class."

"Perhaps not," said Pet. "Eat your sandwich. I told her," she went on, watching with satisfaction as his teeth closed on the morsel, "I told her the classes were very small."

"You can't call nothing small." He was looking at her searchingly.

She laughed out. "You need n't be suspicious, Alwyn. I did n't deceive her in the least. She just wanted to come."

"Very likely," he responded.

IV

Miss Leffingwell was a distinguished looking girl. It soon became known that she had come from Maryland for the express purpose of taking Mr. Condor's work. The effect was what might have been foreseen, even by a less astute person than Alwyn's wife. Other students reëxperienced a desire for Gaelic. The

classes started off with good numbers. Had Alwyn been endowed with ability to carry on a mild and legitimate flirtation while expounding the subtleties of language, his career — and Pet's — might have been different. His classes would have grown in numbers, and his reputation would have been heard in the land. This does not mean that he would have done anything unworthy of a dignified gentleman, — only that he would have treated his students as individual human beings. His classes laid at his feet respectful admiration, tempered by a desire for personal recognition. He fixed his dreamy eyes on the admiration, blinked at it a little, uncomprehending, and, planting his foot upon it, walked calmly on.

The classes dwindled again. Miss Leffingwell stayed till the end of the year. Pet had her often to dinner. Sometimes Alwyn read to them as in the summer. In June Miss Leffingwell went away.

"I could n't help — any one — by staying another year," she said. She stood on the lower step, looking up to Pet. Something in Pet's face stayed her. "I could n't help?" she repeated.

"No, dear, you can't help," said Pet.

The girl stood with one foot slightly raised to the step above, her head, with its reddish crown, lifted proudly. "I'd be glad to stay, you know?" She looked up with frank eyes.

Pet nodded. "Yes, I know. Thank you, dear."

At luncheon Pet mentioned that Miss Leffingwell had gone. "She came to say good-by," she said casually.

"Did she? I meant to see her. — A nice girl," he added, waking out of a study.

"A thoroughly nice girl," said Pet.

The next year the President arranged for a certain amount of clerical work for Alwyn. Pet did the work, and Alwyn had a free year for writing. Before the next year came round, Pet's plans were made. In the fall she opened her house to stu-

dents. The rooms were large. Pet was an excellent housekeeper, and the house became very popular. Perhaps its chief attraction was the young poet. He gave a charm to the place, an other-worldliness that the college lacked as a whole. It was rumored that he was at work on a great book. The girls vied in thoughtfulness. They felt vaguely that they assisted at the birth of literature. They formed themselves into a guard. Newcomers were tried by the shibboleth of his genius.

Near the close of the year Alwyn's cough returned. He and Pet were unable to go away for the summer. The following winter he went South. He soon returned. He could not be contented away from Pet. She arranged her affairs and went with him. They were gone two months.

When they came back every one knew that the poet would not recover. He spent his days in an upper room looking to the east. No one in the house saw him, but his presence was on the place. The girls came and went in the shadow of it. It spread about them luminously.

V

In his upper room the poet sat with his face toward death. He could hardly be said to fight it. Sometimes one watching him, as Pet watched him, might fancy that he moved toward it a step, deliberately. He did not speak of dying.

Pet cared for him now as she had always cared for him, surrounding him with love and pansies and nourishing broths. She shared his defeat, as she would have shared his glory, outside of it, but serene and poised. He watched her without words. Then when the sun came in at the east, and she left the room, he turned toward it, impatient. He tarried too long. He was a burden to Pet and to the house. A dying man would sadden it. The girls would grow tired, as they had grown tired of his classes. They would leave Pet, — and there was no money.

His eye rested on the desk across the room. It was filled to the lid. Pet had urged him once or twice, gently, to let her copy something and send it to the publishers. She had thought it might rouse him. He had put her off. He looked to the sun, blankly. — A thousand years, as yesterday when it is past. He saw the procession across the years: Homer, groping blindly — Milton — Dante in exile — Keats — and Lanier. He stretched out his hands to them. The hands dropped helpless. *They* had achieved. — Only long enough for that!

Pet came in, bringing his breakfast. She had placed the strawberries among their leaves, and they glowed freshly. His eye lighted. He lifted his hand and stroked her cheek.

She smiled at him and sat beside him, talking of little things while he ate.

When she had gone he lay thinking. In another week college would be done. He must make haste. There would be time for Pet to rest. It must be over before they came back. Dear Pet! She was brave. He turned his face with a sigh.

When the girls came back in the fall, their first question was for him. Pet's face had grown a little thin under its courage. "He is no better," she said. "But not — perhaps — not worse."

Then, to the surprise of the doctor and of every one, he took new life. He insisted on sitting up. Pet's face filled with light. Her lips sang as she went about the house.

So it happened that the poet fought against death, — fought it inch by inch. He was very weary. Often he longed to sleep. He was dead, — all but his heart. That beat still for Pet, — to save her disaster. A death might drive the girls away. He put it crudely to himself. His soul was dead, locked away there in the desk. He saw nothing but Pet's face and its courage.

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Pet sat in his room, waiting for the tea-bell to ring. It was late November.

She leaned toward him, smoothing out the spread with little touches. "Comfortable, dear?"

"Yes." His hand reached out for hers.

She took it, stroking it as she talked. "The girls go to-morrow," she said.

His gaunt eyes turned to her out of the dusk. "Go — where?"

"Home. It's Thanksgiving. Had you forgotten?"

He drew a slow breath. "Thanksgiving — so it is — Thanks — giving."

He lay so quiet that she thought he was asleep. She slipped from the room.

The next day he was not well. Pet told the girls when they said good-by. They went away soberly.

The noise of moving trunks and footsteps disturbed him. He was restless, sleeping fitfully. Late in the afternoon he woke, startled.

"What was that?"

"One of the trunks," said Pet. She came across to the bed and patted him lightly. "They're all gone now, dear. You can rest."

"Yes, I can rest. Kiss me, Pet."

He turned to the wall and slept.

Pet sat alone in the silent house. To-morrow the girls would have returned. Tonight was her own — and Alwyn's. In her hand she held a bundle of papers. She had been sorting them, rearranging them. She had been surprised to find them so neatly copied. Everything was ready. To-morrow she would send them off. She had been reading them till the light failed, dumbly, with vague stirring of heart. She could not understand. But the world would know. She remembered the look in Miss Leffingwell's face. The world would know. Her husband's memory was safe with the world. — To-morrow they should go to the publisher.

SINGERS NOW AND THEN

BY W. J. HENDERSON

THE first half of the eighteenth century is accepted by historians of musical art as the golden age of singing. Nevertheless, it is often questioned whether the singers of to-day are not as great as those who caroled the arias of Handel in the Haymarket. To the typical opera-goer of the present the names of Caffarelli, Farinelli, Senesino, Faustina, and their contemporaries are not even echoes. His acquaintance with the names of singers goes back only as far as the halcyon days of Grisi and Mario. Jenny Lind and Tietjens he may have heard of, and the name of Giorgio Ronconi may not be altogether strange to him.

But he who reads the records of song knows that according to all accounts, contemporary and subsequent, the singers of the early eighteenth century were the demigods of a sort of age of fable. They seem now to have moved through a rosy mist of glory with their sublime heads haloed by the radiant stars. They were princes and queens; at their feet the world bowed and fell. Furthermore, they were the first and the only authentic exponents of that most adorable of all arts, the Italian *bel canto*, the art of singing beautifully. They drew their knowledge from the original and unpolluted fountain. They poured it in rivers of pure water through Europe, and made the land glow with the verdure of a spring that has never returned.

At any rate, that is how it all appears to one who looks back into the record of the time or turns the pages of histories compiled by men who never heard a song-bird earlier than Piccolomini. What, then, are we to think of our idols of to-day? How does our adored Jean de Reszke compare with the princes of song in the early eighteenth century? What

rank would have been accorded to the suave and polished Plançon or to the beloved Sembrich?

These are questions which cannot be answered to general satisfaction. To project a de Reszke into the serene atmosphere of the era of "Radamisto" or "Almira" would be to thrust upon a comfortable public a problem quite insoluble. To ask the votaries of *Siegfried* and *Otello* to listen to Caffarelli or Farinelli singing one of their elaborate exfoliations of a melodic idea would be to invite an emphatic expression of impatience. The singers of the golden age sang with a totally different purpose from that of the singers of to-day, and to that purpose their style was adapted. They were singers pure and simple. They had to contend with no obstacles of textual significance. No strange and ear-testing intervals confronted them. The orchestra never obtruded a vigorous independence of utterance upon their ears. And above all, they were not called upon to unite with the graces of song the interpretative functions of the actor.

If we go back to the very beginnings of operatic art, we find that the recitative invented by the Florentine adventurers into music was very elementary in its demands on the artist. It serves to convince us that the characteristics of fine singing in the days of Francesca Caccini, daughter of Giulio Caccini, author of the *Nuovo Musiche*, must have been smoothness, purity, and equability of tone, and a fluent emission of the successive notes. These are the basic qualities of the Italian legato, the foundation of all good singing. Caccini, however, wrote some simple ornamental passages, and from these and similar ones in the works of his contemporaries were developed the

longer and more elaborate ones found in the operas of composers of the latter half of the seventeenth century.

At the end of that century the Italian method of singing was complete. The great Pistocchi school of Bologna was ready to send into the world its wonderful pupils, and Porpora was prepared to instruct the youthful Caffarelli. How thorough the instruction of that time was we learn from the often told anecdote of Porpora's keeping Caffarelli at work for six years on a single sheet of music paper, on which the teacher had written all the possible feats of vocalization. At the end of the period of study the teacher said to the pupil, "Go, my son, you are the greatest singer in the world."

The achievements of these rigorously trained singers founded that firm faith in mere singing which still exists among Italians. The history of opera in the time of Handel is well known, and it exhibits a curious state of musical art. The singer was the monarch of the musical kingdom. Composers were merely tailors who made garments of vocal glory for these potentates. The adulation which is now poured at the feet of a Calvé or a Caruso, when compared to the blind devotion offered to Crescentini or Faustina, is as the gentle sigh of a summer zephyr in the presence of a cyclone.

The great Handel had to write his operas according to the dictation of these lords of song. It was not for him to say where he would introduce a duet or a solo. It was not for him to say what kind of an aria he would write at any given place in his score. All these things were laid down in the vocal code of the singers. They decreed what solos and duets they were to have, and where they were to be introduced, and what their character was to be. No Gounod could have bestowed the patriarchal osculation upon the brow of the successful Marguerite in those days. The prima donna, if pleased with the jewel song, might have held out her little finger for the composer to kiss kneeling. No Wagner would have dared in

1735 to tell a soprano how to phrase a declamation. The spectacle of the bowed heads of Materna and Winkelmann and Scaria at Baireuth would have started the princes of the early eighteenth century to writhing in their tombs. They would have made this Wagner wriggle at their feet like his own "Wurm."

Nevertheless, these singers had great and sound merits which lay at the foundation of their influence in the world. The stories told of them sound fabulous, yet they are well attested. Farinelli's beautiful voice and exquisite singing certainly did cure Philip V of Spain of an attack of melancholy which threatened his reason. When the Princess Belmont was almost insane from grief, it was Raff who saved her life by singing so that he moved her to tears. Senesino threw off the assumption of his rôle and rushed across the stage to embrace Farinelli, who had just sung an air marvelously. Crescentini in *Romeo e Giulietta* wrung moisture from the eye of the Man of Destiny, and wet the cheeks of all his court. These are not fables; they are facts. Yet the accomplishments of these singers were all in the domain of vocal finish. What they did, they did by pure beauty of tone and phrasing.

In purity and beauty of tone, in command of breath, in accuracy of intonation, in smoothness and agility in the delivery of ornamental passages, the singers of this first great school were the greatest that have ever lived. With all deference to the opinion of Porpora, Farinelli must have been the supreme master of them all. My colleague, H. E. Krehbiel, owns the collection of musical manuscripts made by the poet Gray. In writing about it in his charming volume, *Music and Manners in the Classical Period*, he draws some valuable information from the music as to the vocal abilities of the eighteenth century. He gives the crown to Farinelli, and adds, "One of the things which Gray's music can teach us is that, taking the art for what it was one hundred and fifty years ago, the greatest operatic artists

of to-day are the merest tyros compared with him." Notice the qualification. We are to take the art as it was a century and a half ago. "It would be idle to attempt comparisons on any other basis than mere technical skill, however," says Mr. Krehbiel; and that fairly sums up the matter.

How are we to reconcile this view with the stories of those singers so deeply moving their hearers? In so far as they relate to the tributes paid by one artist to another, we may fairly presume that the emotion was aroused by the perfection of the art, for among vocal masters and mistresses technical finish counts for more than all other qualities together. Go where you will among singers, and listen to their talk; you shall hear them discussing method, method, and only method. Doubtless it was so among the pupils of the first great school of Italian cantilena.

As for the audiences, they were easy to move. It was a happy day for the musician. He had no soul problems to solve in his music, no philosophic riddles to expound. His theory was external beauty; his system, symmetry of construction. The music of Handel was a series of exfoliations of thematic trunks. Text was employed rather as an index to the character of an air than as a dominant power, to which the music must be subservient. The prima donna had to have her *aria d'agilità* that she might display the range and flexibility of her voice, and her aria of more dramatic nature that she might exhibit the beauty of her crescendo and diminuendo and her marvelous finish of phrasing. Nine times out of ten one of these airs would cover six or eight pages of printed music, while the text would consist of four lines of verse, to be sung over and over again, with endless repetitions of a word here and a word there. Even the mighty Sebastian Bach, than whom no more serious composer ever lived, was not a stranger to this method of vocal composition.

To bring ourselves to a full realiza-

tion of the public attitude toward the singers and their music, we would have to carry ourselves back to the ante-Haydn period, when external beauty rather than detailed expression was the aim of musicians. Above all, composition was at that time what Dr. Parry in his *Evolution of the Art of Music* has so aptly named "organized simplicity." If we would realize how the audiences of the early eighteenth century melted and swayed under the magic spell of the art of Farinelli, we must think of people hanging breathless on the accents of Patti singing *Home, Sweet Home*, or Brignoli singing *Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye*. Sentiment, grace, gentleness, but no note of the great tragedies of human life, lie in such music, and these qualities lay in the music which the princes of the operatic stage sang in the days of the great Handel and Porpora.

The construction of the operas was wholly favorable to the performance of feats of singing. The story of the work was told in the recitative. The airs were the embodiments of certain sentiments suitable to situations indicated rather than actually reached in the development of the plots. In singing these airs the artists were not expected to act. They were not expected even to gesticulate freely. Repose and dignity were their aims, together with the preservation of the perfect control of the breath. The recitatives were declaimed in a broad and noble style in which accent and nuance did the work now done by declamatory emphasis and action. The entire purpose of an opera seemed to be to tell a story which should serve as a basis for the setting of certain sentiments to songs in aria form. The art of libretto construction was to arrange the succession of sentiments in such a way that the proper series of solos, duets, choruses, and ensembles should be made, and that the arias of different character should enter in such a way as to provide variety of style, and give the singers opportunities to display all their accomplishments.

In short, everything was made tributary to that marvelous art of song in which these singers excelled. Nothing was ever permitted which could mar its perfection.

It was an interesting state of musical art, the age of simplicity, of receptivity, of public juvenility. But it could not last. Sophistication was bound to come, and even if the public was willing always to eat candy, the composers were not satisfied to remain mere confectioners. It was not in Italy, however, that the change made itself visible first. France must have the credit, if credit it be, of having led the movement toward a return to the dramatic ideals of the inventors of opera.

Lulli, a transplanted Italian, with a political spirit and a meagre share of musical invention, sought to impart influence to his operas by setting the text to an imposing style of musical declamation. He never had a grasp of the lucid aria form of the Italians; his mind was too poor in melodic ideas. Neither could he deal happily with voices in mass. His choruses are as thin as the easy unisons of Verdi's earlier works, and his duets are only dialogues. But, on the other hand, he sincerely tried to make his music convey the feeling of the text, and he made his choruses appropriate to the general tone picture.

Rameau, who worked about a century later than Lulli, was much farther along the road toward dramatic verity. In fact, Rameau had just what Lulli lacked, namely, musical invention. Hence in plasticity of form and variety of expression his operas were far in advance of the earlier master. They were farther than the lapse of time alone could have carried them. Gluck, who was a younger contemporary of Rameau, was deeply influenced by him, and struck out a new path toward dramatic truth in operatic music. But all of these composers were the slaves of the innate Gallic love of refinement and elegance in art. They gradually lessened the amount of purely ornamental singing in opera, but they did not rob the music of its polish and its

fluency. Musical form was preserved at all cost, and the aria came again into its own.

Gluck, with all his originality and sincerity, did not know how to escape its domination. But the old-fashioned roulades, the shakes and jumps of the early masters and mistresses of vocal technic, now became few and far between. The broad, noble, classic style, which was withal as cold as it was statuesque, was developed by these composers. The battle between their ideas and those of the Italians was fought out on Parisian ground. The great singers of the Italian school carried the public with them. For a time, indeed, the master works of Gluck overcame all opposition, and the public confessed to a perception of their greatness. But it could not last. The desire for mere amusement won, and with the advent of Rossini Europe went back to the old strumming airs of the popular Italian style.

Yet singers had been influenced by the modifications which had been made. The mere fact that a composer had compelled a public to accept his ideas of opera showed that temporarily at any rate the domination of the singer had ceased. The vocal artists had been led to modify their style to suit the requirements of the operas, and something of the wonderful finish of the early days gradually gave way to energy of manner and vivacity of articulation. Of course there was no chronological line drawn between the two styles. They existed side by side for a period.

In the early years of the nineteenth century Angelica Catalani, the Milan of her day, ravished the ears of Milan, Lisbon, and Paris with her exquisitely beautiful voice, her wonderful compass, which ranged to the high G (Sybil Sanderson's "Eiffel Tower" note), and her dazzling brilliancy and accuracy of execution. At the same period Pierre Jean Garat, the tenor idol of Paris, showed how beauty of voice and perfection of technic could be united with

perfect taste and exquisite sensibility. If Fétis is to be trusted, Garat was almost the first singer to study the æsthetic plan of an aria and design his reading of it in accordance therewith. This can hardly be quite correct, however, for it was in the purely musical features of their delivery that the master singers of the preceding epoch had excelled.

In 1822, six years before Catalani's retirement, and one year before the death of Garat, two vocal comets flashed upon the firmament of opera. One was that strangely gifted and unequal genius, Giuditta Pasta, and the other that superb musical tragedienne, Wilhelmina Schroeder-Devrient. The latter startled the world with her imposing and passionate impersonation of Beethoven's Lenore in the revival of *Fidelio* in 1822. A long career of dramatic song was hers. She was great in several rôles, such as Adrianno in Wagner's *Rienzi*, Euryanthe, Senta, and Preciosa. She failed as Venus in *Tannhäuser*. Wagner said she did not like the rôle. Schroeder-Devrient was not a singer; she was a dramatic artist with extraordinary declamatory force. She was the forerunner of the early school of Wagner interpreters, who knew little or nothing of the graces of song as practiced by the great artists of the Catalani type.

Pasta was a singer more closely approaching the type of the great dramatic sopranos of to-day. She united admirable singing with tragic acting of the classic style. She was undoubtedly the Lilli Lehmann of her time. If she had been called upon to sing rôles of the early Wagnerian kind, she would have succeeded in them. For her Donizetti wrote *Anna Bolena*, Bellini *La Sonnambula* and *Norma*, — her greatest part, — and Pacini *Niobe*.

With the advent of the works of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and their contemporaries, the demands upon singers changed. Certainly when Beethoven wrote *Fidelio* he had no thought of catering to the old appetite for exquisite

finish and brilliant execution. He was seeking for the embodiment of tragic emotion; hence action, facial expression, and declamatory force had to contribute to the achievement of his end at the sacrifice of that bodily repose which made the singing of Farinelli and his peers what it was. Close upon the heels of Beethoven came Weber with his dramatic operas, and he too dragged singing as then understood from its pedestal. Wagner, as we well know, went still farther; but it was long after the period of the reign of Donizetti when Wagner came into his own.

We are far in these complacent days from regarding Bellini and Donizetti as "cocksparrow revolutionaries," but they cut niches in the steps of progress just as assuredly as did Beethoven and Wagner. Their niches, however, were of a different kind. These masters were in the line of succession of the old Neapolitan school of composition, the school which sought always to conserve in opera the element of pure vocal beauty; but they yielded to the growing demand for dramatic intensity, and in so doing sacrificed some of the reposeful features necessary to the art of perfect singing.

The recitative of their operas was far more animated and varied than that of the earlier works. Much less of it was of the *secco* kind, the kind supported merely by chords on a harpsichord or a few stringed instruments. The new combination of instrumented recitative with *aria parlante* and *aria di bravura*, called the "dramatic scene," demanded a wider range of expression and style than singers had hitherto sought to put into one number. It aimed chiefly at dramatic color, and it robbed the singer of those nicely contrived opportunities for the preparation of breathing which the old arias afforded.

Yet these were the days of singers who to us seem to be creations of overheated fancy. What marvels have we poor twentieth-century opera-goers not heard of Grisi, Mario, Malibran, Rubini, Tam-

burini, and Ronconi! Yet we know it was Rubini, long the tenor idol of Paris, who introduced into the art of song the trick called the vibrato, without which no well-regulated singer now regards himself as properly equipped. The vibrato is the mother of the tremolo, that pernicious vice which leads to so much tawdry sentiment and such a wilderness of singing out of tune.

If, however, we are to believe the enthusiastic accounts of contemporaries and the memories of very wise old men, these singers had as much technical skill as the princes of Handel's day, together with much more emotional warmth. Certainly the music which they sang, and which few singers of to-day can deliver beautifully, is in itself evidence of the extraordinary development of their powers. The numbers of *Norma* are not for any singer but one capable of hurling into an auditorium with perfect freedom the measures of Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster," a dramatic *scena* of the most exacting sort, and only to be well sung by a great singer.

But it was not in works of this sort that the famous singers of the early thirties and forties at the Italiens in Paris and at the opera in London made their fame. Grisi was indeed hailed as the successor of Pasta, but it was in *Anna Bolena* that she succeeded her. In this now forgotten opera of Donizetti the great quartet, Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, set London afire. It was for this quartet that Bellini in 1835 composed *I Puritani*, and when Rubini retired, Mario succeeded to his place in the quartet, and with it created Donizetti's exquisite comic opera, *Don Pasquale*.

Grisi was the queen of the operatic circle. Her voice was described by the *London Times* as "a pure, brilliant, powerful, flexible soprano." It was conceded to be one of the finest ever heard. "As an actress Mlle. Grisi exhibits discriminative powers of no common order," said the *Thunderer*. This does not sound extravagant, yet Grisi's praises have not

ceased to echo down the corridors of operatic history.

More enthusiastic are some of the accounts of Lablache. His bass voice is said to have equaled his enormous physical strength, which was so great that he could hold a double bass viol at arm's length. Yet he roared gently on most occasions, and used his thunders only when art demanded that he should. He was huge of frame, and was as clever in comedy as in tragedy. His Leporello has never been surpassed. What a Wotan he would have made! Tamburini was a handsome, graceful fellow with a smooth, liquid voice of two octaves, and a facility of execution in florid music which would make any contemporaneous baritone stare. Those were the days of Rossini's popularity, we must remember, and every one, from the soprano down to the bass, had to sing roulades.

But perhaps the best understanding of the vocal art of the period may be gathered from the comments upon Rubini. He had a chest register running from E of the bass clef to high B, and his falsetto went on to the high F. He used the head tones too much, but the public liked to hear them. He could pass from one register to the other so that no one could detect the change. "Gifted with immense lungs," said Escudier, "he can so control his breath as never to expend more of it than is necessary for producing the exact degree of sound he wishes. So adroitly does he conceal the artifice of respiration that it is impossible to discover when his breath renews itself. . . . In this manner he can deliver the longest and most drawn out phrases without any solution of continuity."

His appearance was not good, and he was awkward. He was no actor at all, and his recitative was poor. In ensembles he never opened his mouth to sing. He would walk through a third of an opera, only to sing like a veritable demigod when his great aria was reached. Then he poured forth his splendid voice, his passionate delivery, his new and

startling vibrato, his equally novel and affecting sob in the closing cadence, — hear Caruso do it, — till the most critical lost their judgment and acclaimed him a master of art. So indeed he was, but he was an aria singer pure and simple. He cared nothing for dramatic impersonation, and waited always for the supreme vocal moment. At any rate, that is the opinion of Chorley, who was, taking him all in all, the most observant critic of that period.

Mario, the idol of London, the adored of all womankind, was surely not so great a singer as Rubini, but he was a finer operatic artist. He was the perfection of theatrical grace, and he had an unmistakably fervent temper, which inspired his best scenes with communicative ardor. He was a master of the art of dress, and he always presented to the eye a delighting picture. As Chorley said, he was "the most perfect stage lover ever seen whatever may have been his other qualities or defects." The same commentator notes that he was a great Raoul in *Les Huguenots*, and that in the fourth act he rose to the full requirements of the masterly duet.

Throughout all the accounts of these singers of the elder days, one finds chiefly consideration of purely technical perfections. If behind the finish of the art of delivering the notes and phrases there lay a warmth of temperament or a grace of natural manner, well and good; but you may search in vain for any study of the intellectual attributes of these princes of the operatic stage. The era of philosophical music had not yet arrived. Sublimated sentiment was about the highest achievement of operatic composition, and the old sovereignty of musical forms, which made the librettist a servitor of the composer, had not ceased.

The great revolution in operatic art was brought about by the radical reforms of Wagner. When his sensational theories, demonstrated in his equally sensational works, spread through Europe, singers were called upon to study new

problems. The proposition that the drama was the thing, and that the music was simply a means of expressing the poet's thought, was in itself sufficient to startle operatic Europe, and it did. It is needless now to describe the battle that was waged over this theory. The fight is over, and even the modern Italians accept the Wagnerian theory up to that point. The result of the spread of Wagnerian ideas has been the development in the last quarter of a century of a new school of singers. I do not mean the Wagnerian singers of the early sort, for they were not singers at all, except in a few brilliant instances. They were declaimers and singing actors, whose vocal powers were imperfect, but whose dramatic temperaments and intelligence enabled them to affect their public powerfully. The new school of singers is that of which Jean de Reszke is the supreme master, and of which Lillian Nordica, Lilli Lehmann, Edouard de Reszke, Delmas, Renaud, and a few others, are the leading members. There is little room for doubt that these singers would make an inferior showing in pure technical brilliancy as compared to the singers of the epoch of Farinelli.

Their entire schooling has been directed to a different end. They have not sought to stand still and amaze audiences by the mere beauty of their tone, the polish of their delivery, the length of their phrases, the exquisite finish of their sentiment. The emission of tone has been with them a means, not an end. It is one of their interpretative materials. Hand in hand with it go clear enunciation of the text, phrasing which sets forth not simply musical beauty, but the significance of the poetic lines, verbal emphasis utilized as carefully as in speech, dramatic expression designed on lines closely resembling those of elocution rather than song. Furthermore, action of the most imposing and delineative sort is demanded by the methods of this school.

The question may well be raised, then, whether the greatest dramatic singers of

to-day are not artistically the peers of the princes of 1770, though they are less accomplished as singers. What could the pupils of the Pistocchi school have achieved if confronted with the same tremendous demands upon their resources as are the operatic impersonators of to-day? Compare any one of the airs of Handel with the tremendous duet of Raoul and Valentine in the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*. Analyze the enormous difference in style between a scene of Gluck and the last act of Verdi's *Otello*. Set the third act of *Aïda* against one of the early works. The amount of physical force required in these modern creations is far greater than that demanded by the older operas, and the opportunities for reposeful singing, in which complete command of the vocal resources may be had, are fewer indeed.

But this is not all. There is the enormous volume, the gorgeous sonority, of the modern orchestra to be considered. The singer of to-day does not rest upon a simple accompaniment. He himself accompanies an orchestral description of brilliant character, an instrumental depiction of emotional struggle far more eloquent than his own utterances. If he is to dominate this, he must be capable of producing a notable volume of tone, and of making all his expressive modulations upon a gigantic scale. This is the day of big voices; the little, sweet organ has no place in the monster opera house behind the thundering modern orchestra.

Still another consideration must be brought forward. Above all things the successful dramatic singer of to-day must have brains. He cannot content himself

with the study of vocal technics and the plan of arias. He has to construct an impersonation upon the highest poetic lines. Even the Italians are demanding this of their singers, and such rôles as Mascagni's Osaka or Puccini's Scarpia, while requiring powerful voices and declamatory skill, need in even greater measure intelligence and theatrical subtlety.

Wagner was the father of it all, and he must be thanked for the more intellectual impersonations given now to characters which used only to be sung. Gounod's *Faust*, Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, are all better interpreted now than they were a quarter of a century ago, because the singers who then sang only these have since turned their attention to the works of Wagner, and have learned the meaning of the philosophic and poetic musical drama. Jean de Reszke, who has sung Faust and Tristan, Romeo and Siegfried, with equal beauty and truthfulness, is, taking him all in all, a more influential dramatic artist than Farinelli. Yet there can be no doubt that Farinelli was a better singer than de Reszke.

Some remnants of the middle school, that of Grisi and Mario, are left us in the persons of Sembrich, Melba, Caruso, and their kind. It is well for us that they are here, for otherwise we might lose sight of the possibilities of pure singing, which is the true basis of all operatic impersonation. These are the artists who have the true schooling, and in all probability, when we hear Sembrich and Caruso in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, we are not an immeasurable distance away from a performance of *Don Pasquale* with Grisi and Mario in the cast.

THREE POEMS

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

PRODIGAL SONG

I WILL arise and turn my face unto the morning.
I will arise, arise and go away!
I sicken of idle praise and idle scorning
And chambers close shut against the day;
And empty-shrilling, meaningless laughter,
And weak tears following after,
And unfaith and unreality away!

Last night, as on my pillow I lay dreaming,
I heard the swift whir of gusty wings.
I heard sea gulls to their gray mates screaming,
As of old, where the wild south current swings;
Caught the old tang, the salt perfuming,
Of the Sea's glorious spuming
When on the shore the joyous tide he flings.

I saw the great billows landward rolling,
Rolling and thundering to the strand;
Heard the hoarse buoy funeral-tolling
O'er the graves of sailors blest or banned;
And the thin echo, faint replying,
As of ghosts of mariners dying
Who turn their souls shoreward to the land.

I saw the swift spears of shining grasses
Clash in the radiance of the noon;
Watched how the shadow of clouds passes,
Caught the quick diving of the loon;
Saw the sun sink in twilight vapors,
The pale Night light her tapers,
Laved in the full glory of the moon.

Midnight came on with gusty groaning,
With sound of the far and driving gale;
And then — on my pillow I lay moaning,
With dawn in the casement, foul and pale!
On my sick thought memories stirring
Of all that is hope-deferring
And nauseous and lean of joy and stale!

Oh! for the old life, strong and fearless!
Oh! for what is honest, free and wild!

The old days, be they bright or cheerless,
 The old sleep, sound as that of a child!
 For a soul washed clean in the good gale's blowing,
 For the sound of God coming and going,
 And all that is pure and undefiled!

Give me of pastures for my tilling,
 Toil of the uplands hot and gray;
 For joy, strain of the sail slacking and filling
 And the bright waves dancing in the bay.
 Oh! for a man's work and a man's duty!
 And one still brow of beauty . . .
 I will arise, arise and go away!

THE MEADOW LARK

I HEARD a Lark in the meadow sing:
 "Life soon passes!"
 He called from his throne of grasses,
 "Life is vanishing, vanishing!"

I saw him, jubilant, afar —
 Wind-swept rover —
 Perched in my field of clover.
 Insistent he as prophets are.

Such sky, such scent, such plains of air!
 Such waters flowing!
 Yet: "Life is going, going!"
 He sang and sang, ecstatic, there.

"O Bird," I cried, "what hope is thine,
 What longed to-morrow,
 That thou shouldst such contentment borrow,
 Nor for thy little day repine?"

I watched him and I pondered long.
 On my ear beating,
 Came to me dominant, entreating,
 That liquid affluence of song.

What hope, what rapture in that strain!
 Like flaming fire
 My soul swept up and could not tire,
 Borne on those gusts of bliss and pain.

I mounted, at heaven's gate to cling.
 "Life soon passes!"
 O joy! O voice from the grasses!
 Life is vanishing, vanishing!

I'LL LOOSE THE WEB OF MY DESIRE

I'LL loose the web of my desire:
 I'll let thee free, I'll let thee free!
 Fly forth on wings that never tire —
 Nor think of me.

To farthest kingdom of delight,
 My lover, roam! my lover, roam!
 But when comes on the solemn Night —
 Come home!

SIX CLEOPATRAS

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

THAT the life and character of Cleopatra are among the most exciting and instructive in all history, and afford admirable material for dramatic writing, sounds like stiff commonplace. Yet purposing to compare in this paper some of the more important plays founded on that story, I cannot "want the thought" that the serious crisis at which the last queen of Egypt appeared, and the extraordinary influence she exerted, are but half understood by many to whom the incidents are familiar.

The Land of Egypt has always exercised a fascination on other nations. Everything about it is marvellous to the point of contradiction. Historically among the oldest of lands, it is geologically one of the newest; exuberant in fertility, it has never a drop of rain. Its one river has had its course celebrated for ages on ages, and its source only known for a few decades. Its buildings combine the extreme of material stubbornness with the extreme of artistic labor; its inscriptions are as conspicuous and as mystical as the Nile. Its native kings, dynasty upon dynasty, now appear as fixing the pillars of their conquest in far distant lands, and now as driven

far up the valley by invading shepherds. Its teeming population, forced by their rulers to construct works of matchless magnificence and durability, seem to count in the scale of being for much less than cats or crocodiles. Its religion is a medley of animal worship more degraded than anything in Hindostan, and lofty views of death and judgment worthy of Plato. Above all, the united energy of kings, priests, and people seems to have been given to exalt the dead above the living. Fascinating to the inhabitants of every western nation, Egypt is doubly so to all who accept the Hebrew Scriptures as part of their religion.

And this land of marvels, after holding itself high among the nations for centuries on centuries, suddenly sank with scarcely an effort under the dominion of Persia. A despot as wanton as Caligula or Rufus brought Egypt to her knees with scarcely a blow struck in her defence. For nearly two hundred years she remained a part of the Persian Empire, though a few bold patriots maintained with the help of Athens a fairly successful revolt in the marshes. But in 332 B. C. Alexander stepped across the line of Asia and Africa, and Egypt experienced the

strangest change of dynasty in all her annals.

There is a fashion among some historians nowadays to depreciate the genius and fame of Alexander the Great, setting him as a soldier below Hannibal, and as an organizer far below Cæsar. Considering that he never was defeated by any enemy, domestic or foreign, in campaigns extending over thirteen years, and ranging from Thrace to the Punjab, that the kingdoms founded by his generals, and organized on his principles, were not all finally extinguished for two centuries and a half, that his name is still attached to cities of every degree of importance from Egypt to India, and that one of them has maintained unbroken life and importance as a first-class commercial port for over twenty-two centuries, we may think twice before consigning to any second rank the author of such works. Egypt was assigned to his most cautious and judicious general, and at once rose to a more commanding place than she had held for centuries, under a dynasty whose country had been pronounced by Demosthenes not fit to breed a decent slave. But that dynasty, though exhibiting wonderful foresight and enlightenment in the person of many monarchs, sank ultimately from a strange and revolting cause; one which, carried to a much less repulsive point, has in recent centuries sapped the strength of the Portuguese monarchy. The Ptolemies, to maintain the integrity of their race, had married their own sisters in generation after generation. This unnatural conjunction produced its inevitable result in mental degeneration, though, as seems to be the rule in like cases, the women maintained the spirit and energy of the stock far longer than the men.

But the end was bound to come. The arms and policy of Rome steadily crowded her closer and closer on Egypt, and forced her from a position equal to that of any independent nation into submission verging dangerously on vassalage. The kindred monarchies, which like hers had

sprung from the seed of empire sown by Alexander, had one after another been absorbed. The eleventh Ptolemy, a mere boy, was governed by counsellors who felt an uneasy consciousness of their country's subjection, and a feeble longing for independence, but were destitute of every kind of manhood. When at last the inevitable struggle between Cæsar and Pompey burst into warfare, their nerveless and faithless counsels were divided. Ptolemy owed the very existence of his kingdom to Pompey, and after the rout of Pharsalus Egypt was the point to which Pompey turned for merited protection. He was enticed from his ship into an open boat, stabbed in the back and beheaded in sight of his wife, his body left unburied on the shore, and his head exhibited to the victor Cæsar on his arrival, to his utter disgust.

Egypt was now at the feet of Rome and Rome's dictator; and what might have been her fate at that dictator's hands is beyond conjecture; for at that moment Cleopatra, the sister and wife of the king, once his colleague, now an exile in Syria, gathering forces to recover her share of the throne, suddenly threw into the scale the weight of her irresistible fascination. She came to Alexandria; she obtained admission to the presence of Cæsar by stratagem; and at the age of twenty-one, she conquered the conqueror of Gaul and Pompey, who was at least fifty-two, and probably fifty-five. He took up her cause against her brother's, at the risk of his fortunes and his life; made her his companion till his return to Rome and then till his death; would have made her his wife, had there not been a point beyond which even Roman submission could not go. On his death she returned to Egypt, and there maintained the state of a queen against the world for years.

Plutarch has told us, and Shakespeare has told us after him, how that work was done. It is best read in their pages. By the mere force of personal charm this woman succeeded in holding one of the mas-

ters of the world—a man of undoubted craft and courage, a man who had the making of a hero in him—the slave of her caprices; in thwarting all the influences of one wife after another, of soldiers, of colleagues, of friends, of enemies, in drawing him to destruction at the very crisis of fate, and then when, faithless at the last moment, she had compassed his death without accomplishing her own deliverance, taking her own life rather than be less than a queen. No woman who ever filled or aspired to a throne has exercised such dominion by her unaided personal resources,—not Mary of Scotland, nor Catherine of Russia. She held the Roman arms at bay for thirteen years like Hannibal himself.

The moment her death was announced at Rome, the genius of Horace broke forth into a song of triumph which refutes all feeble criticisms of him as unoriginal and unreal; but in this splendid burst of patriotic exultation, which does justice even in its hatred to the majesty of the Macedonian, so far beyond her contemptible court, there is no mention of the Roman whom she won to his ruin.

The intensely dramatic nature of her career, the high-strung emotions, the deep intrigue, the conflict of passion, the rapid changes of fortune, seem to mark it out at once as a fit subject of tragedy, and it is my intention in this paper to compare the dramas of some writers of the first eminence, who have put their hands to it.

Of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* it is difficult to speak in terms of moderation. We do not usually hear it ranked among his best plays; yet in what dramatic excellence is it lacking? It is taken incident for incident, almost word for word, from Plutarch's biography; yet it has all the effect of a purely original composition, neither the biography nor the drama detracting a whit from each other's interest and value. It may seem to a hasty reader a mere string of scattered adventures and unconnected characters, hurrying him from Alexandria to

Rome and back again, then to Misenum, then to Syria, and returning at last almost "spent with the journey." We cannot help being fascinated with the characters, amused with the wit, thrilled by the passion, and touched by the catastrophe. But it requires a second reading to discern the unity and proportion of the whole. It will then appear that from the very first lines, where Philo says,—

"Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure,"

a single controlling purpose runs through the entire work. Every incident, every speech, every personage, even the most apparently insignificant, bears its definite part in working out the grand theme,—the reduction of an all but heroic soul to the slavery of an all but superhuman sorceress, who is forced herself to break down as the result of victory. All the characters, from the triumvirs who rule the Roman world to the clown who brings the asp, and the guard who comes too late for anything but the last words of Charmian,—priests, soldiers, courtiers, pirates, Cleopatra's majestic rival Octavia, whom all the haughty traits of a Roman matron cannot help against the enchantress, the frivolous waiting women, whom their mistress's despairing courage elevates into kindred dignity,—are tools in the hand of a mysterious Fate, working out the ruin of two mighty souls. Every lofty motive combines to draw Antony out of the snare. Ambition, interest, patriotism, friendship, domestic honor, jealousy of his competitors, are united to no purpose. He resists, he struggles, he breaks away,—and he is drawn back by an influence like the loadstone mountain, which pulls all the iron from his blood. According to all the elaborate traditions of the French stage he is unworthy to be a hero of tragedy; he is too weak, too vacillating, too little under the sway of a great principle, to win our sympathies. To all which scholastic criticism the answer is—he wins them. History represents him to us as the most unprincipled of men;—Shakespeare takes the narrative as history gives

it, — and we rise from his drama with an indulgence for Antony, amounting to affection, which the stern principle of Brutus or Coriolanus never can secure.

And Cleopatra, — the same charm which brought Cæsar and Antony to her feet breathes from the page that repeats the story of nineteen centuries old. It is best described in the oft quoted lines,

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.”

A captive to her very prisoner; a victor over her very conqueror. We hang on every word of her lips as we cannot on the wit of Beatrice, or the passion of Juliet, or the loyalty of Imogen. In no play has Shakespeare poured out more lavishly the treasures of his pen. From the wit which just touches the line of buffoonery, through every rush of passion and every turn of policy, till at last the devotion has almost the elevation of prophecy, there is no chord untouched, no taste unsatisfied. It is a theme which might be dwelt on without end; to quote all the striking passages would be to copy out the play. But before passing to other dramas, let us note a touch of contemporary gossip to which the Baconians are welcome, if it will do them any good. The enquiry of Cleopatra into Octavia's beauty and her comment on the information bear a marvellous resemblance to Queen Elizabeth's dialogue with Sir James Melville with reference to the looks of Mary Queen of Scots.

Shakespeare has had no equal nor second in the handling of this story. But the work of several of his successors deserves notice.

In the collection of plays usually named “Beaumont and Fletcher,” appears one on the story of Cleopatra, entitled the *False One*. Its prologue distinctly calls it the work of two authors; but from other indications it would seem that Fletcher produced it after the death of Beaumont, with Massinger for his coadjutor. The prologue further has evident allusions to Shakespeare's plays of *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, with

which the authors express their unwillingness to compete, preferring to deal with both Cæsar and Cleopatra at an earlier period, when those two great spirits encountered each other.

The *False One* is a good specimen of the free and vigorous spirit and method of those who took up the torch of dramatic poetry from Shakespeare's hands. There is a frank and manly breath about it all; not quite the wanton, almost buccaneering temper of Marlowe or Greene; there is more self-restraint, and even of convention; but the whole has a solid and sincere reality, as of poets who lived in the open air, among true men and women. It is the writing of workmen, men who pursued the drama for their daily bread, under pressure from managers and audience; a new subject must be seized on at short notice, and cast into dramatic shape to meet the demand of the hour, when playhouses were attended in real earnest by spectators who had no nonsense about them, and expected authors and actors to have none either. Yet it is the work of poets and artists; of men who knew good literature and loved it; who wrote for the balcony as well as the pit; who meant that their plays should be read as well as acted; obliged, as all playwrights must be, to court the popular taste, yet doing all they could to guide and elevate that taste, by good poetry, good sentiment, and good action. It was a time when all classes from the highest to the lowest loved the stage; and such men as Fletcher met this love in a generous, straightforward spirit never surpassed. They made it a truly national institution; and though their themes are mostly foreign, their language is never such. No clearer, nobler, livelier English has ever been written. It speaks to us through eight generations as if they were no more than three; and we cannot help feeling that Chaucer might have enjoyed it as we do.

The plot is drawn from classical authorities, but not so exclusively from Plutarch as are Shakespeare's Roman

plays. The play opens with the speculations of the boy king and his courtiers as to the civil war; one of Pompey's lieutenants arrives wounded to announce his rout at Pharsalus and flight to Egypt. Achoreus, the priest of Osiris, advises Ptolemy to receive Pompey, to whom he owes his kingdom, in a spirit of gratitude. Photinus the Eunuch advises that he be murdered, and his head delivered to Cæsar who is known to be in hot pursuit; this advice is seconded by the soldier Achilles (who is represented — contrary to history — as having some touch of gallantry), and is adopted unreservedly by Ptolemy. Meanwhile Cleopatra is planning with her sister and attendants how she may assert her right to share in the kingdom, and hearing that Cæsar has prevailed, declares she will escape from the imprisonment in which her brother holds her and plead her cause before him.

Cæsar appears, and is horrorstruck at the sight of Pompey's head, but treats the king and his advisers better than they deserve; but before their fate is settled Cleopatra makes her way into his tent, and overcomes him completely, in spite of the remonstrances of his bravest soldier. The rest of the play, strictly following history, shows how Ptolemy, a mere degenerate, is persuaded to rise against Cæsar as easily as he had been to fall before him; how Cæsar, in spite of all threats and persuasions, adheres to Cleopatra, though blockaded in the palace by all the forces of the Egyptians, and separated from his fleet; how he bursts away by a prodigy of daring, regains his ships, conquers and slays the wretched king, and prepares to return to Rome with Cleopatra as his queen.

The adherence to history gives a connection and unity to all the incidents too often wanting in Fletcher's plays, where plot and underplot are often alternated with as little connection as if they were two plays on two stages. Of the characters, what Dyce says of Cleopatra is not inapplicable to all: —

"Cleopatra is not, indeed, delineated

with those exquisitely subtle touches of character which Shakespeare gave her, and which he alone could give, but still 'with her great mind expressed to the height,' and in all respects fit to captivate the conqueror of the world." The personages are all bold and large; eminently real, and not, like some of Jonson's men and women, mere "humours;" but at the same time with a certain simplicity and absence of light and shade which is effective on the stage, but too positive to the reader. The only person who does not always act out the simple nature with which we first see him is Ptolemy, — but vacillation and unreality are his character, or rather his no-character. There is plenty of force and richness, — but, as Dyce says, a lack of subtlety. The *False One*, from which the play derives its name, is Septimius, the hired murderer of Pompey; who, having "filed his mind" for royal bribes and favor, finds himself detested and despised by every one, from the penniless Roman soldier, to whom in vain he offers a share of his wages, to the very conspirator who has bought him, and dies as wretched a death as that he had inflicted on his benefactor. It is a spirited character, well fit to raise tears and shuddering in the audiences of the day, or of any day, — but when one thinks of Iachimo and Parolles, to say nothing of Iago or Falstaff!

The verse, though, like all Fletcher's, sometimes wildly irregular, is full of nervous and sonorous poetry. The authors could draw, as Shakespeare could not, from Lucan; and some of his fiery rhetoric is adapted to very grand declamation. The following bits will well repay reading aloud: —

On seeing Pompey's head, Cæsar exclaims, after his first burst of horror, —

Oh thou conqueror
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall
thus?
What poor fate followed thee, and plucked thee
on,

To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ?
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man
was ?

That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets,

And loose lascivious pleasures ? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of the life to know thy goodness ?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distracted that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears ? Hear me great Pompey !

If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee ;
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy !

Septimius, when he finds his employers
walk off with the rewards and leave him
only the discredit of his villainy, tells us:

I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And the huge leviathans of villainy
Sup up the merits, nay the men and all,
That do them service, and spout 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.

When Cleopatra's sister, in consternation
at the revolt, says, —

Can you stand unmoved

When an earthquake of rebellion shakes the
air

And the court trembles ?

She replies, —

Yes, Arsinoe,

And with a masculine constancy deride
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
My virtues, not a mistress ; then we forsake
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield
Or shrink at her assaults : I am still myself.
And though disrobed of sovereignty, and ravish'd

Of ceremonious duty that attends it :

Nay, grant they had slaved my body, my free
mind,

Like to the palm tree walling fruitful Nile,
Shall grow up straighter and enlarge itself
Spite of the envious weight that loads it with.
Think of thy birth, Arsinoe ; common burdens
Fit common shoulders : teach the Multitude,
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch,
Their dim eyes, darkened by their narrow souls,
Cannot arrive at.

In 1641, rather more than twenty years
after the probable date of the *False*

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One, Corneille produced the *Mort de Pompée*, with a dedication to Cardinal Richelieu. The first part of this play so precisely follows the lines of Fletcher's that one is strongly disposed to believe the impossible, and think that the *False One* had somehow drifted over to the court of Louis XIII. Corneille was now at the height of his glory. The *Cid*, *Horace*, *Cinna*, and *Polyeucte* had forced themselves upon the favor of court, cardinal, and city. It would have been difficult for their author to maintain his reputation, and in fact he never did. His admirers say as little about the *Death of Pompey* as they can. The opening discussion, derived, like Fletcher's, from Lucan, is fine; and much praise is given to the character of Cornelia, the widow of Pompey, a person forced in against all history as well as probability, who defies Cæsar, her husband's virtual murderer, to open combat, but disdains to strike hands with the faithless King of Egypt, and reveals to her greatest enemy the plot against his life. But Cleopatra herself has no particular force or charm, and Cæsar is reduced to a mere "lover, sighing like furnace." The proprieties of the French stage considered the actual production of Pompey's head too revolting, and the entrance of Cleopatra into Cæsar's tent, wrapped up in a roll of carpeting, too comic, and only suited to the barbarous taste of the English stage, — if, indeed, Corneille knew that Fletcher had employed them. As it is, the critics fall foul of Corneille without mercy for several expressions which they deem *bourgeois* and undignified. A very few lines may serve to show Corneille's Cleopatra at her best, where, after recognizing all the risks that attend her acceptance of her rightful crown from Cæsar's grace, she goes on : —

Yet will I dare, since I behold your power,
To bid my hopes forecast a brighter hour.
So great a man, that hath such foes o'ercome,
I know of right may curb the whims of Rome.
Her unjust horror at the royal name
To juster laws your mandate may reclaim ;

I know that other barriers you can break
 And for these miracles your promise take;
 By stronger blows your arm Pharsalia knew;
 I ask them from no other Gods than you.

In 1679, not quite two generations from the appearance of the *False One*, John Dryden presented the story of Cleopatra in his play of *All for Love, or the World Well Lost*. He has given us in clear, vigorous prose a full account of his purpose in writing this play,—it was to imitate Shakespeare. Under the Commonwealth, the players had been silenced; at the Restoration, Charles II had brought with him from the Continent the French theory of tragedy, with its rhymes, its unities, its stilted heroes and heroines above humanity in passion and will, its confidantes, its long declamations and jejune action. Dryden, conscious of an original genius far above the common, yet pressed to the ground by the needs of daily life, had yielded to the times, and done his utmost to put life and truth into such monsters as the Indian Emperor and Almanzor. Yet he knew all the time, he could not help knowing, that the old dramatists had been right, and his contemporaries wrong. He never misses an opportunity to praise the Elizabethan dramatists of whom he says,—

Their's was the giant race before the flood.
 Of Shakespeare he speaks with an admiration amounting to idolatry, as "the man, who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul." Therefore, after giving all the best years of his life to a style of writing he despised, he started at the age of forty-eight to recall the unpopular and almost forgotten temper of the older English stage, and to write a play in avowed imitation of Shakespeare "to please himself." The result is *All for Love*.

It seems strange that if Dryden desired to write a play under the inspiration of Shakespeare, he should not have taken some plot not handled by his master, or, at least, recast one of the inferior plays, instead of one of the grandest. Having

selected a tragedy where competition was of the hardest, he deliberately subjects Shakespeare to those very rules of the French stage under whose weight he had been chafing, and which, as Professor Lounsbury seems to have proved, Shakespeare had known and refused to obey,—the unities of time and place; absurd conventions attributed without warrant to Aristotle, as supplementary to his rule of Unity of Action. Dryden cuts down the story of Antony and Cleopatra to the events following the retreat of the queen from Actium and the triumvir's pursuit of her, and the entire action goes on in the city of Alexandria. On this sacrifice to the ghosts of the Unities Sir Walter Scott has the following amazing remarks: "Dryden, who was well aware of the advantage to be derived from a simplicity and concentration of the plot, has laid every scene in the city of Alexandria. By this he guarded the audience from the vague and provoking distraction which must necessarily attend a violent change of place. It is a mistake to suppose that the argument in favor of the Unities depends upon preserving the deception of the scene; they are necessarily connected with the intelligibility of the piece. It may be true that no spectator supposes that the stage before him is actually the court of Alexandria; yet when he has once made up his mind to let it pass as such during the representation, it is a cruel tax, not merely on his imagination, but on his powers of comprehension, if the scene be suddenly transferred to a distant country," and more to the same purport.

What Sir Walter Scott could have been thinking of when he wrote this is hard to say. He was, all his life, from his very childhood, an ardent lover of the theatre; he was a devoted admirer of the old dramatists; and that he ever felt his love for them shocked or cooled by the frequent changes of scene is hard to believe. When the physical scene was never changed at all; when a placard hung out from the balcony was the only indication

that the action had passed from Venice to Belmont, or from the "blasted heath" to the court of Edward the Confessor, there might be some momentary confusion in a dull spectator's mind; but how after the introduction of movable scenery any one could be confused by a change from the colonnades of Alexandria to those of Rome is incredible.

One may regret that Dryden, after deliberately seeking to recall the ancient freedom of the English drama, should have sought to confine it by so many self-imposed barriers. But when all is urged that can be against his method, the result is a very grand and moving tragedy. It is as if Shakespeare and Dryden had both been present at Alexandria, seeing and describing many things in common, but each seeing and describing something which his rival overlooked or forgot.

In Dryden's Antony we have a character more susceptible to influence, and with less support from within than Shakespeare's: he is swayed hither and thither by the appeals of Cleopatra and of Ventidius, his most trusted and loyal soldier. This personage is the chief addition which Dryden has made to Shakespeare's list of characters, from which he has struck out so many. The name just appears in *Antony and Cleopatra*, but his real prototype is in the *False One*, where the blunt and brave veteran Scaeva is the only force which even tries to withstand the charms of Cleopatra. By Fletcher the character is drawn with life and vigor, but with Dryden he rises to the first rank. In Antony's utter debasement after Actium Ventidius approaches him, rouses him, encounters his sad and ferocious mood, argues with him, now sternly and now affectionately, in a dialogue which Dryden tells us was directly modelled on the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, and, though somewhat prolix, is well worthy to rank as its parallel. Throughout the play this fearless and faithful counsellor is at Antony's side as his good angel, and all but saves him in his own despatch.

On the other hand, the character of Dolabella, Antony's youthful friend, whom he employs as a mediator in a moment of estrangement from Cleopatra, is scarcely as successful: but as history tells us nothing of Dolabella but what is feeble and contemptible, it might have proved hard for any poet to give dignity to the character. A still more doubtful device is bringing Octavia to Alexandria, for the sake of an encounter with Cleopatra face to face, and two scenes of remonstrance with Antony, which only illustrate the corruption which the court of Charles II had cast upon the greatest souls. History tells us, and Shakespeare had to follow it, that the mistress prevailed to steal Antony away from his wife. But we feel that his Octavia is a noble woman wronged, and she keeps our sympathies even when, like Antony, we yield to the superhuman charms of Cleopatra. Dryden did his best to produce the same effect; but the Restoration atmosphere is too strong for him; and after hearing all that Octavia has to plead, we do not wonder that Antony left her. For Dryden's Cleopatra need not fear comparison with Shakespeare's, and has far more charm than Fletcher's. She does not appear as prominently as Antony; in the first act not at all; and in much of the play she is rather felt behind the scenes than presented to us. But when we do see her, she is a worthy replica of her original; a woman who determines that if Antony will lose the world for her sake, he shall never regret the loss, even though it be fatal to both.

Dryden has compressed much, which Shakespeare has given us in full, especially the last scene of all; but there is seen throughout the play the extraordinary fascination of his unique command of English; less free, less joyous, less spontaneous than Fletcher or Massinger; but the work of a master forcing our noble tongue to yield him treasures from its oldest mines, that none of his predecessors ever extracted.

Among the striking passages is one which Sir Walter Scott has justly ex-

tracted for commendation, — the vision of the priest of Isis: —

Last night between the hours of twelve and one
In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked
A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast
Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapt,
The iron wicket, that defends the vault
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order placed,
An armed ghost starts up; the boy-king last
Reared his inglorious head; a peal of groans
Then followed, and a lamentable voice
Cried, "Egypt is no more." My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knocked;
On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
And so unfinished left the horrid scene.

When Ventidius has brought Antony over to his duty, and urges him to stand firm, even against Cleopatra, he listens for some time, gradually finds his resolution melt, and at length bursts out in a splendid lover's hyperbole. — Ventidius asks, —

What's this toy

In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?
Why, we have more than conquered Cæsar now.

Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods,
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe, to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;
I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra!

When Cleopatra has dismissed Iras and Charmian for her crown and robes, and is alone with Antony's body: —

'Tis sweet to die when they would force life
on me,

To rush into the dark abode of death
And seize him first; if he be like my love,
He is not frightful sure.

We're now alone, in secrecy and silence:
And is not this like lovers? I may kiss
These pale cold lips: Octavia does not see me.

In many cases Dryden has taken groups of lines solid from one or other of Shakespeare's plays; in others he has taken his master's words as a hint for exquisite glosses. When Ventidius has killed himself before him: —

Gone so soon?

Is death no more? He used him carelessly
With a familiar kindness; ere he knocked,

Ran to the door, and took him in his arms
As who should say — You're welcome at all
hours;
A friend should give no warning.

There is something truly touching in this labor of Dryden's to return to the right path. One can see it is a struggle; his sublimity touches hard on bombast; his ease on vulgarity. But it is noble to think how, at the age when Shakespeare finally retired from the stage, Dryden all alone, with no one but young Otway, so early lost, to help him, made his mighty effort to bring back into the sickly, foul atmosphere of the Restoration court, the free healthy air in which laughed and wept the long company of the great men of old from Marlowe to Shirley. He is glorious John, after all!

Some French dramatists of the eighteenth century undertook the story of Cleopatra; but they were inferior men, whose names and work are alike forgotten. The only one who has any rank in literature is Marmontel, whose *Cléopâtre* failed on its first representation in 1750, and being recast by the author and reproduced in 1784, was received with even less favor. The author thought his play was too simple to be appreciated by any but a few literary men. The comment in the *Biographie Universelle* is this: "Strange illusion of self-conceit! The veritable cause of this indifference exists in the faulty nature (*vice*) of the subject; Cleopatra with her artifices cannot inspire interest; the blind and contemptible Antony is not more worthy of it; Octavia, by her virtuous resignation, degrades these two personages still further. In vain does the poet supply them with elevated sentiments, in order to ennoble them; a story so well known does not admit of complete alteration." So thinks a French writer in 1820 of what is a fit theme for tragedy!

The next Cleopatra is of particular interest because it is the first tragic essay of a mighty genius, who has himself told the history of its composition, and estimated its value with as severe criticism

as his bitterest enemy could wish. Vittorio Alfieri, after a stormy boyhood and youth, having rushed through nearly all the countries of western Europe without learning to speak accurately a single language, even his own, had paused for a while — we can hardly call it settling — in his native capital of Turin, where his profuse expenditure and intense nature had gathered round him a set of companions of very moderate culture, but, like himself, inspired with a restless eagerness to do something. He had a smattering of French, Italian, and Latin literature, and had seen something of the French tragic stage. He had been drawn into an absorbing love affair, which kept him almost constantly in his own house, or that of his charmer opposite, except when he gave way to one of his chief ruling passions, the possession and exercise of fine horses. Eager to win some literary fame, but scarcely knowing how to set about it, he tells us precisely how he came to handle the story of Cleopatra. Sitting unoccupied in the saloon of his lady love, whose health required long periods of retirement and silence, he took up half-a-dozen leaves of paper that lay at hand, and sketched upon them two or three scenes of dialogue, naming the principal speaker Cleopatra. This name was suggested by the story woven on the tapestries of the apartment, otherwise he says he might just as well have called his heroine Berenice or Zenobia. When his paper was exhausted, he thrust the leaves under the cushion of a sofa, and there they remained for over a year, during which he visited Rome, and went through other experiences wholly alien to composition. Finding his passion exercising a baleful influence on his life, he determined to break it off, and in one of his last visits to the lady's house, he withdrew from under the cushion his attempt at a drama, and proceeded to recast it, still with no very definite plan. Having shut himself up a good deal after breaking off his love affair, he again attacked his Cleopatra; remodelled it a second time; studied,

thought, worked to make something of it, and finally,

With many a weary sigh and many a groan, completed five acts, which were performed by an amateur company at Turin in 1775 more successfully than the author had dared to hope.

As he has condemned his own performance as feeble dramatically, and uncouth poetically, in no measured terms, a foreign critic is not required to be enthusiastic. It is difficult for such a one to see the painful ignorance of pure Tuscan to which Alfieri declared he was a slave at this time. What one must recognize is the weakness of construction, which, departing widely from history, offers no adequate substitute. Augustus appears at Alexandria in wrangling declamation with Antony and Cleopatra. The two Romans both show Roman nobility, and Antony some genuine passion. But Alfieri has succeeded in depriving Cleopatra of all charm. Her share in the plot is to cajole Antony till she has made peace with Augustus, and when both prove too lofty for her, she tries unsuccessfully to assassinate her lover, and stabs herself at last with not a sign of that grace, dignity, and tenderness so rich in Shakespeare and in Dryden. Perhaps the lines where Antony refuses to accept Augustus's clemency if it is to be coupled with Cleopatra's humiliation, are worth translating closely: —

Enough ; I know thee ; from thy lips the
names

Of Citizen of Rome, of Senate, names
Sacred in days of yore, and vain to-day,
Are but a lying veil, while underneath
A pious cloak there lurks a guilty Tyrant.
Triumph in cruelty ; I asked a boon,
Thou did'st deny it, and my shame is full.
But not for that shall ever be beheld
In Rome, Augustus' slave, that very Dame
Who of the love of Antony was worthy.
She is a Roman too, and needs must learn
Thee to despise and o'er Augustus triumph.

It would be hard to guess that from the halting pen that wrote these lines would come *Philip* and *Don Garcia*, *Myrrha* and *Saul*.

The last effort to dramatize the story of the Queen of Egypt comes from a very different hand; a lady addressed herself to the task of bringing on the French stage the greatest lady of history. Madame Émile de Girardin, — Delphine Gay, — who has deserved so well of literature not in France only, but all over the world, wrote for Rachel a tragedy by the name of *Cléopâtre*, first exhibited in Paris in 1847.

The play is written with great force and beauty of expression, and deserves no inferior place among those we are discussing. It could hardly help being superior to Alfieri's boyish effort, — but it has more dignity than the *False One*, with less appearance of being hurried for the stage; the scope and field is wider than *All for Love*, and *le grand Corneille* must confess his brilliant countrywoman excels him in manliness. Madame de Girardin does not, as might be expected from a French writer, fetter herself by the Unities of place and time; the action covers a considerable, though undefined period, and the scene is once moved to Tarentum, where Octavia not only deprecates her brother's wrath against her faithless husband, but is visited by Cleopatra, who has come over from Alexandria, disguised as a Greek slave, to see for herself the beauty of which in Shakespeare and, indeed, in Dryden she is informed by hearsay.

The action is made to turn on a conspiracy between Ventidius and one of Cleopatra's courtiers, each believing it is for the interest of his own country to separate the triumvir and the queen; this is to be done by means of a personage of the author's invention, or rather adaptation. Madame de Girardin's great friend and admirer, Théophile Gautier, wrote and published in 1838 a story called *Une Nuit de Cléopâtre*, where an Egyptian of the humblest rank is inflamed by love for Cleopatra, and freely offers to die if he can possess her for a single night. The intriguers in the play are represented as restoring him in the very death agony, to bear witness to Antony of his lady's un-

worthy love. The formation of the intrigue, with the poisoning and the revival of the slave, occupies the whole of the first act, during which neither Cleopatra nor Antony appears, which seems a strange fault of dramatic construction. In the second and third acts the author handles the story in her own way; but the two last show unmistakably that while we can hardly suppose her ignorant of Shakespeare, she had certainly read *All for Love*. More than one incident, more than one expression, seem exactly reproduced from Dryden. The hyperbole quoted in our discussion of *All for Love* appears in the line of which this is the exact translation: —

Leave me Cleopatra and keep the universe.

As by Dryden, Octavia is brought to Alexandria; but she is introduced immediately after Antony's death. Like Dryden, Madame de Girardin, exerting all her skill to win our sympathies for Octavia, cannot succeed in winning our hearts any more than Octavia could Antony's. The catastrophe with the asp, and the coronation before it, is compressed into a very few sentences, as it is in *All for Love*, instead of being drawn out into the intensely poetic and intensely dramatic beauty of Shakespeare.

The aspic is brought to Cleopatra by the slave, who, when he discovers that he is to be a tool of the conspirators, attaches himself like a dog to Cleopatra, follows her everywhere, warns her of her danger, and proves himself her only efficient friend. He assures her of Antony's undying love by what he knows of his own in these passionate lines: —

On peut vivre sans pain dans des murs qu'on
assiège,
On peut vivre sans feu dans des deserts de neige,
On peut vivre sans eau dans le sable Africain,
On peut vivre sans air dans l'antre de Vulcain,
Mais dans cette démence dont ma tête est bercée,
On ne pourrait pas vivre un jour sans ta pensée !

Now these lines irresistibly suggest the exquisitely amusing passage in Lord Lytton's *Lucile*, which I only hint, that

the reader may have the pleasure of looking it up in the original.

We may live without poetry, music, or art,
etc.

And the resemblance seems to force one into a version hardly conformed to the spirit of the play:—

One may live without bread within walls under
leaguer,

One may live without drink in Sahara the
meagre,

One may live without fire in the snows of the
Balkan,

One may live without air in the cavern of Vulcan,—

But rapt in the frenzy whose visions I see
One can live not a day without thinking of thee.

The character of Cleopatra herself is handled by the gifted author with great originality and beauty. Her devotion to Antony, her jealousy of Octavia, her restless charm over all who encounter her, and the touching sway she holds over Charmian and Iras, are exhibited as Plutarch leads, and Shakespeare and Dryden follow. But there is added the new and very subtle touch that Cleopatra's restless, fiery, eager spirit is sick of the monotony and deadness of Egypt, and longs for the stir and life of Europe. She had hoped to be Cæsar's queen, and reign in Rome; she longs just so to share Antony's empire and escape from the soul-chilling dreariness of the Delta. This thought is expressed in a fine soliloquy, of which some lines follow:—

How stifling is this heat where stirs no air;
No cooling cloud in all this stainless heaven,
No tear to fall from this relentless blue;
This sky no winter, spring nor autumn knows,
Nought to relieve its brilliant monotone,
These desert bounds aye show the ruddy sun
That seems to watch you like an eye of blood.

My mind is wearied with this constant blaze.
O if I could but feel one drop of rain,
Iras, I'd give these pearls, this diadem —
O life in Egypt is a heavy load,
This wealthy country with its vast renown,
I, its young queen, find but a realm of death.
They boast their palaces, their monuments,
The mightiest of them are but sepulchres.
One's every step is conscious that beneath
Ages of mummies make the very soil.
It seems a land of murder and remorse,
The living work but to embalm the dead.
On every hand the cauldron boils its corpse —
On every hand sharp naphtha scents the air —
And all the wretchedness of human pride
Wrestling in madness with eternity!

The radical defect, to Saxon taste, is the spirit of declamation that dominates situation and poetry. Ventidius, Diomedes, the slave, Antony, Cæsar, Octavius, Cleopatra, all have to develop their feelings in long tirades — *le recit de Thérémène*. One does not question that Rachel and her coadjutors could have given them with immense spirit and feeling; one feels that the point and wit of the French language is here elevated to a dignity worthy of Bossuet and Vergniaud. But in *Antony and Cleopatra* there is not a single speech twenty lines long; the rhetoric which, in *Coriolanus*, in *Julius Cæsar*, in *Henry V*, in *Henry VIII*, unless that is Fletcher's, throws all Corneille and Racine into the shade, is laid aside for fear it should mar the dramatic perfection of the character and incidents. We may freely accord the laurel of noble language and of profound feeling to Delphine Gay, as to John Fletcher and John Dryden, — but the Antony and Cleopatra that hold our hearts are still the creations of the one master.

MATTHEW ARNOLD INTIME

BY PETER A. SILLARD

MANY books have been published about Matthew Arnold since his death in 1888. We have monographs by Professor Saintsbury, and the brilliant essayist, Mr. Herbert Paul, as well as a literary life from the pen of Mr. George Russell, the intimate friend who edited Arnold's *Letters* in 1895; and there has been published, quite recently, a wide survey of Arnold's work by Mr. Harbutt Dawson. But surpassing all these in value is the selection from his own *Note Books*, for which we are indebted to his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Wodehouse. In her preface she tells us: "My father used often to say, half jokingly, that if any one would ever take the trouble to collect all the extracts from various writers which he had copied in his note books, there would be found a volume of priceless worth."

But it is on other grounds that the volume is so valuable. We have all of us, probably, at one time or another, felt with regard to some eminent man of letters that we should like to know him: that is, to know him as he really was in his innermost self, and not only as seen through his writings. Letters, when they are not written with a thought of publication, are illuminating; but, somehow, the letters of Matthew Arnold that have been published are not satisfying in this respect. We want to know the man who charmed us, and instructed us while he did so. We want to get nearer to him; and that is what this book does for us. It is the key to a very beautiful disposition. It admits us to a more intimate knowledge of Arnold's nature than we could have ventured to hope for. It increases the worth of his writings by its revelation of the nobility of his character, and of his unabated devotion to high ideals. It is, of course, as a poet and a

literary critic that Arnold will live, and the importance of his work lies in the inculcation of the need for light and leading, and the attainment, through culture, of high ideals. Those letters of his which were published a few years ago did not shed fresh light on his character as we knew it through his books. But here in these *Note Books*, which for thirty-seven years were the receptacle of some portion of his daily reading, we see the mind of the man as he was to himself; and high as the standard was which he set for others, higher still was that which he placed before himself. We see that the urbanity, the *gaieté littéraire*, which sometimes proved so disconcerting to those whom he criticised, was not an affectation, but was the reflection of the inward sunshine which brightened his life; and that the largeness of mind which helped him to the appreciation of the widely different types with which his criticism was concerned was the fruit of severe mental discipline.

The soul of the man is reflected in this unique volume: austere, but never harsh. The harshness and rigor that an austere philosophy tends to induce were with him counteracted by natural kindness of heart. The reading that makes a full man; the catholicity; the unerring instinct for the best, that marked him as a born critic, are here unmistakable, as well as the desire always to commune with noble minds: so much "a man's life of each day depends for its solidity and value on whether he reads during *that* day, and, far more still, on what he reads during it." "To know the best which has been thought and said in the world" is here seen to have been his life-long study.

If we would discover the mainspring

of all his works, we shall find it in those words of his: "We are all seekers still;" not to imagine that we have heard or uttered the last word, "not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward, on any one side with violence and self-will," but patiently to investigate, and sift, and interpret, until we find the Truth. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Being of the "guild of the studious," this afforded him the keenest intellectual enjoyment, and deepened his sense of what is beautiful in character and admirable in conduct. "Il avoit un sens pénétrant pour tout chose d'expérience et de vérité." "The importance of reading, not slight stuff to get through the time [he writes], but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the best company;" and in *Essays in Criticism* he tried to show us how to get at the best. These *Essays*, and the *Discourses in America*, contain, as it seems to me, the residuum of his prose writings. We may put aside as "touched with caducity" the theological excursions that he permitted himself in the belief that the type of religion to which the British middle class has sacrificed so much is defective; and as he himself did not regard his contributions to politics as being more than tentative, we need not enter upon them now. What is valuable in them we shall find in one form or another in the books that worthily represent him.

There is a line from à Kempis that recurs frequently in the *Note Books*, and it is eloquent of his own practice: "Semper aliquid certi proponendum est:" "Always place a definite purpose before thee." Probably no man ever wrote who more keenly appreciated the importance of this counsel. All his writing was inspired by a definite purpose, and toward making clear that purpose (whatever at the particular time it happened to be) he brought the resources of his richly equipped mind, and the effective instrument, a beautiful style.

Another frequent quotation is

Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.

That he drew upon these sources of knowledge and wisdom, this book bears eloquent testimony. Besides abundant quotations from the Bible, the mere enumeration of the authors from whom he noted down passages that specially struck him as helpful toward keeping in the right course through outward troubles and inward perplexities, is to realize what a daily education he imposed upon himself. Pindar, Sophocles, Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Lucan, Dante, Leopardi, Lessing, Heine, Vauvenargues, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Renan, Condorcet, Littré, Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Senancour, Bishop Wilson, Bishop Butler, Barrow, Burke, Clarendon, Paley, Johnson, Goethe, Bunsen, Vinet, "George Sand," Joseph de Maistre. A catholic taste, truly. "He that reads many books," says Johnson, "must compare one opinion or one style with another; and when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer." The naturally fine literary sense with which Arnold was endowed was made more delicately keen by the range of reading indicated in the list above, as remarkable for what it omits as for what it contains. His deep reading in and love for the classics endowed him with that sweetness and light which he inculcated so persistently, rightly believing that the "two noblest things," as Swift termed them, were the essence of true culture. That one who would have chosen a diplomatic career should find an inspectorship of schools occasionally irksome is easily conceivable; but Arnold was wise, and in his *Note Books* we find entries like these:—

"Grant that I may this day omit no part of my duty."

"I pray God preserve me from ease, idleness, and trifling away my precious time (Bp. Wilson)."

"Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward; he that doth keep his soul shall be far from there."

"For Thy sake!

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine.
Who sweeps a room, as for God's laws,
Makes that *and the action* fine."

"The more graces a man has received, the more reason he has to fear, and the greater obligation to labour for God."

"Look up to God at all times, and He will, as in a glass, discover what is fit to be done."

"Give me grace to make amends, by my future diligence, for the many days and years that I have spent unprofitably."

"It is a part of special prudence never to do anything because one has an inclination to it; but because it is one's duty, or is reasonable."

"Not to desire to be ministered unto, but rather to minister; never to make it my object to live in ease, plenty, luxury, and independence."

"L'homme est en ce monde pour profiter de l'école de sa destinée et pour travailler à son salut."

"The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly (Marcus Aurelius)."

"Rien ne sauve dans cette vie-ci que l'occupation et le travail."

"Une vie laborieuse, une succession de travaux qui remplissent et moralisent les jours!"

"La gaieté clarifie l'esprit, surtout la gaieté littéraire. L'ennui l'embrouille."

"Omnia vanitas, praeter amare deum, et illi soli servire (à Kempis)."

"Angelica hilaritas cum monastica simplicitate."

The value of these quotations consists, of course, in the light they throw on the mind of Arnold in noting them down for his daily guidance and support, while his life illustrated their truth. His own heart beat an echo to the sentiment contained in:

"Le cœur humain a en soi-même un élan vers une beauté inconnue."

Against the drudgery incident to school inspection he set such truths as that; and braced himself by the determination:—

"Through the contemplation of works of art, to keep alive in the mind a high, unapproachable ideal."

That the drudgery helped to sap the springs of poetry within him would appear evident from his almost complete abandonment of the practice of poetry after 1867. "*Carmina secessum scribentis et otia quaerunt.*" But then, as he himself has said, "Poetry and the poetic form of expression naturally precede prose." To him poetry was a forgetfulness of evils, and a truce from cares; "a divine plaything," as Heine said. Yet many good judges are inclined to set his poetry above his prose. Perhaps it will prove to be his passport to immortality. But when the serious business of life began he found his best utterance in prose, in which, with him, the utilitarian and artistic elements united in a most fascinating manner. Unlike the conscious stylist, he wrote because he had something to say, and he naturally took pains to say it in the very best way. The Greek word *Eutrapelia*, on which he discoursed so entertainingly to the Eton boys, well describes his style. It had the flexibility without which it would not have been easy for him to convey the subtle shades of meaning, the delicate *nuances*, with which his prose abounds; or to indulge the lambent humor which makes his essays such delightful reading. In his case there is no need to exclaim with Émile de Girardin, "Ah! si l'on voulait lire les Préfaces!" for every one knows that they contain some of his best and most piquant writing, and are on no account to be missed. We may rank him as next to Newman, if not sometimes his equal. There is a simple directness in Newman that we do not find in Arnold. Newman is winning, Arnold persuasive; and if he fails to convince us at all times, he is invariably charming. In his hands language becomes a living thing, instinct with spirit and grace. In his poetry, his exquisite sagacity of taste may almost be said to have never failed him. It is always severely correct, beautiful with the *symmetria*

prisca of the Greeks, his chosen models.

There are many reasons why we cannot afford to be without his poetry. It is helpful and healing. Poetry cannot, of course, as Strauss reminds us, take the place of real religion. Man is religious by instinct. But poetry such as Arnold's sustains us against what we may term the crudities of life: "Quid enim non carmina possunt?" Do we not feel this when we read *Self-Dependence* for instance? "He remains the especial friend and comforter of all clear-headed and scrupulous, yet pure-hearted and upward striving men. . . . He cannot give such souls, perhaps, all they yearn for, but he gives them much; and what he gives them they can receive."

How applicable to him are these words from his essay on Marcus Aurelius! In the light of the *Note Books* we understand why that essay is so good, is, in fact, the very best of all in the volume published in 1865. The subject was one with which he was in full sympathy. He found in the writings of the Roman emperor "food for men engaged in the current of contemporary life and action," and "a source from which to draw example of life and instruction of manners." This is just what we get from Arnold. We can learn from him (who lived in our own day), as the imperial moralist learnt from Maximus, "Cheerfulness in all circumstances as well as in illness; and a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity." And Arnold had the "emotion which lends to his voice so touching an accent;" he too yearned for something unattained by him; he too kept watch over himself that the springs of action might be right within him, and that the minute details of action might be right also. His emotion was "a spirit, not so much of gladness and elation, as of gentleness and sweetness; a delicate and tender sentiment, which is less than joy and more than resignation."

It was the knowledge that the human spirit cannot live aright if it lives at one point only, that gave such variety to his

literary interests; but in all that he has written there is a unity, an equality, a continuity, resulting in a harmonious and lasting impression; while for a moral teacher there is an absence of *emphase* that is admirable. "He that hath knowledge spareth his words." "Donner aux hommes un amour intelligent et passionnée du bien!" he quotes from Saint-Hilaire; and this intelligent and passionate love of what is good breathes all through his work. It is the spirit that inspired the *Discourses in America*, the *Essays* and the *Poems*. It pervades the discourse on "Numbers" with its beautiful application of Philippians iv 8 to the practice of every-day life. There is in this discourse a striking instance of his clearness of vision with regard to current events, and their inevitable tendency as shown in affairs in France:—

"The French have always had a leaning to the goddess of whom we speak [Aselgeia], and have been willing enough to let the world know of their leaning, to pride themselves on their Gaulish salt, their gallantry, and so on. But things have come to their present head gradually. Catholicism was an obstacle; the serious element in the nation was another obstacle. But now just see the course which things have taken, and how they all, one may say, have worked together for this goddess. . . . Let us say that, by her present popular literature, France gives proof that she is suffering from a dangerous and perhaps fatal disease; and that it is not clericalism which is the real enemy to the French so much as their goddess; and if they can none of them see this themselves, it is only a sign of how far the disease has gone, and the case is so much the worse. The case is so much the worse; and for men in such case to be so vehemently busy about clerical and dynastic intrigues at home, and about alliances and colonial acquisitions and purifications of the flag abroad, might well make one borrow of the prophets and exclaim, 'Surely ye are perverse!' perverse to neglect your really

pressing matters for those secondary ones. . . . And the present popular literature of France is a sign that she has a most dangerous moral disease."

"Literature and Science," the second of the *Discourses*, is eloquent with its plea for the humanities; for the acquisition of knowledge that can be brought into intimate relation with our sense for conduct and our sense for beauty.

"Magis utile nil est

Artibus his, quae nil utilitatis habent."

Arnold rightly held that they refine the manners, and make men mild and gentle in their conduct. "So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. As with Greek, so with letters generally: they will some day come, we may hope, to be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favour with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters; and so much the more, as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct and to the need in him for beauty."

But perhaps the best of the three *Discourses* is that on Emerson, wherein he penetrates to the core of the philosopher's work, and plucks out the heart of his

mystery. "We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. . . .

"Emerson's abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this: 'That which befits us, embodied in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavour to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?'

"One can scarcely overrate the importance of thus holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's *Essays* are, I think, the most important work done in prose."

Besides the searching criticism of Emerson, this discourse is remarkable for the insight disclosed in resting Carlyle's chance of immortality, not upon the history and the other works which cost him such travail, but upon his letters, his correspondence with Emerson especially. And then there is the beautiful passage about Newman, which falls on the ear like music:—

"Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! they are a possession to him for ever. No such voices as those which we heard in our youth at Oxford are sounding there now. Oxford has more criticism now, more knowledge, more light; but such voices as those of our youth it has no longer. The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius

and his style are still things of power. But he is over eighty years old; he is in the Oratory at Birmingham; he has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible. Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us at Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and to renew what was for us the most national and natural institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, — subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still."

In deciding that he would elect to be represented in prose by these *Discourses*, I cannot but think that he was right. They display his prescience in a remarkable degree; and they have that quality of style which, in criticising Emerson, he declared marks the great writer, the born man of letters. "It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man's writings do not prove his possession of it; it lies in their whole tissue."

That is what gives their great charm, likewise, to the *Essays in Criticism*, of which there is no need to speak. Who is not familiar with them? do we not return to them again and again to enjoy their perennial freshness? Many of the truths for recognition of which he pleaded have since become commonplaces; proof, if it were needed, that his principles are sure guidance to what is sound and true, and that he was one of the greatest intellectual

forces of his century. The *Discourses*, the *Essays*, and the *Poems* worthily represent him; they are *des choses qui durent*; the rest we may give up to "envious Time." That, as he has said himself, is the safer course. "Time has no indulgence; any veils of illusion which we may have left around an object because we loved it, Time is sure to strip away." His other writings are not, of course, without their interest and value; but they are lacking in the qualities of universality, the qualities that make for permanence. The mystery of life pressed upon him as it did upon Ruskin, but it could not crush the buoyancy of his nature. "One can scarcely overrate the importance," he says, "of holding fast to happiness and hope."

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The emotion with which his poetical voice is often touched must save him from the charge of coldness, a charge which, we know, has been preferred against his poetry. The fire of passion does not burn in it, it is true; but it is animated with the warmth of his serene and generous nature, so vividly reflected in the *Note Books*.

"We none of us," as Ruskin says, "need many books;" but as an aid to the better understanding of Arnold's work and teaching, his aims and motives, it would be difficult to overestimate the usefulness of this collection from the best that has been thought and said by saints and sages. It is like the voice of Matthew Arnold himself: *defunctus adhuc loquitur*.

SIGNIFICANT ART BOOKS

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE prevailing tendency amongst the authors and publishers of art books to-day may be expressed in one word, — "Thorough." From twenty to thirty works in this field appear in English every year, not counting the many little volumes which go to form one popular series or another; and what has impressed me most in going through the annual collection has been the obvious effort made to give it a serious and permanent character. The change from the old days of the meretricious "gift book" is due in great measure, as I have pointed out in these pages before, to the development of reproductive processes, which have made good illustrations easily possible. But it is also due to a marked improvement in public taste and to the rise of an extraordinary number of writers keenly interested in the study and criticism of art. Women, especially in England, are flinging themselves upon the subject with ardor, and keep the presses busy with their monographs on this or that historic figure. Few amongst the newcomers of either sex bring inspiration to their task, but few are deficient in the equally necessary virtues of industry and good sense. The result is that we have in the world of book-making an atmosphere too long absent, an atmosphere altogether favorable to the production of the art book as a thing indispensable to modern culture. As I write, the announcement comes to hand of an exhaustive book on Francesco Guardi, which Mr. George A. Simonson is bringing out in London. It is to contain new documents, a full catalogue of the Venetian painter's works, and, of course, many plates. Fifteen years ago no one writing in English would have undertaken to prepare a

work of the sort. If any one had been rash enough to do so, he would probably have had to put his text in French, for the benefit of a Parisian publisher. Decidedly, things have changed.

They have changed, but we have still to reckon with the fact that the brilliant critic is born, not made. He is as rare now as he ever was, and only one of the books published in the last twelve-month serves to remind us that he exists. The tendency I mentioned at the outset has this advantage, or disadvantage, that it does not need a man of genius for its effective exploitation. Given his hero, the average historian of art now knows just what to do, and does it with exemplary system. He travels up and down Europe, visiting all the public galleries and many private collections, and makes himself acquainted with his master's works. At the same time he reads the literature of his subject, particularly the contributions made to it by the followers of Morelli in Germany, Italy, and France. Then he writes a biography, adds descriptions, — the critical elements in which are largely colored by the conclusions of the authorities, — introduces as many illustrations as possible, and, winding up with a carefully compiled catalogue, sends his book forth. It is, in most cases, a book to be welcomed. "Here," says the reader, "are all the facts;" and the facts are valuable. What one misses is the insight, the kindling emotion, which will turn a book from a work of reference into a source of pleasure. The missing qualities cannot, I repeat, be acquired by deliberate endeavor. If they do not come naturally to a writer he will never possess them. Nevertheless, I cannot help wondering

if current art criticism would not have a little more vitality if it were written with a little less complacency. Your latter-day expert takes himself with appalling seriousness, and stands up so straight that now and then he falls backwards. He is afraid to take a natural, human view of his subject, being fearful that if he does so he will be regarded as an amateur. Enthusiasm he shuns as a purely Ruskinian vice. There are exceptions, of course. Mr. Gerald S. Davies, for example, showed in the admirable folio on Frans Hals, which he published two years ago, how easy it is to be at once instructive and exhilarating. But usually the critic's responsibility weighs so heavily upon him that he forgets — assuming that he knows how — to be freely and richly suggestive. That is why I feel a peculiar gratitude to the author of the single individualized art book which has lately been published.

He is Mr. Charles S. Ricketts, and his book is called *The Prado and its Masterpieces*.¹ Before analyzing its quality it is perhaps worth while to say a word or two about the author, since he belongs in the narrow category of artists who write. When I first saw his work he was associated with Mr. Charles H. Shannon, now one of the most brilliant painters in England, in the publication of a somewhat astonishing periodical, *The Dial*. This short-lived magazine, which appeared at irregular intervals, and ceased to appear at all after three or four numbers, was one of those miscellanies in which "temperament" is writ large across every page. Mr. Shannon made lithographs for it; Mr. Ricketts embellished it with wood engravings; and Mr. Sturge Moore, who has since developed into a very charming poet, had a hand in the enterprise both as artist and writer. The whole thing seemed to me compounded of cleverness and decadence. It was a kind of

superior "Yellow Book." Now the interesting circumstance, the one that justifies allusion to Mr. Ricketts's earlier performances, is that he looked at art in those experimental days from the inside, looked at it both as a craftsman and as a man of imagination. Underneath the affectation of *The Dial* one divined a certain sincerity. That it was there, in so far as Mr. Ricketts was concerned, is made doubly plain by his book on the Prado. To me it seems as if he had at last come into his own, as if his book were the product of a steady growth. It is a sumptuous affair with nearly a score of beautiful photogravures, but it is the kind of book which one would like to see printed in convenient form so that it might be put in a traveling bag and carried not only to Madrid, but to all the other art capitals of Europe, as a really illuminating companion. It is a mature piece of work, alive with sound thoughts on great subjects. Of it we may say, as we may say so seldom of a book on art, that it relates "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces."

The Prado is a monument by itself. No other great museum offers one quite the same sensations. It has its limitations. I remember that when I entered it for the first time, after long experience in the galleries of Italy, I felt, for a moment, a little wave of disappointment. It was difficult to be reconciled to the absence of so many of the earlier Italian masters. This disappointment has, I believe, been shared by many travelers. But it lasts only for a moment, and is never felt again, for in place of the Tuscans you have in this famous museum a collection of works by the *painters* of Europe, using the word in its strictest sense, such as you can find nowhere else. Velasquez and Titian, Rubens and Van Dyck, El Greco and Goya, combine in the Prado to illustrate with unique fullness the sheer power of the brush. Other masters uphold their hands, so to say, and the student who submits to the influence of the glorious company

¹ *The Prado and its Masterpieces*. By C. S. RICKETTS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

discovers, after a while, that he is positively saturated in the charm of technique. Mr. Ricketts's sympathy for the collection is readily to be understood. As an artist he could not resist so magnificent an exhibition of painter's painting. But what makes him delightful in his book is his refusal to remain merely an artist, to look for technic and nothing more. On the contrary, he is not ashamed to read an artist's nature into his work. Interpreting Velasquez, for example, no less as a man than as a craftsman, he boldly remarks that if we like his pictures for their mere paint, "we also like them for the sake of the man who painted them." He is nothing if not well balanced. It is the fashion among many artists, and among many writers, to speak of Velasquez as a demigod lifted high above all the painters who have ever lived. Mr. Ricketts can laud him without losing his head. His summing up of the matter is at once so measured and so true that I must quote it intact:—

"The marvellous art of Velasquez is one of balance, moderation, and self-control. Few artists of his rank have contented themselves with a field so restricted, or have concealed with such naturalness and tact the effort or ease with which their work was done. In a subtle blending of forces, none of them quite supreme or unsurpassed by others, he is able to conceal the effort of fusion by a lack of all affectation, and beat out into a middle course without conveying a latent sense of effort or mediocrity.

"Other artists have revealed new aspects of nature, or combinations of aspects, have founded schools or destroyed them. Velasquez did no such thing; his aim was the perfection that lies in reason and moderation.

"He is the profound student who makes no parade of his knowledge, the profound observer for whom observation and mere curiosity is not an end in itself. His native gifts, at the first neither ample nor original, were husbanded till they yielded one of the most delicate

examples of what painting can do to interpret or transmute what in any other man's work would have been little more than fine piece-painting.

"We forget that he was neither in line or colour a creative painter as Rubens is or Rembrandt is; we yield to the freshness of his vision, the delicate science of his brush, the gravity and charm of his artistic personality, — to his supreme distinction."

The note in this is one of sympathetic understanding; it is also the note of common sense, and that is what Mr. Ricketts gives us all along the line. He has enthusiasm in abundance, but he knows when to keep it in check. Nothing could be better than his analysis of El Greco, whose violent genius has recently moved some commentators to highfalutin. He has one particularly happy phrase on that artist, — "His pictures might at times have been painted by torchlight in a cell of the Inquisition," — but in this instance, as in others, he walks all around his subject as well as goes to the heart of it, and leaves in the long run an impression of reason as well as of swift intuition. Altogether, this is a book to be read and re-read, a book calculated to make one think.

Mr. Ricketts is this year, at all events, the only English critic who has produced what we may call a germinal book. The publications of his countrymen in the field of art stand more particularly for those serviceable routine labors at which I have already glanced. Several of their books, when taken together, and with reference to events in the last four or five years, bring up the question of what we owe in these matters to fashion. American collectors have for a couple of decades been known for their purchases of French landscapes. For a long time no private gallery on this side of the water was considered complete unless it contained souvenirs of the Barbizon school, and to this day they are more or less indispensable. But the building of great mansions in our chief

cities, and, even more, in the country, has been accompanied by a new movement in the picture market. Big decorative canvases have been wanted for big wall spaces, and the dealers have met the demand with a voluminous supply of portraits by the old masters. Spanish, Italian, and French paintings have been imported in great numbers for this purpose, but the Englishmen of the eighteenth century have led all the rest in popularity. It has been a notable coincidence, if nothing more, that the publishers have kept pace with the dealers, and that in every year's body of art books portraiture as a subject has been remarkably conspicuous. Mr. Davies took it up in his books on Hals and Holbein. Sir Walter Armstrong celebrated it in his stately volumes on Gainsborough and Reynolds. Only last year one of the principal books of the season was devoted to the work of Mr. Sargent, most of it in portraiture. This year the same story is to be told, with the difference that the old English school is very much in the foreground.

We have had, as noted above, definitive works on Gainsborough and Reynolds. Justice has also been done to Raeburn and Sir Thomas Lawrence. Hoppner alone remains to be commemorated with all the luxury of broad pages and beautiful photogravures, for Romney¹ has just been made the hero of two imposing quartos written and compiled by Mr. Humphry Ward, the art critic of the *London Times*, and Mr. W. Roberts, whose bibliographical contributions have long been valued by readers of the *Athenæum*. These collaborators have done their work well. Mr. Ward's biographical and critical essay is brief and sufficiently edifying, though it contains no especially original views. Mr. Roberts has framed a useful catalogue raisonné of Romney's paintings, and between this and the essay his diaries are transcribed,

showing that he gave nearly nine thousand sittings in something less than twenty years. The diaries form a bald record, with no passages that are readable for their own sake, but they are useful in fixing the chronology of the works. Naturally much stress is laid upon the illustrations, seventy photogravures of the finest quality forming a kind of gallery in little. They explain, by the way, why fashion is now going to Romney, or to his colleagues, for paintings wherewith to decorate its walls. He delineated the great world of his day, a world dominated by brilliant men and beautiful women, especially beautiful women, and he went about his business with resources that flowered in perhaps the most purely charming contributions ever made to English portraiture. Reynolds and Gainsborough both surpassed him along certain lines. The former was a born court painter, and could produce a state portrait with a certain grandeur quite out of Romney's reach. Gainsborough, a far subtler, fresher, and more distinguished manipulator of pigment, had a good deal of Sir Joshua's sophistication. Romney differed from both in his art, as he differed from them in his nature. He was one of the shyest of men, passionately absorbed in his work. According to one of his pupils, "in his painting room he seemed to have the highest enjoyment of life." Mr. Ward dismisses the Emma Hamilton episode as having influenced the painter's state of mind without drastically affecting his career. "My own opinion, stated in a single sentence," he says, "is this: that Romney was really in love with Emma, but that Emma probably never knew it, and that it never occurred to her to return the passion." Though he loved her, she could not detach him from his painting, or diminish the fervor of his devotion to abstract beauty. There is a letter of his written from Venice to a friend in Rome and describing his emotions on leaving that city, which is worth quoting as a clue to the spirit in which Romney worked:—

¹ *Romney*. By HUMPHRY WARD and W. ROBERTS. Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

"Something hung about my heart that felt like sorrow, which continued to increase till I reached the summit of Mount Viterbo. I arrived there about half an hour before the vetturino; indeed, I hastened to do so, as well knowing it would be the last time I should see Rome. I looked with an eager eye to discover that divine place. It was enveloped in a bright vapor, as if the rays of Apollo shone there with greater lustre than at any other spot upon this terrestrial globe. My mind visited every place, and thought of everything that had given it pleasure: and I continued some time in that state, with a thousand tender sensations playing about my heart, till I was almost lost in sorrow — think, O, think! my dear Carter, where you are, and do not let the sweets of that divine place escape from you; do not leave a stone unturned that is classical; do not leave a form unsought out that is beautiful, nor even a line of the great Michael Angelo."

Gainsborough was a sensitive man, and so was Reynolds, in his way, but it is doubtful if either of them could have written the foregoing letter. As Mr. Ward says, "there is nothing in Reynolds's Italian notes so personal and so self-revealing as this passage." Gentleness, even a kind of sad sweetness, are what we feel in it, and these are the things that are disclosed in Romney's paintings. The courtly elegance of his sitters was modified by him as he reproduced it on canvas, and made womanly and tender. Limpid, delicate, spontaneous, these are the epithets that spring to the lips when one is in the presence of a fine example of his art. I say a "fine example" advisedly. He could not have given those nine thousand sittings without, on occasion, feeling fatigue. He could not have produced the hundreds of portraits enumerated by Mr. Roberts without leaving some of them coldly conventional performances. But even in a poor Romney there will be discernible, sometimes, a passage of delightful execution; not ravishing as in Gainsborough or power-

ful as in Reynolds, but simple, pure, and most beguilingly suave.

That last merit is the salient merit of the school of English engravers from which Mrs. Julia Frankau, the novelist and amateur of prints, has drawn the subjects for her latest book, *William Ward, A. R. A. and James Ward, R. A.*¹ The mezzotints of the eighteenth century were the direct consequence of the paintings of that period. The men who scraped them not only devoted themselves to reproducing the works of Reynolds and the rest, but were animated by much the same spirit. They were, like the artists, part of a social epoch. They cultivated precision and grace. Above all they cultivated suavity, and in the velvety tones of their plates they echo the refinement and luxury characteristic of the best society of their time. Incidentally they were superb technicians, but that their masterpieces are to-day valued more for that fact than for anything else is open to question. It is true that it is only the flawless impression of a great mezzotint that makes a sensation in the auction room, and here and there there are doubtless collectors who admire a plate by John Raphael Smith, or Valentine Green, or William Ward, for its own sake. Mrs. Frankau is plainly one of them. But there is no denying that here, again, modern fashion has exerted a tremendous influence in an artistic matter. Prints are substituted for paintings, when the latter are not available, as objects of decoration, and even in houses full of pictures they are used for the same purpose with inimitable effect. I note this, not in criticism, but simply as a sign of the times.

Mrs. Frankau has the courage of her convictions. In the regal portfolio of forty engravings which forms part of her work, she gives most of her plates to William Ward, who reproduced paint-

¹ *William Ward, A. R. A. and James Ward, R. A. Their Lives and Works.* By JULIA FRANKAU. One volume and a portfolio. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

ings like Hoppner's famous Miranda in noble fashion, when he was not designing and stippling dainty circular or oval portraits of feminine types. But in the octavo which contains her text, she fills much of her space with a biographical sketch of James Ward, who valued his gifts as an engraver less than he valued his gifts as a painter. He was a curious man, morbid and conceited. Accomplished as an animal painter, he wasted an immense amount of his time and energy on allegories which he was hopelessly unfitted to produce. Mrs. Frankau has done well to paint his portrait and to put on record a favorable estimate of his animal pictures and his engravings. The thirty photogravures from his works, which she scatters through her text, are important to the student. But this publication of hers will necessarily be valued in great measure for the engravings after William Ward's mezzotints and stipples. They give us equivalents for the originals so exact that they might easily deceive the inexpert collector. The mezzotints are wonderfully rich in tone. The stipples are as successful in color. Their publication at this time, if not significant of any tendency in art criticism, is, on the other hand, clearly significant of a phase of modern taste. They point to that interest in portraiture which is at present one of the most noticeable phenomena on the artistic horizon.

Dr. Williamson's work in two richly illustrated folios, *The History of Portrait Miniatures*,¹ points to the same thing. The audience he addresses is composed in part of students, but much more of collectors. The latter are supplied in these volumes with all the information requisite to profitable indulgence in their hobby. The author has made minute investigations into his subject, exploring innumerable collections and overhauling many historical documents.

¹ *The History of Portrait Miniatures*. By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

He traverses the works of all the masters, and with the aid of his excellent plates reduces a somewhat complicated subject to a practicable condition. The reader who studies in this book the traits and historical relations of the painters described ought to be able to start out upon a search for interesting examples uncommonly well equipped. The art of the miniaturist is still a living art, inasmuch as there are competent painters here and in Europe producing good miniatures. Nevertheless, the great tradition of the art is dead. There is no point of contact between the modern miniature, brilliant though it may be, and the miniature of the golden era in England. We know how to draw, but not as Holbein drew. We know how to paint, but not as Holbein and his followers painted. The German master, though rivaled by Clouet in France, had a manner all his own, one of incomparable breadth and precision, on which, when he came to England in the sixteenth century, he founded the one school of miniature painting that is superior to all the others,—the English. He was as much the painter when he executed a tiny portrait as when he covered a spacious panel, and he was, into the bargain, as strong an interpreter of character when working in the one form as in the other. He taught the English, not only of his own day, but of later generations, to avoid the pitfall of the miniaturist, a lack of proportion. Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, and Samuel Cooper, who came after him, carried on his noble style.

It was noble because it implied, within the cramping limits of a miniature, all those qualities of brilliant draughtsmanship, subtle modeling, and inner vitality which belong to a work of art on any scale, without seeming in any way ill at ease. Adjustment is the secret of a good miniature, the accommodation of breadth to narrowness. Every good miniature has been a *tour de force*, a miracle worked through consummate tact, taste, and

deftness. The English went on working these miracles down into the eighteenth century. Cosway, who is beside Holbein like a butterfly beside an eagle, was at any rate worthy of his German predecessor in that he adapted his means to the end he pursued. Holbein, working in the grand style, and Cosway, working in merely exquisite vein, were at one on the point of making a miniature as free a painting, within its close boundaries, as the amplest mural decoration might be. This is the lesson enforced by Dr. Williamson's numerous examples. It should be taken into consideration by collectors as one touchstone to use in the market. It should also, obviously, be noted by miniaturists, but few of them seem inclined to take the hint given them by the masterpieces of the past. The common practice nowadays is to make a miniature look either like a postage stamp enlarged or an easel picture reduced. It occurs to only a few artists to accept the hard and fast conditions imposed by the miniature, and to attempt to triumph over them without violating what is essential to their character.

An interesting illustration of the fidelity with which a true artist adheres to the principles of the form in which he works is provided in Fabriczy's *Italian Medals*,¹ which has lately been put into English by Mrs. Gustavus W. Hamilton. The book gives a scholarly but not pedantic account of Pisanello and his followers, clear half-tones from many of their most characteristic works adding to the value of the text. Herr von Fabriczy does not fail to point out that the medal of the Renaissance was regarded by the princes of that time as "a portable monument," and developed by the sculptors with a full consciousness of its potentiality in that direction. He takes sufficient account of the historical value of the medal. But he realizes, too, that the importance

of this product of the Renaissance lies largely in its æsthetic relations. Pisanello, in practically creating the medal, might have followed the methods of the mint. He remembered in time that he was working, not in a mint, but in a studio, and made his medals, not coins, but pieces of sculpture. He did in bronze what Holbein was to do when he came to paint miniatures: recognized the limitations of his medium and conquered in spite of them, or, rather, through meeting them halfway, and adapting the language of plastic art to a delicately decorative purpose. It is odd that while historic miniatures have been assiduously collected by American connoisseurs, the latter have steadily neglected the Italian medalist. No one in this country has even attempted to bring together such a collection of medals as that which belongs to M. Gustave Dreyfus, in Paris, for example. Perhaps it is because the subject has rarely been brought up amongst us. Talking about it with a well-known Roman worker in bronze a year or so ago, I suggested that a good beginning might be made if he were to cast reproductions of some of the best medals by Pisanello, Matteo de Pasti, and others, existing in Italy, and exhibit them in America. A recent letter informs me that he has adopted the idea and is preparing about a hundred examples. These may do promising missionary work in the United States, and the translation of Fabriczy's book may likewise be of service. The medalists of the Renaissance should be known here as amongst the great masters of art, and their works should have an influence upon American sculptors and students as exemplifications of the rectitude of form. Almost any one of Pisanello's little bronzes constitutes a lesson in proportion.

I may appropriately touch at this point upon the one or two other recent publications dealing with Italian themes. None of them has the importance of such books as Kristeller's *Mantegna* or Ricci's *Pintoricchio*, to name only two of the works in this field brought out not

¹ *Italian Medals*. By CORNELIUS VON FABRICZY. Translated by Mrs. GUSTAVUS W. HAMILTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

long since, but they are books of interest just the same. Dr. Gronau's *Titian*,¹ which has been translated from the German for the Library of Art, is not so specialized a piece of work as is the standard biography by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. It is tersely and vividly written, precisely the book for the general reader. The author pays special attention to the emotional and intellectual forces in the nature of his master, and brings out with emphasis the fact that Titian was a colorist not so much because he made his canvases glow as because he made them supremely harmonious. He speaks of the painter as having, indeed, achieved most in color in his latter years, when, "while depending less and less on the help of strong tints and the use of contrast, he was trying to reach the highest effect of color by the employment of the simplest possible means." This remark is characteristic of modern criticism. It goes constantly deeper and deeper below the surface, and tries to pluck the secret of a man's work out from the heart, exposing the organic life within it. Dr. Gronau goes so far in his analysis of Titian that we wish he had gone farther and had treated the Venetian painter's points of contact with the earlier Tuscans. Titian had something of the mixed pagan and pietistic feeling which we associate more particularly with the Florentine school. He could be religious and he could be classical, the Madonna and Venus both inspired his brush. It is this duality of his nature, quite as much as the pomp and splendor of his color, that makes him a type of Venice, where, to adapt a phrase of Mr. Hardy's, it was difficult to tell whether a breeze blew from Cyprus or from Galilee.

In the same series with Dr. Gronau's book, Miss Maud Cruttwell publishes a good study of Verrocchio.² It is a thorough-going essay, notable for its clarifi-

cation of the master's works. Miss Cruttwell is ever careful to distinguish between the genuine pieces and the things by inferior imitators which have been attributed to Verrocchio. But she is even more useful, I think, in her patient unraveling of the different strains in his art, showing that if he was a profound realist, he was also too passionate a lover of beauty to stop at accurate imitation of fact. It is the old story of using technic simply as the vehicle for the expression of ideas. Verrocchio abounds in ideas: of design, of character, of beauty. Miss Cruttwell has a good passage on this point, based on a comparison between her sculptor and Pollaiuolo:—

"Antonio Pollaiuolo, concentrating his faculties on a thorough understanding of the human frame, and particularly its muscular system, represented the nude figure in action in higher perfection than even Donatello had attained. His interest in the muscles and movements of joint and limb, and his consequent emphasis of violent action, gives his figures at times a truculence which verges on brutality. Verrocchio, while equally interested in interpreting human power and energy, expresses it less by its external manifestations of thews and sinews than by the intellectual force of character. The impression of strength received from the statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni is given less by his superb physique and audacious bearing than by the vitalizing power and concentration of will interpreted in the features. Here lies the chief distinction between these two artists. To Pollaiuolo strength meant muscle and sinew trained to an iron tenseness. The type chosen by him to express his ideals is the athlete brutalized by savage passion, with knotted joints, bent, sinewy legs, and huge torso; the forehead is deeply corrugated, the jaw square, the lips parted, bull-dog fashion, over the set teeth. His scenes are chiefly of ferocious combat waged with ungoverned fury. Nothing but the innate poetry of his temperament saves his art from the

¹ *Titian*. By GEORG GRONAU. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

² *Verrocchio*. By MAUD CRUTTWELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

charge of brutality. With Verrocchio intellectual power dominates the physical energy."

It is the story of Verrocchio's art, and of his place in Italian sculpture, in a nutshell. He realized, with Donatello, the founder of his school, that a knowledge of anatomy was essential to him; but, again with Donatello, he went, above all things, for character and beauty. It is pleasant to see that Miss Cruttwell, who is not without erudition, cannot be lured by questions of attribution or what not from the appreciation of Verrocchio as a creative artist, whose essence is an imaginative quantity. In other words, her book has gusto; it is written with equal knowledge and enthusiasm. It is one of the best of those monographs to which I have referred as based on system and industry rather than on an original impulse. Miss Cruttwell may not touch the reader with a sense of new and fruitifying criticism, but at least she appeals to him with the warmth of conviction.

Less spirited in its movement, and less learned, but on the whole a similarly workmanlike and creditable volume, is Mrs. Ady's book on Botticelli,¹ an expansion of the study which she published a year or so ago. This clear narrative restates the results of modern research and gives a trustworthy account of the Florentine painter's career. What he owed to Savonarola and Dante is set forth in straightforward fashion, and his works are surveyed in chronological order, one by one, without audacious speculation or parade of science.

There is considerable parade of science in the monumental *Rubens*² of M. Max Rooses; but it is pardonable, if not altogether welcome. The devotion of the keeper of the Plantin-Moretus Museum in Antwerp to the famous artist of his native town has long been known.

¹ *The Life and Art of Sandro Botticelli*. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

² *Rubens*. By MAX ROOSES. Two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

M. Émile Michel published some five years ago, in two handsome folios, the work on Rubens for which the world had been waiting, an authoritative critical biography, lavishly illustrated; but while, under ordinary circumstances, he might seem to have left little to be done with the subject, a place was bound to be kept open for M. Rooses. That gentleman has spent too many years of his life in the study of Rubens, has accumulated too many data relating to the painter, and has, as we have indicated, too deep a love for his hero, for any one to grudge him the demonstration he has longed to make. Moreover, now that he has made it, I confess that if he has not invalidated M. Michel he has certainly justified himself. His work is encyclopædic. He follows Rubens step by step from the cradle to the grave, and, in fact, I may note in passing, that before he does this he gives us the closest possible report of the painter's family, dwelling with meticulous attention upon the elder Rubens in his ill-starred amatory intrigue, and upon every other episode which might help us to realize what manner of folk Rubens sprang from. The diplomatic and social incidents in the life of Rubens are carefully narrated; and throughout, the man as well as the painter is vividly portrayed.

Where the works are concerned, M. Rooses shows the defects of his qualities. Nothing could be more luminous than his exposition of the painter's early indebtedness to Italy, for example, and the whole account of Rubens at Mantua is excellent. There are some good pages, too, on the visit to Spain. Unfortunately, the author seems never to see his subject as a whole. His generalizations are interpolated, as they are provoked, in a long-drawn-out narrative which becomes clogged with facts and so wearies the reader that he has to make strenuous efforts if he means to be enlightened. One cannot see the wood because of the trees. It would have been wiser if M. Rooses had divided his work into two parts, one bio-

graphical and the other critical. If this would not do, then at least he might have been briefer. Taking the book as it is, I find it one of those storehouses of information which neither the student nor the specialist could afford to be without, but not the classic of art history which I had all along hoped M. Roose would produce. Loyalty to Rubens, an unwillingness to slight any phase of the painter's personality or career, has led him to put forth a book which one would like to be able to enjoy as much as one respects it. A word as to the illustrations. There are more than three hundred and fifty of them, photogravures, half-tones, and tinted reproductions of drawings. All of these are well made, but the drawings are especially gratifying.

The danger of becoming too much absorbed in a given painter or school is illustrated in various ways. With M. Roose it does not mean any debasing of the critical standard. His opinions on Rubens are, indeed, as judicious as they are sympathetic. In his case it is merely the literary form given to his material that counts against him. One or two of the new books have not this venial demerit, but suffer from an incurable disposition in the authors to bestow unlimited praise where only the most discriminating appreciation is legitimate. I take up Miss Irene Langridge's *William Blake*,¹ and at the beginning of the first chapter read these amazing words:—

"The work of one of the greatest spirits that ever made Art his medium has yet its way to make among the general public. The world entertained the angel unawares, for three quarters of a century have passed since the death of William Blake, and still his name and his work are but indifferently known. Yet to those that know them, the designs from his pencil, and the poems from his pen, are among the most precious things that Art has bequeathed to us."

The entire volume is written in the same vein. It would hardly seem, therefore, that it ought to be grouped amongst the significant art books of the year, but it *is* significant,—of a curious eddy in contemporary criticism. Miss Langridge is not alone in thinking that William Blake was "one of the greatest spirits that ever made Art his medium." That strange man of genius, in his moments an exquisite poet, has been for years the object of a cult, and since writers themselves celebrated, like Swinburne, have paid him tribute, it has come about that in some quarters denial of his preëminence as an artist is regarded as sacrilege. It is, as a matter of fact, only common sense. Why the operation of the laws of art, which are pretty nearly as inexorable as the laws of nature, should be supposed to have been suspended for Blake's benefit, I have never been able to perceive. His imagination was chaotic. Occasionally it flashed forth in a beautiful design, like the famous fourteenth plate for the book of Job, the one illustrating the line, "When the morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy." One, at least, of the drawings for *Blair's Grave*, the *Death's Door*, is a masterpiece. In many of his drawings Blake gives you vague hints of noble form, figures that suggest the creations of Michael Angelo, seen in a disordered dream. Finally, it may be admitted that Blake's conceptions were frequently grandiose, suggesting poetic feeling and an original, powerful mind. But in execution his designs are mostly deplorable, and not all the special pleading in the world can turn them into great works of art. Such works of art are built up on rational design, honest drawing, and harmonious color. You cannot ignore these things any more than you can ignore the everlasting hills. Blake's partisans ignore the principles that condemn the bulk of his work as an artist, and bravely acclaim him an immortal. It may be magnificent. It certainly is not criticism.

¹ *William Blake: A Study of his Life and Art Work.* By IRENE LANGRIDGE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Another blithe champion of an untenable theory is Mr. Wynford Dewhurst, who has written a work called *Impressionist Painting*,¹ in which he begins by declaring that "the Impressionistic idea is of English birth," and ends by bringing Max Liebermann into his book! He offers a beautiful example of the confusion of mind which ensues when a man has made up his mind to adopt and defend a certain creed. Mr. Dewhurst is all for impressionism and the world well lost. He is not content with praising the historic impressionists, Manet, Monet, Degas, and one or two others. He most enormously admires Whistler, Carrière, Pointelin, Besnard, Didier-Pouget, Alexander Harrison, and Max Liebermann; so he gathers them all in, throws up his cap, and declares that they, too, are impressionists. Meanwhile the bewildered layman might well ask what had become of impressionism. It remains, of course, undisturbed by Mr. Dewhurst's genial proceedings, an episode in modern French painting, the influence of which, though still felt, has so overlapped with other influences that its historic character must be isolated to be clearly understood. Manet and Monet and their group let the light of day flood their canvases and painted nature precisely as they saw it. Mr. Dewhurst is right in describing Jongkind, Boudin, and Cézanne as their forerunners in this regard, but they were the first men to do the thing that I have described with the thoroughness and force necessary to create a movement. Monet is still living, and if he cared enough to look at them, — which I doubt, — he would recognize in many of the pictures hanging in every Salon the influence of himself and Manet. But he would see also that impressionism, as he understood it when he was fighting its battles, has lost its integrity, and that the men who flaunt their banner are really eclectics who have taken a leaf out of his book, a leaf out of

Corot's, and so on, through a long list. It is well to note their debt. It is a mistake to associate them with the pioneers, whose works have always an absolute unity. If we must classify, let us at any rate be accurate in our classification.

That is the belief of M. Dimier, whose *French Painting in the Sixteenth Century*,² in the series including the *Titian* and *Verrocchio* noticed above, is a distinctly controversial publication. He ascribes the first really French note in French art to the initiative of Francis I, who gave tremendous impetus to the decorative impulse which has been profoundly active in the country ever since. For my own part I think that he is right, and that those who would give precedence to the French Primitives in the matter have a terribly uphill task before them. The debate between the two schools of criticism began last summer, when a remarkable exhibition of paintings by Jean Fouquet, Jean Malouel, Jean Bourdichon, Enguerrand Charonton, Nicolas Froment, and divers others, was opened in the Pavillon de Marsan at the Louvre. On one side it was argued that these masters were thorough Frenchmen, expressing the genius of their race in their works. On the other, it was maintained that, whether born on French soil or not, they painted so much under the influence of the Flemish Primitives as to fall naturally into the same historical category with those famous craftsmen. The battle has been waging furiously in the weightier organs of art criticism, and, I may add, there have been no defections from either side. Though these pages are confined to criticism of art books published in English, I may venture to allude to an imposing work that lies before me as I write, *L'Exposition des Primitifs Français: La Peinture en France sous les Valois*, by M. Henri Bouchot, published by the Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. It is a collection of one hundred magnificent plates,

¹ *Impressionist Painting: its Genesis and Development*. By WYNFORD DEWHURST. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

² *French Painting in the Sixteenth Century*. By L. DIMIER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

reproducing the salient works shown at the Pavillon de Marsan. M. Bouchot's enthusiasm as shown in this work is delightful. He has all of the masters duly parceled out into schools. From this book one would judge that in the time of the Valois there were scattered over France any number of painters actively engaged in interpreting the ideas of their native land. But to the disinterested student Flemish influence is written so clearly across the face of every one of these pictures that to take them as purely French products seems an almost incredible assumption. The school was a school of

echoes. It had gifted members, of that there can be no doubt. Some of the religious paintings reveal poignant feeling. Some of the portraits are superb. But in the main these Primitives suggest neither national temperament nor individual genius, and they are plainly deficient in mere beauty. If the reader questions M. Dimier's verdict against the Primitives as the first purely French painters, let him go carefully over M. Bouchot's plates, keeping the early Netherlandish masters constantly in mind. The odds are that he will adopt M. Dimier's hypothesis as conclusive.

THE VARIORUM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

THE magnitude of the service which Dr. Furness is performing in the successive volumes of this monumental edition has long been enthusiastically acknowledged by all students of Shakespeare. The new volume¹ shows no abatement in thoroughness, conscientious zeal, or scholarly discrimination. As before, he supplies us with full apparatus for textual criticism and interpretation, a carefully condensed summary of previous scholarship in matters of date, sources, and the like, and the kernel of the contributions of all the more important æsthetic critics. In addition to all this he writes a preface bristling with stimulating and provocative suggestions, and forming an original contribution of serious importance for the history of Elizabethan literature.

The most startling feature of this preface is in connection with Euphuism. For generations the statement has been handed down from teacher to pupil, and from textbook to textbook, that the

style of John Lyly's *Euphues* not only called forth literary imitations, but affected even the conversation of the courtiers of Elizabeth. No one seems to have questioned the belief. Sir Walter Scott held it, and on the basis of it made an unfortunate attempt to embody it in the character of Sir Piercie Shafton in *The Monastery*. Modern editors and students of Lyly, men like Mr. Bond and Professor Baker, Dr. Landmann and Professor C. G. Child, have committed themselves to it. And now, at this late date, Dr. Furness takes us all aback by telling us that he sees no good ground for believing it.

His method of attack is twofold. He exposes the weakness of the positive evidence, and produces negative evidence. The positive evidence consists solely, he holds, in the statement of a bookseller, Edward Blount, who issued in 1632 an edition of six of Lyly's comedies. In a prefixed address "To the Reader" Blount says: "Our nation are in Lyly's debt for a new English he taught them. *Euphues* and his *England* began first that language. All our ladies were then his scholars; and

¹ *Love's Labour's Lost*. The Variorum Edition. Edited by H. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

that beauty in Court, which could not parley Euphuism, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French." This statement, Dr. Furness points out, is really only part of an advertisement; it is accompanied by others the accuracy of which is doubtful; and it is not worthy of being taken as sufficient evidence of a state of society. "As well might the future historian promulgate as a fact that the universal greeting among citizens of all classes at the present day is an inquiry as to the soap which had assisted their morning ablutions; or that the earliest articulate cry of infancy is a petition for 'soothing syrup.'"

On the negative side he cites a "Prologue to the Reader," prefixed in 1560 by Thomas Wilson to his *Arte of Rhetorique*. Wilson, denouncing the use of "straunge ynkehorn terms" and other affectations, remarks that "the fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer." "To whom," asks Dr. Furness, "are we to give credence, Edward Blount, a bookseller, or Thomas Wilson, a courtier? Edward Blount, who wrote nigh thirty years after Elizabeth's court had ceased to be, or Thomas Wilson, who lived during its existence and was of it?"

The issue thus raised demands more careful consideration than it has been accustomed to receive. The negative argument, however, is easily disposed of. The period during which the Euphuistic vogue prevailed in literature, and is supposed to have affected conversation at court, was from 1580 till about 1590. The passage in Wilson was written at least twenty years before; and were he twenty times a courtier we should be compelled to set aside his evidence in favor of that of even a less trustworthy historian who writes after the event. Nor is Blount's testimony seriously weakened by his date. Though he published his *Lyly* in 1632, he was old enough in 1588 to be a freeman of the Stationers' Company, and so was an adult contemporary of the movement he professes to describe. The possible untrustworthiness of a statement

made to help the sale of his wares is a more serious difficulty, and in the absence of corroboration might well make us chary of dogmatic assertion. Now, unambiguous testimony is harder to find than might be expected. Literal reports of actual conversations, especially of the small talk of the court, are not common. Euphuistic dialogue in works of fiction of the period in question is frequent enough; but it is open to the objector to say that these are merely parts of a literary tradition, not transcripts of fact. Further, evidence of a tendency to fantastic expression of various kinds is abundant; but of the prevalence in conversation of that exact species technically known as Euphuism it is harder to find proof. The presumption is in favor of it. The Elizabethan courtiers, even Dr. Furness would allow, were given to verbal affectations. *Euphues* was a highly popular book at court for a number of years; its style was a chief cause of its popularity, and called forth literary imitations. It is entirely plausible, then, that it should have affected speech also. But does any contemporary, save Blount, say it did?

Here is some evidence. Michael Drayton (1563-1631), writing a poetical epistle to Henry Reynolds, says of Sidney that he

did first reduce
Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use;
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words, and idle similes;
As the English apes and very zanies be
Of everything that they do hear and see,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write all like mere lunatics.

Dekker (?1570-?1641) in *The Gull's Hornbook* thus ends his instructions for the conduct of a gallant at the theatre: "To conclude, hoard up the finest play-scrapes you can get, upon which your lean wit may most savourily feed for want of other stuff, when the Arcadian and Euphuized gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you. That quality (next to your shuttlecock) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new

beginner, and is but his A B C of compliment." In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune*, it is said that the courtier

Has nothing in him but a piece of Euphuës,
And twenty dozen of twelve-penny ribband all
About him.

Sir Thomas Overbury, describing the character of "A Fine Gentleman," says he "speaks Euphuës, not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse makes not his behaviour, but he buys it at court, as countrymen their clothes in Birchin Lane."

The list could doubtless be extended; but these quotations are enough to enable us to recover from the shock of Dr. Furness's attack, and to continue to picture the Elizabethan courtier of the second last decade of the sixteenth century ornamenting his discourse with the far-fetched figures, the alliteration, and the balanced antitheses, which characterized the style of John Lyly.

Dr. Furness's scepticism is not confined to the question of Euphuism at court. He has little sympathy with the attempts to identify the characters of *Love's Labour's Lost* with historical personages, as, for example, Holofernes with Florio. In this he will, we imagine, carry with him an increasing number of modern scholars. Less general assent will be won by his opposition to the view of Biron and Rosaline as the predecessors of Benedick and Beatrice. He admits that "Berowne and Benedick are in love against their will; Rosaline and Beatrice are irrepressibly fond of banter;" but he questions whether the resemblance goes farther. He makes an analysis of the two pairs of characters in order to emphasize the points of difference; and he unquestionably does service in indicating the limits of the parallelism. But he confuses the issue when he says: "Could we point to defects in the earlier character which are remedied in the later, then we might say that Berowne is Benedick's predecessor. But are there any such defects? Are they not essentially different?" It is

not a question of better character, but of better characterization. Benedick and Beatrice may or may not be stronger characters than Berowne and Rosaline; it is certain that they are more vividly delineated. One may doubt, however, whether those numerous critics who have seen in the hero and heroine of *Love's Labour's Lost* the fore-runners of Benedick and Beatrice, have meant more than that in the earlier play there is the hint, later worked out, of the situation produced by two people who amuse us by the interchange of pointed and vigorous raillery, and by a reluctance, which we feel is destined to be vain, to acknowledge each other's charm.

To the more minute student of Shakespeare's text, Dr. Furness offers a special contribution in drawing attention to the evidence in this play in favor of the view that the Elizabethan compositors sometimes set up the copy to dictation. The importance of this is obvious when we consider that explanations of defects in the text are then to be looked for in mistakes of the ear as well as of the eye. But he goes too far in saying that if this surmise is correct "it is fatal to emendations founded on the *ductus litterarum*." He seems to forget that the compositor's reader, if not the compositor himself, must still have used his eye, and so must have been liable to the same kind of mistake as was made at times by the compositor when he set directly from written copy.

It is seldom that the veteran editor can let one of these volumes out of his hands without a yawning "*cui bono*?" Here it takes the form of a depreciation of all that kind of scholarship of which his edition is a compendium. "But, after all," he concludes, "is it of any moment whether Berowne preceded Benedick, or Rosaline Beatrice? All four of them fill our minds with measureless content; and if there be in them indications of the growth of Shakespeare's art, then these indications are never heeded when we see the living persons before us on the stage. What care

we then for aught but what our eyes see and our ears hear? What to us then is the date when the play was written? Shall our ears at that moment be vexed with twice-told tales of the source of the plot? Be then and there the drowsy hum of commentators uncared for and unheard."

To this we attempt no reasoned reply, for it is impossible to believe that the writer takes seriously a view which implies that what to the rest of us is an achievement splendid alike in conception and execution is to its author merely love's labor lost.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PRINCE RUPERT'S MERCY

THE friendly precincts of the Club afford no fitting field for the splintering of lances. Yet I am tempted to run a course against no less a champion than Goldwin Smith, who in his thoughtful and scholarly essay on *The Great Puritan* has cast a slur on the honor of Cromwell's chief antagonist, Prince Rupert. The accusation of barbarity against the valiant Royalist leader is one which has been heedlessly repeated by numberless historians, ever since it was first made in those Puritan pamphlets whose writers had seen the soldiers and standards of the "Cause" go down before Rupert's invincible charge. In them the injustice was perhaps pardonable. Bred in a land which had grown unused to the harsh exactions and extremities of war, they saw ruthless cruelty in the inevitable demands of the soldiery, and felt the hardships of the time as so many deliberate inflictions. Rupert, their arch terror, Rupert, the king's sword hand; he who had taught to English armies the secret of the charge with bare steel and who "put that spirit into the king's army that all men seemed resolved,"—Rupert was naturally held accountable for every burned cottage, every wasted field, and for all those other more dreadful outrages which existed but in the frenzied imaginations of their narrators. Against the young foreign prince who had started up beside the Standard of King Charles like war incarnate were

turned those pens which had been sharpened to vituperation in the Christian occupation of religious controversy. So much for those news-writers who sent out their fierce arraignments and warnings, while London citizens piled their earthworks in hourly expectation of Rupert's onset, and Milton affixed to his house door his proud appeal against the despoilment he dreaded.

Surely it should be the privilege of later writers, whose pulses are unstirred by panic or conflict, to disregard such clamorous and unproven accusations. In this age we may see something of Prince Rupert's very self, where his contemporaries saw often only the flash of his scarlet cloak, the whirl of dust about his horse's hoofs. It is with much surprise, therefore, and even more regret, that I find Goldwin Smith, whose wide thought and lucid style have won him a place of such authority, echoing the cry of those far-away pamphleteers. Doubtless in his preoccupation with the character of Cromwell, the author allowed himself a certain carelessness in his passing allusion to Cromwell's antagonist. Since the Protector, however, has the great voice of success to trumpet his virtues, and since the leader of the popular and progressive cause never lacks champions to acclaim him, it may not be amiss that here and there a voice should, with Whitman's, give

"vivats to those who have failed,"
or should at the least accord them justice.

Goldwin Smith points out, very reasonably, that the conditions of Ireland after the Rebellion there justified measures of great severity. He evidently regrets the stain cast on his hero's memory by the massacre of Drogheda, and in regard to Cromwell's share in it indulges in what, in an historian of less authority, might be criticised as special pleading: "Cromwell did not thank God for the massacre, as some who rave against him would have us think; he thanked God for the victory, and excused the slaughter on the ground of just retribution and necessary example." The distinction is a subtle one, but may pass. What cannot pass is the following statement: "Cromwell's proclamation on landing in Ireland, assuring all non-combatants of impunity and protection, was the first note of humanity heard in all those years. Its promise was strictly kept and sternly enforced against any attempt at outrage; whereas Rupert's Cavaliers marauded at their will and sacked a captured city."

Neither as history or logic is that passage quite worthy of its writer. It may be conceded that Cromwell was in the main a merciful man, though it needs a very stanch admirer to call on his Irish campaign as witness to the fact. The promise of impunity was scarcely kept to the priests at Drogheda or the Irish women at Wexford.

Putting aside that question, how can the proclamation which ushered in a campaign of uncommon harshness be regarded as the first note of humanity? From the beginning to the end of his English warfare, Rupert's generosity to his foes is apparent, not in words only, as in Cromwell's proclamation, but in deeds. In the fight of Powick Bridge, the first crossing of swords, in which Rupert's charge scattered a force far superior in arms and numbers, the fiery young leader paused in the flush of his triumphs, to see that tendance was given to the Parliamentary Colonel Sandys, who lay dying on the field. His chivalrous forbearance toward Mistress Purefoy and

her little garrison, who had broken all the rules of war by defending an untenable position and causing needless bloodshed; the courtesy with which he left the brave Castellane unmolested in the house he had captured, are among the most gracious episodes of the time. The only occasion on which Rupert, always "a prince religious of his word," failed to carry out a promise, was at the siege of Lichfield. The Parliamentary soldiery had taken up a position in the close of the Cathedral, subjecting the noble building to much fanatical ill treatment; their commander had defied Prince Rupert in person, in terms unbefitting the courtesies of war; the garrison refused repeated summons, and ended by hanging one of the prince's men on the battlements. In his fierce anger Rupert vowed that not a life should be spared among the defenders; but when after a terrible conflict a breach had been made and entered, and the town was at his mercy, he respected the valor of his foes, admitted them to quarter, and suffered them to march out with the honors of war. It is the only time on record when Prince Rupert failed to make good his word. As concerns plunder, it is certain that the Puritans were held in hand better than the Royalists. "The power of discipline," it has been cynically said, "lies in the paymaster's chest." The Parliament held the wealth of London and the king's confiscated revenues. Prince Rupert had an army to support with few resources; he plundered accordingly, kept his men fed and armed, and himself went penniless from England. Yet his depredations have been exaggerated; he saved Bristol from being fired during the Royalist attack on the city, and rode sword in hand on his own men to prevent outrage after its capture. And his life affords few instances of sack so thorough and cold-blooded as that of Basing House, — "Loyalty House," over which Cromwell presided, Bible in hand.

The only occasion on which Prince Rupert practiced deliberate severity toward the defenseless was after Parliament

had passed an ordinance condemning to death all Irish soldiers in arms for the king. Essex began hanging his prisoners, accordingly, and Rupert retaliated by hanging thirteen Parliamentarians. The action put a stop to massacring, and his letter to Essex — unfortunately too long for quotation — sounds the note of humanity long before Cromwell's equivocal Irish mercy. After demanding that "quarter and equall exchange" which he had always allowed to his prisoners, and threatening to exact life for life, the prince concludes: "And I do not in the least doubt but the blood of those miserable men who shall so suffer by my Order, as well as those who shall be butchered by that Ordinance your Lordship mentions, shall be required at their hands who by their cruell examples impose a necessitie upon other men to observe the rules they lay down. And I cannot but expresse a great sense to your Lordship that by these prodigious resolutions expressed in your Lordship's letter, the warre is like to be so managed that the English nation is in danger of destroying one another, or (which is a kind of extirpation) of degenerating into such an animosities and cruelty that all Elements of charity, compassion and brotherly love shall be extinguished!"

Cromwell is praised, and rightfully praised, for having in the main exercised humanity in war, yet Cromwell was a man matured in peaceful days, unaccustomed to the horrors of strife, fighting against his own countrymen, his kindred and former friends. Prince Rupert, on the other hand, was a soldier from his fourteenth year, and grew to manhood in the Germany of the Thirty Years' War, where slaughter and pillage seared the senses into familiarity with horror. Even Professor Gardiner, a somewhat hostile critic, admits that the prince learned little of evil in that evil school. If we are all willing to respect the peacefully bred Englishman for forbearing harshness to neighbors and fellow countrymen, I for one am not less disposed to do honor to

the foreign-bred soldier, confronting unknown opponents, in the first ardor of a fiery youth, who could yet justly claim, in the words of his "Declaration," that he had throughout his warfare been guilty of no act of needless harshness or of license, no act "which might not become one of my quality and the son of a king."

CONFESSIONS OF AN ANACHRONISM

There seems something ill starred — inept, as it were — about being thirty or thereabouts in the early nineteen hundreds. Not, of course, that it is a unique predicament; many of my best friends suffer the coincidence. It is the common plight that I deprecate.

Observe, it is not the trite inconveniences of being thirty in any year of our Lord that are here bewailed, — not the passing of the cherished ugly-duckling hypothesis, and the sheepish confession that this unimpressive personality, whose outlines are admissibly more goose than swan, is all we were so long a-making. Still less is it the quiet pangs of the bachelor woman, when she puts the little label "Strictly private" on certain of her dreams, and goes about her business. These things have their compensations. There are impersonal joys into which we sink now with a comfort as into hard-won Nirvana, — or into bath-gown and slippers. 'T is better as it is, and the less said the better.

No, the real rub is in getting all ready to live in the nineteenth century and then having to do one's living in the twentieth. Take my own case for example. Thanks to Education's curious habit of marching always some twenty years behind the rest of the world, the ideals that fed my youth were Early and Middle Victorian. Considering that every infant is bound to start a good deal behind his times at best, this habitual extra handicap has a look of malice, has it not?

Be that as it may, I started as I was bid. I loyally accepted the great new age

of Science and Freedom. I faced the spectres of the mind. With Huxley and Arnold I fought the good fight of Evolution and Higher Criticism; I championed the Soul against blind materialism with Browning and Emerson. I expanded to take in the nebular hypothesis and the conservation of energy, in long breaths of Herbert Spencer. I loved my country with Lowell and Lincoln,—my reunited, Anglo-Saxon, church-going country of the Gettysburg Oration and the Harvard Ode. I stretched my broad sympathies to embrace California, Texas, and Boston as children of one eagle. I thrilled toward every other reunited advancing nation,—Italy, Greece, the Parliament of Man,—toward our whole pleasant, ripe, Caucasian world.

In short, I had become a progressive, emancipated mind, and the process had done me much inner good. But now I emerge in that character into the arena of adults, and lo, this is not my nineteenth century at all. This is the twentieth, and I am Middle Victorian. Here, I find, are divers profound and heathen creeds to be fraternally admitted to parliament. Here is Psychical Research and Maeterlinck and Revived Celts, and many kinds of Souls I am not used to. Here are various uncanny styles of radiant energy running around loose and knocking my old atoms and molecules from under foot. Here is quite a new country to love,—a new South, not healed and redeemed by the sacred magic of the ballot at all, but talking back and forgiving us, forsooth, that we knew not what we did; a new North, swarming with many-hyphenated, cosmopolitan tribes who need a broad-minded Sunday and excise and Ten Commandments of their own. And chiefest, here is a new world, a really round one, a globe as per Kipling, half brown men and yellow, who must be policed and industrially developed and amalgamated, and figure no longer as vague sheaves for missionaries, or decorative visions of

“wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.”

And so a new ethics that smiles patiently when you mention the Declaration and the rights of man, and tells you of his duties,—and sanitation.

You see I understand it all, with my brain. I faithfully try to accept it all, in my chosen rôle of a progressive, emancipated mind. But I am not at home. It came over me one happy Sunday afternoon, spent over *In Memoriam*, as I felt the all but tearful relief of being once more among those familiar problems and wrestlings and emancipations, in my dear, native, English gentlemen's universe. Battles if you will, but neat, compact, uniformed battles by Meissonier, not your straggling, five-mile, Mauser-and-khaki affairs. These are all very well, but — “I was born to other things.”

If the old doctrine were only true that a mind stretched on Greek and Latin grammar finds bookkeeping and housekeeping as child's play, I ought by analogy to embrace these new concepts with practiced ease, having embraced new ones before. But it is evidently not a safe analogy. This case must go on the other principle that “the heart that has truly loved never forgets,” etc. My love was older than I thought, as other youth have found theirs.

Yes, I stretched my soul on the wrong things; that is all. It is not exactly a grievance,—rather a perversity of dates. The world goes so fast now with its telephones and railways (note my instinctively Victorian rhetoric), that the human organism cannot make the new schedule time. If I had taken these ideas first, I know I could have learned them just as well. If I had lived a life with my own in the old century, I should not trouble to learn these. As it is, I am an anachronism. And I am only thirty. It seems too bad.

THE POTENTIALITY OF THE OLD-TIME RAG-BAG

Thanks to the contributor who not long since sent the venerables of the Club

trooping back to the breweries of sixty years ago after yeast for the Saturday baking,—a copper penny rattling in each pail,—the smell of malt in our nostrils! We had well-nigh forgotten that delightful common duty of our childhood, and recalling it has brought back much it is good to remember. How much that is inseparable from reminiscences of our childhood has no part in the experience of children to-day! They live in another world, seemingly,—nor is it a fairer and better than was ours. Now, going for yeast had a flavor of romance; but its potentiality for enjoyment was exceeded, in my case, by that which could be evolved only from the family rag-bag,—that now extinct feature of the old-time, well-regulated household. The family rag-bag of the old-time housekeeper was very different from anything seen to-day. An old bedtick was used oftentimes,—or a grain bag of sufficient capacity to hold the rapidly accumulating collection that in due season would be exchanged largely for tinware. When bright calico gowns (home-made) were good enough for Sunday best, and red flannel underwear (home-made) was universally worn, the contents of the family rag-bag did not lack in color at least. Permission to empty a full bag on the garret floor, with liberty to appropriate a reasonable amount of treasure,—what more could children ask when a rainy day shut them within doors? How greedily we delved into the mountain of rags, bringing forth such rare finds for our dolls' wardrobes, our patchwork, such fine stuff for horse-reins, and wealth of material for long, long gay kite-tails! How we bargained for exchange, pillaged each other's piles, played at snow storms with white clippings, and transformed

blue jean aprons and ragged trousers into royal robes! There was nothing we could not become with those rags,—brides, "injuns," circus horses, clowns in motley,—anything. But best of all were the burials, after the difficulty of deciding which one of us should enjoy the bliss of burial had been finally settled. Such lovely graves could be fashioned from rags,—the mourners wailing, on one occasion I remember, the only thing they could wail together,—"twinkle, twinkle, little star." And through it all the droning whir of the spinning-wheel in the room below, with the steady pattering of rain on the roof, the air filled with the fragrance of herbs hanging from the rafters. That sound of the spinning-wheel, that smell of dried herbs, ever comes back with the memory. Is there not always a sound and a fragrance interwoven with memories closest to the heart?

And the children of this generation? What of the sounds, alone, that will come back to them some day from the past? There will be the clanging roar of trolleys, of course, the panting cough of automobiles, the rag-time melodies of vaudeville matinées, and much else of the kind,—but never the creaking of a well windlass, nor the hoarse sawing of wood, nor the sharp regular fall of a woodcutter's axe, through some thrilling episode within the cross-roads school-house on a winter's day,—say a spelling match, or an oratorical contest. . . . Long is the list of sounds interwoven with the childhood memories of the elderlys among us,—sounds and fragrance that were vividly recalled when we heard the copper pennies in the little tin pails once more, and caught the sniff of the foamy yeast.

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THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

UNDER the sun-smitten branches of the woodland and along the open road that curved, all golden with dust, over hill and through hollow, the warm air was full of the breath of pine and juniper and fern, and of the poignant sweetness of the sea. Now leaf shadows fell on the face of the girl who was being driven rapidly in a light carriage toward the east, and then the full sunlight of June lay there. The beat, beat, beat of the horse's hoofs seemed to set the world in motion; the quick, uneven wind, the fluttering yellow butterflies, the slow black wings of crows overhead, even the gently floating white clouds against the dim blue, were to her full of the sudden joy of those that move and escape. Leaning back in her seat she closed her eyes, opening them now and then to steal a half fearful glance to the right, where, between dark tree trunks or beyond the gray-green tangles of a bit of moorland, the sea lay, incredibly blue. This undreamed beauty was almost hard to bear, bringing new pain to meet the old pain in her heart. Once, a sudden turn at the top of a little hill betrayed to her the wide horizon line, and she gave a little cry, — "Oh, don't speak to me!" forgetting that she had come on her journey alone. The lank brown driver turned with a New England twinkle in his eye.

"I had n't cal'lated to, ma'am," he observed dryly; then stopped, for a laugh such as he had never heard rang out on his ear, mellow, mocking, irresistible. It ran up to clear high notes and down to a

soft ripple that ended in a little sob, and it made music all the way.

"I was not speaking to you," observed his passenger before the laugh had quite died out.

He nodded. "Thought likely not. Git up, Don! Was you talkin' to anybody in pertikaler?"

"Only to ghosts," answered the voice, half merry, half sad.

"Took that way often?"

He missed the laughter in the eyes behind him, being too lazy to look quite far enough around.

"Very often."

There was a sudden note of sorrow in the voice, that did not escape the large ears of Andrew Lane the third.

"Your trunks 'ull be right over," he remarked, administering the only consolation that occurred to him.

"I don't care about the trunks," was the answer.

This almost tempted Andrew to look all the way around; he had noticed nothing peculiar about this young woman when she had stepped from the train, but surely this was unnatural. As he was considering the problem of a girl with clothes like that, and as many trunks as that, who still said she did not care, he was roused by slow notes of the same odd voice.

"Blue — and blue — and blue. Why did no one ever tell me, or could no one tell?"

"Air they arter ye again?" asked Andrew, this time turning round all the way. He got no answer, however, and all that he saw was the face of a girl whose eyes were closed. Through the long dark

lashes two tears were forcing their way; the lips were slightly parted, drinking in the fragrant air, and the ungloved hands were outstretched in her lap, as if through the very finger tips some contact could be gained with this encompassing loveliness which made pain within the eyes.

"Mighty queer," muttered Andrew to his horse, and he drove on, not without apprehension. Once he had heard of an insane woman who had escaped from the state asylum, and had come down to this very bit of coast, where, after haunting the rocks for several days, she had plunged into the sea and been drowned.

"But this here one's trunks was all O. K.," he reassured himself. "Lunatic could n't get away with three on 'em, big as haystacks."

It was a solitary road, which seemed to lead to the very heart of some world of leafy, tempered beauty, for June was passing along the water ways, and all the land was quick with leaf and blossom. A wind was abroad in the soft marsh grass and in the purpling feathery grasses of the higher meadow lands, where buttercups and daisies nodded in the waving green. Now and then across the shadow of flickering branches came the soft gleam of yellow wings or of blue, and once, from far away, rippled the notes of a young bobolink that was singing madly for the mere joy of living. At long intervals, from out the sheltering branches of elm tree or of maple, rose the dull red chimney of a farmhouse, whose doorways and windows were half hidden by blossoming lilac and syringa bushes; and again, on some green sea-meadow or rocky headland, stood out the rough gray stone walls of a rich man's summer home. An air of quaint distinction rested upon one old-fashioned place in a sheltered cove at the right, where smooth-hewn pillars of granite rock, surmounted by balls of stone, guarded the entrance. A hedge of spirea, whose long sprays were now in delicate bloom of white, marked the confines of the lawn; a wide graveled driveway, bordered by overarch-

ing elms, led to a great colonial mansion, whose white walls and tall pillars gleamed out softly from behind green branches of elm and of pine; and all, perhaps because of some touch of wildness in the uncut grass and the luxuriant foliage, wore a storied look. Neglect, which had not yet brought it an air of desolation, seemed to hint of a full tide of life that had come and gone, and to the eyes of the girl who was gazing at it, window and doorway and threshold were eloquent.

"That's the Warren place," observed Andrew, with the air of one who would say that even mentally unbalanced strangers should know of its importance. He got no reply, however, and drove on in silence, turning to the right a few minutes later, into a road, grass-grown and lovely, leading across a bit of moor to the sea. Ahead, upon one of the bold bluffs that jutted into the water, rose the severe gray shingled walls and the red chimneys of the Emerson Inn, set in a space of velvety turf, where gleamed the gold of unnumbered dandelions.

The ladies of the Emerson Inn were seated on the south veranda that afternoon, embroidering, or knitting loose-meshed shawls, or weaving baskets of Indian grass. There were two dark brown heads, and one pale brown head, but most of the heads were gray, and the smoothly parted hair bespoke unimpeachable conservative traditions. The pale brown head was bent over a book, and its owner, in a voice a trifle high and thin, was reading Ibsen aloud, while the very air, as well as the intent expressions of foreheads, eyes, and mouths, betrayed an atmosphere of extreme intellectual stimulus. There was no pause when Andrew drove up with the newcomer. A dozen pairs of spectacled eyes looked up for an instant, but the ladies of the Emerson Inn were ladies, and curiosity was something not to be betrayed. Once, for a second, the voice faltered and almost stopped, as a girl all in soft black, dusky-haired, and with eyelids cast down,

sprang to the piazza steps, then, ignoring host, hostess, and the assembled guests, passed swiftly down the worn footpath to the rocks and began to climb over them toward the sea. It was a graceful figure, pausing lightly on one bit of stone and springing to the next, and it moved as if drawn by some attraction too mighty to resist. Mr. Phipps, the landlord, looked questioningly after; Andrew, as he gathered up the reins, touched his forehead significantly with one finger.

"Sunthin' loose there," he remarked succinctly.

Mr. Phipps, with his hands behind him, strolled down the grassy knoll toward the rocks, and then back again; at the rear entrance three large trunks arrived and were noisily deposited on the ground; on the veranda Ibsen went on, uninterrupted, though full of a tension that was not Ibsen's own, for down on the cliff, at the farthest point, where the red-brown rocks met the blue, all motionless lingered a slender black shadow, spoiling the embroidery, spoiling the sight of the eyes behind the glasses, spoiling the play.

"A new guest, Mr. Phipps?" casually inquired the Lady from Cincinnati, the only person there who dared interrupt Ibsen.

"I thought so," he observed nonchalantly, taking the cigar from his lips, "but it looks as if I might lose her."

The girl, who had forgotten them all, stood where the beat of the waves on the rock came to her as a part of her own being: the very pulse of life seemed throbbing there. Suddenly she stretched her arms out to it with a little sob that mingled with the murmur of the waves.

"Mother!" she cried, "mother!" and then, "it rests me so!"

Into her eyes had come the look of those who have won the freedom of the sea.

When the reading was over the ladies on the piazza dispersed, some wandering down to the rocks, some going to their own rooms. Three took a constitutional, strolling round the house.

"She has not registered," observed the Lady from Cincinnati as they passed through the hall.

"How sad she looked!" remarked the Lady from Wilmington.

"Why, I thought she looked mischievous!" cried the Lady from Boston.

"It was not an intellectual countenance," said the first speaker severely.

Incidentally on the walk they encountered the trunks.

"Good make," observed the Lady from Cincinnati silently. "Leather, but with no foreign labels;" and she went upstairs with a puzzled frown. Strangers were rare at the Emerson Inn, and of the few who had come since Miss Black had assumed the responsibilities of Oldest Inhabitant, none had been like this. When she reached her room she noted signs that the vacant apartment next door was occupied at last. It was a corner room, looking eastward toward the sea and northward toward the moor, and was too expensive for Miss Black's own purse. The elderly lady stopped in amazement, for an unwonted sound met her ears. Over the transom came a ripple of laughter such as had seldom sounded on the New England shore. It was as if the very spirit of mirth were set free, and might be expected to fly in over the transom with fluttering, iridescent wings.

"That girl!" exclaimed the Lady from Cincinnati, with an expression.

The girl was standing in the centre of her own room, slowly surveying it,—the sloping roof, the dormer windows, the spotless bare floor, the pale yellow painted walls, the wardrobe made of thirteen hooks suspended from a board to which a cretonne curtain was attached, the twelve-inch shelf for books, the china candlestick. The soul of ascetic old New England breathed from all the quaint furnishings, and the newcomer had never seen the like before.

"I shall love it," she said, wiping her eyes in her laughter; and she bestowed a caressing pat on her thin white counterpane.

II

The twilight of early morning lay over the sea when the swish of the waves on the rocks roused the newcomer from sleep. Half waking, but with eyelids closed, she strove to win her way back to the beautiful dream that was escaping. It had fashioned her to herself as a winged thing skimming the surface of the water with motion swifter than that of gulls; and the wings were not made for mere flying, but sensitive, full of vision, they let the color and beauty and motion in for a moment of brief rapture. When the glory faded, she crept, in dressing-gown and slippers, to the window toward the north, where the moorland lay dusky green in the dim light, and the far calls of waking birds added distance to the stretches of tangled bayberry bushes and scrub pine, then turned to the east, where the mystery of wide ocean lay gray, expectant, under a sky of gray.

As she watched, down the dull, tossing sea crept a ripple of gold, and the yellow rim of the sun rose at the edge of the world. Glimmering softly came the light; bright sparkles of dew and wet gossamer webs shone from the velvety green of the moorland, and a longer pathway of light led across the sea. The girl at the window was on her knees, and her dark head was bowed when the glory reached it and rested there.

There was an unusual calm in the dining-room of the Emerson Inn that morning, a portentous, smiling surface calm that hid the profound agitation of the depths. It was not for the well bred to show excitement for trivial cause, and they did not. The conversation ran along the usual lines: pale hints of metaphysic floated out upon the summer breeze, and all the air was rife with quotations from the poets and bits of literary criticism. Only once was the curtain of reserve rent in twain, and that when George Eliot was the ostensible theme.

"I noticed that her handkerchiefs were bordered with black," said the Lady from Wilmington, who was absent-minded. The Lady from Boston delicately plunged into the breach, pretending that she had not understood this bit of mental aberration.

"But in the case of Tito, you know, the author is hardly fair. She hounds him down the road to ruin in order to prove a moral thesis. A certain lack of spiritual insight" —

Here the door was flung open and the broken sentence remained unfinished, for a vision entered. Clad all in diaphanous white that fluttered as she walked, her dark head rising daintily like a flower from its sheath, came the stranger of yesterday, the dull blue of the wall paper throwing face and motion into fine relief. She paused in hesitation, vainly looking about for a head waiter, for supper had been served in her room the night before, and she did not know at which table to take refuge. Presently the slim, spectacled district schoolmistress who waited on the three tables nearest the door, entered with a plate of Boston brown bread in her hand, and greeted the newcomer with the air that terrified tardy urchins at school.

"You will find a seat there," she remarked severely, pointing with the forefinger of her left hand; the undertone of her voice added, "You will stand in the corner half an hour afterward for being late."

The dark eyes of the stranger rested on her with an air of delicious surprise; she nodded gracefully and sank into the chair with twitching lips. Thirty pairs of eyes wandered, willy-nilly, her way, and many a sentence drifted hopelessly away from its verb, never to find it again.

"Grape-nuts," demanded the schoolmistress peremptorily, "or pettjohn?"

The Lady from Wilmington interrupted the answer with a friendly good-morning, and the waitress frowned; she was accustomed to prompt replies.

As the meal went on, the girl in the

white gown behaved under these unusual circumstances as any well-bred girl would under ordinary circumstances; "which proves," the little Bostonian remarked to herself, "that she is a lady." Of the tension in the air, the newcomer, despite her calm face, was keenly conscious, but, aware that in coming unchaperoned and alone to this strange spot, she was outraging her own traditions much more completely than those of her fellow guests, she was quite cheerful in the face of encompassing criticism. It came to her in friendly glances and in kind words; it vibrated through the air in inquiries that were not made. Just once the Lady from Cincinnati ventured near the edge, as the soft vowels of her new neighbor came to her ear.

"You are Southern, I see."

"Yes," was the answer, made with a contagious smile.

"Have you ever been North before?"

"No."

"But you have been at the shore?"

"Never."

There was a pause. Bits from Huxley, and Mrs. Eddy, and Emerson, floated through the air.

"Are you literary?" suddenly asked an elderly lady who had not spoken before.

The smile got into the girl's voice and into her eyes.

"I am afraid not," she drawled. "I can read and write — after a fashion."

In the dead silence that followed, the schoolmistress stood bolt upright against the wall, with her arms hanging stiffly at her sides, and openly looked contempt. The stranger realized that where the South would have smiled the North only looked agast.

"The schools are so poor in the South," remarked the Lady from Boston kindly. "Had you ever thought of the possibility of a Northern college?"

The waitress blushed and looked self-conscious; she entered one this fall. It was the stranger's turn to look shocked.

"My family would never have permitted that," she answered, wondering.

"I presume you have made it up by reading," suggested the Lady from Cincinnati. "Do you read Ibsen?"

"Not if I can possibly escape," said the stranger.

"Or Browning?"

The little look of wickedness that lurked always behind the veiled sadness of her eyes leaped to the surface.

"Browning," she murmured, "Browning? I have heard the name but" — Here she stopped, penitent. These moments of mischievous girlhood that now and then came rippling into her maturer years always left her with a sense of regret.

Horror smote the room; no one ordered any more food, for desire failed. Conversation flagged, and one by one the guests slipped away, leaving the daughter of the South sitting helplessly between a cup of pale brown coffee and a generous slab of dark brown bread. She touched the sodden, resisting surface of the latter with her fork, delicately, and retreated, to answer the call of the sea whose sun-flecked waters gleamed from far through the open windows. Outside she forgot: forgot her hunger, and the hard little bed which had seemed devised as a punishment for sin; forgot her great trunks and the thirteen hooks suspended humorously, it seemed to her, from the board. Had all these pink wild roses bloomed here yesterday? she asked herself, as she saw them stretching in masses along the cliff, broken by gray, lichen-grown rock, by the fresh fronds of young sumac, and by juniper dark with its new shoots as pale as green sea foam. Surely they must have been here, and the tangled blackberry vines must have been growing in this same wild way, and the fragrance must have been then as sweet as now, but she had not known it, forgetting all things near in her escape to the vastness of the sea. She climbed again over the rocks, dressed most inappropriately, as the spectators from the piazza truthfully remarked, and hid herself for the entire morning in a deep cleft where she could see and hear and feel. The

glorious, oncoming great green waves broke rhythmically below her as the tide came in, and they brought a sense of the washing of old sorrow out of the soul. Listening to their mighty beating on the rocks, she paused in reverent wonder, murmuring:—

"To think that I never knew before that the earth is set to music!"

There was consternation at one o'clock when the stranger failed to appear at dinner.

"She is certainly erratic," remarked an elderly spinster, who was undoubtedly Somebody from Somewhere.

"But isn't she a beauty!" said the young woman with pale brown hair. "I've never seen such glorious eyes, and her mouth looks as if she had stolen it from some old picture."

It was the Lady from Cincinnati who voiced, in a whisper, the long-suppressed criticism of the assembly.

"I think that we should be a little careful. In all the years I have been here I've never seen anything that looked improper."

The Lady from Boston bravely took up the glove thus thrown down; there had been many an encounter between these two.

"It seems to me that we ought to make her one of us. It is evident from what she said this morning about Browning"—the voice sank a little here—"that she is very ignorant. We could do a great deal for her this summer by guiding her thought into right channels and suggesting standards."

The stranger, coming in from the rocks sunburned, disheveled, with eyes alight with life and fire, heard the last sentence of this conversation as the guests strolled out into the hall.

"Surely," the Lady from Cincinnati was saying (she was accustomed to the last word), "unless something were wrong that girl would have registered by this time. She has clothes enough for an actress, and beauty enough to excite suspicion anywhere."

A dimple quivered in the newcomer's left cheek. She slowly crossed the hall, and, taking up the public pen, wrote her name in the register with a generous scrawl. The dark eyes were full of mischief as she went upstairs to make ready for her late dinner; but the look changed to apprehension as she thought of facing the sternest of maids. Downstairs the Lady from Wilmington, carelessly approaching the open page, read half aloud:

"Miss Frances Wilmot, Richmond, Virginia."

"Miss Frances Wilmot," gasped the reader. "Wilmot is a great name in Virginia, a very great name indeed."

That afternoon the Lady from Boston, still ignorant of the stranger's name and address, openly adopted her, spreading over her the protection of her dove-gray wings. She showed her all her pet cranies in the rocks; she gently suggested, as the girl's muslin flounces caught on bits of flinty stone, that a short tweed skirt would be useful.

"We do not dress much here, my dear," she said; and the Southern girl involuntarily glanced at her new friend's cotton blouse and serge skirt, with a feeling that the remark was in some way tautological.

Gently the little lady led the conversation into improving paths, incidentally alluding to lectures that she had heard, and to reading courses that she had put herself through. The girl listened to it all, and, though now and then her rebellious lips would twitch with amusement, her eyes were soft with a sense of the kindness shown. Sometimes, when the speaker herself felt that the atmosphere was growing too oppressive intellectually, she glided into anecdotes of the countryside, to be rewarded by a sudden flash of keen interest in her listener's eyes, for all human story was dear to the girl.

"This is such a rare bit of country; the summer people have not found it out, and if they had, they could not come. There are some great estates left about here, and people who have held the land

more than two hundred years live on them. Did you notice a large, white colonial house with a stone gateway just beyond the turning as you came in?"

"Yes," answered the Southern girl.

"That is the Warren place; it is very beautiful, and it is very, very old. The original Paul Warren came over in 1645 from Devonshire with a single servant from his father's house, and he worked and cleared the forest and fought the Indians until a great tract of land was given him by the Crown for special services,—thousands of acres. It has been an important family ever since, and the present owner still lives here, though he spends his winters in Boston with his wife. He has a brother who stays here all the time, Mr. Peter Warren, an extremely eccentric character. Joining the Warren place is the old Bevanne estate. Look, and you can see the ragged locust trees just over the top of the little hill. The Bevannes are another old family, but one that has grown poor, perhaps fortunately for us, for they sold Mr. Phipps the land on which the Emerson Inn is built, and but for them we might never have known this lovely bit of shore. The son of that family is a college professor somewhere. Oh, it is very good stock in both cases;" and the little Lady from Boston, who knew good stock and was of it, drew her protégée away to see a special bed of wild pink honeysuckle which had been her delight for seven consecutive years, and forgot old families for a time.

When they came back, breathless from climbing a steep bit of rock, they found a group assembled on the piazza round an odd little man in a white flannel suit and Panama hat. Out of the queer, wizened, wrinkled face, deepset blue eyes shone with one of the lesser orders of intelligence, and the motions of face and hands betokened a mind ceaselessly, aimlessly alert. He was talking rapidly, and the assembled hearers bent their heads with the usual deference of spinsterhood for man, however small.

"There is Mr. Peter Warren now!"

exclaimed the Lady from Boston. "Shall I present him to you?"

"Don't, don't interrupt him," begged the girl, lifting a warning hand, and the two stood unobserved on the steps while the shrill voice went on.

"Curious thing, heredity. Now I suppose you think you know all about it, but you can't, possibly. Nobody does who does n't know me."

"Indeed," said an amused voice.

"Fact," asserted Mr. Peter Warren, slapping his knee. "Listen!" and his voice sank to a mysterious whisper. "I am different from all other people who breathe. You will say that a man is the sum of his ancestors, that is, the blood, nerves, and brain he has inherited from them all are intermingled. He is no one of them; he is the result of all. A certain balance is kept because the different ingredients counteract one another. Now hear this: *I am all my ancestors in succession*. No drop of blood, no nerve fibre that I have inherited from any one of them is mingled with any other. When one personality rules me it rules me completely, and I am always at the mercy of the ancestor who enters me last. How do I know? From the complete contrariety of my impulses. Why, when I was a child, would I be lying one minute on the floor, smiling and happy, the next, biting in fury and screaming?"

"Were you?" asked an amazed feminine voice. "I cannot imagine it."

He nodded solemnly. "Once, when I was a youngster, I remember spending two hours nursing a hurt blue-bottle fly. I was my mother then, I think, and she was one of the saints of the earth. That very morning I went out and killed my pet dog. Something drove me to it; many people would say it was the devil; I say it was my great-great-grandfather Warren, who was rather a brute. That murderous impulse, which I remember as perfectly as if it had come to-day, was simply his spirit entering in. Then there is my — my taste for good wine; I can no more help that than I can help having two

arms and two legs. It was settled for me long before I was born. In fine," he concluded, with a theatrical gesture of his arms, "I am not the resultant of my ancestors: I am their victim. How else," and he touched his chest, "can you account for the acts of this singular mechanism which calls itself Peter Warren, and whose acts seem so illogical interpreted in the narrower way?"

In the impressive pause which followed these words, the speaker caught sight of the listeners standing on the steps, and rose with a gallant bow.

"There is nothing so interesting as human nature," he observed, smiling, as the Lady from Boston murmured his name by way of introduction. "And where does one know human nature so well as in one's self? Little, after all, of supreme concern to man except himself. Don't you think so?" he added, looking toward the girl.

The answer came quickly in her soft Southern voice. "I have seen many things that would make me believe it."

Mr. Peter Warren very soon took his departure, with many polite bows and graceful little speeches. As his hostesses remarked afterward, his manner belonged to the old school. He must hasten home, he observed in parting, for his brother was ill, very ill, and might need him. A little chorus followed him as he went strolling down the road with his great cane. "Is n't he odd!" said one. "Is n't he original!" said another. "Such interesting theories!" said a third. But the girl with pale brown hair whispered lightly in Frances Wilmot's ear, having seen the amazement in the newcomer's eyes, "He's just a harmless sort of lunatic, I think."

It was late afternoon when they let her go, and, escaping, she wandered along a path at the top of the cliffs to a point where the rocks, parting, left space for a kind of amphitheatre guarding a curving sand beach. Tall, soft grass, chased by the sea wind, waved on its steep slope; and buttercups and dandelions, long of

stem, nodded there. The girl nestled down among the grasses, watching the mighty actor, the sea, playing his eternal play over the dark rocks beyond the beach; and she sighed deeply as for weariness, so many different kinds of wonder had been crowded into one day! Wide and infinitely blue the water stretched out before her, the outermost rim of the sea meeting the pearly blue of the sky in a line that seemed to ring the world.

"No poet has told its beauty; perhaps no poet could," she murmured to herself. "Rossetti's

'As the cloud foaming firmamental blue
Rests on the blue line of a foamless sea'

is too much like the tracing of a graven tool to let the sea's life in. Swinburne has caught the color and the motion, but he could not reach the soul of you. Oh, if Swinburne had not been Swinburne, what sealike poems he might have written!"

Sunset came and found her there, watching the faint flush across the eastern sky, and the golden light gleaming on one far white sail, and on the nearer outspread wings of one white gull. Twilight gathered, and still she lingered, for long grasses touched face and hand in friendly fashion; cool damp air gently caressed cheek and forehead, and the soft, immemorial swish of the water roused a sense as of something within her beating back to the very beginning of time. One by one along the shore, as darkness deepened, golden lights gleamed out beyond gray water and dim rocks, while all about her hylas and softly singing creatures of summer nights piped to the music of the sea.

III

The wide, old-fashioned hall of the Warren house was open to the night, and through the great double doors, flung open at each end, the stars were shining. The breeze that blew gently through, making the candles on the mantel over the huge

fireplace flicker, brought with it murmurs of the shore, where the waves were breaking heavily at the turning of the tide. The air was full of the soft sounds of a summer night, the low, sweet love-songs of unnumbered tiny creatures calling to one another in the dark. Scarcely louder, came from the bedroom at the left of the hall the sound of whispered prayers, for the master of the house lay dying in the great four-posted mahogany bed, and his wife, kneeling at the bedside with the single candle on the little table flaming above her beautiful gray head, was reading prayers for the visitation of the sick. The nurse sat silent in the corner; there was nothing to be done now, save wait the great inevitable moment. Outside in the hall the son of the house was walking softly up and down through the darkness and the faint light of the wind-blown candles; his step was measured and slow, with a suggestion of suppressed agitation. The face, when the dim rays half lighted it in the darkness, showed the deadly calm that often covers, in strong natures, passionate excitement. Upon it the shadows of night met the shadow of coming sorrow.

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it," repeated the sweet, tremulous voice of the kneeling woman. "Remember not, Lord, our iniquities, nor the iniquities of our forefathers; spare us, good Lord, spare thy people" —

When the voice ceased, there was silence in the house, save for the sick man's laboring breath, and the faint melodies that came from out of doors. Paul Warren stopped abruptly in his walk, looking out at the golden stars that shone through the eastern door, then at those that shone from the west, with the wide darkness beyond, and his expressive face changed with a sudden sense of the likeness of all this to human life, the little, roofed-in space between two infinities.

"Paul, come, he wants you," said his mother's voice in a quick whisper.

A swift spasm of pain passed over the young man's face as he entered the death

chamber; it was hard to witness the helpless suffering of the strong. Propped on huge, old-fashioned pillows lay his father, his grand physique emphasizing the pathos of this moment of supreme weakness. Head, arms, and shoulders were of noble proportions, but the eyes were dim and the great muscles powerless. The face, with its bold forehead and fine, deep eyes, was that of one who had known the thick of the conflict; scars of strong passions were visible; there was also, not yet relaxed, a certain dominant control of the firm mouth, partly hidden under the flowing gray beard.

"Paul," murmured the dying lips. "Is that Paul?"

"Yes, father." The young man's voice was less steady than that of the older one.

John Warren's wasted eyelids were lifted, as far as he could lift them, and there was silence, while father and son looked at each other. In the awfulness of the moment the veils of life were drawn away; even in this supreme hour the two, who had said so little and had felt so much, shrank from the exposure as their naked souls met face to face. It was only for an instant, for the sense of slipping, slipping, left no time for pause, and the shyness of a lifetime was broken.

"Paul," came the broken voice, "take care of your mother."

The young man knelt and laid his hand upon his father's; despite a profound affection there had not been so much of a caress between these two for years.

"I will," he answered, in a voice whose very strength betrayed its weakness.

"I — have n't — always — made — out to be — myself," came the faltering voice of the sick man; but his wife was on her knees by his side, sobbing, with her face buried in the bed-clothes.

"Oh yes, you have, you have!" she cried, with that tender mendacity with which we meet the failures of the dying and the dead.

The emotional strain of the situation

was too much for the man who was finding his way to death's door. His grim sense of humor had never left him in life; it did not leave him now.

"Keep your — Uncle Peter here — as long — as you can stand it, and let — him talk — about himself as — much as he — wants to."

A gleam came into Paul's eyes. These two had never yet seen the day when they could not smile together; they smiled together for the last time now, for a faint flicker passed over the dying man's face and was reflected in the son's.

"I will," he promised, pressing his father's hand, "and I will listen."

The kneeling woman trembled with a little shiver of non-comprehension that had often come over her in listening to her husband and her son.

"Be a good boy," the fading lips said, and there was a touch of pressure from the weak old hand. Paul Warren gave one great dry sob.

"And fight — fight Bevanne."

"Oh, John," moaned his horrified wife, lifting her face from the sheet that was wet with her tears, "not now! Don't talk like that!"

A wave of color swept over the dying man's face; the muscles of his arms swelled a little, and the veins of his forehead, so sunken a minute before, knotted for a moment almost in the old way; then the blood receded, leaving them more hollow than before.

"Yes, fight him, — watch out for him — and all his — brood. They are — slippery as rattlesnakes. I — wanted to — have it out with him — before I went."

"But, John," pleaded Mrs. Warren, "he is dead; he has been dead twenty years."

Her husband's eyes looked questioningly at her.

"So he is, — I keep — forgetting. Look out — for the young one — then. Young rattlesnakes — are just as — poisonous — as old ones."

A great sense of wonder swept over Paul Warren at this sudden revelation

of hatred which had smouldered, unknown to him, in his father's breast for all these years, and with it came envy of the nature that could hate in this strong way.

"Don't think of such dreadful things now," begged Emily Warren. "Do you know, do you understand, John, where you are? That you are — dying?" The wavering voice broke into sobs.

"I know, Emily," said the old man simply. "I am not afraid."

"Are you sure?" she pleaded, — "I have sometimes been fearful, you are so irregular about going to church, — are you sure you believe in God?"

"Yes," said John Warren grimly from his pillow. "Who would n't — that had any sense?"

Hardly knowing what he did, Paul Warren flung open the windows of the room. Somewhere, long ago, he had read of a people who set doors and windows wide that the souls of the dying might be set free to join the great procession of the dead, always sweeping, sweeping through the air. To the tensely strained ears it almost seemed as if, through the murmur of wind and of sea, he could hear the coming of that great train; and at the centre of his being was a bewildered sense of great doors opened wide, at whose threshold he paused, shrinking, unable to go farther. Suddenly, with a bound and a rush, a huge dark object came leaping into the room. Mrs. Warren screamed aloud in terror, and even Paul started, for his tear-dimmed eyes refused to do him service; but the dying man smiled feebly on his pillow.

"It's — only — Robin," he said, weakly lifting up a hand and groping blindly for the familiar touch. A minute later the great collie's head was lying in it, the dog's heart beating in quick throbs as he whimpered out his joy at finding him from whom he had so long been shut away. A broken rope at his throat showed how mighty were the bonds he could break for love of the master who lay dying.

"Take him away, Paul," said Mrs. Warren, who stood trembling.

Paul shook his head; he could not do it while that look of satisfaction was on his father's face. The candles flickered and sputtered; they, too, were burning low. The young man shaded his eyes with his hand, for the pain of looking had grown intolerable, and so they waited, at the ebbing of the tide.

A rough, bearded face appeared shortly after at the window, and a great voice whispered:—

"Is Robin here? He's broke loose."

"Come and take him away," said the mistress of the house.

Tiptoeing, the man entered the room and laid his hand on the dog's collar. It was Andrew Lane the second, the farmer who had charge of the place.

"Come, Robin; come, Robin," he said, gently pulling at the rope.

A low growl was the result, becoming louder and more menacing as the man held on. The dog's head lay still in his master's grasp, and into the animal's eyes came a dangerous gleam, breaking their soft love-light. Andrew fell back, dropping the rope.

"Go, Robin," begged the mistress.

The great beast did not stir.

"Go out, Robin," said Paul Warren sternly; the dog only growled.

Then the sick man moved, and his breath came in quick gasps.

"Go, Robin," he commanded, raising his head; then he fell back and died.

The dog slunk broken-heartedly out into the hall, obeying the last command he was ever sure was right; brushed, growling, past the doctor, who had come too late, and ran out into the darkness.

An hour later Paul Warren was again pacing the great dark hall, while subdued sounds came from his father's chamber, where the last services were being done for the dead. Weeping, through the dusk came the old colored cook, Aunt Belinda, her hands full of red roses with their leaves damp with dew.

"Now, Mas'r Paul, you go 'long and rest, and don't you take it so hard," she said in her deep, rich voice. "I just goin' in to lay dese by old Mas'r. He did n't care nuffin fur 'em when he was alive, but I reckon he knows better now;" and she passed on in a glow of color to the death chamber.

A poignant sense of encompassing mystery, and of the life that was quick all about in the cool night air, shot through him as swift pain. Lifting his eyes now and then, as he walked, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind him, he saw a splendid white moth flutter in at the western door, and, flying uncertainly, float out toward the great stars in the east. The young man watched it with passionate question and wonder and grief written on his face, making it even more of an enigma than it had been before.

(To be continued.)

SCOTT'S POETRY AGAIN

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

I CANNOT help taking fire at anything said in disparagement of Walter Scott. I feel that I have got from his writings, not only immense pleasure, but some good. He was a truly noble-hearted gentleman, a model of that class, and his character is impressed on all the works of his pen. A type, he seems to me, of social chivalry. In all his writings, too, there is the buoyancy of perfect health. In reading them you breathe the air of the Scotch hills. I can conceive no better mental febrifuge, no better antidote to depression, no more sovereign remedy for dull care.

Scott was a hot Tory, perhaps a Jacobite, and his worship of monarchy in the person of George IV betrayed him into the one ridiculous action of his life. I have always been glad that he sat down upon the wineglass which he had put into his pocket to be kept as a relic because it had touched the sacred lips of the King. But his Toryism was not flunkeyish. Nor was it narrow. It did not interfere in the slightest degree with the catholicity of his historical appreciation. His tolerance, considering the political fury of those times, is really wonderful. He would, no doubt, have joyously donned his yeomanry uniform and shed his blood in battle against the French Revolution. Yet in the *Antiquary* he speaks of the Revolution with perfect calmness, and he dropped a poetic tear over the grave of Fox.

However, a word as to his poetry, of which Mr. Arthur Symonds in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* spoke rather disparagingly. It is, of course, by no means equal to his novels, which of novels are surely the most interesting, as well as the healthiest. He was quite right in giving up the poem for the novel. But before we disrate his

poetry, we must settle our rule of judgment. I was taken gently to task the other day for saying that it was the function of poetry to give us pleasure. What I had actually said was that Browning did not give me pleasure of that sort which it is supposed to be the special function of poetry to give. If what we want is philosophy in verse, we shall certainly not find what we want in Scott, while we shall find it in Browning, with a vengeance. But the sort of pleasure which Browning or any poet of the philosophical class gives me, or would give me if I were properly constituted, is that of severe mental effort more or less rewarded, not that which Milton had in his mind when he said that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, and passionate. I will beg the exclusive lovers of the philosophical school to mark that the greatest master of didactic poetry, Lucretius, has so far recognized the distinction between the philosophical and the poetic as avowedly to commend the philosophic draught by touching the rim of the cup with poetic honey.

Scott, like Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, is a narrative poet, and must be judged by the interest of his story and by his poetic skill in telling it. Is not the story of *Marmion* interesting? Is not great poetic skill shown in telling it? Is not the character of Marmion one that you never forget? Is not the judgment scene in Holy Isle supremely tragic? Can anything be much brighter than the picture of Edinburgh and the Scottish camp? Has anything in English literature more of Homeric spirit than the battle scene of Flodden? Are we not carried along through the whole poem, as it were by a sea breeze fresh and strong? Are there not ever and anon charming

little touches, such as the lines at the end of *Marmion* telling us how the woodman took the place of the Baron in the Baron's sumptuous tomb?

One must, no doubt, have something of the boy left in one to read *Marmion* again with delight. But he who reads *Marmion* wholly without delight cannot have much left in him of the boy.

There could, of course, be nothing like Homer in English poetry. But I suspect that the one great writer of martial and chivalric poetry had something in him akin to the other. Depend upon it, the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle had not always been blind. He had "drunk delight of battle with his peers." There was kinship between his spirit and that of the enthusiastic Captain of Yeomanry who once rode on a military errand a hundred miles in a day.

If the Introduction to the first canto of *Marmion* is not poetry, it surely must be because nothing is poetry that is not abstruse, or that performs the homely function of giving pleasure. It is too much spun out. Scott's fluency and facility are very apt to run away with him. Nor did he ever, either in his poems or in his novels, use the pruning-knife enough. But this fault makes itself less felt in *Marmion* than in the other poems.

The love of local names rich with associations is common to Scott with Homer, and to both of them with Milton.

Next of the poems in excellence to *Marmion*, it appears to me, is *Rokeby*, at least the early part of it. The opening is fine, and strikes well the keynote of a tragic tale. Very fine is the character of the buccaneer, and his entrance on the scene with haughty stride. In *Rokeby* we have

"O Brignall banks are wild and fair,"

the loveliest of those songs or ballads introduced in the narrative poems, which would surely of themselves suffice to give their writer no mean place among English poets. In the story of *Rokeby*, though it is interesting, there is a flaw. There

is no intelligible reason for the conduct of Mortham in withdrawing himself from sight, his party having been victorious at Marston Moor.

Of the *Lady of the Lake*, the first part, barring the hunt, in which Scott is thoroughly at home, is somewhat diffuse and heavy. But the interest improves when Roderick Dhu and Fitzjames suddenly confront each other. The acute reader will perhaps have divined Fitzjames's rank from his use of his bugle to summon attendance after the duel with Roderick Dhu. Still, the disclosure in the palace at Holyrood is a very pretty passage.

Mr. Symons refers to Ruskin's eulogy of Scott as the master of the modern landscape in verse. Scott had an intense and genuine feeling for nature, but, with profound deference for Ruskin, I am not sure that I should have pitched upon him as its most accurate delineator. The vividness of the coloring it was that struck me, and I think would strike most people, in *Loch Katrine*. The description of Coriskin in the *Lord of the Isles* seems to me more spirited than accurate. In his descriptions of scenery I have sometimes thought that Scott says much that is true, but not exactly the right word. However, I bow to Ruskin.

In *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, and *Rokeby*, Scott has the historic characters and circumstances pretty well within the grasp of his imagination. The same cannot be said with regard to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. That poem was the first of the series, and was at the time a prodigious success. The ballad style was a great relief after the Popian, and the romance of the Middle Ages was almost as complete a revelation in its way to the English public as was the romance of Highland scenery and life in *Waverley*. There are passages in the poem, such as the opening of the first and third cantos, which are now recognized gems of our popular poetry. Margaret comes on the scene with one of those graceful turns of which Scott was master. But the picture

of the Middle Ages in the *Lay*, like that in *Ivanhoe* and the *Talisman*, so dear to boys, borders, to say the least, on the extravagant. There never was a castle, certainly there never was on the Scotch border, with a garrison of forty knights, twenty of them always in armor, sleeping in it, and with their visors down drinking their wine through the bars. Nor did any mediæval commander order his bowmen and billmen to assault a fortress without besieging it. The plot, though not without interest, is ill constructed; the natural and supernatural parts are not interwoven with each other. The mysterious powers of the Lady of Branksome, the mighty book of Michael

Scott, so awfully disinterred, and the Elfin Page, with his impish pranks, have hardly anything to do with the story.

The last of the series of poems, the *Lord of the Isles*, is decidedly inferior to the rest. The towering popularity of Byron may have helped to turn Scott from poetry to the novel. But the *Lord of the Isles* shows with painful clearness that the vein had been exhausted, and that the time for opening a fresh vein had come.

However, one might almost as well try to argue a man into or out of love for a woman as into or out of taste for a poet. Boys will be boys, and will persist in venerating Browning and loving Scott.

THE DRIFT AWAY FROM PROHIBITION

BY FRANK FOXCROFT

FIFTY years ago, it seemed probable that the policy of state prohibition of the liquor traffic would prevail in most states in which any serious effort was made to deal with the evil. Maine led the way in 1846, and its initiative was so generally recognized that for a long time state prohibition, wherever adopted, was known as "the Maine law." Prohibitory laws were enacted in Massachusetts and Vermont in 1852, and in New Hampshire in 1855; and Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and North and South Dakota, at different times and for varying periods, adopted the same system, enacted into laws or embedded in their constitutions. But of these fifteen states which at one time or another have tried state prohibition, all but three — Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota — have abandoned it.¹

¹ Iowa is still nominally a prohibition state, but the so-called "Mule" law, enacted in 1894, taxes the traffic and is practically a system of license and local option.

It would be hasty to conclude that this drift away from state prohibition points to a diminished sense of the evils of intemperance or a deadening of the public conscience. Rather, it is the result in part of the development of new conditions, and in part of a deepening conviction that the problem cannot be dealt with by general enactments or at long range. If the abandonment of prohibition had been attended by an increase of drunkenness, both might be attributed to a lowered moral tone in the population. But the reverse is true. Whatever fluctuations may appear in short periods of time or in some localities, there can be no doubt that during the last half century there has been a great improvement in the habits of the American people at large as regards intemperance. The excessive use of intoxicating liquors is not so common as it was fifty years ago. It carries with it a deeper social stigma. It is taken into account in life insurance tables and premium rates; and to an increasing extent

it is discouraged in a highly practical way by the regulations of corporations and other large employers which require strict temperance if not actual total abstinence of their employees. We have therefore to explain a change from a more rigorous to a less rigorous form of legislation against the liquor traffic, which is coincident with a deepening detestation of intemperance and a general improvement in sobriety.

One explanation of this phenomenon is the growth of the population and the change in its character wrought by immigration. The population of the United States in 1900 was more than three times as great as in 1850. The average annual increase by immigration in the decade prior to 1850 was 142,733; in the decade prior to 1900 it was 385,115. The communities over which the system of prohibition was extended in New England fifty years ago, and later in other states, were not only smaller but more homogeneous than they are to-day. The three states which have retained prohibition have to-day a population of only thirteen to the square mile; while the states which have abandoned prohibition have a population of ninety-eight to the square mile. Moreover, in the first group of states only fourteen per cent of the population is urban, while in the other group thirty-six per cent is urban. The weak point in the enforcement of state prohibition has always been its application to cities. As the population grows, therefore, and especially as it becomes increasingly concentrated in cities, it is to be anticipated that there will be a revolt against a system which takes no account of the different conditions of city and rural life, but imposes upon the cities through the votes of rural representatives restrictions which are repugnant to local sentiment. As these conditions continue and are intensified, one of two things is reasonably sure to follow: either the state prohibitory law is repealed, or its enforcement is practically suspended in the centres of population.

If the repeal of prohibitory laws signified the abandonment of the attempt legally to restrict the liquor traffic, it would be an occasion for grave concern. But it does not. It has resulted in every instance in the substitution of a local option system under which each local community is given power to prohibit the sale of liquor within its borders, and by the exercise of this power furnishes the support of local sentiment which is essential to the thorough enforcement of the prohibition. It is to be noticed, as affording ground for encouragement to those who deplore the existence of the legalized saloon as a promoter of intemperance, that not only has local option, direct or indirect, been adopted in 39 of the 45 states, but that the "dry" or no-license area under its operations is steadily increasing. This is especially true in the Southern states. There usually the county is the voting unit. At last accounts, Alabama had 20 prohibition counties, 11 under the dispensary system, and 35 under license; Arkansas had 44 prohibition counties, 29 license, and 2 divided; Florida had 32 prohibition counties and 13 under partial prohibition; Georgia had 104 prohibition counties, and 33 license and dispensary; Kentucky had 47 prohibition counties, 35 with one license each, 19 with two licenses each, and 18 under license; Louisiana had 20 prohibition counties and 39 license; Maryland had 15 prohibition and 9 license counties; Mississippi had 65 prohibition and 10 license counties; Missouri had 12 prohibition counties out of 115; Tennessee had 84 prohibition and 12 license counties; Texas had 136 prohibition counties, 46 license counties, and 62 counties under partial prohibition; and West Virginia had 40 prohibition and 14 license counties.

In an article, "A Study of Local Option," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1902, it was remarked: "It is significant that, while in each of the three New England states which have adopted prohibition there is increasing restive-

ness under the exactions of that system and the scandals which arise from it, there are no manifestations of discontent in the local option states." Within six months after the publication of that article the restiveness in the prohibition states which had been noticed culminated in Vermont and New Hampshire in the repeal of the prohibitory law and the substitution of local option. In Vermont, the proposed change was submitted to a referendum February 3, 1903, and was adopted by a vote of 29,711 to 28,982, a majority of 729. The law went into effect at once, and the first elections under it were held four weeks after the referendum. The slender majority by which the law was adopted grew into a license majority of 5151 in the total vote at the first elections under it. Ninety-one towns voted for license; one hundred and fifty towns voted against it. In New Hampshire the law was not submitted to the people. It was enacted March 27, 1903, and special elections were held under it May 12. Fifty-seven towns and eleven cities voted in favor of license, and one hundred and sixty-three towns voted against license. The total license vote was 34,380; the vote against license was 26,630, — a license majority of 7700.

The simultaneous change of policy in these two conservative New England states is the most significant incident in the recent history of temperance legislation. It furnishes the most conspicuous illustration of the drift from state prohibition to local option; and from every point of view, economic, political, and moral, it is so important as to justify a somewhat careful study of the particular form of local option adopted in each state, and its practical workings, so far as the lapse of time has permitted a test of them. The fact that in each state there has been a second chance to test public sentiment at the local option elections, and that in Vermont the time is at hand for a third expression, lends interest to such a study.

In both states, the size of the license

majorities at the first opportunity which the people had had for nearly or quite fifty years to express their views upon the question shows the strength of the revulsion against the system previously enforced. It is not surprising that this revulsion was greater in New Hampshire than in Vermont, for the urban population is larger in the former state. Nor is it surprising that the new system in New Hampshire should be less strict than in Vermont. The greater the tension under an obnoxious law, the greater the reaction when the law is repealed.

A comparison of these statutes discloses sharp differences between them. The Vermont law is the strongest and most consistent local option law in force in any state. It is modeled upon the Massachusetts law, but in nearly every particular in which it differs from that, it is in the direction of greater stringency. The vote is taken annually and automatically, as in Massachusetts. But a second option is provided. After a town has voted for license, a special town meeting may be called, upon the application of only six voters, at which must be submitted the question whether the licenses to be issued shall be for the sale of all kinds of liquor, or of beer and malt liquors only. Where the anti-saloon sentiment, therefore, is not strong enough to secure complete local prohibition, it is given a second chance to minimize the traffic.

Where license is voted, the licensing powers are not vested in the selectmen, but in a local board of license commissioners, appointed for a term of six years, and secured by the length of their tenure from the influences of politics. The drug-store nuisance, which has proved so great a plague in Massachusetts no-license communities, is reduced to a minimum. Pharmacists are put under \$1000 bonds not to violate the law, and their bonds are forfeited upon a third conviction. They are allowed to sell only for medicinal purposes, and then only upon the written prescription of a properly qualified physician, valid for only a single

sale,—instead of promiscuously upon the mere signature of the purchaser attesting the purpose for which he buys, as in Massachusetts. Moreover, in no-license communities, pharmacists' licenses, instead of being granted to any applicants at the discretion of the licensing authorities, cannot be granted at all except at the petition of five per cent of the voters and a majority of the resident physicians. A physician who prescribes intoxicating liquor when he has reason to believe that it is not required for medicinal use is liable to a fine of \$200 for the first and of \$500 for each subsequent offense.

Saloons are under much the same restrictions as in Massachusetts as regards hours of sale, selling on Sundays or election days, sales to minors, habitual drunkards, or persons to whom sale has been forbidden by the written notice of parents, guardians, children, husbands, wives, or employers. Saloon-keepers are forbidden, not only to obstruct a view of their premises by screens, shutters, or curtains, but even to expose in their windows any bottle, cask, or other vessel in such a way as to advertise their business. Right of civil action is given to any husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, or employer who is in any way injured by an intoxicated person, against any person who by selling or giving liquor has helped to cause such intoxication, and the owner or lessor of the building is made jointly liable in such cases. A unique section of the law strikes at a practice admittedly provocative of intemperance by providing that "no intoxicating liquor shall be sold or furnished to a person for another person or any number of persons, to drink on the licensed premises, in the way commonly known as 'treating.'"

The evil chain which in Massachusetts and some other local option states enables brewers and wholesale dealers to control the retail trade by going upon the bonds of saloon-keepers is snapped in Vermont, where no person directly or indirectly engaged in the liquor traffic is accepted as surety, and no person can

be surety upon the bond of more than one applicant. The number of licenses is limited to one for each thousand of the population, and the fee for a license which permits the sale of all kinds of liquor to be drunk on the premises ranges from \$500 to \$1200. As to the enforcement of the law, every policeman, constable, and sheriff is required, under a penalty of \$200, to "report forthwith" to the License Board any violation of the law which he has observed, or which has been called to his attention, and at intervals of not more than three months all such officers are called before the board and required to make report under oath as to any indication they have observed or information they have received tending to show violations of the law. The License Board, under penalty of \$300, must investigate all such reports, and prosecute every complaint, if well founded.

Very different is the New Hampshire law. There are the usual restrictions upon the business of licensed dealers, but in less drastic form than in Vermont. The most remarkable feature of the law is the creation of a state board of License Commissioners consisting of three members, not more than two of whom may belong to the same political party. The commissioners hold office for a term of six years. They are placed under bonds, and they must have no interest, direct or indirect, in the liquor business. This board holds the liquor traffic of the state in the hollow of its hand. There is almost no limit to its discretion. In license towns and cities it may grant any number of licenses, and it may revoke any license after a hearing. In the case of innholders' licenses, which are of great importance in a state like New Hampshire, where the summer boarder figures so largely, the board may fix the license fee at any point it pleases, from \$25 to \$1000, and it may revoke any such license at its discretion, with or without notice, and with or without cause. Nor is this the limit of its powers. Even in places which have voted against

license, the board may license innholders and keepers of railroad restaurants. The latter are allowed to sell only malt liquor, cider, or light wines, but there is no restriction as to those to whom they may sell. Innholders are allowed to sell all kinds of liquor to be drunk on the premises, but in no-license towns and cities they are forbidden to sell to residents of the town or city in which their hotels are located, or to any other than duly registered guests.

Here are very serious loopholes in the law. A community which wants to stop the liquor traffic within its borders may vote to do so by an overwhelming majority, but a distant board may nevertheless inflict liquor-selling hotels and liquor-selling railroad restaurant keepers upon it. And in towns and cities which vote for license, the issue and the revocation of licenses, the selection of locations, the detection of violations, the discipline of offenders, — these and all other details are under the control and at the caprice of the same distant board, totally removed from local influence, unrestrained by considerations of local welfare, and exercising its large discretion without review or appeal. It is clear that a board of License Commissioners composed of two robust members of one party and a pliant representative of another might become, through its absolute control of the liquor traffic, a dangerous political machine. If the board created by the New Hampshire law does not become such a machine, it will be because its members are of the incorruptible type. The security of the state depends upon their personal qualities, not on safeguards provided by the law. As a matter of fact, the evils which were apprehended from this feature of the law have not been realized up to the present time. The board has administered the law with such fidelity that, according to the *New Hampshire Issue*, the organ of the state Anti-Saloon League, the leaders of the no-license movement favor the principle of state control, and would like to see it

extended to the enforcement of the law in cases of violation. The *Issue* mentions particular instances in which the board has revoked hotel licenses purely on the merits of the cases and in opposition to strong local and political influences.

Light is thrown upon the conditions in both states, under the prohibitory law and under the present system, by a comparison of the number of persons who pay special taxes to the United States government as wholesale and retail liquor dealers. The tax receipts of the United States internal revenue collectors are often loosely called United States licenses. They are not that, for the federal government does not license the liquor traffic, it taxes it. But liquor dealers stand in such awe of the federal authority that few of them venture to sell liquor without paying the United States tax. To avoid prosecution in the federal courts, they must be able to produce the internal revenue receipt. But in Vermont and New Hampshire and some other local option states, the mere possession of such a receipt is sufficient evidence that the person holding it is engaged in the sale of liquor. The luckless dealer is therefore between the devil and the deep sea. If he cannot show the receipt, he is subject to prosecution by the federal authorities; if he has such a receipt, he provides all the evidence necessary to convict him in the state courts.

Using initial letters to designate retail and wholesale dealers in all kinds of liquor and in malt liquors respectively, the official returns show the number of persons in Vermont and New Hampshire paying special taxes in 1902 under the prohibitory law, and in 1904 under the local option law: —

VERMONT.

	R. L. D.	W. L. D.	R. D. M. L.	W. D. M. L.	Total.
1902	240		318	14	572
1904	258		40		298

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

	R. L. D.	W. L. D.	R. D. M. L.	W. D. M. L.	Total.
1902	1348	14	326	70	1758
1904	1043	26	50	70	1189

This comparison puts it beyond question that in both states more persons sold liquor under the prohibitory law than are now selling it under license. In Vermont, this difference is occasioned by the large number of persons paying taxes in the earlier year for the sale of malt liquors. Eliminating these, and considering only the taxes upon a general retail liquor business, it appears that there were eighteen fewer dealers carrying on this business in Vermont under prohibition than under license; but the change is so slight as to indicate that the prohibitory law did not impose a serious check upon the liquor traffic except in those communities which, of their own option, under the new law have shut out the saloons. Of the 240 dealers taxed in 1902 in Vermont, 84 were town agents; but the remaining 156 were carrying on an illegal business. In New Hampshire, the contrast is striking and significant. So far as conditions may be read in these returns, there were 276 more persons selling malt liquors at retail, and 305 more persons carrying on a general retail liquor business, in New Hampshire under the prohibitory law than there are now under the license law.

But there is another test of the working of the two systems, namely, the convictions for intoxication. Here are some figures from Vermont, the comparison being made in each case between the twelve months from May, 1901, to April, 1902, under prohibition, and the twelve months from May, 1903, to April, 1904, under the present law:

	1901-02.	1903-04.
Rutland city court	95	469
Burlington city and justice courts	129	343
St. Albans city and justice courts	207	274
Commitments to county jails:		
Addison County	6	17
Bennington County	7	49
Caledonia County	14	16
Chittenden County	126	508
Orange County	6	12
Rutland County	84	302
Washington County	57	198
Franklin County	136	210
Lamoille County	3	34

It will be observed that in every instance there has been an increase, and in most instances a considerable increase, in the convictions for intoxication under the present law. Comparing the totals, we find that convictions and commitments for intoxication have risen from 870 in the prohibitory year to 2432 in the license year. This is an appalling change for the worse; and it seems impossible to account for this threefold increase except on the theory that, whatever the number of persons engaged in the business under the two systems, the more open traffic has swollen the volume of intemperance.

As might have been expected, the effect of these excesses is apparent in the vote of the towns at the second elections under the law, in March, 1904. The pendulum swung far out toward license in the first year. It swung back again at the next trial of public sentiment. The most remarkable change was in Rutland, where the transition from prohibition to license had resulted in a kind of orgy which, as shown by the above table, multiplied the convictions for intoxication nearly fivefold. Rutland city in 1903 voted for license by 1737 to 542. In 1904 it voted for no-license by 1211 to 1109. Changes scarcely less marked took place in most communities where the excesses under the new system had been greatest. Thus in Chittenden County the license majority was cut down from 2690 to 755; in Bennington County it was reduced from 1132 to 235; and in Rutland, Washington, and Franklin counties it was wiped out altogether. In 1903, 91 towns voted for license and 155 against it. In 1904 only 40 towns voted for license and 206 voted against it. In the aggregate vote in the state the license majority of 5151 in March, 1903, was changed to a no-license majority of 7071 at the elections in March, 1904.

The following table shows arrests for drunkenness in four New Hampshire cities in twelve months under the old law, compared with arrests for the same cause in twelve months under the new:—

	Prohibition.	License.
Berlin	419	1146
Dover	257	468
Franklin	72	198
Keene	167	410
	915	2222

In these four cities drunkenness, tested by arrests, has more than doubled under the new order of things. But in Manchester and Portsmouth, two cities in which the former prohibitory law was tempered and practically abrogated under the so-called "Healy system" of local connivance at its violation, the number of arrests has dropped, in the former from 1121 to 953, and in the latter from 874 to 799. This indicates that, in cities where drastic liquor laws are repugnant to local sentiment, enforced license may be more promotive of sobriety than unenforced prohibition.

The New Hampshire law, as originally drafted and reported to the legislature of 1903, gave the cities of the state no option, but condemned them permanently to license. Public sentiment compelled a remodeling of the measure so as to provide for a vote on the license question in the cities every fourth year, beginning with 1906. We shall have to wait nearly two years longer, therefore, to know whether any of the eleven cities which adopted license in 1903 are weary of it. But the towns voted for the second time November 8, 1904. The number of license towns was reduced from fifty-eight to forty-seven. Thirteen towns changed from no-license to license; twenty-four from license to no-license. But the actual change was more important than these figures indicate, for the towns which changed from "no" to "yes" are small places with an aggregate population of 9581, while the towns which changed from "yes" to "no" have a total population of 48,606. The actual result, therefore, is to make a net addition of about 39,000 to the population living under voluntary local prohibition.

This hasty survey of conditions in the two states indicates that in neither has public sentiment yet crystallized into full approval of the change. The old system worked ill, but the new is not working well. The revulsion against state prohibition was so strong that even some of the smallest towns, with only a handful of voters—for example, Glastonbury and Norton in Vermont, the former casting only ten and the latter only twenty-two votes, and Dummer and Lincoln in New Hampshire, the one casting only twenty-four and the other forty-three votes—were swept away by it. But the force of this revolt has spent itself, as is shown by the diminished number of places voting for license. It is now local option which is on trial before the bar of public opinion. If it continues to make so bad a showing in Vermont, regarding increase of drunkenness, as is disclosed in the figures which have been quoted, it will scarcely maintain itself. If the referendum in that state were to be taken over again to-morrow, probably the result would be the reverse of what it was in 1903. But if the new system is given a fair trial, it may be found that the legalized liquor traffic can be restricted under it within extremely narrow limits, and that where public sentiment tolerates its existence, it will be able to regulate its excesses more effectively than was possible under a system which ignored local sentiment.

In New Hampshire, the heavy license majority in the aggregate local option vote shows how irksome were the old restrictions. Conditions are as yet too unstable to admit of assured prediction, but there seems little doubt that, in that state at least, local option will be retained indefinitely, and that the efforts of opponents of the saloons will be directed chiefly toward extending the no-license area, and from time to time strengthening the law at points where it is found defective.

A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS¹

(THE LELAND PAPERS)

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

I

A THING has only to be said often enough, and most people will believe it. I suppose this is why we are ready to agree that the art of letter-writing perished with our great-grandfathers. But if letters then did lose their fine flavor, — which, remembering FitzGerald's, Stevenson's, and a few others, seems to me at least an open question, — they still had to be written; and I sometimes think that, even today, more can be learned of a man from the letters he receives than from the things at which he laughs, once considered the test.

Certainly, had I been a stranger to the Rye, — as I must continue to call my Uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland, whom I would scarcely recognize by any other name, — I could not have gone through the mass of correspondence he left to my care, and not have learned something of the way he worked, endlessly and tirelessly; of the wholesale enthusiasm with which he threw himself into his tasks and friendships and appreciations; of his readiness to squander his energy in helping other people. Nor could I have doubted that, in his time, he had been a great wanderer over the face of the earth. The very confusion in which I found the letters was eloquent of the constant work and frequent journeys, that left no time for their systematic arrangement. Some were tied together anyhow; others were neatly classified and labelled; at the end they were fastened, as they came, in his books of Memoranda. And the worst of it is, there are great gaps in the correspondence, long intervals with not a letter from anybody to account for them,

as if in moments of despair wholesale destruction had seemed to him the only hope of order; or else, the chances of time and travel had saved him the trouble.

Of his early student days in the Universities of Heidelberg and Paris, of his first journeys abroad, when he — like Story and Longfellow and Motley and Bancroft and how many others — was one of Mr. Henry James's "precursors," next to nothing has been spared. And yet, what value his impressions of German student life in their first freshness would have! What a document his story of the French Revolution of 1848, as he dashed it off in the heat of the moment to a friend, would be! — the story told while he still quivered with those adventures of battle and barricade which remained forever after so vivid in his memory that, as late as 1890, being then in his sixty-seventh year, he was writing in his Memoranda, under the date February 24: "On Feb. 24th, 1848, forty-two years ago, at this hour I was in the thick of the French Revolution — at the Tuileries. Even now the memory inspires me. What a day it was for me! I felt and knew its greatness at the time. I felt that everything in which I took part was history. 'Shot and smoke and sabre stroke and death shots following fast.' . . . Now I am high and dry on the beach. But I remember when I rolled in the waves."

Of the period of storm and stress at home, from 1848 to 1869, when he was lawyer, author, journalist, editor, soldier, politician, when he wrote his *Meister Karl*, first translated Heine, and sprang into fame as Hans Breitmann, the letters are almost as silent. It is like the playful perversity of fate that the only two I

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have so far discovered should present an absurd contrast, and should have no bearing whatever upon his public career, though they reveal much to anybody with the clue. For one, from Lowell, written during the year — the first of the Civil War — spent by the Rye in Boston, makes it clear that already his literary work opened to him the then most exclusive doors of the literary world; while the other, from Max Strakosch, eight years later, proves as plainly that his critical work on the press passed him behind the scenes of musical and theatrical life.

This letter of Lowell's may be slight compared to the endless pages he wrote to his more intimate friends. But its careful preservation, enclosed in the little old-fashioned envelope with the long superseded stamp and securely fastened in a volume of the *Poems*, — the literary relic in its appropriate shrine, — shows, I think, how much it was prized by the Rye, and is also suggestive of the attitude of the "younger men" of that day toward Lowell. It is pleasant to add, as a sort of parenthesis, that this attitude, in the case of the Rye, was not weakened by years. When Lowell was sent from Madrid to London in 1880, Dr. Holmes wrote to him, "Leland (Hans Breitmann), who has been living in London some years, says you will be the most popular American Minister we have ever sent," a prophecy that, in its fulfilment, did no small credit to the powers of the prophet. "Our Club," referred to in Lowell's letter, is, of course, the Saturday Club; — that the society he met there was on the whole better than any England provided, was his estimate of it even in 1883, when he had had a fair chance for comparison. The "notice," whether of the *Poems* or of the *Biglow Papers* it is impossible now to tell, has vanished, as the most flattering notices will, once they have served their turn in review or paper. The letter is dated 1861, and is from Elmwood, — "the place I love best," Lowell described it to his old friend Charles F. Briggs that very same year.

"It is only too flattering," he begins abruptly. "I thought our Club did not meet Christmas week, or I should have been there and claimed you as my guest. Let me engage you now for the last Saturday in the month. I shall call upon you the first time I come to Boston, which will be next Saturday. I have a vacation before long, and then I shall hope to see more of you.

"I was infinitely diverted by your extracts from the *Ballad* and shall be greatly obliged for a copy of the whole.

"With many thanks,

Cordially yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

P. S. I mean it is the notice of J. R. L. that is too flattering. I know not what else to say — except that I am pleased for all that. I send my *beso la mano* to the author with many thanks."

With this, another note from Lowell was preserved as carefully in the same volume, where both have lain undisturbed now for almost a half century. The second is not to the Rye, however, but to give his address to Professor Child, — a businesslike hasty little scribble of a few lines, but with one personal touch in the "dear Ciarli" at the beginning, that would mean a great deal, I fancy, to all who are left of a certain group of Boston scholars.

As for the letter from Max Strakosch, it has survived most likely because it was never delivered. It is to Maurice Strakosch in Paris, introducing the Rye, then starting on his second wanderings abroad, and describing him, with the eye to the main chance and the genuine good nature that are apparently part of the stock in trade of the profession, as "a very wealthy man and very highly educated," the defender of Miss Kellogg from the stupid attacks of "Bohemian papers," — in a word, a man to be brought into society, any favor to whom "will do me good." Whether the Paris society into which Maurice Strakosch could bring him was just the kind for which the Rye was eager, is another matter. But, anyway, he says,

in his *Memoirs*, that after his arrival in Paris "a distaste for operas, theatres, dinners, society," suddenly came over him, which may account for the fact that the letter now lies before me, the paper torn and crumpled, and the memories it evokes of opera in the sixties as faint and faded as the writing.

Two letters are a meagre record of the correspondence covering the first forty-five years of a busy man's life; a meagreness I regret the more keenly when I look over the many belonging to the period that immediately follows. But, after all, that any at all should have survived is something to be grateful for. Besides, the period in question, from 1869 to 1879, spent by the Rye chiefly in England, was far from being the least amusing or least industrious of his successful career. He was in his very prime, he was full of work, his reputation had preceded him, he met all the people most worth meeting, he lived much in the world, he entertained and was entertained, he made many friends, and, now and then, he wandered from England to the Continent as far as Russia, to the East as far as Egypt, countries not then exploited by Cook or appropriated by Lunn. There are gaps here also. To wander with him through the correspondence of this decade is to be brought up constantly against a dead wall. But almost always there is a friendly letter at hand to lead the way back again, or a friendlier packet to give the entire history of one phase or branch of his studies. Sometimes, as in the case of his Gypsy correspondence, the documents are of too much importance to be separated. But from what I might call his general correspondence, a suggestive impression is to be had of his life, his work, his interests, his amusements, and, incidentally, of his delightful relations with delightful people at the time.

In all this correspondence, my pleasure is greatest — because I think his would have been — in the letters from two old friends who supply the strongest links with the past, and who go far to convince

me, at any rate, that letter-writing was not a lost art in their generation. For one was Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom the Rye got to know well during that year in Boston; and the other was George Boker, whom he had always known still better, from the days when they were in frocks and pinafores and their fathers were partners in a prosperous business.

The Rye felt, but with an intensity all his own, the almost universal love of the reading public for Dr. Holmes, and his respect and admiration for the doctor's work was great. I can remember how, when I started on my journalistic career, he urged me to write for advice and help to the kindly Autocrat in Boston, and I cannot even yet rid myself of the belief that to receive a letter from Dr. Holmes — and I did receive one — was the first step toward literary success; not so original a belief as I supposed when I wrote, five thousand among poets alone, according to Mr. Aldrich's liberal estimate, having shared it with me. I am sure the Autocrat would have liked it could he have read the note in my *Uncle's Memoranda* (1893) which dwells pleasantly on him as "far above any other man whom I can now recall, apt at illustration, marvellous in memory, quick with appropriate anecdote, judicious and sensible in his views, and genial in everything." The doctor's letters were not of a kind to cool this admiration, once it had been inspired, and I am the more glad to quote them because they have never been published before. The first — that is, the first in my packet — was written early in 1872. It is full of just the news the exile from home would most care to have; full, too, of the humor, the playfulness, and the sympathy that are the charm of Dr. Holmes's books. The allusions in it explain themselves. We might wonder that so much feeling is shown about Motley when almost two years had passed since his recall, if we did not know how much longer this feeling lasted, not only with Dr. Holmes, but with all Motley's friends. Even in 1879, Lowell, writing from Madrid, to an-

nounce his intention of remaining there, added promptly, "if they don't Motleyize me." The reference to Sumner is just what might be expected from the Autocrat, who always "liked his talk" about things, as he told another correspondent many years later on, even while he smiled in that kindly way of his at the "exaggerated personality."

... "I have for the last year," he writes, "lived in a house which we have built and the address of which you may see above. It is a great improvement in position, and I think you would say that my study with its bay windows looking out over the broad expanse of the river was too good for any but an honest man and brother author. . . ."

"I have not a great deal to tell about your friends of the Saturday Club. Agassiz has gone off on an expedition to the western coast of America. He has sent back word that he has found a fish's nest in certain masses of gulf weed — and seems to be supremely happy about it. Nobody is so rich as a naturalist. You come across something nasty and poke it with a stick and say it stinks (good English words both, are they not?), and he springs at it, calls it by a Latin name and bags it and carries it off as if it were a nugget of virgin gold. Agassiz has almost entirely recovered from his very alarming attack of a year or two ago. The rest are as you left them. We have pretty full and very pleasant meetings — I think nobody is more constant at them than I am. That and a dinner party now and then make up my dissipations. Last summer I spent a week at a country house with Charley Sumner, whom in spite of the somewhat exaggerated personality of which some complain I always find full of knowledge such as I like to listen to. Motley has never returned to America since his most unexpected recall as Minister. He and his family are at The Hague, where the Queen of Holland makes much of them as I hear. I feel very sorry for his great disappointment, which I do not think he had de-

served, but which I am disposed to attribute to indirect and not very creditable influences. I cannot believe that if Mr. Sumner and the President had not fallen out our friend could ever have been subjected to such an indignity. The reference to the old house which you speak of was in the first number of a new series of articles I am writing for the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title 'the Poet at the Breakfast-Table.' I have long thought that as I had spoken often of two characters besides the 'Autocrat' namely the 'Professor' and the 'Poet,' I would finish the series by a third volume, and my two instalments of this last have been very kindly received. I am glad to hear that you have secured your audience, for I feel sure you can keep it when it has once taken hold. Don't break your neck or your legs hunting (as poor Jerry Whipple — you did n't know him? — did at Pau — one of his legs, that is), for there would be mourning in two worlds for Hans Breitmann. How well I remember the first time I read one of those famous poems! Their bones are full of marrow. If the new poems are as good in their way as the others were in their own vein, your triumphant success is assured. We are just trying for an International Copyright, which I hope will by and by put a good many guineas in your pocket."

It is impossible that this letter should have led merely to a cessation of the correspondence for nine years. But the next I find from Dr. Holmes is dated July 18, 1881, when the Rye was back in America, — in Philadelphia. It is going ahead a trifle fast to give it just here, but the two seem all the better for being read together. I remember the occasion for the second letter only too well. The Rye had been asked to read the Phi Beta poem at Harvard in the summer of 1881. He wrote it with even more than the usual care and enthusiasm he lavished upon whatever he might have to do. I used to see him daily at that period, and he would read me in the afternoon the lines he had written in the morning. It meant much to

him,—he put into it the theories that then largely preoccupied him. I do not believe it was ever published, and, after this long interval, I should not venture to explain its subject in detail. But I know it touched upon the modern materialism that he believed was leading to the noblest, the most perfect, spiritualism ever yet evolved. Therefore what he thought the indifference of his audience when he read the poem at Harvard was a deep disappointment, and he felt it enough to say so frankly to Dr. Holmes. I do not know which pleases me better, his own frankness, or the equal frankness with which the doctor met it.

"I was sorry for the circumstance you mention so quietly — very sorry," Holmes wrote from Beverly Farms. "Now I will tell you one or two things about the Phi Beta Poem. Over and over again I wanted to get up and tell you that the last portion of many lines could not, I felt sure, be heard. But it is so awkward to interrupt — and to be interrupted — that I refrained from doing it. I was confident that many of the best points were not taken, simply because they were not clearly heard. It is the commonest fault of those who read their own verse to let their voices drop at the end and towards the end of a line. My wife has so often reproved me for it that I have learned pretty well to avoid it. . . . You must remember also that Boston was almost literally empty of its proper world when you were there, and that 'everybody' scattered off from Cambridge in every direction in the afternoon trains.

"In delivering your poem you were at such a disadvantage as perhaps no other Phi Beta poet ever was before. Wendell Phillips at *Harvard* was an event — I don't doubt some of the other alumni went into convulsions about it. He had utterly exhausted the sensibilities of his audience before you had a chance at them. I saw at once, before you opened your lips, that you had an impossible task — to address an audience which was exhausted by two hours of electric shocks. It is al-

ways a difficult matter to interest an audience tired with a long piece of declamation. I do not think that your predecessors of late years have succeeded in doing it. I have myself on one occasion delivered a poem after an eloquent and taking address, and experienced a wretched sense of depression after it in consequence. Your poem will *read* well, I have no doubt, and would have gone off finely if you had had a fresh audience."

One pleasant incident, however, there had been in the midst of the disappointment,—an incident that reveals something of the boyish element both men retained to the end. "When I went to Boston to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa Poem in 1881," it is recorded in the Memoranda, "Dr. Holmes invited me to pass a day with him at his place in Beverly. It was a very delightful day. I went out to take a walk with him, and picked up on the shore some of the shells of the Unio, a thick pearl mussel. Dr. Holmes said something to the effect that it was a pity that such beautiful objects should be without value, when I replied that I could easily make them sell for five dollars apiece. So I took some to the house, and asked the Doctor to write his name on each, which he did, and I then said, 'These will now easily sell for five dollars each.' At which he was much pleased, and I think was deeply touched when I remarked that by this shelling out I should induce collectors of autographs to fork over, as is usual in consuming oysters."

The other letters from the Autocrat were all written in 1888: one or two sad enough, just after the death of his wife, and one or two in answer to the Rye's request for hints or suggestions to help him in the slang dictionary upon which he was then engaged. "I think Lowell knows more about New England dialects than anybody," Dr. Holmes wrote to my Uncle; and a few weeks later, with his inevitable thoughtfulness, he was trying to enlist the sympathy of Lowell: "I referred Leland to you for Yankee phrases which you know better than anybody else;" Lowell

being, indeed, as many others testify, an authority on "the rustic American speech." It was like Dr. Holmes that though, modestly, he disclaimed any special knowledge, he sat down at once and wrote for the Rye eight long pages of New England slang and sayings and superstitions, and I think it may have been owing to the Rye's request that he noted these down also in his autobiographical notes which, as one reads them now in Mr. Morse's memoir, are almost a replica of parts of his letters.

"I wish I could write you a letter worth twenty pounds or twenty cents for the information held in it," he writes on June 4, 1888. "If this note is worth two cents the value is more than I am expecting. All I can possibly do is to jot down a few expressions, most of which you are familiar with, some of which are not of the sort you want (probably), and a very few of which may possibly be new to you. Look these two or three columns over, and throw them in the waste-basket if useless. All I know is very little. I have never studied the subject, but I have come in contact with a certain number of local beliefs, superstitions, impressions, phrases, etc." And then there follow too many to quote in full; the most interesting, perhaps, contributed by the "help," imported in those days from the interior of Massachusetts, who taught him "that the Devil went round by night picking up things, and if one signed his name in his own blood and left it out, it would be gone in the morning. The same personage was thought to assist suicides in their attempts, so that a man wishing to hang himself was assisted by Satan in person as a volunteer Jack Ketch for the occasion. Other beliefs of similar origin were that one who counted the stars to a thousand would drop down dead; that if one killed a swallow, the cow would give bloody milk. Certain sandy spots in Cambridge, one near the well-known Jarvis Field beyond Holmes Field, were known as the 'Devil's Footsteps' and looked upon with an awe not altogether displeasing.

"Passing to the domain of medicine, I remember on the kitchen shelf one of our rustic employés kept an ill-conditioned looking bottle said to contain 'Hicy pikey' — *hiera picia*, or sacred bitter, an alactic. Externally, 'Opodeldoc' was the favourite application. Rum was a handy substitute, for rum was to be found everywhere. I remember that my childish idea of a labouring man was a rough-skinned, horny-handed human being who always smelt strong of rum. My brother tells a story of a poor rheumatic complaining of dreadful pain who applied at the house of our cousin Phillips (Wendell was one of the boys in it) for a little rum, which was brought him — perhaps by little warm-hearted Wendell himself. Dipping the tip of his forefinger delicately in the fluid, he touched the lame joint with it, and swallowed the contents of the teacup, thinking they would be more useful internally. Cambridge was half country in those days. There were plenty of actual squirrels, — 'field mice' Tom Appleton told me they were called at the South, — probably wood-chucks, and possibly foxes. The language of my immediate neighbours was of a mingled character, partly rural, partly suburban. Excuse me — I did not intend to, then other boys would have said 'I did n't go to.'"

But it is needless to keep on. The substance of these letters is virtually contained in the autobiographical notes, and I print a few extracts only to show the interest Dr. Holmes took in my Uncle's new venture. There is a flash of the old humor in the last paragraph of the last letter of all. "My charge," he says, — for the really valuable help he gave, — "is two cents — which is more than it is worth, and which, as exchange is troublesome, I excuse you from paying."

Into the Rye's friendship with George Boker there entered a deeper, warmer feeling. Their intimacy, as Boker once wrote, was "almost that of brothers." "Dear old Charley," he says in one of his letters, — and the "Charley" gives the measure of their friendship, — "you are

the only man living with whom I can play the fool through a long letter and be sure that I shall be clearly understood at the end. To say that this privilege is cheerful is to say little, for it is the breath of life to a man of a certain humour," — especially if that man happen to be alone in a foreign land, his daily life hedged about with the form and ceremonial of diplomacy. When I recall my Uncle's friends, Boker is always the foremost figure, — and a very splendid figure as I remember, still the Apollo he had been called in his youth, though I only knew him in his middle age, when his hair was already white. I can still see him, his handsome head high above the crowd in Chestnut Street, where he, like Walt Whitman, and the Rye too, was apt to take his stroll at the end of the day's work. Philadelphia is supposed to yield only commonplace, but I often wonder if three finer, more striking men were ever met anywhere than those three who, in the days of which I speak, were to be passed almost every fine afternoon, as they swaggered down from Broad Street to Seventh, before Walt took the horse-car, or still farther down, past the *Ledger* office, with a smile and a shrug perhaps for the great man within dispensing cups and saucers; or past the *Press* office, where the Rye and Boker, each in his different way, had been an influence and a power. Well — it will be long before Philadelphia can show three such men again, though while they were alive, in true Philadelphia fashion, she made as little of them as she conveniently could.

But good looks were not George Boker's only merit. He was the truest and kindest of friends, — "the good and dear Boker" even to Mr. John Morley, who knew him infinitely less well. If his letters begin only with the seventies, it is easily understood, for the two friends were always together, except during the Rye's first stay abroad; and of that stay, as I have explained, no records remain. But it was early in the seventies that George Boker was sent as United States Minister to

Constantinople, and what letters there are, therefore, were written during the most interesting and active part of his career.

The first is from Philadelphia, on Christmas Eve, 1871, and announces the Turkish Mission, and also the progress of *Meister Karl*, which Boker was seeing through the press.

MY DEAR CHARLEY, — The scarcest thing with me just now is time. I might give you a shilling at a pinch, but a half hour is an article which I do not happen to have about me. I am in a whirl of preparation for my departure from America . . . my passage is taken in the "*Algeria*" for the 10th of January, and I shall start then, provided the State Department do not detain me for some foolish purpose of its own. I hope that you will have taken up your abode in London by the time I arrive. . . .

Meister Karl is not yet out, which is queer, for my patchwork was finished a month ago. Long-headed Fop! he is waiting for something to turn up, I suppose. By the way, your rhapsody over the East in "*M. K.*" had something to do with my acceptance of the Turkish Mission; and if you have been lying, I shall find you out, old boy: so it would be well for you to add a note about the fleas, and the cholera, and the plague, *et id genus omne*, to save your reputation, for which I tremble. The next time I address you, it will be face to face, laus Deo!

The letters from Constantinople have more than a personal interest. Boker knew — none better — and could himself see the sort of picturesqueness that appealed most powerfully to his friend, for whom he was always ready to make picturesque notes of it. But in his account of his own work, he was giving, without dreaming that he would ever reach a larger public, an excellent idea of the way the American diplomat is made, — or was made before the idea of the so-called Civil Service entered into the policy of Wash-

ington. The training of actual experience, from the time of Benjamin Franklin and John Adams to Boker and Lowell, did not turn out so badly for the country, but it was no light matter for the poor diplomats themselves. "All alone, without a human being I had ever seen before in my life, and with unaccustomed duties, feeling as if I were beset with snares on every hand, obliged to carry on the greater part of my business in a strange tongue," Lowell wrote to Tom Hughes from Madrid. And in practically the same terms Boker reports his initiation into diplomacy in the first letter to the Rye from the Legation at Constantinople (July 27, 1872).

"You must remember that I had no experience in diplomacy, no knowledge even of the routine of business, and not the smallest acquaintance with the Turkish language. For these things I was wholly dependent upon —, and him I was warned to distrust. I was therefore obliged to scrutinize all that he did and all that he counselled, with that sort of suspicious care which doubled the work. . . . I shall not weary you with a history of my apprenticeship in diplomacy. You may fancy how difficult it has been, what caution and exhaustive inquiry it needed, and what a sea of labors I struggled through until I reached my present position of security. Now I do not feel myself to be deficient before my older diplomatic colleagues; besides possessing certain mental qualifications, which you know all about, and with which heaven has not blessed all men equally. I am sure of this, that if you saw me transacting my business with the false, wily Orientals, at the Sublime Porte, or with the foreign Ministers at one of their scheming general meetings, you would not feel ashamed of the figure cut on these occasions by the man who for many a long year has been almost your brother — wholly indeed your brother in spirit if not by the ties of blood. . . .

"How often I think of you as I am making my way through the motley crowds of

Constantinople, or surveying the strange, wild landscape as I drive through the country. Talk of languages! There is not a boot-black who cannot speak half a dozen, and the attainments of some men, who have knocked about a little, are to me wonderful. For example, we have a man in the Consulate who speaks eleven languages fluently, and yet who cannot write his own name in any one of them. All the natives here, almost without exception, speak Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, and Armenian. Some of them have a smattering of English also. You would revel in the 'Grande Rue de Pera;' you would go wild with excitement if you stood upon the bridge which crosses the Golden Horn, and saw the wonderfully costumed crowd go by you, and listened to the various languages which the individuals uttered. Within a mile of me — for I am now living at Therapia upon the Bosphorus — there is a delicious encampment of the black tents of a tribe of Gipseys. How you would like to get among them! Whenever one of the little black-skinned devils of children runs out to me with his or her, 'Cheeli, chelibi, cheeli!' I always think of you, and give the impudent beggar a piastre for your sake. . . .

"By the way, the Khedive is here at present, and I like him much, and I like his Prime Minister, Nubar Pacha, still better. They have invited me to go up the Nile next winter, and I am going, to be sure. Would you not like to come along with me? If so, I shall be glad to make room for you in our party. On the whole, why should you not go? You ought to see the Nile before you die, and here is an excellent chance, and in such company as will open all Egypt before you. Think of this seriously. Of course, as Mrs. Boker will go, you will take Madame Belle with you, and we shall be as happy as Heaven together for two months at least."

The trip up the Nile was made, and the chronicle of the Paradise Boker predicted is the *Egyptian Sketch Book*, that curious medley of knowledge and fun, never, at

any time, appreciated, and now, I am afraid, neglected altogether. Innocents Abroad may be tolerated in Europe, but apparently the line must be drawn at gayety in Egypt. And the book is gay. The Rye, who had written glowingly, even a little exaltedly, of the "Morning Land" before he knew it, once he got there was clear-eyed enough to see it as it really is, with the fleas and the flies and the beggars and all the other nuisances Boker had once rallied him for ignoring. And he enjoyed everything with the zest of a schoolboy off for a holiday, describing discomforts and disappointments and absurdities, not with the traveller's usual ill temper and pettishness, but always with a sense of their humorous aspect that is irresistible, combined with a really remarkable keenness of observation and an intelligent comprehension of the country, its people, and its traditions, that would set up a whole army of travel-writers for life. If merely for the portrait of Mohamet Wahab, who spoke from four to six languages in one, his exploits leaving Mark Twain's excursions into German far behind, the book deserves to be revived. That it should not have met with the success that means perennial revival, is to me the mystery. It was dedicated to Boker, who, back at his post in Constantinople, wrote many more letters, — so many more records of hard work of which this is a fair specimen:—

"For the last year my diplomatic life has been one unending and violent wrangle with the Turks. I have fought them at all points that can be raised by the Capitulations, the Treaties, or by Ottoman Law, and I have licked them at the same; but even the victor suffers with the wear and the tear of such struggles. Besides these wordy fights, I have negotiated the treaties and signed a protocol with the circumcised; so that, in spite of my bad health, I have done my official duty so well that my Government did that rare thing, it condescended to thank me, and to congratulate me on my success — a thing which may not happen

to the hoariest diplomat once in a lifetime." [I wonder to how many of his already forgotten successors it has happened.] — "For all that, I am not so set up as I might be. I still bend to salute the average man — on Sundays, and altogether I am not so disagreeable as you might naturally suppose me to be, as I still, on logical compulsion, admit my mortality and its mysterious consequences."

This, truly, was "playing the fool," for George Boker, the most natural, least affected of men, with a head too strong to be turned by any triumph of his own or any praise of others, — which is more than can be said for the heads of many American ministers and ambassadors nowadays. The Nile journey was in 1873. In March, 1875, thanks to the government he had toiled for, "I am able to shake the dust of this dismal old city [Constantinople] from my shoes, and prepare my toes for a freezing at St. Petersburg." Picturesqueness is not the one essential to happiness in the place where one's tent is pitched. When years had softened the reality, he could still feel and write, "I hate the East so profoundly that I should not return to it if there were no other land in which I could live." By October, 1875, it was from the legation of St. Petersburg that the story of hard work and heavy responsibility was dated:—

"I have been so bedeviled by business in my particular line, so thoroughly engaged in putting things to rights between this country and our own, so forced to write, write, write, write, whether I wished to do it or not, that I rely on your ancient friendship to spare the scolding which I deserve for not having written to you before now. . . . If you like Russia so much, why do you not pay me a visit during the coming winter, say in January, when the season is at its height? I can board, lodge, and take care of you generally, and you know how glad I shall be to have you with me."

Perhaps it is because the Rye accepted

this invitation, spending the winter of 1876 in St. Petersburg, that two or three more letters, or rather notes, complete the series from the legation. But then, there are the Rye's chapters on the *Russian Gypsies*, more eloquent as chronicle than the *Egyptian Sketch Book*; in them nothing of American diplomacy, but a great deal of Russian music—the “plaintive song” of the troika bells, the mad song of the Gypsy girls. Never did he listen to music more to his liking, seldom did he give to his writing so much of the swing, so much of the sadness and the madness of it. With 1875, there begins a long interval barren of letters from Boker, five of the years, however, pleasantly fruitful of other things, for the Rye was again in Philadelphia and the two men met and talked together every Sunday afternoon. The letters Boker wrote subsequent to this period are concerned with matters too entirely different and too important for a mere passing mention. They must wait.

II

So far, I have given the letters of old friends. But the larger part of the correspondence of the seventies comes from the new friends the Rye made in England, and reflects the new studies and pursuits that engrossed him there. “Without the personal interest of somebody, it is impossible to see anything in this country,” Dr. Holmes declared, when England was still for him “a nation of sulky suicides.” He was right. Present the desired credentials in England, and every man's house is your castle; present none, and every door is slammed in your face. No people are so hospitable as the English, none so inhospitable. But the Rye was armed with the correct credentials when he came in 1870. I do not mean only the fame of Hans Breitmann, which was great. But he had the right sort of letters to the right sort of men. Moreover, once introduced, he was sure, as an American (the American invasion not having been heard of in London thirty-

five years ago), to be run after as a novelty, a crank, the sort of “society curiosity” men like Lord Houghton were always wanting “to bring out.” But, fairly launched and well known, his personality could be left to do the rest,—and it did very successfully. I have been told by Englishmen who were then “the younger men,” how much it meant to them, and how great was their excitement when asked to meet Hans Breitmann. My pile of letters now becomes a sort of cinematograph in writing of the literary life of London during the seventies,—of the few men and women whose greatness has grown with the years, of the many who already in their work appear to us as old-fashioned as the tiny sheets of paper, fit for a doll's house, upon which they wrote, and as the elaborate crossing of their pages, a practice they were too near the days when “postage inspired reflection” to have thrown off. The picture is unfortunately imperfect,—whole sections of it have disappeared. I find hardly a reference to the Saturday receptions the Rye and Mrs. Leland held in their Park Square house, to which all London crowded; a regret for one special Saturday from John Payne, translator of Villon, and “Your Brother in Rabelais,” as he signs himself, is the chief trace so far discovered of evenings memorable to all London old enough to have enjoyed them.

But if there is nothing of the people who came to him, there is much of those who wanted him to go to them. Asked who was then the centre of the literary world that entertained, most Londoners would answer promptly, Lord Houghton. I must own to some satisfaction in chancing upon an invitation from him,—where have his many others gone, I wonder?—especially as it is to one of the breakfasts which were for a while so renowned, though their model had been supplied by Rogers and their glory was to be eclipsed by Whistler. The note is in the handwriting that made Lord Houghton the despair of his friends and the compositors. Delighted as I am, for the

sake of appropriateness, that the Rye should have received it, I cannot read it and not feel relieved that I was never exposed to the honor. Breakfast as understood in England — it is another matter in France — is the most barbarous form of entertainment ever devised by man. I do not marvel that Sydney Smith objected because it “deranged” him for the day. But Lord Houghton managed to add to its terrors, if I can judge by the note before me, dated from Atkinson’s Hotel, Clifford Street, Bond Street. “Will you,” it says, “do me the pleasure of breakfasting with me here at ten o’clock this morning?” At what unearthly hour, then, I ask with compassion, did Lord Houghton rout his unfortunate guests out of their beds to summon them to the morning feast? And what gain in the form of bacon and eggs, or talk, however good, would make up for the loss of the last precious minutes to the man with a talent for sleeping? However, the Rye always kept up the good American habit of breakfasting early, and probably to him the drawback was that bacon and eggs had long ago been disposed of when his summons came, and work was already too well started to be interrupted by any talk. As for “all London,” had it, with Carlyle, looked upon Lord Houghton as a mere robin redbreast of a man, it would still have thought no inconvenience too heavy a price for being seen at one of his breakfasts. The present generation, however, for whom the breakfasts are no longer spread, cannot help asking what and why was the greatness of this person “whom men style Baron Houghton, but the gods call Dicky Milnes”?

Social success in those days might have the official seal put upon it at Lord Houghton’s breakfast-table, but to be received by Mrs. Norton was, even in the seventies, a privilege more certain to be its own reward. Unquestionably hers is the more picturesque figure, and I confess to a little thrill when I chanced upon two notes — in delicate, slanting, very feminine writing, one on violet-bordered

paper, in the style of both something of old *Keepsake* affectations and elegance — signed “Caroline Norton.” Old as she was when the notes were written, her attraction must have been something more than the mere glamour of a romantic past. It was two or three years later on that she married Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. As “the most charming woman I ever met,” the Rye recalls her in his *Memoirs* and again in the *Memo-randa*. I have an idea it was because this “beauty with wit” could not help seeming charming to everybody, that she got so on the nerves of Harriet Martineau; especially as Miss Martineau, with the advantage of not being charming in the least, did not accomplish any more, if as much, for the legal welfare of her own sex.

The notes are slight. Perhaps the signature, the writing, and the many underscored and doubly underscored words have helped me to find in them more of old *Keepsake* sentiment than there really is.

“I called at Langham Hotel,” the first says, “to know if Mrs. Leland was ‘at home,’ — and understood that *you* were, but she was *NOT*. Will you — if ever you have a spare half-hour — remember that I *always* remain at home from 4 to 7 on *TUESDAYS*?”

“I should be so pleased to see you, and to thank you personally for your kind remembrance of me in sending me your poems.

“No one *can* admire them more than I do, — except perhaps my Brother Brinsley Sheridan, who is very eager about them. He is not in town just now, but I hope by and bye to make him acquainted with you.”

The other, written a fortnight later (June 19), is to Mrs. Leland, and begins: —

“Card leaving is a very barren cultivation of acquaintance. Do you think you are sufficiently free from engagements to be able to dine here on Monday July 1st?”

“Let me know soon, for it is very, very seldom I venture on such an ambitious mode of securing the company of friends.”

Safely put away with this invitation, I found a little card "just to remind;" but from Mrs. Norton could a reminder have been needed?

I reproduce these notes, in their slightness, because they are Mrs. Norton's. But the interest of the innumerable other invitations, apart from the rare opportunity they offer to the autograph-hunter, is in showing by how many and what different people the Rye in London was appreciated for his work and liked for himself. It was the demand he was in, I do not doubt, that sent him on those many and long visits to places like Brighton and Oatlands Park. It is amusing, for the sake of contrasts, to take the notes in the order — or disorder — in which they come. For on the top of the pile lie some invitations from Mr. John Morley to his country house near Guildford — as "hermitage," it figures in the first (1871), the visit suggested for the 4th or 5th of July, and, if the Fourth, is "a dinner of spread eagle" to be prepared? — this tribute to the Rye's country followed by a tribute to the Rye's countryman, for George Boker, though their acquaintance was short, was also counted among Mr. Morley's "best friends." And immediately after Mr. Morley's invitation I open one to afternoon tea, from Mrs. Lynn Linton, in "ladylike" writing on pale green note paper, in itself a reproach and an example to the *Girl of the Period*. And next, in an all but illegible scrawl, comes one from Tom Taylor, to luncheon at Lavender Sweep and a talk over the affairs of the road, for he, too, he says, is an "aficianado," — and I can only hope the Gypsies treated him more tenderly than the Butterfly, though if it had not been for the Butterfly's stings, Tom Taylor, perhaps because "too clever" as FitzGerald thought, would be a name forgotten. And next follow many letters in the neat writing of George Augustus Sala, also for some unknown reason a power in journalism during the seventies, the letters as full of quotations and references as if destined for his column of *G. A. S.*, — surely

none but an Englishman could have used such a signature in all seriousness; or is it that I bear a justified grudge against the man who ruined my first edition of Mrs. Hannah Glasse; who could write on the margin, by one of Whistler's illustrations, in the copy of Thornbury's *Historical and Legendary Ballads* now in my husband's possession, "Jimmy Whistler, — clever, sketchy, and incomplete, like everything he has done? A loaf of excellent fine flour, but *slack-baked*."

But to return to my invitations. After Sala, it is Jean Ingelow, asking the Rye to every possible meal, her friendliness colored by gratitude, because, as she writes in one letter, "Scarcely a day passes that I have not to thank an American for some kindness." The marvel to me is how she ever summoned up courage to invite any one to anything. For I remember too well, being then new to London ways and the Londoner's gift of awkward silence, how at the only garden party at her Kensington house to which I went, she was so shy that her shyness seemed to communicate itself to everybody there: a memorable occasion, however, not only for this, but as the one party of any kind at which I ever saw Charles Keene, morose enough at the time, recent honors, he grumbled, having made even a retired person like himself live in hourly dread of the postman's knock. And next it is Lady Wilde, — "*Esperanza*," a name as redolent of Annual days and *Keepsakes* as Mrs. Norton's phrases, — she also oppressed with gratitude since she also numbered among her friends "many gifted Americans, some of the noblest specimens of humanity we could meet." And next it is her son, Oscar Wilde, in the first flush of notoriety, — his "*Bunthorne*" long since as old-fashioned as her "*Esperanza*," — wanting to talk "on many subjects," and so proposing a dinner. And next, W. W. Story, expanding in the afterglow of his London triumph, suggesting a visit to Cumberland, where "we will smoke and talk and eat and sleep and set the world right." And next, Professor

Palmer, University functions and college dinners held out as bait for a visit to Cambridge; and Walter Besant, then the great person of the Savile Club; and Ralston, the reading of his *Russian Folk-Tales* his bait; and old George Cruikshank, celebrating his golden wedding; and the Trübners, if there could be invitation to a house where the Rye was entirely at home; and fellow Americans passing through, or established, in London,—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe longing to see an old friend again; Kate Field, about to lecture on Dickens; Moncure Conway, expecting “a few gentlemen” to dinner.

But there is another letter from Dr. Conway, in it no invitation at all, well worth quoting, so typical is it of the reverential attitude toward Carlyle to which the literary world had been brought in the seventies, and the diplomacy with which he had to be approached by the admiring stranger, however distinguished. There is no date, but it was probably in 1870, when the Rye says in his *Memoirs* that he met Carlyle.

“It was necessary to find out one or two matters before sending you to Carlyle,” Dr. Conway, who managed the meeting, writes. “I now have much pleasure in writing to say that if you will call upon him between two and three to-morrow, or the day after, or the day after that, he will be glad to see you. His residence (as you probably know) is 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea—a substantial distance from you. It is probable that Carlyle takes his afternoon walk about three, and you will know by tact whether he wishes to have company—as is sometimes the case—or would walk alone. He will be glad to hear all you can tell him about Germany and Germans.”—And then, as postscript, “Carlyle will be prepared—send up enclosed card.”

A visit to royalty could not have called for more diplomatic handling, and I find it characteristic of my Uncle that he, who was the most impatient of men with anything that he thought savored of sham or pretension, but deference itself before

genius, made no objection in this case to play the courtier. And his compliance had its reward. According to the *Memoirs*, the visit was a success, and, the difficult Carlyle of the seventies happening to be in gracious mood, a walk in the park was its conclusion.

Carlyle was not the only great man of the day who felt the necessity of protecting himself against worshipers. Tennyson was as difficult,—but then, though even those who knew him best had a way of forgetting it, he was as easy when he wanted to see any one. There is a letter to the Rye from Frederick Locker that reads very much as if Tennyson’s friends were less sure of themselves in their capacity of special ambassadors than Carlyle’s. Locker writes with an effect of light and easy confidence, suggesting that the Rye and a friend—who this friend was I cannot say—should go and see Tennyson, at Haslemere, only about an hour from London, and that they would enjoy the trip mightily, and see him and his surroundings. But the very courage with which a final “mind” is added makes me suspect a private tremor of apprehension. However, the Rye did meet Tennyson, not once, but a number of times; for if the worship of the crowd could become an insupportable tax on the time and patience of a popular poet laureate, Hans Breitmann, the Romany Rye, was not one of the crowd,—which made all the difference.

Another of the men—the older men, the patriarchs of the seventies—who ranked highest in the Rye’s esteem was Bulwer. It is a little hard for our generation to share his enthusiasm, but I can understand it. I admit frankly that I cannot now read the novels, though I did once go through them all, beginning with the *Last Days of Pompeii*, which, in my school-days, was thought especially adapted to improve the mind and do no harm in the process. But to open any one of them of late years means to be bored to extinction. The fault, no doubt, is mine. I know that Mr. Birrell, for one, revels in the very

"eloquence" which I am in all haste to skip. But, notwithstanding my lack of appreciation, I can, as I say, understand my Uncle's. For Bulwer dealt with the very subjects he loved. Whoever was interested in the occult, the mysterious, the unknown, was sure of the sympathy of the student of Gypsy sorcery, Florentine legends, and Etruscan remains. It is very touching to me, in a volume of the Memoranda as recent as 1893, to come upon passages carefully copied from the *Last of the Barons*, *Zanoni*, *No Name*, *Kenelm Chillingly*, showing that Bulwer remained with the Rye a sort of fetish to the very last. He got to know Bulwer better than either Carlyle or Tennyson; he stayed at Knebworth, and was on fairly friendly terms as these things go in London: would, indeed, have been called intimate by the Englishman, who looks upon every one he does not cut, or "eave 'alf a brick at," as a friend. But of the correspondence only two letters have been preserved, on the tiny sheets of paper with the violet coronet in the corner that make them seem as remote from us as if they had been written hundreds instead of thirty years ago. I quote them both, partly because I know the pleasure the Rye had in them, partly because I think they show Bulwer at his best. The *Meister Karl* referred to was probably the second edition, with the chapters on "The Morning Land," which George Boker had seen through the press; a book that had its success, never with the public, but always with a few, among whom Bulwer was one. The first letter from Argyll Hall, Torquay, is dated November 25, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. LELAND, — You may readily conceive, alike the gratification which your letter must give me and my utter failure to reply to expressions which do me such unmerited honour, otherwise than by grateful acknowledgment. I look forward to a perusal of your book with great eagerness, — but I am somewhat alarmed lest it be already sent to

Grosvenor Square; — there is only an old woman left there in charge of the House and I fear she will be unable to distinguish it from the crowd of books of all kinds which heap up the hall in my absence and are not forwarded to me. If not already sent, will you kindly order the publisher to forward it here — and if it be sent to Grosvenor Square, will you kindly inform me of the title and describe the appearance that I may remit the requisite instructions to the woman for selecting and forwarding it. I am here, D. V., for the winter.

Truly your obliged friend,

LYTTON.

The second is longer; there is more of Bulwer in it; and it is a tribute I am glad the Rye received from the man whose opinion he so keenly valued. It also is from Torquay, the date February 22, 1872.

Many thanks for *Meister Karl*, to whom you are very unjust. I am delighted with him. There is, I think, no greater sign of promise in a young writer than abundant vigour of animal spirits — and this book overflows with that healthful strength. Of course there are traces of imitation in the style and mannerisms. But in that kind of humour it would be impossible to sweep Rabelais and Sterne out of one's recollection. To me, and I think to most men, it is like breathing fresh mountain air, — after a languid season in town, — to get at a work of fiction which lifts itself high from the dull level of the conventional Novel, and awakens thought and fancy in oneself while it interests and amuses in the play of its own fancy and the course of its own thought. I shall lend the book to some lovers of German literature here and guess how much it will charm them. I ought, of course, to have acknowledged the receipt of the little volume of poems, last sent, but the plain truth is that I am keeping it in reserve for a more holiday time than I have at present. I find that I can never judge fairly of poetry, when my mind is not attuned to it — and it

never is attuned to it when I am hard at work upon prosy things, which I have been for several weeks — to say nothing of causes of great domestic anxiety which have been occasioned first by a prolonged illness of my son at Vienna (he is convalescent), and second by an alarming attack of bronchitis which has laid up my brother on the banks of the Upper Nile, two hundred miles from a Doctor.

With repeated thanks for all your courtesies,

Faithfully yours,

LYTTON.

If Bulwer's sun was setting in the seventies, Browning's was still high in the heavens, and from Browning one letter at least has survived; the reason for it an exchange of books. Authors still have a way — sometimes an inconvenient way — of making presents of their works; but I do not think they scatter them broadcast in the fashion of thirty years ago. I have a letter in which Walter Besant urges upon the Rye the advantage of giving away as many copies of a new book as possible; of his own *Coligny*, he adds, he distributed a hundred; he looked upon it as the best advertisement, — the best means of getting one's works seen and talked about. But the Rye gave his books, rather, to the men he admired, as an expression of that admiration, and in 1872, the date of the following letter, Browning had not had the chance to refuse membership in the Rabelais Club and so forfeit his admiration. Probably *Meister Karl* and the *Music Lesson of Confucius* were the books referred to. What Browning's book was, it is less easy now to decide.

I was on the point of writing to thank you heartily for your first book, the letter that accompanied it, and the pleasure given to me by both [Browning wrote from Warwick Crescent], when a second gift made me your debtor, and now, before I can discharge any part of what I owe, your letter from Brighton comes to

add to the burthen of my obligations, if what is so pleasant could be justly called burthensome. This is, however, the least pleasant and most burthensome part of the business, that your kind words about my own book do really obstruct the very sincere congratulations I was about to offer you on your book, and other books beside, which I have long ago delighted in. For myself, if I know myself at all, such appreciation as you assure me of is quite reward enough, and a "third reading" from you is the best honour you can pay me. Believe in the grateful acknowledgment and true regards of

Yours, ROBERT BROWNING.

If I keep to my scheme of taking the letters as they come, stranger contrasts follow. For, from Tom Hughes, at Trinity College, writing with something of the "sunshine" Lowell loved in him, to recall "the pleasant hours your visit to Cambridge gave to me and my friends" (1875), I turn at once to Agnes and Dion Boucicault, sending just a few sad words on black-edged paper, to acknowledge the sympathy offered them on the death of their son (1876). Letters from William Allingham, at the very end of his working life, — the letters short and perfunctory enough, but the signature bringing with it memories of Rossetti and his own *Music Master*, the book that inaugurated the great days of English illustration, — are immediately succeeded by letters from Edmund Gosse, on the very threshold of his career. And Mr. Gosse gives place to Miss Genevieve Ward, begging the Rye to come that they may "Romanize together;" and Fanny Janauschek, who to him was the greatest of tragic actresses, but to me just missed greatness, probably owing to the same lack of humor, or sense of proportion, that prevented her seeing the absurdity of a woman of her massive presence answering to the name of "Fanny;" and Hermann Merivale, urging a visit to his house at Eastbourne; and Frances Elliot, whom the Rye, in his usual fashion, was

helping, the particular work in question, her Byron; and Sir Edwin Arnold, the "Sir" in parenthesis prefixed to the signature, and a happy little note below to explain that "Her Majesty has lately been pleased to make me K. C. I. E." — I am not sufficiently familiar with Sir Edwin's affairs to be sure as to the period to which the letter belongs, and it is not dated. "I examined his hand," the Rye, writing of him in the Memoranda, recalls, "and found it very characteristic and well lined. Unfortunately, all hands which are well lined by fate are not equally so by fortune." But Sir Edwin, surely, was one of the exceptions for whom fortune justified the signs.

I do not know what lines the Rye may have found in the hand of another of his correspondents, Edwin Edwards, but I do know that whatever they were, fortune ignored them in his case. For Edwards, an excellent artist, was never recognized during his lifetime as he should have been; and is now, except by a few, best remembered as the friend of Charles Keene, — "The Master," C. K. called him, — and Edward FitzGerald, who counted him "among his pleasures." One of his letters — and all explain why his friends loved him — has for me a particularly personal interest.

"Le citoyen Bracquemond," he writes, "has just finished a very fine portrait of my friend, C. Keene, and now wants you to come and sit. Don't disappoint us; — he thinks of doing *only that large head*, and that, of course, will include the beard and just a tip of shoulder; — now this won't take long, — do write or come at once."

Bracquemond was not disappointed, for I have the etching as proof that the proposed sitting was given. He was hardly the artist, however, to do full justice to the beauty and impressiveness of "that large head." There is another etching by Legros, also made probably at the suggestion of Edwards, the friend of both these artists, as of Whistler and Fantin, and all that distinguished group who began life together in Paris, and were, in

M. Duret's phrase, *l'avant garde* of everything that is most vital and original in modern art. I have always regretted that there are so few portraits of the Rye. Besides these two, I know of none except a very early painting by Mrs. Merritt, and a drawing by Mr. Alexander, done for the *Century Magazine*, where, unfortunately, it has not yet appeared. It is a pity. He was an unusually handsome man, even in his old age, when he was like a mighty prophet, a model for Michael Angelo or Rembrandt.

Another letter that I want to quote, not only for the name signed to it, but as a suggestive comment on the value of lion-hunting, — to the lion, — is from Bret Harte. The date is February 18, 1876. The Rye had been six years in England, time enough for the people who ran after him to know who he was and what he had done. The *Heathen Chinee* and the *Luck of Roaring Camp* had made Bret Harte already as famous. But the eagerness of lion-hunters outruns their knowledge. Hans Breitmann and Bret Harte were perpetually being confused when both were together in London. "Mr. Hart Breitmann" was a combination for which lion-hunters roared in vain. As the "author of Bret Harte," Hans Breitmann was criticised. And so, I suppose, it was only according to the law of compensation that the photograph of the Rye should have been seen about town with the name of Bret Harte attached to it, and that one of the Rye's stories should have been entirely credited to him. It was about this that Bret Harte, in New York at the moment, wrote: —

MY DEAR MR. LELAND, — I confess I was a little astonished yesterday on reading in the *Tribune* a statement — made with all that precision of detail which distinguishes the average newspaper error — that I had written a story for *Temple Bar* entitled "The Dancing God." But the next day I received my regular copy of the magazine and find your name properly affixed to the story. The error was

copied from the English journals evidently before the correction had been made:

Nevertheless, let me thank you, my dear Sir, for your thoughtful courtesy in writing to me about it. You are a poet yourself, and know his "irritability" — to use the word the critics apply to that calm conceit which makes us all shy from the apparitions of a praise we know belongs to another. But I am glad of this excuse to shake hands with an admirable and admired fellow countryman across the water, and I beg you to believe, dear Mr. Leland, that I would not pluck one leaf from that laurel which our appreciative cousins have so worthily placed on your brow.

Always your admiring compatriot and friend,

BRET HARTE.

I do not think that for this letter it was too much to pay the threepence half-penny extra postage I see charged on the envelope. I only wish the American letters upon which I have to squander my pence, and even shillings, with almost every post, were so well worth the money.

Of the letters from publishers I say nothing, — those on the familiar blue paper of the Trübners alone would make a volume. For being lionized never led the Rye into idleness. The ten years in England yielded a long list of book after book: *English Gypsies*, the *Egyptian Sketch Book*, the *Music Lesson of Confucius*, *English Gypsy Songs*, *Johnnykin*, *Life of Lincoln*, *Minor Arts*; there is a longer list of article after article for magazines and papers. But the correspondence relating to them forms a subject, — a business subject apart. Then there are the letters from people he helped by advice or by throwing work in their way, letters too personal for me to use. Busy as he was, as he loved to be, much as he went about, like all busy people he always had time to do more, and, unlike most people, busy or otherwise, he was as ready to undertake this little more for the benefit of somebody else as for his own.

His energy, his enthusiasm, his thoughtfulness for others, his popularity, being what they were, it is appropriate that the seventies should have been rounded out by his work as creator and founder of the Rabelais Club. In looking back over his past life, it was one of the things that gave him most complete satisfaction. Literary men have always had a fancy — a passion, really — for joining together in clubs, with eating and drinking in some fashion as an immediate object, and a closer social union, and consequent intellectual stimulus, as the ultimate hope. Did not Dr. Johnson take *The Club* as solemnly as he was taken by it and all its members? Was not Dr. Holmes always as eager for the monthly dinner of the Saturday Club as a child for its first party? Would not voluntary absence from the "Diner Magny" have seemed a mortal, if not the unpardonable, sin to the De Goncourts? And so with all literary clubs, of which the Rabelais was to be the most typical and the most wonderful, with such infinite possibilities as only those who share Mr. Henry James's opinion of "the club," as "a high expression of the civilization of our time," can value at their full worth. The Rye's correspondence on the subject with Walter Besant has in it the conviction and zeal that would convert the most cynical. The idea — the "Golden Find," he called it — was originally his, as no one could doubt who knew how for him, as for "the wisest and soundest minds" before him, the whole philosophy of life was contained in Rabelais. But there is further evidence. For while I have not the first letter in which he actually made the suggestion, I have Besant's, almost as zealous, in answer. The date is the 4th of November, 1878: —

MY DEAR LELAND, — Your idea is a most captivating one. Let us by all means talk it over. I am going to meet Pollock at the Savile on Saturday to discuss his *Richelieu*. Come round, then, at 1.15, and talk about the Rabelais Club, which we will instantly found.

I wish I had space for the entire correspondence, but it is far too voluminous. I do believe there is something, if not everything, about the club in almost all the Rye's letters to Besant at this period. I must, however, give at least one, just as it is, that it may be seen how much more than dining he expected to come of the enterprise. It was written in March, 1879, and the two friends must have been working hard in the meantime.

"Now this Rabelais is, and must be, *in your hands and mine*. We ought to manage it, without doubt. It is a grand idea. We invented it. Carry it out as it should be carried out, and we shall make a great power of it. Let us go step by step, and only admit strong men of European or world fame. Just now we are (beyond ourselves) Lord Houghton, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Bret Harte, Pollock, Palmer, James, Collier.

"Now while I admit that —, —, and —'s other nominee (whose name I forget), are all good men and true, I object to them, *entre nous, for the present*. Just now we need *Names*. Of course names with genius. It is all very pleasant for us to have jolly and clever boys, but we must not yield to personal friendship. I want these smaller men to apply to us.

"My dear friend, if to these names we should add Lowell and the great French and German guns, we shall make at once a world-name. B. and D. are *not* known outside of the Savile. Let us settle these points at once. James is unobjectionable, but he was proposed and elected, I may say, without my knowing anything about it.

"We have an able man in Sir Patrick. Knowing nothing of your plan, he has sent me, written in pure French with a delicious old-time smack, a *modest suggestion or basis* to work on, for our rules — *comme ça* : —

"1. Admissables sont les gens de lettres déjà connus, ou non, au monde comme tels."

"2. Personne ne sera élu avant d'avoir assisté à une réunion comme invité."

"Collier, Palmer, and I revised your programme on Sunday, but Sir Patrick has given such an original and excellent plan that I must revise it with *you*. Entends tu? He is an old stager, a wise head of great experience, and an incarnate Pantagruelist. God has been very good to us, my dear Besant, in our little work.

"I do not know or remember whether Sir P. heard your rules read. Did he?

"It will require only a little resolution and understanding *between you and me* to make a great thing of this. But frankly, I see that *we* must manage it to make of it a power. There has been no neglect, no slowness, but a great deal too much haste and *democracy* in it. We are to meet at Sir Patrick's on the 13th March, Thursday, at 8 p. m. and will then and there settle details. Don't forget."

From this it is clear that the club to him meant not only a friendly association of writers and artists, but a tremendous force, a wide influence. "We must make it very great to begin with and make it real at the same time. We, its founders, must be earnest and true." Only get the right elements into it in the right way and "we shall make a *power* of it." "We may make it the *very first* in London if we are wise and careful." "This Rabelais — this Savile — d—n it, we ought to make the Circle of the Cyclus of the Decade somehow. Why even M—— has ambition to make the Savile beat the Athenæum. When I hear *him* talk so, I blush. It could be done. Build up the Savile and draw its best into the Rabelais," — so he keeps on repeating in letter after letter. As for the right elements, the name of the club expresses what should be the definition of rightness. For "to understand and feel Rabelais is *per se* a proof of belonging to the higher order — the very aristocracy of intellect. As etching is 'an art for artists' only, and as a *love* of etching reveals the true art-sense, so Rabelais is a writer for writers only." Love of Rabelais, too, may be

a protest against a younger generation that, however clever, "is very rotten with sentiment, Pessimism, and a sort of putrid Byronism, and sees in Rabelais howling, rowdy, blackguard trash, just as Voltaire did." — But this love or understanding of the Master was not sufficient of itself. No one was to be elected who had not done great or good work, who had not "distinctly made a name in letters or art." Let rejection be encouraged. While, to secure the right people, no effort could be thought too troublesome. Lord Houghton must be treated as "*un père noble*," — not "a gilded bait," — but still it was best that no further appointments be made till "his cordial coöperation be secured." "Great names are our great game." "Admit foreign members by all means; for one, About, through whom Victor Hugo may be reached and captured, — About can persuade Victor Hugo," etc. For others, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, in America; and Tennyson "will hardly decline to join when invited" by these three, which will "punish" Browning, who did decline immediately, as if he "thought himself too good for the Rabelais;" who might be a "great poet," but — Well, that is all over and past, why revive it? It is pleasant, however, in the light of after events, to note that Besant proposed, as contributor to one volume of the *Rabelais Transactions*, "Young Stevenson," whom both the founders of the club, so much his seniors, were to outlive.

The Rye returned to America at the end of 1879, but the Rabelais was still dear to him. "Let us rejoice!" a letter in February, 1880, begins, "for Dr. O. W. Holmes has joined the Rabelais. I had a long, very jolly interview with him in his house in Boston. Before he appeared I heard him singing for joy that he was to see me again, and his greeting was effusive." And Dr. Holmes suggested Mr. Howells, then editing the *Atlantic*, — and, what with the Autocrat, Howells, Bret Harte, George Boker, and Hans Breitmann himself, Lowell cannot decline,

and here is a fine American contingent anyway. "Great names draw great names and make us a great club, — small or mediocre names detract from every advantage. We don't want Anybody who is other than ourselves. . . . Now the Rabelais has enough men to be jolly at its dinner — but not enough *great* men. When it is so strong that nobody can afford to decline, when it is distinctly a proof of the very highest literary-social position *per se* to be in it — when we shall be all known men, then I shall be satisfied to admit the mute Miltons. I have never got over Browning's declining. I want him to regret it. He will regret it if we progress as we are doing." "We might have got Browning had — not undertaken to scoop him in. Poor boy, he wrote a regular wooden schoolboy letter — and this kind of thing requires infinite *finesse*."

And this from another letter, also from America: —

"I want the Rabelais to coruscate — whizz, blaze and sparkle, fulminate and bang. It must be great and wise and good, bland, dynamitic, gentle, awful, tender and tremulous. *That* is the kind of Tongs we must be. Tongs, I say, and not hairpins like the Philistines — nor clothespins like the vulgar. Handsome drawing-room tongs fit for ladies to handle. The American public only recognizes hairpins and clothespins. I add tongs. Strive, my son, to be *tongs* in this life and not a mere hairpin."

It may be because he was in America that things did not go as he wanted with the Rabelais. "Messenger of Evil," a letter in April of 1881 begins, "did ever man unfold such a budget of damnable news, as you anent the Rabelais." It was not, however, until 1889 that, as Besant puts it, the club "fell to pieces." "Perhaps," Besant concludes, "we had gone on long enough; perhaps we spoiled the club by admitting visitors. However, the club languished and died." It had, in its day, included enough "great names" to please the Rye, — those of Thomas

Hardy, John Hay, and others may be added to the many already mentioned. But it included popular names, too, and in no fewer numbers. The warning against

democracy fell unheeded, and democracy, as the Rye knew, whatever it may be to political and social life, is fatal to art and letters.

THE TANGENT OF A CRIME

BY HERBERT D. WARD

FIFTY years ago Charles Street was still fashionable. Now it is impossible. Then it signified peace and position. Now teamsters and the trolley rumble and jangle in undisputed possession. It was once, for Boston, a broad, quiet street which people loved on account of its proximity to the water. Especially were the houses on the west side preferred. There, behind plain brick fronts many a rich family lived a placid and luxurious existence. Some of those houses are left to-day, islands in the ocean of a roaring trade. Their occupants might be called prisoners of the past, marooned by tradition, memory, or habit, into inherited homes.

One of these mansions, whose back may be said to front on the Charles River Basin, had been the home of Nathaniel Morley of East India fame. The days of the old merchant princes have passed away, and have left behind them their priceless carved teak, imperial jade ornaments, silk brocades, and sandal-wood chests; their descendants maintain an unassailable dignity and social standing.

During all these years the old Morley house had undergone no change. Vandals approached to its very walls; vulgarities stared at it from the opposite side of the street; but with a stately and almost grim rigidity it held its place, a feudal landmark, unmoved by the tinsel of the times.

The only surviving members of the family were two daughters, who, like

gray pigeons, held religiously to their home. The deep garden, unsuspected by casual passers-by, with its modern pergola and old-fashioned flowers, bordered by box, was the favorite resting-place of these two spinsters. There, in the gray-green spring, or in the bronzed fall, they would sit, drinking their perfumed tea, looking out upon the broad expanse of water, and gently wondering sometimes about the ever changing world to the right of the Harvard Bridge.

Isabel Morley was the elder of the two, and she must have been nearly fifty years of age. Her face was of the typical New England variety, stamped with refinement and pride in ancestry. Her smooth forehead was growing a little gray, beginning to blend into the color of her hair. Her mouth showed the lines of responsibility that are natural to a protector; and her eyes the anxiety peculiar to a duenna. Indeed, this was not to be wondered at, for ever since she could remember she had been father and mother to her younger sister Madeleine.

Isabel and Madeleine were different. Isabel was self-reliant; Madeleine was clinging. Isabel was inclining to the stoutness that overtakes many of our New England women in middle life; Madeleine was slender and girlish. Isabel still affected colors; Madeleine always dressed in gray. Isabel looked at times something like a hawk; Madeleine always like a wounded dove. Madeleine was as much shielded now from the rude contact of the world as she had been when

she was a child. She was fifteen years younger than her sister, and was still treated as if she were the baby of the family. She was never allowed to go out into the street alone. The two sisters always attended their few social functions together. Every night Isabel tucked Madeleine up in bed, kissed her good-night, and then crept softly to her own room. For hours Isabel would sit watching her younger sister silently, her heart wrung by the look of sorrow that she saw. Then she would get up, stroke Madeleine tenderly on the shoulder as one might a daughter in suffering, and sit down without a word.

The relationship between these two was as beautiful as it was inexplicable to what they called the common people. If there were any mystery in the family, which no one suspected, the girls had the good breeding to keep it to themselves. They never talked about their own affairs, nor by any accident did they allow themselves to be separated.

It was a warm June afternoon when Miss Isabel Morley proposed to her sister to make a call on Beacon Street. The air was so soft that they decided not to use their brougham, but to walk instead. Madeleine had been pale and moody during the last few days, and it troubled her sister. Madeleine came downstairs into the library slowly; she looked like a beautiful gray dove. Her pearl-colored *crêpe de Chine* dress clung closely to her slender figure, making her look younger than she was. She smiled up at Isabel, something mournfully, her blue eyes large with the promise to be as cheerful as she possibly could. With a sigh of relief at this silent assurance, Isabel opened the front door herself, and then shut it carefully. The air was warm and rich with life, and the two walked in it happily. They were not troubled that afternoon by the painful vulgarity of their surroundings, and yet they were glad when they reached Beacon Street and the green depth of the Common confronted them.

"Just wait here a moment, dear," said Isabel, stopping on the corner. "I want to order something I forgot to telephone for this morning."

She went into the druggist's, leaving Madeleine standing on the sidewalk, entranced in the different shades of foliage opposite to her. So preoccupied was she that she did not hear a cry of voices behind her, and a clatter of feet. The sound came nearer, blending raucously with the rumble of the street. If she had turned, she would have seen the wild figure of a man leaping ahead of the pursuing crowd. But Madeleine stood absorbed, the unusual noises making no impression upon her.

Suddenly she felt herself entangled in a horrible grip, — she who had never been rudely touched before in her life. The pursued man, coming to the corner, wished to turn. Seeing the woman standing there, he used her as a pivot, and after he had given her a half swing, he leaped beyond, up the street. But Madeleine did not know the reason of the assault. She felt the clutch upon her arm and waist. Her face was scorched with the hot breath upon it. She had the instant, maidenly consciousness of having been desecrated. The attack left her faint and quivering. She reeled to the side of the building, and stood there almost sinking to the ground. With a wild cry the pursuers swept by her. Her delicate personality writhed. The horror of this invasion! The disgrace of it!

Hearing the confusion, Isabel Morley ran out and found her sister half fainting.

"Why, Madeleine!" she cried. "There is blood all over your waist!"

"Oh! Get me home," sobbed Madeleine; and then the woman swooned quite away.

There are some natures that were never meant to exist in this world at all, — natures so delicately organized and exquisitely adjusted that they wilt at a touch, like a rare orchid. This is rather a quality of physical than of spiritual organization. Such souls are doomed to

go through life finding but little harmony to accord with their own. Primitive feelings, and people who are composed as if by Wagner, strike terrible discords in these supersensitive hearts. Not being able to come into contact with life, they do not tolerate it. To these natures most human manners are vulgar, and all human follies are monstrous. Weaknesses they cannot understand, and momentary aberrations from truth they will not pardon. Contact with the world often becomes to them absolute physical pain. A rude touch is torture, and may be followed by a long period of depression. Curiously enough, these sensitive beings may not carry with them a perfection corresponding to their refinement. Culture is apt to preclude power, and often includes great selfishness. Madeleine Morley had lived an unnatural existence. She was the hothouse product of her sister, who had sheltered her as carefully as one protects palms from a New England winter. Like all conservatory plants, she was forced and self-centred. To transplant her into healthy soil and growth out of doors would kill her. She knew no other life than the tropic existence that she had lived on this bleak Massachusetts water front. Mentally dependent, physically repressed, and spiritually caged, for many years Madeleine had been a pale and willing prisoner.

This was the first time that she had been spotted by the world, and she quivered with shame. For a week she had tossed upon her bed, alternating with fever and depression. She could feel that man's hands upon her. It seemed as if the bloody mark he left upon her gray clothes could never be washed out of her mind. And then his face! Gaunt, flushed, frightened, for an instant it had bent above her. The face shadowed her. It left her neither in her waking nor in her troubled sleep. It was threatening to become a fixed impression, mutilating her future. It would seem almost impossible that the mere shock of that unhappy contact could so shake even such a delicate

person. But there was something more. Madeleine had not dared to tell her sister all she felt or feared. That face which so persistently haunted her had, as it became permanently stamped on the retina of her brain, a strangely familiar look. From out of the mists of a girlish memory it seemed to rise and confront her. She tried to place it, but could not. Hour after hour Madeleine sought to solve the enigma of this fleeting impression. She knew it, and she did not know it. Just as she grasped the key, it eluded her. Just as she recognized the man, his individuality faded away.

On the eighth morning, while it was yet early, she awoke with a shriek. The face confronted her! Stripped of its ragged beard, the dreaded features had taken on a youthful and accusing look.

"Oh, my God!" she cried out. "It is he!"

Her sister Isabel rushed into the room. Madeleine was sitting straight up in bed, clasping her head.

"Isabel, do you know who that man was, who?" — She stopped as if she had been stricken with ice water. Isabel's heart was beating violently. Her body was perfectly quiet. But her eyes had the expression of one from whom a sacred trust is slipping.

"You do know!" cried Madeleine breathlessly. "It was Willard Winch!"

"Yes," answered Isabel, speaking distinctly, like a metronome. "I knew it all the time."

Eighteen years ago Madeleine Morley had a lover. She had seen him for the first time upon the parade ground. Willard Winch was then the colonel of his Latin School regiment. He was tall, military, handsome, fascinating. Without an introduction, and without knowing who he was, Madeleine became entranced by him. She had been of the dreamy, sentimental sort that keeps a notebook, the distorted mirror of one's own feelings; one of the girls who write love poetry at midnight, and hide it away in a locked escritoire. Her infatuation became a

misery. In self-defense Isabel had to compass an introduction to this young man, and afford Madeleine the opportunity of her dreams. As might have been expected, the result was volcanic. The lava of their natures met and fused; and in a month's time the young people were engaged.

While these two were alike in the artless and unreserved expression of their passion, first love had a very different effect upon each of them. To Madeleine, Willard had become life. To the freshman at Harvard, the engagement was an iridescent dream. Willard would have felt the same if he had been engaged to any other girl; but for Madeleine no other man existed. While she gave him the exclusive worship of a consecrated nature, he accepted her with the sensuous joy that an irresponsible character may feel.

More women than we suspect have the temperament of nuns. Some devote themselves to God; others to man; in either case it is worship. Upon her knees, Madeleine burned incense before this creature of her imagination. And, without his realizing it, her supreme devotion began to have a transforming effect upon Willard Winch. He now dreamed better things without doing them. He might have ended by being noble without the dissipating effect of reverie, had not something occurred which changed the whole current of his life. At that time he considered it a minor incident. But later, he saw that it was the parting of the ways.

As I said, Madeleine Morley, then about eighteen years of age, looked upon her handsome lover as a god. The divinity could do no wrong, and was to be treated accordingly. But one day Willard lied to her. It was an unintelligent, a foolish lie, and easily detected. But that lie disrupted the girl's trust. Before it was uttered, there was hardly a thing in the universe in which she did not have faith, — so simple and unsophisticated, so ignorant and single-minded was she. After that false word was uttered, her

nature was as changed as a glass of clear water in which you drop an ounce of ink. Her faith in people was gone; her belief in God and humanity was shattered. And most of all she distrusted Willard Winch.

"You lied to me!" she blazed, white with indignation. "I trusted you, and you deceived me. There was no need of it. I never can believe in you again, — no, don't touch me. I wish you to go."

She swept the words of remonstrance, of protestation, of explanation, of apology, out of his mouth.

The young man had not commanded his battalions in vain, nor had he earned his popularity without acquiring some dignity.

"Very well, then," he said, standing to his superb height, and looking to her, in spite of herself, handsomer than he had ever seemed before, "if I go now, I will never come back again, and you have ruined my life."

They were both children, — she full of ignorance, and he of outraged pride, — and the girl let him go. From that hour until the fatal morning a week ago she had not seen his face. But she had heard of him occasionally, and knew that he was a ruined man. With all his mad recklessness in college, he had kept much of his popularity. But he had gone down hill fast, becoming a sort of gentleman confidence man; and later, stories were told of crimes that had been laid at his door.

This was Madeleine Morley's belief, — that she had sent him to the devil. She had no doubt of it whatever. During all these years she had never ceased wishing that he would come back to her. In spite of her conventual existence, she had seen enough of the world to know that the way in which she had dismissed her lover was a far graver fault than the petty lie that he had told. When she might have saved, she had lost him, — to himself, as well as to her. When she might have been his angel, she had been his curse.

Ah, she would have gone down on her

knees to that man, no matter how degraded, how debased, he might be, and asked his pardon for her youthful folly! How often had she dreamed of his coming back to her, of her penitence, of his forgiveness, — of her favor, — but not like this.

Isabel Morley sat down upon the bed, took her sister's hand, and held it tightly. She was trying to steady herself before the struggle that was at hand. She had always controlled the woman whose soul lay bare before her. Could she do so now? Her eyes were brimming with compassion, but they did not falter before her sister's fierce look.

"You knew it all the time!" cried the younger, "and you let me lie here like this! How *could* you?" She tried to wrench her hand away, but failed.

"I read it," Isabel spoke with great precision, "in the *Transcript*. Willard Winch is in the Charles Street Jail. There were three men in the barroom on the next corner from our house; you know the place. One of them is dead. Another escaped. Willard Winch was caught, and they accuse him of the murder. I would have given my life to keep this away from you. I did n't know who it was at the time, but after I read the paper I knew that it must have been he."

This time Madeleine did snatch her fingers away. She dashed the clothes aside.

"I am going to dress," she said, passing her hand through her hair in a wild way. "There is not a minute to lose."

"Madeleine! Madeleine! What are you going to do?"

Madeleine looked at her sister imperiously.

"I am going to him," she said, "and there is no one who can stop me."

Isabel did not accept the challenge. She knew that the life and the conduct of her younger sister had now passed beyond her restraint.

"And what are you going to do when you get there?" she asked, in the Brahmin manner.

"I am going to save him, and if he will have me, I will marry him."

"You are of age, and you are independent," replied Isabel coldly. "I suppose there is nothing to be said."

This crisis that had come to Madeleine Morley at thirty-five acted like a miracle upon her physical condition. She no longer felt languid, anæmic, incapable of action. She was alert, she was alive, the blood seemed to storm through her veins. She felt young and resourceful. At last she had a mission in life. Fate had given her something to do, and to do at once. As she dressed, she planned. When the last hair was in place, and the last eye was hooked, she rushed to the telephone. She called up her lawyer, and with an energy that startled the placid old man, bade him meet her at the Charles Street Jail immediately. Then she put on her hat, and cast one last look at herself in the glass. There she saw a new creature. She had hitherto considered herself an impossible old maid, unattracted and unattractive. But now there greeted her two eager, flushed cheeks, two brilliant, excited blue eyes. Why, there stood before her the young girl that she thought she had left behind her fifteen years ago! And this for an alleged murderer! Shame and exaltation struggled together within her. But the love of her life won, and, without bidding her sister good-by, she went out of the house, and walked to the Charles Street Jail.

Artists for centuries have tried to depict the descent of an angel into hell. But no canvas can portray the emotions of a pure and sensitive soul on entering the Inferno. The prison is the depository of crime. Its locks, its bolts, its sentinels, are the evidences of spiritual defalcation. Its very odor has the unmistakable criminal taint. No disinfectant can eliminate the acrid presence of the soul defective. Drop the petal of the rose into the fumes of certain acids, and it shrivels on the instant. Twenty-four hours ago Madeleine Morley would have shriveled at the very thought of prison contact. But now,

with her heart beating high, she marched up to the door like a grenadier. It happened that the Sheriff of Suffolk County was in the office. This important official had a kindly nature, and listened to Madeleine Morley with deference. He perceived at a glance that she was an aristocrat; and, besides, petty prison regulations are not made for those who are incarcerated on the charge of murder.

"I will have him brought down to the guardroom," said the Sheriff.

So Madeleine Morley was ushered through two bolted doors, into the rectangular guardroom. She held her head high and haughtily. The prison odor smote her, and she did not choke. She had steeled her heart against any horror, and felt strong to bear anything. Before her three corridors radiated, with cells tier on tier above one another. When she heard the doors clang behind her, and found herself locked in, shut out from her own pure world, she experienced a momentary faintness. But her thoughts were fixed on the man whom her childish folly had brought to this place, and she became resolved.

The Sheriff went himself. When the turnkey unlocked the cell, the Sheriff stepped inside, and found Winch lying on his cot, asleep.

"There is some one who wishes to see you," he said to the prisoner brusquely. He did not explain that it was a woman. The accused followed the Sheriff along the narrow, railed corridor, and descended the short, iron steps slowly, wondering who could possibly seek him in his degradation.

Madeleine was sitting in the centre of the guardroom on a bench; her back was toward this tragic procession. As the steps approached her, the color left her cheeks like chalk. Then she arose. The prisoner and the woman confronted each other. The Sheriff cast an experienced look upon the two, motioned to the turnkey to unlock the gate that led to his office, and disappeared. Then the guardroom official turned, and, watching the

pair warily, stood at the entrance to liberty.

Madeleine looked up into her old lover's face; she, who had not yet shrunk from the prison taint, did not shrink from the moral degradation that makes prisons a necessity. The man stood still, overcome with mortification and flushed with amazement. He had recognized his old sweetheart immediately, and he dared not speak. But she gazed into his degenerate eyes long and steadily. They winced and shifted, and then evaded hers. What a travesty was his face upon the noble countenance which she had once adored! He who had once been a military example had become a slouch. Any officer of the law would have instantly picked him out as a moral wreck, but only she could discern that he was a fallen angel; at least, she thought so. Amid the ravages of crime and dissipation she could see traces of his old beauty, that fatal inheritance which had first fascinated her young heart. His hair was thin and ragged; his cheeks drawn and flabby; his chin had become weak and vacillating; his teeth were stained, and his hands were soiled. Those fifteen years, spent by her in penitence and regret, had succeeded in wiping the gentleman off his figure as you wipe a sentence from a slate. You could see at a glance that Willard Winch was hopeless. But Madeleine Morley, who had never before had the maternal in her nature brought out, did not see. His degradation and his need opened the floodgates of her tenderness as no other condition could have done.

"Willard," she said very quietly, after she had gauged him with the intuition of a pure and remorseful woman, "won't you sit down?"

She dropped upon the hard bench and drew her gray skirt a little to one side. She was so exquisite, so beautiful, so foreign to this sin-soaked granite pile, that it seemed to the criminal a miracle that she was there.

"Madeleine" — he stammered, "I — I —"

"Don't say anything until I ask you, Willard," she began very gently. "I have just heard this morning of your trouble, and I have come to help you. Nothing can shock me now. Tell me truly, are you guilty of this?" — she stopped, "or not?"

"Before God!" blazed Willard Winch, with the ease of one to whom adjurations are the commonplaces of conversation. "I have been bad enough, God knows, but I am innocent of this. The man was stabbed in the neck and fell into my arms. I knew what my record was, and I ran. That is all."

For a woman who had never before descended into the nether world, Madeleine Morley had remarkable composure. She bowed her head gravely in assent, and the man, perceiving that she had not lost her old instinct to trust rather than to doubt, drew a long breath of relief.

"I have sent for my lawyer," said Madeleine in a low voice, not looking up, "and he will be here right away. He is one of the most eminent members of the Boston bar, and I shall put your case into his hands. We will do everything we can to get you free, Willard."

The stupefied man looked at her. To his sodden eyes and bleared memory she had not changed. She was the same girl he had loved. Ah, what a loss had been his! What a wreck he had made of his life, — for a misunderstanding, or a peccadillo! It was the excuse that he had always held to.

"You ought not to do this," he said. His old manhood tried to assert itself; it had been unexercised for so long that the effort was pathetic in the extreme.

"I am not worth it," he continued, with a sad smile that somehow illuminated his wasted features; "I am considered hopeless, you know."

With a dainty, womanly gesture, she laid her gray glove upon his arm; she had not touched his hand.

"Do not — do not say so, Willard! After you get out of this, you will begin all over again, won't you? For my sake, will you not?"

Then her eyes met his, and the abandoned man read in them for the first time the full extent of the sacrifice that she had prepared herself to make.

"No," he said quickly. "No. I belong to another world now. It is no place for you. I want you to go, — at once." As he spoke, he arose.

But Madeleine remained seated.

"No, Willard," she said very softly, "I shall stay here. It is not hard for me to say it now, but you have been on my heart for all these years; this has been my first chance to help you, — to do anything in the world, — and no one shall take it away from me. My folly when we parted — my fault — was greater than yours. I have forgiven you a thousand times, but I have never forgiven myself."

The man stared down upon her; he was speechless at this abnegation. Before his confused mind could frame adequate words, the prison door opened with a reverberation, and Madeleine arose to meet her lawyer.

"Mr. Saltenway," she began, "the man I have just been speaking to is an old friend. We were once engaged. I dismissed him fifteen years ago, and he — he went wrong afterwards. He is here accused of murder. He tells me he is innocent, and I believe him. I want you to save him. Come, and I will introduce you."

The old family lawyer, who had known something and suspected more of Madeleine's history, betrayed no surprise. As if he were in a drawing-room, he accompanied his client to the bench where Willard Winch stood, and accepted the introduction in a natural way.

"Now," said Madeleine, "I will leave you two together. And, Willard," — she looked up at the tall man who had straightened himself instinctively at the gentleman's approach, — "I am going to send you some things to make you comfortable; I want you to accept them without a word; as soon as the Sheriff will let me, I will call again."

The processes of the law laugh at im-

patience, and the middle-aged lawyer who engages in a new kind of fight proceeds deliberately. Mr. Saltenway had never had a murder case before; indeed, this was *his* first visit to the Charles Street Jail. But he threw himself and all the resources of his profession into this unsavory cause; and discussed it with guarded cheerfulness when Madeleine Morley arrived at his office, promptly, every morning.

In a curious way, the positions which the two sisters had held toward each other for so many years seemed now to be changed. Madeleine took the initiative; Isabel followed. Madeleine was in good spirits; Isabel was despondent. Madeleine went out; Isabel remained at home.

There was not a nerve in Madeleine's whole body that was not vibrant. She looked young and happy. God had put into her keeping a lost soul to save, and the responsibility had given her angelic utility. Nothing was allowed to withstand her imperious impatience.

It soon became evident that the man who had been present at this brawl, and whom Willard Winch accused of the murder, must be found before the Grand Jury met. Madeleine poured forth money like water upon detectives and agents. In many states, to be held by the Grand Jury for murder is almost equivalent to a conviction. While the law presupposes every man innocent until he is proved guilty, the contrary is the general practice. This is especially true when a man has had many taints upon his career, and has accumulated what is technically called a "record."

Miss Madeleine Morley called on Willard Winch twice a week; she also supplied him with some few necessities, and with the many luxuries which a good-natured officer allows to those incarcerated for capital crime. The oftener she came to the prison, the greater her pity grew, and the more convinced she became that Willard was her mission in life. Every Boston woman must have

a mission, — God, or possibly Buddha, supplying the material. Often a whole life is spent in hunting for it. Strained expressions on tired faces go searching for it through the Back Bay. Among the numberless fads, which may easily unsex the average woman, Madeleine's was the most reasonable, for it was Man. No argument could be brought to dissuade her from the new vocation which was giving her the first happiness that she had known in many years. If she had gone into the Associated Charities, she would have obtained a better perspective. As it was, she lacked focus, and had heart. She was thoroughly satisfied with the exchange.

As the weeks dragged on, she became acquainted with her old lover. This was true in a very searching sense. Most intimate friends are not acquainted; few husbands and wives understand each other. But Willard Winch told everything. He concealed nothing of his degradation. He had gambled, he had stolen, he had committed almost every crime in the catalogue. He related their history with a certain gusto that did not smack of shame. The innocent woman, alternately repelled and fascinated, sat listening to these tales of outlawry. Winch had something of the man left in him yet; and tried his best to disgust the innocent creature, who, in an exalted state of penitence, was throwing herself at his feet. But he could not fathom the heart of the woman. She who would condone any crime, who would well-nigh glorify any misdemeanor, that the man whom she loved had committed in the past, would not forgive an infidelity.

Once, at the end of one of his long, rambling, easily mouthed confessions, his eyes, that had hardly ever sought hers, turned upon her with a fierce intentness which she had not witnessed before.

"Madeleine," he said, "I want you to believe this, if you don't anything else that I've told you. I have been all kinds of a blackleg. There is no sin and deviltry that I have not dipped into. There

is only one thing I have not done. I suppose it was only because I could not. I have never loved any other woman but you. I have never kissed any other woman, or made love to any other woman. You have been the star of my life, and I thank God for it. It's the only thing I've got left to me."

He stopped for a moment, running his hungry eyes over every sweet feature of her face. Then he controlled himself, gave a slight laugh and a shrug.

"I shall not speak of it again, Madeleine, and I want you to forget it. No woman has done more for man than you are doing for me. Do you think I will pay you back in — *that*?"

Willard Winch stood up, made with something of his old courtly grace a formal bow, motioned to the corridor officer, who watched him carefully, and without another word walked back to his cell.

From that hour Madeleine Morley would have given him her soul to trample upon.

Psychology has for ages been trying to interpret crime. It is the result of heredity. It is the conclusion of environment. It is the disintegration of the cells in the nerve tissue. It is disease. It is insanity. It is the flow of external circumstance, and the ebb of our moral tide. But all agree that crime is contagious. That is one of the reasons why the criminal is shut in.

Innocence has not been deemed worthy of volumes and research. And yet, it is predicated by a like environment and heredity. It is the moral ozone that vivifies all adjacent decaying life, and is as great as, if not a greater mystery than, crime itself. The abnormal can generally be more easily explained than the normal. It is probably more natural for the tree to grow crooked than to grow straight.

Purity is the burning-glass that consumes foulness. Or, say that some pure natures stand impregnable, like a mountain of corundum. At this, sin may peck a thousand years in vain. Other white

souls are more like a hill of grass-grown gravel: they may be tunneled from without. Before these, somehow or other, sin does not shrink. The bad person has an intuition for the possibilities of evil that has never been adequately recognized. Herein lies the philosophy of the mutual gravitation of the weak.

Madeleine Morley was of the adamantine kind. Upon her, sin might splash, and leave her as white and as transparent as before. Her innocence was of the invigorating variety. One could not help being better for knowing her, and nobler for being her daily companion. To a great extent this had been so while she had lived a negative existence. But now that she had become positive, this was peculiar in a marked degree. Upon Willard Winch she had been acting as an X-ray upon a cancerous growth. This she did not realize. The ray does not know that it heals, but the patient knows it. In no sense of the word could her relation with the prisoner be called a duel between innocence and sin. Before her beautiful personality, her exquisite delicacy, and her elemental virtue, the evil in Willard Winch seemed to shrivel. And in so exalted a state was she that the knowledge of what he had been did her no harm. He could not acquaint her with evil, for the reason that her mind was only receptive of good. His repeated confessions, and at times unnecessarily noxious details, only left her more full of pity than before. It is to be doubted whether she realized at all the nature of the many crimes that he seemed eager to admit. But Madeleine was not a saint. She was a loving, dependent woman, and her absolute belief in his fidelity to her through crime and temptation outweighed in her sweet heart any sin that he had committed.

It happened, three weeks after Mr. Saltenway had been thrown into this case, that a minor arrest was made upon the street of a suburb. The man was held as an old offender, pending an investigation of his record by the court and by the

probation officer. Ever alert for the slightest clue, Mr. Saltenway looked this man up, and arranged for him to be confronted with Winch before sentence to the Island could be passed. Willard recognized the man immediately. The graver charge took precedence over the lesser one, and the offender was lodged in Charles Street Jail. In one of those moments in which guilt believes itself to be trapped by indubitable evidence, the man confessed that he had killed his companion in hot-headed self-defense. This confession was all that was needed to relieve Willard Winch from the charge of murder, and to release him from jail, on sufficient surety for his appearance as witness for the government.

Madeleine Morley had the Christmas nature. She loved beautiful surprises. She never gave a present but that she planned the greater and the most unexpected pleasure. In this she was like a child. Eternal youth is the rarest gift that God grants to us. It is the most misunderstood, the most lovable, and the most joy-giving. When Madeleine heard from her lawyer that the man for whom she had been so feverishly searching had not only been found and identified, but had confessed, she clapped her hands like a girl.

"When you have arranged with the District Attorney and the Judge for Willard's release, let me carry the papers to him myself. I want to be the one to bring him the good news. I want him to walk out of prison a free man with me."

The white-haired, hard-headed old lawyer turned his face modestly away at the sight of his client's artless enthusiasm. Professionally he had admired her work in the prisoner's behalf, but personally he had never approved of her motive for doing it.

It took only a day for the necessary papers to be made out for the attorney's surety and the release of Willard Winch; this was done, and these were duly forwarded by messenger to the old mansion in Charles Street. Madeleine was sitting with her sister, humming a happy air.

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To this Isabel was listening with an apprehensive frown. The maid knocked softly, and laid a legal envelope in Madeleine's hand.

"Shall I go?" asked Isabel, in a well-bred, sarcastic tone; she had noticed her sister's vivid blush.

But Madeleine tore the envelope open, and drew out the formal order to the Sheriff of Suffolk County. Then she looked up at her sister with brave appeal. Isabel softened, and stretched out her hand in her old maternal way. Then Madeleine flung herself at her elder's feet as if she had been a child at confession, and kissed her sister's hand with a beautiful submission.

"Isabel, dear," she said, "Willard Winch has suffered much. He is innocent, and I shall carry him this message of liberty myself. I have planned for him to come to this house,—if you don't mind? He has nowhere else to go to. You know very well that I have always loved this man. I owe him a great reparation; and when he is free, I shall ask him to marry me. You won't make it hard for me,—will you, dear?"

Isabel Morley looked down upon the child whom she had cherished, the sister whom she had shielded,—and, like many another, beheld what she thought to be the ruin of the being whom she loved supremely. What she had sowed she could not reap. And the peace that she had prayed and planned for was not to be hers. Not knowing it, she had nurtured a stronger nature than her own, and this now arose before her and commanded her.

"Madeleine," she said, "you have chosen madly, but I pray God to grant you the miracle of happiness. I—I shall stand by you; I always have."

Very solemnly the two sisters kissed each other; and then Madeleine went out to her old lover.

"I think he expects something, Miss Morley," said the Sheriff, conducting her within the guardroom, with much ceremony, "but I have not told him. We

seldom do unless it is sure. I will bring him down myself."

Charles Street Jail had wrought a surprising effect upon the prisoner of suspicion. Regular hours, coarse and healthful prison food, long meditation, and especially the inspiration of his devoted visitor,—these had combined to clear the prisoner's eyes and complexion, and to restore some of the natural splendor of his appearance. Care and decent living would certainly make him an unusually handsome man.

His repeated interviews with Madeleine had produced a sort of hypnotic consequence upon him. She had willed him to be good, and had prayed her soul out to this effect, and he had almost come to think that he was. Willard had spent hours in regretting the folly, and especially the insecurity, of his choice in life. The old romantic feeling that he had for Madeleine as a girl returned to him strongly. He had told the truth when he said that he had been true to her; for his career, curiously enough, had never included women. They had disgusted him with too many advances. For the overbold he could never care. Madeleine had always been to him a restraining dream in that respect. And now the reality was even more intoxicating. She surrounded him with a prismatic halo. Besides, she had become his guardian angel when no one else would claim him as friend or even as acquaintance. At times he was persuaded that nobility of purpose had been born within him, that he had turned his back upon his old life forever. These thoughts were especially active after she had left him. He then threw himself upon the cot, when the iron door had clanged, and dreamed of a respectable and unexciting future. These visions, it must be said to his credit, did not involve the woman who had sacrificed herself to him. For he felt then that he should be strong enough to do great things alone. Most lawless men do not like to acknowledge, even to themselves, their dependence upon a woman.

As Willard Winch approached with something of his old military step, Madeleine's heart beat rapidly. But for her years, she was still a girl.

"Oh, Willard!" she cried, "I am so happy I can't wait another instant! Here it is!"

She thrust the paper into his hands. Comprehending what it was, he passed it on to the Sheriff, who looked at them both with a quizzical smile.

"I suppose I can go now," said Winch casually; his new independence of manner, Madeleine thought, became him well.

"Yes, Mr. Winch," the Sheriff answered courteously, "I am compelled to refuse to keep you any longer as my guest, although I regret to have you go."

"The regrets are entirely on your side," Winch answered, with a smile that would have been well bred, had not the lips that framed it been ruined by dissipation. But Madeleine was no student of physiognomy. She had chosen to look at this man through her own haze, and she would do it to the end of her life.

"How soon can you be ready to go?" she asked, with girlish impatience. "I want you to go out with me."

The released prisoner looked at his savior good-naturedly.

"I guess I can get ready in about five minutes,—hey, Sheriff? I can't go too soon to please me. If you will excuse me, Madeleine, I will be right back."

It seemed an hour to the woman, but in reality it was a very short time, when the man returned. He was neatly and almost luxuriously dressed in the clothes that she had ordered sent him from a fashionable tailor. They did not speak. With a light jest he shook hands with the Sheriff, and passed through the iron portals, out of the granite prison, and into the air, a free man.

The sun was shining joyously, and the July air was hot with life. Children were playing opposite in the little park, and beyond was the Charles River Basin, and some shipping. The two walked side by side, still silently, she hardly daring to

say what she must, and he not knowing how to express the gratitude that he really felt. Something about her made him diffident at that moment.

They came to the intersecting street, where the great tide of travel passes out into Cambridge. The jangle of the cars quickened the man's blood. The passing of a great van filled with kegs of beer brought the flush to his cheeks. The hurry of the people unconsciously made his feet forge ahead. The reek from the familiar corner saloon recalled to him days of madness and of freedom which he thought he had forgotten. Why, the whole world was busy, was eager and independent, and it called upon him to go. Go? where could he go but back to the old haunts? Where but to the old places, and to the people who knew him and tolerated him and distrusted him, and without whom he could not live? Go? Why, go back to the old conditions where every night brought forth a new hazard, and every day brought forth a hunger, or a fear, or an apprehension, or an escape. Ah, what was there in the world equal to the battle of wits? If others' brains were keener than his, had he not had his fight, and would he not perish like a man? And all the while the woman walked beside him, fluttering, dainty, decided.

They passed the great aorta of travel, crossed over to the western side of the street, and drew near to Madeleine's home. The woman's feet were slow and slower; the man kept pace with her impatiently. He was free! And the lawless spirit that had been born within him was irresistibly drawing him to the old life that he thought he had forgotten, and which he had tried to persuade himself that he despised. Before the high stone steps Madeleine Morley halted, and the man beside her came to a stop. He could look over her head, and he did so. Beyond, the street yawned into the Common on the one side, and the Public Garden on the other. These the traffic cut as with a wedge. Oh, the

sound of it was absinthe to him! The very appearance of a black hole of a lively stable was a joy. The hurry of the crowd and the impatience of the men were an intoxication. Madeleine noticed his rapt expression, and did not understand it.

"I want you to come in," she said softly. "I have planned for you to stay with us. I did not want to tell you before. It is my little surprise. Your room is all ready for you, Willard, and Isabel is upstairs to greet you."

She turned to go up, but Winch did not follow. She looked quickly into his face. There was an expression in it that she had not seen for some time. It was like that of a fox that has been caged, and is let out into the open. He was panting.

"Why, Willard! Are n't you coming? I've something very important to tell you."

Then the man's thoughts rolled back, and he looked down.

"No, little girl," he said, with a half-amused smile curling his lips. "I cannot go. Don't you see how impossible it is? Why, child, can't you understand?"

Yes, — at last, — she began to understand; that which she saw in his eyes dissipated slowly, almost imperceptibly, the mist from in front of her own.

"Oh!" cried Madeleine; her heart leaped; she grew very pale and began to tremble.

"Don't think," interrupted the malefactor, with a cold gleam and a tender smile, "don't think that I am not grateful for what you have done for me. No other woman has done more for a person who does not deserve it; but believe me, my dear, that I can best show my gratitude to you in this way."

He stopped and lifted his hat before her, standing impatiently still. But the woman no longer met his eyes. Hers had dropped, and tears were falling from them bitterly. It seemed to her as if the whole world had been extinguished, and it had been so brief a one!

"Won't you shake hands?" he said.

"You are always the same to me. You know that."

But Madeleine did not answer. She dared not make a motion, fearing lest she might faint upon her own steps. With an intuition uncommon to his sodden nature, the criminal understood. He looked down upon the woman stricken before him, with all the pity of which he was capable. Then he made an elaborate bow, and walked quickly up the street. At the next corner Willard Winch stopped

and looked back. Madeleine had not stirred. With a half sigh that was almost a half sneer, he turned again, and strode faster on. People swept between. At the corner of Beacon Street he drew a breath of relief.

"Another incident closed," he thought.

But Madeleine stood there, a breaking pillar of woe, until her sister Isabel ran down the steps, flung warm arms about her, and drew her back into their old life.

OUR SPANISH INHERITANCE IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY JAMES A. LE ROY

[Among the other papers which have appeared in the *Atlantic* dealing with conditions in the Philippine Islands have been *Japan and the Philippines*, by A. M. Knapp, June, 1899; *Two Philippine Sketches*, by H. P. Whitmarsh, September, 1900; the *Economic Future of the Philippines*, by C. A. Conant, March, 1902; the *Educational Problem in the Philippines*, by F. W. Atkinson, March, 1902; *Race Prejudice in the Philippines*, by James A. Le Roy, July, 1902; *A Letter from the Philippines*, by Arthur Stanley Riggs, August, 1903; *Road Building among the Moros*, by Major R. L. Bullard, December, 1903; the *United States in the Philippines*, by Alleyne Ireland, November, 1904. Mr. Le Roy's present paper brings into this long symposium some interesting historical illumination. — THE EDITORS.]

THE chief obstacle to social and political progress in the Philippine Islands is "caciquism," the term by which "bossism" is known in those regions. Bossism, as it is now applied in the United States, is, however, not an accurate translation of the Philippine word. A cacique in those islands is a combination of our political boss, the schoolmaster in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, the old Virginia landlord, and the leader in a local "four hundred," or the husband of such. One may glean indications of the existence of such a family, or of a few such families, in the life of quiet rural villages of New England in former times. But the picture one may imagine of such rural bossism will not quite fit the Philippine conditions. One must introduce something of the color of "the South before the war," even partially to realize

it. Imagine a rural community, secure in the political dominion of one selectman, or of one or two families of selectmen, and at the social wink and nod of the unofficial manor house; but picture that sort of local leadership set up in a community where only two, four, or twelve families out of a population of ten thousand or more live in stone houses with wood floors, and the rest in cane shacks, dependent on those above them for employment, or a piece of land to till, or the money advances inevitably needed each year to till it; finally, transfer your manor to the tropics, where fertility of soil and enervation of climate breed laziness and inertia, above and below in society, and you may have some conception of what Philippine caciquism is in Philippine rural life.

Caciquism is no new thing in the Phil-

ippines, nor is it showing itself to unusual advantage under the American administration. It is, indeed, the chief drawback to the effective working of the municipal code which was put into operation by the Taft Commission in 1901; but, at the same time, there are evidences under that code of a popular opposition to the rule of the boss. Caciquism was the prime feature of the village life of the Filipinos during the entire three hundred odd years of Spanish control; indeed, one may not unfairly say that the Spanish structure of local government was built upon it, and fostered not only its continuance, but its growth in new directions. But one may not blame the Spaniards for the existence of caciquism; it was a native institution before they came, and they merely accepted it; indeed, they lessened it in some ways beneficial to the people. The word *cacique* (old Spanish spelling *cazique*) was the name for a chief or local magnate in Hayti when the Spaniards came there, and they carried the word elsewhere to describe petty local chieftains of the undeveloped communities in South and Central America, and in the Orient. The word really has, therefore, a tribal signification, and may well be taken as the equivalent of the *datto* among the Moros of the Philippines to-day. In effect, the Moros of to-day represent the local organization and government of all the Filipinos of the archipelago at the time of the conquest, with the exception that the Moros, being Mohammedanized, have taken unto themselves certain formulas of religion, certain customs of local law, and even certain touches of civilization, which the primitive Malays of the archipelago did not have, while the religion they have adopted has given them a touch of brutality, or at least of fanaticism, which the primitive Filipinos did not have. In some ways, we may better look for the prototypes of the primitive Filipino communities in the regions of the non-Christian and non-Mohammedan Malays of the archipelago as they

exist to-day; but here, again, we find these people mostly in the hills, away from the fertile river valleys and seacoasts of the archipelago. Hence we must suspect a ruder type of civilization than that which prevailed in the more favored regions when the Spaniards came. The Filipino leaders of to-day will protest vigorously against their Christian population being compared with the Malays of the hills. Yet these are less savage than their lowland brothers think, even if there are head-hunters among them. Their sturdiness and straightforwardness help in some degree to support José Rizal's contention that his people had degenerated in character, if they had improved in customs, under Spanish control. The simple truth is that the affinities between them, historically, and even in actual customs and beliefs to-day, are plain. One has to allow for the undoubtedly greater progress, at the time of the Spanish conquest, of the seacoast and river valley populations; that done, we may apply the caciquism that exists among the mountain Malays of to-day to the lowland Filipinos of the sixteenth century.

Caciquism is not a very oppressive kind of bossism. In their rather crude way, justice is oftentimes better secured, life is perhaps almost as safe, and one may guess that contentment is more common, among the "benighted heathen." The petty rivalries among chieftains, and the tribal animosities, however, make against any progress whatever, and in innumerable ways the social organization works toward the fulfillment of the Scriptural dictum that to him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Herein lay the evil of the social organization which the Spaniards found among the Filipinos whom they Christianized. Tribal or chieftain's jealousies laid burdens on the masses, holding them firmly in their subordinate stations or thrusting them under continually harsher yokes as the chieftains grew in importance.

The Spaniards did not build deliberately upon this social organization and rule through the chieftains, as the English now do in the Straits Settlements and elsewhere. Though they often recognized, at the outset, the prestige of the chieftains themselves, and sought to exercise control of the people through the aristocrats of the communities, they really crushed the tribal organizations as rapidly as possible. Indeed, the introduction of Christianity, with its rather democratic tendencies in various ways, helped to this end. Still, the families of power and prestige were bound in some degree to hold their place at the top, for some time at least, in any social organization. They gradually fell into place in the Spanish scheme as a new aristocracy, holding the petty offices of a civil character, and serving the missionaries, too, as chief aids in mustering their people under the church, gathering them in the village centres or in *barrios* "under the bells." They were the local tax-gatherers, the local administrators of justice, and the go-betweens for their people with the religious and civil authorities of the Spanish régime. The old caciquism, in other words, simply readjusted itself to conditions and, once settled into place, stayed there more firmly than it had in the old days of less complex social organization, when the whole was not held together as a unit by ecclesiastical domination, and the chance for individual talent to rise was probably greater. It is hard to recognize any but the cruder elements of democracy in the primitive Filipino society; but almost certainly there was more democracy in its comparatively loose organization (maintained, moreover, by the Filipinos themselves, of and for themselves) than in the hard-and-fast society into which they speedily crystallized under Spain's inelastic ecclesiastical régime.

Judging Spain by modern standards of colonization, we might praise her if she had taken over simply the social structure she found, and builded upon it her

government, modifying and destroying only where its tendencies were anti-progressive, working through the already constituted sources of authority over the people to introduce peace, better methods of cultivation of the soil and of living. When Spain chose instead to reject the old social structure, because it was felt to be anti-Christian, to introduce the people of the Philippines not only to the European religion, but also to the customs and laws of Europe, she adopted a programme which is much more ambitious, which strikes deeper into the essentials of a colonized people's life, than the policy which England is to-day pursuing, for instance, in the Malay Peninsula. "Colonial experts" may differ as to the results of such a policy, may feel confident that the ends for which a colonizing power should work, at least deliberately and consciously, should be material only. But we must recognize that Spain, inspired, to be sure, partly by material ambitions, but still more by spiritual aims, did accomplish in the Philippine Islands in the first part of her domination what no other European nation has ever done in the Orient, and did accomplish it without crushing the people under her heel. We may say that the conditions, and particularly the disposition of the people themselves, were peculiarly favorable to such an accomplishment in the Philippines. However we may view the question on that side, we have to admit that here are a people who have been turned to the Christian religion almost *en masse*; that, along with Christianity, they have, if not exactly rejecting old social institutions of a semi-feudal character or their half-developed languages, at least taken up the European village habits, laws and methods suitable to a tropical climate; have in considerable degree adopted European social manners and customs; have, so far as their social and political leaders are concerned, adopted European ideas of politics, literature, and art; have virtually adopted a European language; and have lost their primitive

method of writing and write their own dialects in European style. This is what differentiates for us the Philippine problem (aside from the Moros and pagans) from the problem of the English in the Malay Peninsula, Burma, or India, or of the Dutch in Java, and differentiates it in a degree that our self-constituted mentors, the "colonial experts," apparently do not comprehend at all. There is something of the English and American misunderstanding of and contempt for the Spaniards about this shortsighted view; scant justice is ever done by writers in English to the Spanish colonial régime, and it somehow seems to be taken for granted that Spain, of course, never altered or benefited the institutions or the peoples with which she came into contact. Spain did alter the Filipinos and their society, and for the better, despite ways in which they seem to have lost in moral vigor since the conquest. Let us be fair enough historically to admit this, and to do justice to Spain. Let us also have sufficient discernment to see that Spain's partial progress, which was interrupted before her régime was much more than half over, but which the Filipinos themselves began to carry farther forward in the nineteenth century, makes it possible, nay, absolutely necessary, to proceed farther, faster, and differently from those who have assumed the task of furthering merely the material welfare of Mohammedan, or at least non-Christian, populations in the Orient. The very fact that the Filipinos themselves had already taken a hand in planning and working for their own progress as a community, as a rising nation, in fact, is what makes such procedure on our part not merely imperative in a political sense, but reasonably sure of success in the face of the warnings of "experts" who have compiled their precedents under different conditions and in a different atmosphere.

But, to return to caciquism, we have to note where Spain halted, and where Filipino society "froze," as it were, under her rule. If we have to accord her the

highest praise for the comprehensive effort to develop a whole people spiritually, — praise which is almost unique for her among the colonizing nations, — we have, nevertheless, to charge her both with lack of continued progress and lack of consistent policy. Her aims, in so far as they were altruistic, were much in advance of her times. But, after she had succeeded in her work of primary instruction, in her introduction of the Filipinos to religious, social, and political beliefs and customs which not only make possible advance and improvement along their own lines, but which demand such constant progress as the requisite of their successful maintenance, she halted and folded her hands, the work only just begun, but her conception of it entirely satisfied. Thenceforward, she was, as a colonizing power, absorbed in the glories of the past and in elaborate self-praise, until, from being the herald of a type of colonization which was not mere conquest of territory and trade, she was branded by her own beneficiaries as a mediæval tyrant and a reactionary. Unable as yet to handle the institutions of modern social life so as to bring religious and political liberty and economic freedom even to herself at home, she could not guide an undeveloped Oriental people, only barely initiated by her into a modified Occidental life, to that stage of development which this people's own leaders dimly feel that they could and should reach.

So Spain gradually riveted caciquism in many ways more firmly than before upon the Filipinos. Her structure of government rested upon the local aristocracy (the *principalía*) of each town, and controlled the masses through them. In all matters of civil administration in the towns, except such as were quasi-military, the life of the people was regulated by their constituted bosses; this was quite as true of matters judicial as of matters purely executive, the two, in fact, being blended in the village communities, where alone, except in case of serious crimes, the mass of the natives would, as

a rule, come into contact with the courts. The same overlordship and aristocracy continued to prevail in matters of economic organization, which, until recent years, centred almost entirely in agriculture. Indeed, one almost inclines to the belief that there was more opportunity for the growth of a class of small landholders under the primitive feudalism of the Philippines than under the system set up by the Spaniards, — *laissez faire*, hampered by the creation of an all-powerful official class and by ecclesiastical oversight, — at least in those richer valleys of Luzon, where the land, if not in the hands of a few *caciques*, was still more completely concentrated in the possession of church corporations. How far such conditions, economic and political, would render null the democratizing influences of Christianity (the religion, not the church), may be guessed. How at the same time they would foster the growth of socialistic ideas, especially when helped by the acceptance, nominally or otherwise, of Christianity, may be surmised, even by him who has not seen how in recent years many Filipinos have, in obtaining some touches of European education, turned to European socialism, sometimes of the French Revolution school, sometimes of the up-to-date Latin-European school, even in its most fantastic manifestations.

For the Filipino propaganda of 1868-98, culminating in the ill-planned revolt of 1896, was in large part a revolt against *caciquism*. The propaganda, to be sure, originated with the aristocracy, and was, down nearly to the time of actual revolt, mainly carried on by and in behalf of the upper classes. Its open aims were the "assimilation" of Filipino laws and administration to those of Spain, — an illogical programme, overlooking the essential differences between the European mother country and the Oriental colony, but a programme primarily designed to confer upon the Filipino aristocracy greater rights and privileges for themselves, regardless of the evident

unfitness of the masses for privileges which, because of their complex nature, would more easily degenerate into abuses on the part of those qualified to manage to their own ends the new machinery of legal codes and internal administration. But this campaign was something more than it seemed to be on the surface. Had it been merely a clamor for greater privileges on the part of the *principalía*, it would not have led at last to actual revolt; for this class is not composed, for the most part, of fighters. The revolt of 1896 was made by the masses, brought into line by new leaders, not of the upper, but of the middle and lower classes. The very life of the propaganda from about 1886 onward — a "reform propaganda" we may now call it, with evidences of something more about it than the petition for greater class privileges — was the work of a few real "sons of the people," young men like José Rizal and Marcelo H. del Pilar from the heart of the Tagalog country, and Graciano Lopez Jaena from the Bisagas. Their campaign was not alone a protest against ecclesiastical domination, but also against administrative and economic *caciquism*, as may be best seen in Rizal's novels, which preach to his own people their lack of independence of mind and will and their other faults of character, which remedied would remedy the evils imposed upon them from above. Rizal's deserved preëminence among the propagandists lies not so much in his greater ability as a writer, in the keener thrusts he gave, as in his more thorough perception of the need for arousing his people to their own defects, in his more complete comprehension of the fact that to have a better government they must first deserve it by forming a more worthy society. But, to a great extent, the new school of middle-class propagandists aimed at more of democracy in Philippine society, and to that extent struck at *caciquism*. The new industrial era in the Philippines, and the expansion of commerce following the removal of the restrictions upon foreigners engaging in

business in the islands and the opening of the Suez Canal, had begun to develop, especially in the Tagalog provinces centring around Manila, evidences at last of a real middle class. The masses were captained by the more radical of these men in 1896-97. Their demands were rather blind and indefinite, as they had not yet formulated their programme to themselves; but, along with complete exasperation at ecclesiastical dominance in matters of body as well as of conscience, and with an outburst of race-hatred, there was some actual impulse to democracy, some resentment at their own countrymen who were identified with the superior structure of government and society which rested upon them.

The revolution of 1898 was organized by these men, the prestige of a few of them among the masses making its beginning possible. As Spain's power so plainly crumbled, and no declaration of intention came from the United States, the Filipino aristocrats joined the Aguinaldo party, a few at first, then all acquiescing at once, except the very small element of very capable men at the top who wished to wait upon the United States and were able to see clearly that the time had not come to go alone. The younger men of the cacique class had, in advance of their elders, quite commonly sought military or civil office under the revolutionary government. The older men did so more slowly, and partly from policy, partly because of the absence of any other programme to be followed. One might, from a superficial view, say that the Filipino upper classes organized and ran the so-called Philippine Republic while it lasted. In large part, they were identified with it, and most generally the rule of the caciques was not altered in the towns. But the new party of young radicals dominated at the centre of this institution, even though they did not accomplish any reform of the old-time boss-ship, beyond the issuance of unheeded decrees against it. The principal interference with the caciques in the towns came from the new

military leaders, chief among them some middle-class and lower-class natives now tasting the sweets of command. The masses were not the gainers by this fact; they had, in fact, more bosses under this temporary régime than ever before.

When at last the United States began to present a positive programme to the Filipinos, simultaneously with the exhaustion of the country and its weariness of war, this programme quite naturally appealed more effectually to the men of property, to the old cacique class, than to the young radicals. With some exceptions, the latter yielded only when they were forced to, and are quiescent to-day rather through force of circumstances than otherwise; omitting some important districts, where the aristocracy has been tenaciously identified with the prolongation of resistance to the United States, the traditional leaders of the Filipinos are reasonably content with the new régime, particularly if they have been able to regain office and social prominence. The masses are, generally speaking, negligible; they follow their bosses. But they have been, especially in the more populous and advanced districts, in some degree torn loose from the traditional caciques, and, having been subjected to the sway of new leaders during from six to eight years of warfare and unrest, are easily made the prey of political adventurers or religious fanatics.

The radicals of one sort and another, a large number of whom are dishonest scapegoats and cheap demagogues, have since 1901 quite generally maintained that the Federal party, which is made up of those who brought peace by accepting the American programme and therefore took office under the new régime, is simply an instrument in perpetuating the old caciquism. There is a large measure of truth in this charge. It is not, however, the fault of the government, nor of the Filipinos who were identified with the formation of the Federal party, but of the social conditions existing in the Philippines. To return to a truth preached by Rizal,

when the Filipinos as a people will reject caciquism, because prepared for something better, then caciquism will cease, and not till then. The organ of those we may call the "Young Filipino party" of to-day, *El Renacimiento*, a daily newspaper published in Spanish and Tagalog in Manila, is conducting a campaign primarily against caciquism (and so, for that matter, is *La Democracia*, organ of the Federal party). But we find a collaborator of *El Renacimiento* saying, in his department of "Hammer-Blows," in a recent issue:—

"There are various forms of caciquism. . . . In one place, the prosecuting attorney dominates everything, is the king. Wherever he goes, all thrust upon him liquors, banquets, and ceremonious courtesies. He is the great man of the day. . . . Elsewhere, the municipal president, elected by manipulations of base and disgraceful politics, directs the masses like a god. His phrases are translated into ordinances; his pleasure is law for everybody. . . . The justices of peace cannot dictate a sentence without consulting him. The health officer must do the same. Of the chief of police, let us say nothing, for it is well known that he is merely the uniformed messenger. . . . Sometimes it is not a public official at all who constitutes

himself the autocrat; it may be anybody soever,—the chief property-owner,—perhaps it may be the local wise man. The latter is the most ferocious: his Latin studies, which back in his best times he pursued in a Manila college, he considers as the supreme synthesis of modern scientific, social, or political theories, etc. His house is visited by the president, the councilors, all those in official position, to hear *suggestions*. . . . When the field hands descry, even from afar, the silhouette of our wise man through the opening of his window, they begin to take off their hats as if they were to pass before the Archangel Gabriel."

Popular education, the chief feature of the new régime, is the greatest enemy to caciquism in the Philippines. Without it, even the most satisfactory economic progress, important as is this sort of development, will not accomplish the programme the best radicals have in mind. Herein lies the chief argument for their coöperation with the Americans, and the line along which it has already in considerable degree been brought about. It may in this connection be suggested to the school of "experts" that Philippine history holds some lessons for them which may shed light on the American policy they regard as so mistakenly conceived.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

BY JAMES SULLY

It is well sometimes that a distinguished man should die without having written an autobiography. Leslie Stephen was not the sort of person to be likely to write about himself, and possibly the fact that he had written so many biographies of others further indisposed him to undertake such a task. But by a happy chance he wrote two works in which the reader may incidentally acquire a good bit of information about his ancestry and his early life. These are the biography of his brother, the well-known judge, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, and of his former colleague, the economist and politician, Henry Fawcett.¹ From the former we learn that Leslie, who was born in 1832, came of a good ancestry, having in its roll some distinguished names. On the paternal side he came, like Gladstone, from a sturdy stock whose will, energy, and wit were developed by business pursuits. We find in it traces of exceptional muscular strength, and Leslie, the famous athlete and Alpine climber, was fond of relating how his paternal grandfather once started in the early morning of his seventieth birthday on a walk of twenty-five miles to Hampstead, at which place he breakfasted. We note, too, evidences of a brave and independent spirit, ready to fight valiantly on occasion for legal rights. Mr. F. Galton finds a good illustration of the heredity of talent in the fact that Stephen and his distinguished brother had for their grandfather a master in Chancery, and for their father a gentleman who won eminence as Colonial Under-Secretary, as a professor of history, and as the author of a noteworthy

book, *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*.

The father was a warm adherent of the sombre creed of the Evangelical school known as the Clapham Sect; and the mother, the daughter of Rev. John Venn of Clapham, held the same faith. It is not hard for one who knew Stephen in later life to form a tentative picture of the boy's home. The father was evidently a potent influence in its atmosphere. He was a man of an "exquisitely sensitive nature," "shy in a remarkable degree," and "the least sanguine of mankind." He lived the life of a recluse. This of itself would have given a certain sombreness to the children's world. Yet it was the stern impositions of the Clapham creed which must, one supposes, have brought oppressiveness into the home atmosphere. The youngsters were strictly forbidden such worldly pleasures as the theatre and dances. Nevertheless, glints of a cheerful light were not wanting. Even the stern father would unbend in the relaxing surroundings of family and friends, and go to the length of producing doggerel rhymes for his children's delectation. It seems probable, however, that the mother was the chief source of cheerfulness and hopefulness in the house. She was of a serene temper, and accepted Evangelicalism in a milder form. The interesting detail in the son's description, that she was learned in poetry, suggests that she may have relieved the dullness of the children's surroundings by introducing the enthralling pleasures of verse recited by a beloved voice.

The child Leslie was of a delicate constitution, and this circumstance may have strengthened a disposition to self-retirement and sombre reflection which was handed down by progenitors and so well

¹ To these should be added the reminiscent papers by Sir Leslie Stephen which were printed in the *Atlantic* for September, October, November, and December, 1903.

fostered by the *milieu* of the home. It seems hard to think of him as ever having been a playful child. It is even possible that in those first years he developed something of the attitude of critical on-looker. The saving grace of humor could not have come yet; nevertheless, he may have had glimpses of the absurdities inseparable from a narrow ascetic creed brought into touch with the ordinary ways of men. Perhaps he ventured now and again to make caustic observations on the doings of the straiter members of the sect; and one likes to imagine that the serene-tempered and conciliative mother would then give him his first lessons in tolerance.

Owing to the boy's feeble health, and other circumstances, the experiment of schooling did not come off with brilliant success. During four years the two brothers were at Eton as day pupils, and as such came in for the contempt which is apt to be bestowed by boys, as well as by men, on those who are without or only half-way within their set. The harsh régime may have helped to develop in Leslie the grit of the later mountaineer and intellectual fighter; possibly also the keen sense of justice and the sympathy with those who suffer. At the age of eighteen he went up to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, studied mathematics, and after winning a scholarship came out in the mathematical Tripos as a wrangler. In later years he was fond of writing and talking about the good effects of mathematical study as evinced by the number of eminent men in various walks of life who had stood high in the list of Cambridge wranglers. There is little doubt that the discipline conduced to the formation of that high standard of clearness and exactness in reasoning which he impartially imposed on himself and on others.

Soon after taking his degree he gained the emolument of a college fellowship, for which at that time one was still required to take holy orders. In the undergraduate days the severities of mathematical study had been relieved by phy-

sical exercises hardly less exacting, which his better health now permitted him to carry out. He won distinction in running, both as an undergraduate and as a don; and though he did not become famous as an oarsman, he was keenly interested in rowing, and in later life he told amusing stories of his experiences as a coach of his college boat, whose duty it was to run along the river bank regardless of mud or flood and keep the eight up to the mark by stimulative and corrective shouts. It was in this work, perhaps, that he first developed his powers as a leader of men, more particularly his skill in keeping a team of workers together.

As is well known, Stephen made memorable ascents in the Alps and other mountains. He was made president of the Alpine Club in 1865. His first published writings are descriptions, half serious, half humorous, of his ascents, some of which are happily still accessible in one of the most attractive of his works, the *Playground of Europe* (published in 1871). This work is well worth studying to-day, not only for its vivid descriptions, but for its presentation of a conception of climbing at once dignified and modest, very unlike that of many unseasoned men who nowadays rush at the perilous ascent. He relinquished his beloved art in deference to family obligations, and he has given us in a chapter of the same volume, headed "The Regrets of a Mountaineer," his characteristic adieu to the Alps. Stephen's fine record in athletics suggests how curiously nature sometimes combines with considerable delicacy of organism a special degree of muscular power and breathing capacity. He was considerably above the average height, and according to a widespread notion his tallness ought to have handicapped him in the athletic field. Yet exceptional length of limb was certainly an advantage to him in getting over the ground, and no less certainly stood him in good stead in rock climbing; and one may suppose that his stature touched the point where the maximum of these advantages could

be realized without sensible drawbacks.

Athletic pursuits, though a keen interest, were by no means the chief occupation of the young Cambridge don. The biography of Fawcett gives us a charming account of the good fellowship of the fellows of a college in the old days when "society" had not yet invaded the semi-monastic seclusion of the college, capturing its "married fellows;" when outside social engagements did not entice the others to a too frequent absence from the Hall and the Common Room; and when long hours of uninterrupted talk were a chief feature of the day's life. Stephen, naturally shy like his father, needed just this quiet world of keen and sufficiently kindred spirits. Fawcett and other gifted members of the society afforded a powerful intellectual stimulus. He gained from these lively discussions with men of other intellectual pursuits the inestimable advantage of outgrowing his specialism, of reaching a wider horizon, a sympathetic comprehension of the aims and methods of minds different from his own. At the same time this close communion with men of intellect exercised him in the art of debate, in alertness and precision of logical stroke, when called upon to attack the theories of others or to defend his own.

The group of young men to which Stephen was now attached were under the spell of John Stuart Mill. Cambridge may almost be called the university home of Utilitarianism, and one may note in passing that what is probably destined to be the last considerable development of utilitarian ethics was the work of the Cambridge professor, Henry Sidgwick, whose loss the University is still deploring. Stephen seems to have plunged resolutely into the current of freer thought about man and his destiny in which Fawcett and others were being swiftly carried onwards. At the same time he became an ardent disciple of the new teachers of Evolution, Darwin and Herbert Spencer, the influence of whom was to become a much more permanent force in his devel-

opment. These influences brought a crisis into his career. Like many another man at the University, he began now for the first time to examine the foundations of early religious beliefs which had been adopted more from filial duty than from personal conviction. The outcome of these searchings of mind was the abandonment of holy orders, and, as a necessary consequence, the loss of his fellowship.

This plucky resolution laid upon Stephen the unpleasant necessity of finding a career for himself. Under Fawcett's influence he made an attempt to enter the political field. His first visit to America, paid at this time, was undertaken in furtherance of his political education. It was the time of the Civil War, and it was natural that the sympathies of one whose grandfather had been a chief supporter of Wilberforce, and who was a new recruit in the small army of philosophical Radicals, should be drawn to the cause of the North. He was long afterwards pleased at having shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln, and lastingly grateful for the friendships which this and other visits to America secured him. A good many years after this visit, while I was staying with Stephen's family in the country, where Russell Lowell was another guest, I was particularly pleased to be the witness of the warm intimacy as of kinship between the illustrious American poet and my host and his family. The visit has been impressed on my memory by more than one agreeable incident, among others the having Lowell as smoking companion in the morning in the library, while Stephen was busy with his pen, when the poet would graciously vary his talk by taking down a copy of *Tom Sawyer* and reading out extracts.

It is easy for us who knew him later to see that politics could never have been Stephen's life-work. Not only was he too retiring to make his mark in the clamorous political forum; the bent of his mind led him far away from what he saw to be a domain in which indepen-

dence of thought is sadly hampered by the requirements of party loyalty. It is a curious circumstance that Stephen appears to have abandoned the idea of a political career shortly before John Stuart Mill, under strong pressure from his friends, entered Parliament and distinguished himself afresh by a courageous profession of "singular" views. One is tempted to speculate whether, if the fates had arranged the sequence of events otherwise, Mill's example would have modified Stephen's views. It seems more likely, however, that the rejection of Mill on the second contest for the Westminster seat would have confirmed him in his opinions.

The stronger and lasting impulse toward literature now asserted itself. Like most modern writers, Stephen found his apprenticeship to letters in writing for the journals. The *Saturday Review*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and later the *Fortnightly Review*, provided him with ample scope for work of various aim and degree of solidity. The *Saturday*, which was now enjoying its palmy days as a formidable censor of books and men, numbered among its contributors some eminent names, such as Freeman the historian and Mr. John Morley, the latter of whom soon afterwards undertook the editorship of the *Fortnightly*. The tone of the journal in theology was robustly Anglican, and in politics severely Conservative; but the literary side offered free scope to writers who by no means shared its views in these matters. The only condition exacted, besides special knowledge, clearness and force in expression, and argumentative skill, was the adoption of a characteristic tone, which included a manly contempt of sentiment and of dreamy or paradoxical ideas, and asserted its superiority to the duller sort of common sense by a delicate yet mordant satire. As a distinguished writer on the staff remarked to me later on, it was an excellent school for training in style. Stephen always seemed to me in his manner of writing

to illustrate the effect of this training at its best.

The early familiarity with theological speculation, and still more the Cambridge studies and discussions, had developed in Stephen a decided turn for the serious kind of thinking, and in the *Fortnightly* he began to give literary form to his ripening views on theological and ethical questions. The appearance in 1873 of the vigorous work, *Essays on Freethinking and Plain Speaking*, clearly indicated that bold attitude of agnosticism, to which, as that other volume, *An Agnostic's Apology*, published in later life, sufficiently shows, he was henceforth steadily to adhere. Meanwhile his growing reputation as a man of letters was demonstrated by his appointment to the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, an office which Thackeray's tenure had stamped with a special literary distinction. A close family connection with the illustrious novelist had been formed about four years earlier by a marriage with his daughter.

It was three or four years after he became editor of the *Cornhill* that I first met Stephen. I had already seen him in the drawing-room of the "Priory" in St. John's Wood, where in the seventies a little circle of literary, scientific, and artistic folk gathered on Sunday afternoons at the tea-hour, on the chance of getting a few minutes' quiet talk with George Eliot, now elderly and much of an invalid, and with the certainty of hearing brilliant sallies from the witty and still lively veteran, G. H. Lewes. I recall Stephen as sitting in the social arc drawn about the fireplace toward the end opposite the door, that is to say, as far as possible from the window end where the novelist sat. His distinguished aspect could not but impress, even in an assembly which was by no means an ordinary one. I seem to see still, as in some Venetian masterpiece, the slight but commanding figure; the long and finely moulded head and face, delicate, yet of a virile keenness; the eyes looking up from under their shaggy

brows as if, like the best music, they had been charged with the impossible task of revealing the secret deeps of a rich personality; and the coloring of the eyes and of the abundant hair, mustache, and beard, well supported by an attire which itself had a note of easy dignity. He did not take a large part in the talk, which was wont to bubble softly here and there along the arc, save when the genial host made a brave attempt to start a general conversation; but he had a smile when others talked. The first meeting was under somewhat trying circumstances. Some one, probably Lewes, had given me an introduction to him, and I called on him to discuss possibilities of work for the *Cornhill*. It was an autumn or early winter afternoon, when the light of a London drawing-room, which is but rarely in excess, falls to a rich low key, bits of flame-lit color standing out against sombre depths of shadow. Stephen had recently lost his wife, and I was warned that I might find him a melancholy recluse. His accost had in it behind its evident cordiality a touch of awkwardness, as if he were forcing himself to forget the books left behind. The memory of his low, winsome voice and of the first of his many kind words of encouragement still comes back to me. I wrote for the *Cornhill* from that day until Stephen ceased to be its editor. He seemed to me the most considerate of editors, — almost too timid, some would have said, before the unpleasant necessity of rejecting a manuscript or of asking a contributor to shorten his article; and ever ready to take a kindly and helpful interest in the younger men who assisted him.

Some years later, toward the end of the seventies, I gained a peculiarly favorable opportunity of knowing Stephen intimately. London sets up cruel barriers between busy friends, and next to proximity of dwelling, if indeed inferior to this, is the chance of meeting on off-service days in the country. The Alpine climber, who had wisely given up risky ascents, was still vigorous enough; and he

conceived the happy idea of a fortnightly walk in the country with a small band of friends. A sort of informal club was started with Stephen as chief, and was christened by him, with a characteristic disregard of fine language, the Sunday Tramps. The members, carefully chosen by the chief, consisted of literary men, lawyers, and others. Every fortnight, toward the end of the week we received a post card on which was indicated in Stephen's firm pointed writing the train by which we were to set out, as well as that by which we were to return. The aim of our chief was to secure a cross-country walk from one railway to another. Attractive scenery, especially that of the hilly and heathy districts of Surrey and Kent, together with the more picturesque portion of the Thames, counted in the selection; and where possible the route was made to include some house, church, or natural object having historic interest or literary associations. Stephen showed great skill in planning our route, having an acute instinct for direction, and for divining short-cuts not indicated by the maps. His fondness for the latter prompted him on one occasion to defy a notice board warning trespassers, a defiance which brought us face to face with a keeper, who dignified his office by going through the formality of taking down names and addresses. Stephen always had something of the solicitous look of a schoolmaster as he stood on the London platform crowded with people bent on a Sunday excursion, and looked round for his flock. We used to pack ourselves as best we could into a second-class smoking compartment, Stephen and others of us having a keen appetite for the morning pipe. We would start walking in a compact body at a good pace, but disintegrating tendencies in the shape of unequal degrees of energy and special mutual drawings soon broke up the squad into twos and threes, the numbers which proved to be the most favorable for talk. I believe that it was found, too, that when we were a good number and marched in a

close body, we exposed ourselves to the contemptuous remarks of juvenile on-lookers, who took us for a procession of the Salvation Army. Our chief brought with him a beautiful collie dog, who occupied himself with running to and fro between the front and rear groups, as if we were sheep needing to be kept together. The loss of that dog, who was poisoned during a walk with his master in his favorite London park, affected him profoundly, so that we avoided speaking of it.

The chief, of course, gave the pace, which had a delusive look of moderation, so quietly did his limbs appear to move, before we had learned the range of his stride. He found it difficult sometimes to allow for the limitations of weaker brethren; and the catching of a train at the end of a quickish walk of twenty miles or more was apt to impose a nasty run on the tail of the company. But a tolerance like that of a big dog for feebleness, and a genuine kind-heartedness, soon corrected any tendency to overestimate average powers of locomotion; and I remember well his once speaking to me, with an unusual tenderness and something of self-reproach in his voice, of a friend in poor health who had, unwisely perhaps, essayed a walk and suffered from the effort. Lunch was enjoyed in a humble "pub"—the meaner-looking the inn, the better Stephen seemed to be pleased; for he had not christened us Tramps for nothing. There was a distinct note of asceticism in his discipline. He would smile rather contemptuously if we brought our drawing-room standards of art to bear on the wondrous oleographs of the inn parlor. Bread and cheese and a pint of beer was our allowance, and there was, indeed, but rarely the choice of other fare. When we happened to stray into a hotel and found a hot joint going, our chief good-naturedly left us free to indulge; though I shall never forget his expression as on one cold day shortly before Christmas we allowed ourselves to be allured by piquant odors into

partaking of hot turkey. As he sat faithfully consuming his bread and cheese, he eyed us with something of the sad despair of a Greatheart watching some backsliding in his pilgrims, yet with more, perhaps, of that of a good-natured schoolmaster who catches sight of his boys launching out at a tuck-shop. The severe regulations, as we were sometimes disposed to regard them, of the former trainer of college athletes, were now and again formally relaxed when there came an invitation to lunch or afternoon tea. Among other hospitable houses was that of Charles Darwin at Down; it was a thing to remember to see the signs of mutual regard between the literary editor and his scientific master. Another roof which offered generous hospitality, and perhaps the most brilliant talk to be obtained in England, was that of George Meredith at Box Hill, Stephen's intimate friend, the one man, as he once remarked to me, of undoubted genius whom he had known.

The various experiences of these days in the country served to bring out the qualities of our chief. He was now tasting the new happiness which came with his second marriage, and had lost much of the look of sadness and of self-withdrawal of earlier days. He was not what is called a brilliant talker, but spoke slowly, often with a visible as well as audible effort, and preferred to pitch his voice in a low key for one or two listeners. Yet what he said was of the best, and worthy of the man and the scholar. His words apropos of his beloved Johnson apply to himself: "A good talker, even more than a good orator, implies a good audience. Modern society is too vast and too restless to give a conversationalist a fair chance." The Sunday walk gave him the needed quantity and quality of audience. Sometimes in the railway carriage or at the luncheon table conversation would become general. Topics inviting to humorous treatment were often started. It was natural, perhaps, that a company consisting largely of young writers should raise the question of the comparative demerits of this

and that London publisher. Stephen would good-naturedly descend to our level at such times, joining in now and again with some pithy observation or appropriate story. But it was in the privileged hours when one found one's self on the road alone with him that he opened himself up, mind and heart. He loved to talk of men and their doings. In the *Cornhill* days he would take one into his confidence and speak of his contributors, for example of Robert Louis Stevenson, or of Grant Allen, who was now beginning under a *nom de plume* to strike out a new line as a story-writer. When, as in these two cases, the risks of literary enterprise were faced on a slender basis of health, his interest was intensified. He would show the same kindly interest in his listener, questioning and trying to understand his aims, and often suggesting facts, such as striking instances of the precocity of genius, and apparent exceptions. But he could not long keep off the subjects of his own ardent study. In the first days of the *Tramps* we often discussed ethical points which he was just tackling in connection with his forthcoming volume, the *Science of Ethics*, a work in which he was to make excellent use of the new sociological conceptions of the Evolutionist.

In the second half of the seventies appeared the two important works, *Hours in a Library* and the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*. He was now steeped in the writers of that period, and he would entertain his fellow *Tramps* out of the abundance of his knowledge with many interesting facts and curious problems. He seemed even in these intervals of country repose to be ever near the time and the world which by close reading he had made his own. This preoccupation of mind with his literary researches, which made his talk delightfully instructive, grew more marked after the year 1882, when he gave up the editorship of the *Cornhill* for that of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the great undertaking on which his friend

and publisher, George Smith, was now embarking. The work of searching out every name which by any sort of notability could lay claim to admission in the volumes was in itself colossal, and in carrying this out he had to grapple with many an intricate and perplexing question. His accounts of these editorial investigations gave one a clear insight into the peculiar nature of his work, as also into the manner of working of his mind, the exercise of a sportive instinct for scenting out undiscovered facts, always watched and controlled by a trained logical faculty. Such labors had, of course, their moments of delay and seeming bafflement. What tried him more was the task of keeping his team of contributors up to time. As in the case of the *Tramps*, a habit of applying a high standard to his own performances may at the outset have led him to underestimate others' difficulties, especially the limitations of time which pressed on men who did not enjoy his own freedom from other than literary occupations. Then there was the problem of confining contributors to the limits of space prescribed, and, what was probably a still more knotty one, that of securing the necessary degree of uniformity in the treatment of subjects. The *Dictionary* undoubtedly weighed heavily at times on Stephen's shoulders, especially toward the end of the nine years of his management. He often spoke to me of the difficulties with just a shade of complaint in his tone. At the same time, another weighty undertaking, the *English Utilitarians*, was hanging fire, and Stephen often relieved his soul by pouring out his sense of weariness. Yet no one was at heart less of a growler than he. After talking of the difficulties, he would often wind up with a sigh, followed by some humorous observation. Among these I remember his once saying to me that as our initials fell late in the alphabetic order there would be no need of hurry in the case of notices of ourselves. For the rest, these talks always brought out his manly spirit, his courage in facing diffi-

culties, and his deep love of his work. He brought into it something of the spirit of the sportsman, liking nothing better than cutting his way through some knotty thicket of false tradition and misrepresentation, and tracking facts to their lair.

Manly himself, Stephen had a genuine admiration of the manly temper in others. He had quite a partiality for invalids of the uncomplaining sort. The gifted young Clifford, smitten with a fatal malady, had drawn out from him an affectionate half-fatherly care. Later on, Croom Robertson, the editor of *Mind*, was added to his visiting list, during a long and painful illness. He often talked to me of his visits to the latter, who showed his pluck when struck down by a cruel and relentless foe, not only by bearing his sufferings without complaint, but by holding on to his professorial and editorial duties with the tenacity of his Scotch race. Then I would hear of visits to James Payn, and how, when overtaken with bouts of acute pain, the novelist still persevered in writing entertainingly for his readers. Stephen was a man of unusually tender sympathy for real distress; but the sufferer had to show himself a man in order to receive the full overflow of his kind-heartedness. His estimate of courage was not precisely what one might have expected from so keen an admirer of athletics. As readers of his *Playground of Europe* will remember, he had a contempt for foolhardiness; and it is significant that in discussing in his book on ethics the virtue of courage, he raises the question whether courage is in itself always a virtue. And for him courage was much more than readiness to face physical evil and pain. Among other subjects talked over in these walks was the case of a man who had just been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for a particularly unsavory and irritating act of blasphemy. Stephen's fine sense of the dignity of things led him to recoil from the man in disgust; yet being convinced that the sentence was excessive and vindictive, he courageously threw himself into the work of getting signa-

tures to a petition praying for a mitigation of the penalty.

I always thought that his great respect for intellectual industry and thoroughness in work was deeply tinged with admiration for courage. To him the hasty and slovenly worker, the charlatan who made a pretense of seeking truth, was branded with the meanness of the poltroon; he was one who shrank from the irksomeness of strenuous work. It has been said that he was a shade too hard on the ignoramus; but it was only the ignorance which comes from dislike of exertion that incurred Stephen's contempt. His attitude toward the ignorance which results from intellectual incapacity was widely different from that of Swift, of whom he writes: "He scorns fools too heartily to treat them tenderly and do justice to the pathetic side of even human folly." Stephen's contempts were undoubtedly numerous and active, and they were wont to be vigorously expressed. R. L. Stevenson once remarked to me that a good way of getting at a man's character was to induce him to confess his pet aversion, to answer the question: "What sort of action would you most dislike to be accused of?" This test would certainly have been applicable to Stephen. All that was mean-spirited excited his contempt: he had something of Carlyle's fierce hatred of whatever had the ring of falsity; and his finely disciplined character recoiled from every exhibition of animalism in man. His account of the vice of gluttony, in the *Science of Ethics*, has a peculiar interest for those who remember the character of the man. Yet, though a man of strong antipathies, he was not what is called a good hater. At the season of life of which I am now speaking, which may be indurating, though in the case of the best it is mellowing, he was at the core a sociable and kindly man, who, while a fighter, dealing blows many and vigorous, never, I believe, excited animosity in the persons whose cause he attacked. To those who really knew him the idea of Stephen's having

an enemy would not have been entertaining.

So far as I could make out, Stephen's tastes were few and simple. His chief pleasures were books and the society of friends. His love of nature was genuine and deep, but during our walks he rarely dwelt on the beauties of scenery. He would stand and enjoy a fine view silently. I suspect that with his dislike of everything that smacked of sentimentalism he had a wholesome suspicion of gush in this domain; perhaps, too, he had been sickened of this sort of thing in his visits to the resorts of tourists in Switzerland. His book about the Alps serves among other purposes as a valuable corrective for what one may call the Baedeker standard of nature's beauty, the estimation of a view according to the number of mountain peaks and lakes comprehended in it; and there seems to be a touch of mischievous satisfaction in his warning to the aspiring seeker after mere extent of view, that from the summit of Mont Blanc the range of outlook dwindles to contemptible dimensions. As regards art, his love seems to have been largely absorbed by literature. He had, especially after his second marriage, many points of contact with the art circles of London. Yet one doubts whether he had developed his taste in this direction to a noteworthy degree. Toward music, as he once remarked to me, apropos of an article I had just sent him, he entertained a positive dislike, saying with a characteristic touch of playful exaggeration, no doubt, that it affected him much in the same way that it did his dog, in whom it gave occasion for a melancholy howl.

No reader of Stephen's books need be told that he possessed a rare quality of humor. His amusing remarks during these country walks illustrated the various qualities of laughter. Sometimes it was slightly acrid, reminding one of donnish and *Saturday Review* days; at other times it would take on something of Carlylean grimness, as in the remark about our chances of dying in time to get a place

in the *Dictionary*. But for the most part, in the agreeable surroundings of country and friends, it had a mellow, kindly tone, as when some of us would protest against the miseries of a ploughed field in the wet winter season, over which Stephen, looking like the figure of inexorable fate, insisted on leading us.

The fellowship of the Tramps had to come to an end like other fellowships, and the end affected us as a change in the old order of the world. Stephen's health made it necessary for him to keep to short, slow walks. It was pathetic to see, toward the close of the tramps, our valiant chief beginning to bring a special lunch with him, and, what was perhaps worse, a wrap. After the Tramp days Stephen liked now and again to take a quiet Sunday ramble with one of his friends. I enjoyed his companionship in this way through the years of his declining health, and noted how these years were bringing more patience and charity to help him to meet their burden. Those last walks together over the meadows gay with June brightness, to the secluded house of our friend at Box Hill are things not to be written about. By this time cruel family bereavements had come to make further trial of him, and his spirit had to make more strenuous efforts to come forth welcomingly to meet friendly accost. Yet even in these desolate days his humor did not fail him. The last time I saw him, a few months before his death, he talked of the plans of his family for passing the summer holiday in the country; and with a characteristic movement of the body and a gentle sigh, added: "*I shall sit still: I'm getting uncommonly good at sitting.*"

In dealing in this article with Stephen's character and life, I have followed his own method of approaching a man's writings. For him the works of Johnson, Sterne, Balzac, even the scientific treatises of Bentham, were the expression of an individual mind and character, and only to be fully understood through a knowledge of these. Stephen's writings were

of diverse texture, varying from the popularly written *Playground of Europe* and the studies of Johnson, Swift, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the rest, to the weightier and more scientific treatises, the *Science of Ethics*, the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, and the *English Utilitarians*. Notwithstanding this diversity of subject and of treatment, his writings had a real unity of purpose and of spirit. A deep humanity, an intense interest in character, shone through even the abstract form of exposition of the work on ethics; and, on the other hand, the critical appreciation of poet, novelist, or other man of pure letters, is essentially an appreciation of a mind and character at work. This mind and character he presents to us as conditioned by its surroundings, and here his studies in evolutionary sociology stood him in good stead.

With this he combines a dignified method of argument, an insistence on the necessity of starting from clear principles, — for example, in his complaint that Swift's "principles" were "prejudices in the highest degree," — in which we may trace more than one influence of his training. A further unity is given to this diversified work by reflections of those traits of temperament and character on which we have here been dwelling. One needs to know something of the writer's temperament in order fully to appreciate the flavor of parts of the *Science of Ethics*. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the tenderness and humor of the man accompany him throughout, tempering the edge of adverse criticism, and bringing now and then in a half disguised form a humane note into the severest of his scientific writings.

THE CLOSE OF THE VICTORIAN EPOCH

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE deaths of Herbert Spencer and Philip James Bailey, following on those of Lord Houghton, Thomas Hughes, and Aubrey de Vere, have taken away the last of the figures who peculiarly represented, for Americans at least, the Victorian literary epoch. The first two among these owed their earliest really enthusiastic readers to this country, while Hughes made himself half American, first by his sympathies, and then by his colonial experiments. Aubrey de Vere published poems in our magazines, and Lord Houghton opened his heart and home to all of us, — as he did, indeed, to all the outer world. Of these authors and some of their compeers, I propose to set down a few notes of remembrance.

The death of Herbert Spencer (1820-1903) seemed in a manner to shift men's

thoughts for a moment to an earlier generation, not so much because of his advanced years, as because he seemed to have made his definitive and crowning contribution to human thought more than thirty years ago, — perhaps in his *Principles of Psychology* in 1872, — and to have flung about his detached seeds of thought ever since, to take root widely, indeed, yet in an essentially fragmentary way. Spread far over men's minds, their scattered harvest has often concealed and even obstructed the local product, just as our Southern battlefields are now covered with blossoming peach trees, which have sprung from the peach stones that the Union soldiers threw away. Seeming in one point of view a triumph, this result, nevertheless, contrasts greatly with the impression produced by the recently published letters

of Darwin, where every letter suggests some inquiry still pending or the germ of some still unexplored harvest for the future. This helps us to understand why it is that Spencer's fame still remains the more insular of the two. Neither of them wrote, of course, with French terseness, or paid that penalty of shallowness to which French intellect is so often limited. Neither Darwin nor Spencer can be said to have imagination or humor; but the charm of an absolutely ingenuous nature is always felt in Darwin, whereas in Spencer, at his best, there is an atmosphere which, if not self-assertion, at least bears kindred to it. Even in the collection and combination of details, as made by these two, there is a difference. Darwin is methodical, connected, and above all things moderate and guarded; while Spencer's mind often seems a vast landing-net thrown out for the gathering of every fact which he desires to find, however scanty the harvest. He accounts the hearsay of a single traveler to be more than equivalent, if it tends in his own favorite direction, to the most elaborate tissue of evidence that inclines the other way.

Spencer had what Talleyrand once defined as "the weakness of omniscience," giving unflinchingly his opinions on banking, on dancing, or on astronomy; and, although he went through life constantly widening his allusions and interests, while Darwin modestly lamented the steady narrowing of his own, yet it is hard to see how any person brought in contact with both, either personally or through reading, can help finding in Darwin, not only the sweeter and humbler, but the richer and more lasting, nature of the two. Writing at once for trained students and for the liberal public, Spencer reached the latter easily, and the former with less marked success. His generalizations were often vague, and in a manner anticipatory; he relied on evidence yet to come in, and while he thus popularized in a manner irresistible, he did not so surely carry with him the profoundest minds. His criticisms of other

authors were often superficial and shallow, as in the case of Kant and Hamilton; and had not, in short, the profound and self-controlled patience of Darwin. This being true of Spencer even as a home-keeping student, it became especially visible in his one noticeable experience as a traveler, and those present at his farewell dinner in New York still recall vividly the amusing effect produced by his cautioning his hearers against baldness as an outcome of the eager American life, whereas those who sat with him at the banquet seemed like an assemblage of highly bewigged men compared with the notoriously baldheaded congregation of English barristers to be seen every Sunday at the Temple Church in London.

The recognized host of literary Americans in London, during the latter half of the last century, — after the death of Samuel Rogers in 1855, — was unquestionably the late Lord Houghton (1809–85) who, however, bore his original name of Milnes until 1863. Never was a phrase better employed in the mere title of a book than that given by his biographer, Sir Wemyss Reid, to the work entitled *Life, Letters and Friendships of R. M. Milnes*; for his friendships were as lasting as his life, and almost as numerous as his letters. Responding to all introductions with more than even the accustomed London promptness, Lord Houghton was often the first to call upon any well-accredited American of literary pursuits arriving in London, to follow him up with invitations, and, if necessary, to send him home at last with formal resolutions of regard, either moved or seconded by Lord Houghton. Better still, he was loyal to this nation itself in its day of anguish, when even Gladstone had failed it. Indeed, he wrote to me, when I sent him two volumes of memoirs of Harvard students who had died in the Union army, that they were men whom "Europe has learned to honor and would do well to imitate." Not striking in ap-

pearance, he was a man of more than English range of social culture; and he puts on record somewhere his difficulty in finding half-a-dozen men in London besides himself who could be invited to a dinner-party to meet Frenchmen who spoke no English. His *Life of Keats* still remains an admirable and a very difficult piece of work; and his sketch of Landor in *Monographs* certainly gives us the best delineation of that extraordinary man, unsurpassed even by that remarkable account of his later life in James's *William Wetmore Story and his Friends*. No one enjoyed more than Lord Houghton the Florentine legend that Landor had, one day, after an imperfect dinner, thrown the cook out of the window into his violet bed; and, while the man was writhing with a broken limb, ejaculated, "Good God, I forgot the violets!" Another remark attributed to Landor, who liked to dine alone, when he said that a spider at least was "a gentleman, for he ate his fly in secret," was by no means to be applied to the hospitable soul of Lord Houghton.

Lord Beaconsfield has described Lord Houghton, under the name of Mr. Vavasour, as one who liked to know everybody who was known, and to see everything which ought to be seen. "There was not," he says, "a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. . . . He was everywhere and at everything; he had gone down in a diving-bell and gone up in a balloon." Carlyle called him the "President of the Heaven-and-Hell-Amalgamation Company," and Matthew Arnold wrote of him to his mother, during the Chartist Riots of 1848, that Milnes refused to be sworn in as a special constable, in order that he might be free to assume the post of President of the Republic at a moment's notice. He had known more authors of all nations than any Englishman of his time, probably; yet his comments on them, especially in later time, sometimes suggested the reply of Samuel Rogers to some one who de-

scribed the members of a distinguished literary fraternity as being like brothers: "I have heard they were not getting on well together, but did not know that it was quite so bad as that." I remember, too, Lord Houghton's comment when I described a brief interview with Tennyson, how he frankly said of his Cambridge companion and lifelong friend, "Tennyson likes unmixed flattery." The same limitations affected all his criticism; and while vindicating Keats in his *Life*, Milnes could not help hinting that the Lake poets marred their "access to future fame" by "literary conceit," thus suggesting toward the poetry of others the same injustice which threatens his own. Yet the present writer, at least, who learned Milnes's poems by heart in youth, and found in *Sister Sorrow* and *Beneath an Indian Palm* something second only to Tennyson, must still retain love for the poet, as well as gratitude to the ever kindly host.

Next to Lord Houghton, perhaps, in cheery cordiality to Americans, was the late Aubrey de Vere (1814-1902), whose smallness of size and poetic face seem to substitute him in place of Tom Moore as the typical representative of the Irish poetic spirit. His name alone seemed to impair the genuineness of this Irish quality, but it was borne before him by his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., of Curragh Chase, County Limerick; the family name having been originally Hunt, but having been changed by royal license many years ago to the family name of the old earls of Oxford, a race with whom there was a remote connection. The name of the later poet of this family—for the father also had published poems—was well known in America, where he had at several times contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals; and also it was gratefully known for that sympathy in our national cause which he had freely expressed in two sonnets of high grade, the one called the *Principle*, and the other *Principle a Power, or Logic a History*.

He had already written, before the Civil War, two sonnets touching on the same theme and addressed to Professor Charles Eliot Norton; and throughout all these poems he had recognized the abolition of slavery as the great need of our nation. In yet later verse, he had become more and more thoroughly identified with the revival in Irish tradition, and, like most of his fellow bards, had sung of Queen Meave, of the sons of Usnach, and of the Children of Lir. Himself latterly a Catholic, he needed but little effort to speak for Ireland's heroic age, as he himself loved to call it.

Sir Leslie Stephen tells us that de Vere was one of the most delightful of men, and he speaks truly; but when he goes farther and informs us that he himself has never read a line of his charming friend's poetry, it is uncertain whether he is casting doubt upon this friend's intellectual claims or his own. Many of de Vere's minor verses have in them a touch amounting almost to genius; and perhaps no great national sorrow was ever more nobly preserved in song than was accomplished in the *Hymn in Time of Famine*, in Ireland. These verses appeared first in a magazine, anonymously, and were at once attributed to Tennyson, nor could Tennyson have surpassed them. They were of themselves sufficient, like Kipling's *Recessional*, to make a reputation; and that Sir Leslie never took the pains to read them shows that he could not safely have risked the reputation of his *Dictionary of National Biography* on his own unguided judgment. All else that is claimed by him for Aubrey de Vere was absolutely true, and we may add that this poet had all the charm of the Irish temperament, combined with a sweetness and gentleness not always identified with that heroic island, while all its pathos and sorrow were incarnated in him. Supposing England and Ireland to have become separate nations, it would have been by no fighting on his part, although he would have accepted the result; and many an English heart, warm beneath

its seeming coldness, would have looked from the windows of the Athenæum Club, vainly hoping for his return at the accustomed season. That famous club must indeed seem as essentially transformed by not meeting him in the reading-room as by discovering that Herbert Spencer is no longer knocking billiard balls about in the basement.

De Vere's published recollections, although somewhat too diffuse, especially in dealing with his "submission" to the Catholic Church,—an event which did not occur until he was nearly forty,—are yet full of delightful pictures of home life, with many touches of that racy Irish humor which was a part of his inheritance. In the narrative are intermingled some anecdotes of Wordsworth, who was his father's literary model; and he tells an amusing story connected with the ruins of Kilchurn Castle in Scotland, to which Wordsworth addressed an early and now forgotten poem. It seems that, while still a boy, de Vere was requested to read from Wordsworth, who was his mother's friends, and he began at this poem, reading in a solemn voice:—

"Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,"

on which one of the two ladies, who was, he says, certainly as thin as a skeleton, leaped up and said, "Well, I *am* the thinnest woman in Ireland, but I cannot approve of personal remarks." Another good story of his telling is that of a groom in Dublin Castle, who was required to attend a Protestant service at the opening of court, in which the chaplain prayed that all the lords of the council might always hang together "in accord and concord." At which poor Paddy forgot where he was, and exclaimed at his loudest, "Oh, then, if I could see them hanging together in *any* cord, 't is myself would be satisfied!"

Thomas Hughes (1823-96), too, is gone,—Tom Hughes would still seem the more accustomed name,—one of the many men who illustrate the somewhat painful truth that the heights of

philanthropy and self-devotion do not yield so sure a fame as a spark of genius, however wayward it may be. When he came to this country in 1870, he was justly received as the one man who, more than any other, had served as the main tie between Americans and Englishmen at the darkest hour of civil war. His single testimony in his parting address convinced America, for the first time, that the English antagonism which cut so deeply during the war was really the antagonism of a minority, and that the vast mass of Englishmen were on our side. More than any other witness, he convinced us, moreover, that war between America and England under any conceivable circumstances would be essentially a civil war, and that we never again should see such a war between English-speaking men. Perhaps no address made on this side the Atlantic during, or immediately after, our Civil War afforded such a triumph of international influence as that made by him at Music Hall in Boston on October 11, 1870, and printed in his *Vacation Rambles*. His immediate service to us in England during the war itself had certainly prepared the way for this, and doubtless his whole American prestige dated back to the period when his *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby* found its way to all boyish hearts. In 1880, it will be remembered, he was here for the inspection of certain colonies which he had founded for young Englishmen of the more educated class, at Rugby, Tennessee. Personally, I met him several times in England in a very pleasant way, but had seen him first in this country, when I exerted a doubtful influence over his personal comfort by guiding him to Spouting Rock in Newport just before an inhospitable wave came up "like a huge whale," as he says in his printed diary, deluging him completely, while sparing me. "The sight," he says, "was superb, and well worth the payment on an unstarched coat and waistcoat."

Philip James Bailey (1816-1902) not

only achieved the distinction of being rarely mentioned, save in connection with a single book of his authorship, but of being actually dismissed from life nearly fifty years before his real departure, by the highest historic authority, the *Konversations-Lexikon* of Brockhaus, where he who runs may read that Bailey died in 1858. *Festus* had, indeed, the strange experience of being largely written before its author was twenty years old,—of being compared on its first appearance to the works of Homer, of Virgil, and of Goethe,—of having passed through eleven or more editions in England and thirty or more in America, growing bulkier and heavier as it went on,—and of being at last practically forgotten, with its author. The book itself undoubtedly owed something of its success to the mood of the public mind at the time of its first appearance. It was printed in the transcendental period; it was long-winded, sometimes imitative, often feeble, and yet rising in single passages into strong lines and regal phrases, suggestive, at least, of Marlowe and of Keats. The young poet's very conception of literature is on its stateliest side:—

Homer is gone: and where is Jove, and where
The rival cities seven? His song outlives
Time, tower and god—all that then was, save
Heaven.

Some of his lines have had the highest compliment paid them by drifting into the vast sea of miscellaneous literature, and reappearing, from time to time, assigned to any one of a dozen different authors, as in case of that fine passage,—

Trifles like these make up the present time;
The Iliad and the Pyramids, the past.

It is testified by all who recall the period of the first appearance of *Festus* that the book distinctly tended to the training of ardent and even heroic souls; and if the author himself belonged to that class, he certainly could not have felt, at eighty-six, that he had lived in vain.

The death of Alexander J. Ellis (1814-90) took away one of those men of ready and versatile powers who seem more

American than English in temperament; and he was one who perhaps strengthened this impression by his faithful allegiance to our fellow countryman, Mr. Conway, whose Sunday services he attended in London. After distinguishing himself successively in the higher mathematics, the theory of music, horse-taming, and phonology, — having, indeed, been a fellow laborer with Sir Isaac Pitman in forming the phonetic alphabet, — he was when I knew him the president of the Philological Society, and one of the most agreeable of companions. While frankly critical of so-called Americanisms in conversation, — declaring, for instance, that he had rarely met an American who habitually pronounced the name of his own country correctly, inasmuch as they almost all said Ame'ica, — he was as yet by no means narrow or autocratic. When I asked him, for example, how he pronounced the word "either," — that is, *ether* or *ither*, — he laughed and said that it made no difference, but that he sometimes said it in the one way, sometimes in the other. Upon this his daughter, a lively maiden, broke in merrily and said, "Oh, but I think that such a useful word! It reveals a person's age by the way he pronounces it. Everybody in England under forty says 'e-ther,' and every one over forty says 'i-ther.' So surely as I hear a man say i-ther, I know he is above forty, no matter what he pretends." Then we talked of Americanisms, and Mrs. Ellis said that it had always seemed odd to her — since Americans were so cordial and sociable and the English were justly regarded as stiff — that it should, nevertheless, be Americans who addressed every newcomer as stranger, "or strahnger," she added, when English people would more naturally say "My friend." When I defended my fellow countrymen against the charge, and described the offending epithet as belonging to the newer and more unsettled parts of the land, she said with surprise that she had always been told that we addressed every new acquaintance with "Well, strahnger, I

guess." I got the advantage of her a little, however, when we came to talk of railway travel. She inquired if it was true, as she had been told, that American railway conductors often stopped the trains in order to drive stray cattle off the track. I did not feel called upon to tell her that I had seen this done in my childhood, when the first railways were built, within a dozen miles of Boston, but I explained that it might still be done, sometimes, in the great farming and grazing regions of the country, were it not that we had a contrivance in the shape of a frame built out in front of the locomotive to guard against that danger. This valuable invention, I told her, was known as a "cow-catcher." She listened with deep interest, and then asked with some solicitude, "But is it not rather dangerous for the boy?" and I asked in some bewilderment, "What boy?" "Why," she answered, "the boy of whom you spoke, the cow-catcher!"

The death of Doctor Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford (1817-93), — whom it was the proper etiquette to address as "Master," — recalls associations dear to American students because of his marvelous translation of Plato, with others, only less admirable, of Aristotle's *Politics*, and of Thucydides. To me, personally, it also brings back the happy Commemoration Day at Oxford in 1878, when I sat at his dinner-table with the present Duke of Devonshire, Sir James Stephen, and others, and heard that singular mixture of sermonizing and sharp retort which is so well preserved in the brilliant pages of Mallock's *New Republic*. He appears there, it may be remembered, as "Dr. Jenkinson," and preaches an imaginary sermon which, it is said, annoyed the subject of the parody very much. Many are the stories yet told at Oxford of his abrupt and formidable wit. On one occasion, at one of his own dinner-parties, when the ladies had retired and a guest began at once upon that vein of indecent talk which is, perhaps, less in-

frequent among educated men in England than in America, or is at least more easily tolerated there, Doctor Jowett is said to have looked sharply toward the offender, and to have said with a decisive politeness, "Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-room?" He then rose from his chair, the guests all, of course, following, by which measure the offender was, so to speak, annihilated without discourtesy. They tell also, at Balliol, of a dinner at Doctor Jowett's table, when the talk ran upon the comparative gifts of two Balliol men who had been made respectively a judge and a bishop. Professor Henry Smith, famous in his day for his brilliancy, pronounced the bishop to be the greater man of the two for this reason: "A judge, at the most, can only say 'You be hanged,' whereas a bishop can say 'You be damned.'" "Yes," said Doctor Jowett, "but if the judge says 'You be hanged,' you *are* hanged."

London seemed to me permanently impoverished, when I went there last, by the death of one of its most accomplished and most delightful women, Lady Pollock, mother of the present Sir Frederick Pollock, who has lately visited us in America, and also of Walter Herries Pollock, former editor of the *Saturday Review*. With the latter, she published *A Cast of the Dice* under the pen name of "Julian Waters" in 1872, and *Little People and Other Tales* in 1874; and ten years later she published from her own pen *Macready as I knew Him*. This is perhaps the most admirable sketch ever written of a great actor, and suggests more of ripe thought and observation about the dramatic profession than any book I have ever read. Of the stage itself she was an expert critic, being as much at home in Paris as in London, and being sometimes expressly summoned across the Channel by members of the Théâtre Français to see the preliminary rehearsal of some new play. Her husband, the second Sir Frederick, — the present baronet

being the third, — was a most agreeable man, of tall and distinguished appearance and varied cultivation. It was at his house that I first had the pleasure of meeting two attractive guests, Mr. Venable, then well known as a writer for his annual summary of events in the London *Times*, and Mr. Newton of the British Museum. The former read aloud, I remember, some of the brilliant *Leading Cases* of the present Sir Frederick Pollock, a book of satirical imitations of leading poets; and I have always associated Mr. Newton with a remark which any person largely conversant with great libraries can understand, when he said that on Sundays, when he went into the British Museum and wandered about among the empty halls, he found himself absolutely hating books.

There still remain to be mentioned two men, the one Scotch, and the other what may be called English-American, whom I met at a London dinner-table under rather odd circumstances, nearly thirty years ago. It was at the house of an eminent American journalist then residing in London, an old acquaintance, who had done me the kindness to invite a few friends to meet me at dinner. This being the case, I was placed at table, according to custom, on the right of the hostess, and saw on her left a very tall, strongly built man of intelligent and good-natured look, but with an overpowering voice, soon bearing down on all others with hearty vehemence and jocund anecdote. He seemed like one who might consort with a hundred wandering gypsies, and lord it over them all. On my side of the table sat, with one lady between us, a man much younger and widely different in appearance, having the look of a small and rather insignificant Jewish salesman. He was, as my hostess explained to me, a young Scotch journalist who had won quite a reputation by a novel called *A Daughter of Heth*. His name, then wholly new to me, was William Black (1841-98), while the other and more stalwart

neighbor was Charles Godfrey Leland (1824-1903), of whom I knew something by his earlier writings. As for Black, I had heard of his book, but had not read it, and I remember that, after the ladies had withdrawn, I moved my chair so as to come nearer to him, and made some attempt at starting a conversation, which altogether failed, as his attention still clung, not unnaturally but exclusively, to Leland, who went on telling uproarious stories. Abandoning my effort at last, I turned to some one else, and after a while we returned to the drawing-room. It was getting late, and I had promised to take home in my carriage a daughter of Horace Greeley, also a guest; and while talking with our host about this plan, Mr. Black rather surprised me by coming up and proposing quite eagerly that our host and myself should go with him to his club and finish the evening. This the former declined, because he could not leave his guests, and I, because of my escort duty toward the young lady. I was a little amazed at this rather tardy attention on Mr. Black's part, after my previous ill success in winning his ear; but it was soon necessary to take leave, with my young companion, who, as soon as the carriage door was shut, burst into a merry laugh and said, "I have had such an odd

time with that Mr. Black." It seems that he had sat down beside her on our return to the drawing-room, and had remarked to her that she, being an American, was probably acquainted with all the persons present. She replied that, on the contrary, she knew very few of them. "Then I can tell you," he said, "who some of them are. That," he said, "is an American author whom we are invited here to meet," and he pointed to Mr. Leland. "No, it is not," she said. "You are entirely mistaken. I know the gentleman of whom you speak very well, and that is an entirely different man, Mr. Leland." The key was now given to the young author's sudden cordiality toward a stranger. But what surprised me was that he should have looked on the left side of the lady of the house, not on the right, to find the guest for whom the dinner was given. It appears from his recent memoirs, however, that although Black had then spent half-a-dozen years in London, he had had at first but little experience in its social life, and may have needed elementary instructions in its ways almost as much as I myself did, although I was doubtless visiting the Old World, as my friend Madame Th. Bentzon has suggested, somewhat in the inexperienced capacity of Voltaire's Huron Indian.

THOREAU'S JOURNAL III

1850

A FAMILY in which there was singing in the morning. To hear a neighbor singing! All other speech sounds thereafter like profanity. A man cannot sing falsehood or cowardice; he must sing truth and heroism to attune his voice to some instrument. It would be noblest to sing with the wind. I have seen a man making himself a viol, patiently and fondly paring the thin wood and shaping it, and when I considered the end of the work he was ennobled in my eyes. He was building himself a ship in which to sail to new worlds. I am much indebted to my neighbor who will now and then in the intervals of his work draw forth a few strains from his accordion. Though he is but a learner, I find, when his strains cease, that I have been elevated.

I have an uncle who once, just as he stepped on to the dock at New York from a steamboat, saw some strange birds in the water and called to [a] Gothamite to know what they were. Just then his hat blew off into the dock, and the man answered by saying, "Mister, your hat is off;" whereupon my uncle, straightening himself up, asked again with vehemence, "Blast you, sir, I want to know what those birds are." By the time that he had got this information, a sailor had recovered his hat.

November 9.

It is a pleasant surprise to walk over a hill where an old wood has recently been cut off, and on looking round to see, instead of dense ranks of trees almost impermeable to light, distant well-known blue mountains in the horizon, and perchance a white village over an expanded open country. I now take this in preference to all my old familiar walks. So a new prospect and walks can be created

where we least expected it. The old men have seen other prospects from these hills than we do. There was the old Kettell place, now Watt's, which I surveyed for him last winter and lotted off, where twenty-five years ago I played horse in the paths of a thick wood and roasted apples and potatoes in an old pigeon-place¹ and gathered fruit at the pie-apple tree. A week or two after I surveyed it, it now being rotten and going to waste, I walked there and was surprised to find the place and prospect which I have described.

It is pleasant to observe any growth in a wood. There is the pitch pine field northeast of Beck Stow's swamp, where some years ago I went a-blackberrying, and observed that the pitch pines were beginning to come in, and I have frequently noticed since how fairly they grew, dotting the plain as evenly as if dispersed by art. To-day I was aware that I walked in a pitch pine wood, which ere-long, perchance, I may survey and lot off for a wood auction and see the choppers at their work. There is also the old pigeon-place field by the Deep Cut. I remember it as an open grassy field. It is now one of our most pleasant woodland paths. In the former place, near the edge of the old wood, the young pines line each side of the path like a palisade, they grow so densely. It never rains but it pours, and so I think when I see a young grove of pitch pines crowding each other to death in this wide world. These are destined for the locomotive's maw. These branches which it has taken so many years to mature are regarded even by the woodman as "trash."

November 11.

I am attracted by a fence made of white pine roots. There is, or rather was, one

¹ A place where wild pigeons were netted.

(for it has been tipped into the gutter this year) on the road to Hubbard's Bridge which I can remember for more than twenty years. It is almost as indestructible as a wall, and certainly requires fewer repairs. It is light, white, and dry withal, and its fantastic forms are agreeable to my eye. One would not have believed that any trees had such snarled and gnarled roots. In some instances you have a coarse network of roots as they interlaced on the surface, perhaps, of a swamp, which, set on its edge, really looks like a fence, with its paling crossing at various angles and root repeatedly growing into root, — a rare phenomenon above ground, — so as to leave open spaces, square and diamond-shaped and triangular, quite like a length of fence. It is remarkable how white and clean these roots are, and that no lichens or very few grow on them, so free from decay are they. The different branches of the roots continually grow into one another, so as to make grotesque figures, sometimes rude harps whose resonant strings of roots give a sort of musical sound when struck, such as the earth spirit might play on. Sometimes the roots are of a delicate wine-color here and there, an evening tint. No line of fence could be too long for me to study each individual stump. Rocks would have been covered with lichens by this time. Perhaps they are grown into one another that they may stand more firmly.

November 16.

I love my friends very much, but I find that it is of no use to go to see them. I hate them commonly when I am near them. They belie themselves and deny me continually.

I was pleased to-day to hear a great noise and trampling in the woods produced by some cows which came running toward their homes, which apparently had been scared by something unusual, as their ancestors might have been by

wolves. I have known sheep to be scared in the same [way] and a whole flock to run bleating to me for protection.

What shall we do with a man who is afraid of the woods, — their solitude and darkness? What salvation is there for him? God is silent and mysterious.

November 20.

It is a common saying among country people that if you eat much fried hasty pudding it will make your hair curl. My experience, which was considerable, did not confirm this assertion.

Horace Hosmer was picking out to-day half a bushel or more of a different and better kind of cranberry, as he thought, separating them from the rest. They are very dark red, shaded with lighter; harder and more oblong, somewhat like the fruit of the sweetbriar or a Canada red plum, though I have no common cranberry to compare with them. He says that they grow apart from the others. I must see him about it. It may prove to be one more of those instances in which the farmer detects a new species and makes use of the knowledge from year to year in his profession, while the botanist expressly devoted to such investigation has failed to observe it.

The farmer, in picking over many bushels of cranberries year after year, finds at length, or has forced upon his observation a new species of that berry, and avails himself thereafter of his discovery for many years before the naturalist is aware of the fact.

December 16.

I am struck with the difference between my feet and my hands. My feet are much nearer to foreign or inanimate matter or nature than my hands; they are more brute, they are more like the earth they tread on, they are more clod-like and lumpish, and I scarcely animate them.

1851

January 4.

The longest silence is the most pertinent question most pertinently put. Emphatically silent. The most important questions, whose answers concern us more than any, are never put in any other way.

It is difficult for two strangers mutually well disposed so truly to bear themselves toward each other that a feeling of falseness and hollowness shall not soon spring up between them. The least anxiety to behave truly vitiates the relation. I think of those to whom I am at the moment truly related, with a joy never expressed and never to be expressed, before I fall asleep at night, though I am hardly on speaking terms with them these years. When I think of it, I am truly related to them.

It is an important difference between two characters that the one is satisfied with a happy but level success, but the other as constantly elevates his aim. Though my life is low, if my spirit looks upward habitually at an elevated angle, it is as it were redeemed. When the desire to be better than we are is really sincere, we are instantly elevated, and so far better already.

I lose my friends, of course, as much by my own ill treatment and ill valuing of them, prophaning of them, cheapening of them, as by their cheapening of themselves, till at last, when I am prepared to [do] them justice, I am permitted to deal only with memories of themselves, their ideals still surviving in me, no longer with their actual selves.

It is something to know when you are addressed by divinity and not by a common traveller. I went down cellar just now to get an armful of wood, and, passing the brick piers with my wood and candle, I heard, methought, a commonplace suggestion, but when, as it were by accident, I reverently attended to the hint, I found that it was the voice of a god who had followed me down cellar to

speak to me. How many communications may we not lose through inattention.

It is remarkable how few passages, comparatively speaking, there are in the best literature of the day which betray any intimacy with nature.

February 13.

As for antiquities, one of our old deserted country roads, marked only by the parallel fences and cellar-hole with its bricks where the last inhabitant died, the victim of intemperance, fifty years ago, with its bare and exhausted fields stretching around, suggests to me an antiquity greater and more remote from the America of the newspapers than the tombs of Etruria. I insert the rise and fall of Rome in the interval. This is the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

Tuesday, February 18.

If it were not that I desire to do something here, — accomplish some work, — I should certainly prefer to suffer and die rather than be at the pains to get a living by the modes men propose.

I wish my neighbors were wilder.

April 22.

It is not the invitation which I hear, but which I feel, that I obey.

May 10.

Heard the snipe over the meadows this evening.

Wednesday, May 21.

I think that we are not commonly aware that man is our contemporary, — that in this strange, outlandish world, so barren, so prosaic, fit not to live in but merely to pass through, that even here so divine a creature as man does actually live. Man, the crowning fact, the god we know. While the earth supports so rare an inhabitant, there is somewhat to cheer us. Who shall say that there is no God,

if there is a *just* man. It is only within a year that it has occurred to me that there is such a being actually existing on the globe. Now that I perceive that it is so, many questions assume a new aspect. We have not only the idea and vision of the divine ourselves, but we have brothers, it seems, who have this idea also. Methinks my neighbor is better than I, and his thought is better than mine. There is a representative of the divinity on earth, of [whom] all things fair and noble are to be expected. We have the material of heaven here. I think that the standing miracle to man is man. Behind the paling yonder, come rain or shine, hope or doubt, there dwells a man, an actual being who can sympathize with our sublimest thoughts.

The revelations of nature are infinitely glorious and cheering, hinting to us of a remote future, of possibilities untold; but startlingly near to us some day we find a fellow man.

The frog had eyed the heavens from his marsh, until his mind was filled with visions, and he saw more than belongs to this fenny earth. He mistrusted that he was become a dreamer and visionary. Leaping across the swamp to his fellow, what was his joy and consolation to find that he too had seen the same sights in the heavens, he too had dreamed the same dreams!

From nature we turn astonished to this *near* but supernatural fact.

Friday, May 23.

Distantly related things are strangely near in *fact*, brush one another with their jackets. Perchance this window-seat in which we sit discoursing Transcendentalism, with only Germany and Greece stretching behind our minds, was made so deep because this was a few years ago a garrison-house, with thick log walls, bullet-proof, behind which men sat to escape the wild red man's bullet and the arrow and the tomahawk, and bullets fired by Indians are now buried in its

walls. Pythagoras seems near compared with them.

Saturday, May 24.

Our most glorious experiences are a kind of regret. Our regret is so sublime that we may mistake it for triumph. It is the painful, plaintively sad surprise of our Genius remembering our past lives and contemplating what is possible. It is remarkable that men commonly never refer to, never hint at, any crowning experiences when the common laws of their being were unsettled and the divine and eternal laws prevailed in them. Their lives are not revolutionary; they never recognize any other than the local and temporal authorities. It is a regret so divine and inspiring, so genuine, based on so true and distinct a contrast, that it surpasses our proudest boasts and the fairest expectations.

My most sacred and memorable life is commonly on awaking in the morning. I frequently awake with an atmosphere about me as if my unremembered dreams had been divine, as if my spirit had journeyed to its native place, and, in the act of reëntering its native body, had diffused an elysian fragrance around.

The Genius says, "Ah! That is what you were! That is what you may yet be!" It is glorious for us to be able to regret even such an existence.

A sane and growing man revolutionizes every day. What institutions of man can survive a morning experience? A single night's sleep, if we have indeed slumbered and forgotten anything and grown in our sleep, puts them behind us like the river Lethe. It is no unusual thing for him to see the kingdoms of this world pass away.

I am struck by the fact that, though any important individual experience is rare, though it is so rare that the individual is conscious of a relation to his maker transcending time and space and earth, though any knowledge of, or communication from, "Providence" is the rarest

thing in the world, yet men very easily, regarding themselves in the gross, speak of carrying out the designs of Providence as nations. How often the Saxon man talks of carrying out the designs of Providence, as if he had some knowledge of Providence and his designs. Men allow themselves to associate Providence and designs of Providence with their dull prosaic every-day thoughts of things. That language is usurped by the stalest and deadest prose which can only report the most choice poetic experience. This "Providence" is the stalest jest in the universe. The office-boy sweeps out his office "by the leave of Providence."

May 25.

A fine, freshening air, a little hazy, that bathes and washes everything, saving the day from extreme heat. Walked to the hills south of Wayland by the road by Deacon Farrar's. First vista just beyond Merron's (?) looking west down a valley, with a verdant-columned elm at the extremity of the vale and the blue hills and horizon beyond. These are the resting-places in a walk. We love to see any part of the earth tinged with blue, cerulean, the color of the sky, the celestial color. I wonder that houses are not oftener located mainly that they may command particular rare prospects, every convenience yielding to this. The farmer would never suspect what it was you were buying, and such sites would be the cheapest of any. A site where you might avail yourself of the art of nature for three thousand years, which could never be materially changed or taken from you, a noble inheritance for your children. The true sites for human dwellings are unimproved. They command no price in the market. Men will pay something to look into a travelling-showman's box, but not to look upon the fairest prospects on the earth. A vista where you have the near green horizon contrasted with the distant blue one, terrestrial with celestial earth. The prospect of a vast horizon

must be accessible in our neighborhood. Where men of enlarged views may be educated. An unchangeable kind of wealth, a *real estate*.

Now, at 8.30 o'clock P. M., I hear the dreaming of the frogs.¹ So it seems to me and so significantly passes my life away. It is like the dreaming of frogs in a summer evening.

May 27.

I saw an organ-grinder this morning before a rich man's house, thrilling the street with harmony, loosening the very paving-stones and tearing the routine of life to rags and tatters, when the lady of the house shoved up a window and in a semi-philanthropic tone inquired if he wanted anything to eat. But he, very properly, it seemed to me, kept on grinding and paid no attention to her question, feeding her ears with melody unasked for. So the world shoves up its window and interrogates the poet and sets him to gauging ale casks in return. It seemed to me that the music suggested that the recompense should be as fine as the gift. It would be much nobler to enjoy the music though you paid no money for it than to presume always a beggarly relation. It is, after all, perhaps the best instrumental music that we have.

June 7.

It is a certain faeryland where we live. You may walk out in any direction over the earth's surface, lifting your horizon, and everywhere your path, climbing the convexity of the globe, leads you between heaven and earth, not away from the light of the sun and stars and the habitations of men. I wonder that I ever get five miles on my way, the walk is so crowded with events and phenomena. How many questions there are which I have not put to the inhabitants!

¹ Thoreau afterwards learned that this was the summer note of the common toad, a sound which is harsh and discordant to most ears.

June 29.

I am interested to observe how old-country methods of farming resources are introduced among us. The Irish laborer, for instance, seeing that his employer is contemplating some agricultural enterprise, as ditching or fencing, suggests some old-country mode with [which] he has been familiar from a boy, which is often found to be cheaper as well as more ornamental than the common; and Patrick is allowed to accomplish the object his own way, and for once exhibits some skill and has not to be shown, but, working with a will as well as with pride, does better than ever in the old country. Even the Irishman exhibits what might be mistaken for a Yankee knack, exercising a merely inbred skill derived from the long teachings and practice of his ancestors.

I saw an Irishman building a bank of sod where his employer had contemplated building a bank wall, piling up very neatly and solidly with his spade and a line the sods taken from the rear, and coping the face at a very small angle from the perpendicular, intermingling the sods with bushes as they came to hand, which would grow and strengthen the whole. It was much more agreeable to the eye as well as less expensive, than stone would have been, and he thought that it would be equally effective as a fence and no less durable. But it is true only experience will show when the same practice may be followed in this climate and in Ireland, — whether our atmosphere is not too dry to admit of it. At any rate it was wise in the farmer thus to avail himself of any peculiar experience which his hired laborer possessed. That was what he *should* buy.

(*To be continued.*)

LYRICS OF EVENING

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

I

THE SWEETEST MUSIC

Not in the light is sweetest music made;
But when the evening shadows, tardy, staid,
Sleep-flowers are bringing,
And the loves are sitting round,
Their eyes upon the ground,
And the dreams are singing.

II

TO THE EVENING STAR

A SOUND as of the falling leaves
While yet the summer dies,
When the tired wind no longer grieves,
And only the silence sighs;

Lyrics of Evening

A grace as of the mist that clings
 In tops of faded trees,
 Or where the gray-beard thistle swings
 In pastures of the bees;

A scent as of the wilding rose
 Fond Summer's heart must keep,
 In dreamland of the under-snows
 Sweetening all her sleep;

A fair face out of memory
 And love's long brooding made,
 Too fair for rude reality,
 Too real for a shade; —

Are these thy gift, lone Winter-star,
 Hung 'twixt the night and day?
 They come with thee, and from afar;
 Chance up thy golden way.

III

MEMORY

Soft follower of the early star,
 Once more I feel you drawing near.
 Come! for my evening is not come
 Till you are here.

You make it — as yourself is made —
 Of loveliest, sweet, untroubled things,
 Fled with love's day. I feel love's night
 Fall from your wings.

IV

EVENING RAIN

Twilight down the west
 Wanders once again;
 With a gentler guest,
 Singing in her train.

Harkens every breast,
 Every heart and brain:
Peace, oh, peace is best!
 Runs the sweet refrain.

So the world is blest,
Joy is not, nor pain;
Love itself learns rest
Of the summer rain.

LOVE AND HOPE AND MEMORY

THREE sisters by the Sacred Spring
Sit, soft-eyed, and sing;
When the sunset colors die,
And the moon comes up the sky,
'Tis to that melody
Under the Sacred Tree.
It follows the stars along,
And they, too, shine to the song,
The evensong, of the sisters three,
Love and Hope and Memory.

VI

“NOW WINTER NIGHTS ENLARGE”

THE moon is up, the stars are out,
The wind is in the naked tree;
And up and down and all about
Pipes the winter minstrelsy.

Weird shapes whisk here and there,
Betwixt the boles and bushes brown;
They skim along the ledges bare,
They dance the jaggy gulches down.

The moon is up, the stars are out,
Pipes on the winter minstrelsy;
They wave at us, the ghostly rout,
Beck my merry mates and me.

Aha, and had they heart's desire;
The phantom rabble—if they knew
The fling and crackle of the fire
The sibilation of the brew!

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S RESPONSIBILITY

BY JANE SEYMOUR KLINK

[This is the third paper in the *Atlantic's* series dealing with problems of domestic service. The previous papers were the *Intelligence Office*, by Frances A. Kellor, in October, 1904, and *Put Yourself in Her Place*, by Miss Klink, in February, 1905. — THE EDITORS.]

THE average domestic employee in American homes to-day is, I think, the most discontented wage-earner in the world. She may be said to be a product of the times and general labor conditions on the one hand, and of inefficient, inconsiderate, and indifferent employers on the other.

She is a product of the times to this extent. The semi-feudal relation that may be said to have existed between mistress and maid is becoming, happily, a thing of the past, and the prevalence of the democratic spirit has made the domestic employee realize that she has an individuality, quite as much as her employer. This causes a feeling of independence on her part, a readiness to assert her opinion, a disposition to resent rebuke, and an impatience of direction when it conflicts with her own ideas.

I do not share the opinion which a gentleman expressed to me recently, that "one of the best assets of a domestic employee is an exaggerated humility, a pronounced subservience," but I do realize that this spirit of independence is often carried too far. It should have a solid groundwork of capability and efficiency, in order to flourish properly.

The domestic employee is a product of general labor conditions, in so far as she is willing to grasp the advantages which may accrue from short hours, high wages, and improved standards of life; but she has not yet understood the business principles upon which these demands should be based. The operation of these principles in domestic service is one of the main reasons why this question is rightly regarded as part of the whole labor problem.

In other departments of labor workmen of certain grades are engaged to do certain things, and paid accordingly. If a man engages a stenographer, he does not expect her to carry in coal; if an intelligence-office keeper has an assistant manager, she does not require her to build the fires and sweep the halls. Yet only yesterday I overheard a lady engaging a maid to serve as cook and laundress. She engaged her as a general houseworker, on the plea that when the girl got there and found the place was easier than general housework, she would stay. I wondered if, later on, when the cooking did not suit, the employer would remember that she had not engaged a cook.

In another place a girl was hired as nurse, and then was set to work cleaning the house from top to bottom, on the plea that the baby was good, and she might as well be busy. Why? Because a nurse receives smaller wages than a charwoman. I might multiply instances. I believe firmly in doing the thing that lies next to one, and doing it well; but I do not believe in hiring a domestic employee in one capacity, and then complaining because she is not proficient in a dozen others.

There are standards of excellence in professions, or proficiency in crafts, to which those practicing them must attain; their ability to do required work is thus tested, and as far as possible it is known to what extent and for what duties the worker is qualified. Are there any general recognized standards in domestic service? If so, where are they?

In 1895, the Committee of Economics

of the Philadelphia Civic Club published a set of requirements for a cook, a waitress, a laundress, and a chambermaid, and sent it to the members of the club with the request that the ladies should endeavor to put them in practice, if possible. The standards were fair, the requirements sensible, the wages adequate. Some years after, I wrote to the president of the club, asking how the scheme had worked out. She replied that "only ten per cent of the club members replied to the circular or took any interest in it."

That is one trouble. Each one is a law unto herself; not only each maid, but each mistress, for it works both ways. I was sitting in an intelligence office when I heard a girl ask for a position as chambermaid. There was none to be had, but the office keeper offered her a position as waitress. "I guess I can take it, it's easy picked up," said the girl. Anything that is "easy picked up" is counted as of little value, and no worker will be respected, or respectful, unless she respects her work. She may "pick it up" sufficiently to suit Mrs. A, but Mrs. B, Mrs. C, and Mrs. D may require more, while Mrs. X may require less. An "experienced salesman" means an experienced salesman, judged by known commercial standards, but "an experienced waitress" may or may not be such. A first-rate compositor understands the correct use of capitals, spelling, and punctuation, but a "first-rate cook" may be only second, third, or even fourth rate. I learned this truth through bitter experience.

In starting upon my investigations I began in the capacity of general houseworker, and received the following recommendations:—

"Jane — having been in my employ for a few weeks, and having proven herself capable, obliging, and considerate, I am pleased to recommend her as a good cook, and faithful in all things."

"I take pleasure in recommending Jane — as a good housekeeper, economical, careful, tidy, and ever ready and willing to do her best, which is good."

I was pleased with these testimonials, for I had begged the writers not to say anything but what they felt to be the truth. Consequently, on going to another city, I acted on the advice of my fellow employees, and applied for work as "a good plain cook." I was not, as may be seen, exactly a greenhorn; nevertheless, I came to grief through this lack of standards. Just because I was "capable," I might see things more readily, might make my head serve my hands, might the sooner become efficient; but I was not capable enough. I needed more of a foundation. One lady said to me, "You are above the average, and will make a very good servant, but you have much to learn."

However, backed by my references, I took a place as cook, with the understanding that I was to be given a two weeks' trial, and if at the end of that time I was not satisfactory to my employer, nor she to me, we would part amicably. We parted amicably, at the expiration of ten days, simply because our standards of "good plain cooking" differed widely.

It may be interesting to know in what I failed. I have taken three consecutive menus, from Saturday evening till Sunday afternoon, to serve as an illustration.

Dinner.

Clear soup, with squares à la Berlin.
Stuffed roast chickens with giblet gravy.
Sweet potatoes, Southern style.
Spaghetti and tomatoes.
Green peas.
Apple pie, cream, and coffee.

Everything was "good," yes, "satisfactory," but the apple pie. The crust was only "fair," and adhered more to the pan than was consistent with Miss Farmer's principle that "it is a poor crust that cannot grease its own pan."

Breakfast.

Boston brown bread.
Boston baked beans.
Codfish balls and pork.
Toast. Hot rolls. Coffee.

I do not like to think of that breakfast.
In the end it really consisted of —

Brown bread.
Codfish balls and pork.
Hot rolls and coffee.

I burned the beans, and the toast was unsatisfactory.

Dinner.

Tomato bisque soup and croutons.
Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.
Mashed potatoes. String beans.
Waldorf salad. Salted nuts.
Vanilla ice cream, with chocolate sauce.
Layer cake, and black coffee.

The next morning the following dialogue took place. I give it verbatim.

"What do you think about staying with me, Jane?"

Jane hedged. "What do you think about it, Mrs. —?"

"Well, I think your cooking lacks daintiness. Your toast yesterday morning was three quarters of an inch thick; none of us could eat it."

"I was sorry about that toast, Mrs. —. I forgot it, and I was in a hurry, and cut it too thick. I would have served more, but I had no more stale bread."

"Then your rolls I did not like. They were light and delicious, but they were so big they looked as if they had been made for the kitchen."

I said nothing.

"Then your fishballs. I could n't wish to have them taste better, but they were too round."

I thought ruefully what a time I had had moulding those selfsame balls, and murmured that I was "sorry not to have pleased" her.

"But your ice cream was delicious; the sauce was good, too," she added, seeing my crestfallen look.

Now I began to question. "Were the soups all right?"

"Very nice; you make good soups."

"Were the meats cooked to please you?"

"Yes, you certainly cook meats well, and the Yorkshire pudding was good, but your cooking lacks the daintiness I wish."

"Were the nuts all right?" I asked.

"Yes, they could not have been nicer."

"Did you like the salad?"

"Very much; but this week I have had very plain cooking. I shall have a great deal more than this, however. Do you feel inclined to stay?"

"Frankly speaking, Mrs. —, I do not care to stay, for I never pretended to be anything but a good plain cook."

"Yes, but I do not think you are quite that. Then you do not care to stay?"

"I think you would be better satisfied with some one else."

"Well, I will see, then, about getting another girl. Why do you not take chamberwork? That does not require so much head."

What was the trouble? Not enough "head"? No, I think it was difference of standards. She had hers, I had mine. I was mortified at having failed, she was discouraged because I had not come up to her expectations. It means a good deal more to be a plain cook nowadays than it used to; cooking is no exception to the rule that life has grown more complex. Look at the repertoire of the potato today. It used to be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. Boiled, baked, mashed, steamed, fried, and warmed over. Now there are potatoes creamed, hashed, scalloped, croquetted, or au gratin. Potatoes from à l'Anglaise to à la Zulu. They are served in balls or in boats, in Saratoga or Kentucky style, and a good plain cook must have these various ways at her fingers' ends.

There is the old-fashioned hash. Would it recognize itself in all the fricandeaux, fricandelles, croquettes, boudins, and timbales, of which it is the legitimate parent? Sauces there are "too numerous to mention." Yorkshire pudding still holds its own; but what a progeny of "soufflés," from potato to prune, has sprung up around it. Washington Irving's "family of cakes" now embraces all the connections between angel and devil. Nevertheless, there is nothing but varying individual standards to determine the reper-

toire of a good plain cook. It is the same in any other branch of domestic service. It is dismal work for the housekeeper, trying one girl after another to find that difference of standards renders recommendations as to ability almost valueless.

Another principle which obtains in business is simply the matter of keeping one's word. An article is bought and ordered sent home; you expect it to be there. You may engage a maid, and there is no certainty whether she will keep her engagement or not. At first I could not understand why, when I took a place, the employer would say, "Now you will surely come, you won't disappoint me;" or, "Be sure and do not fail me."

One day I asked, "Why do you act as if I would not come? I'll keep my word." And the reply was, "I have had so many disappointments." I lived to learn that the merest whim on the part of either employer or employee is sufficient to cause both one and the other to "change her mind."

This is not right. If a maid promises to go to an employer, and disappoints her without good and sufficient reason, the office from which she was engaged should strike her name from its books. And when an employee is engaged, after spending time, trouble, and expense to obtain a place, only to be told that the lady has "changed her mind," it would seem to be the wisest thing for the keeper of that intelligence office to request the discontinuance of such patronage.

There are many offices which either demand no fee from the girls, or can be cajoled out of asking one by a plea of poverty. Something for nothing is neither right nor businesslike. It tends to make maids careless, and the value of the place is not appreciated. The municipal employment bureaus give good service free of charge, and if girls have no money, they are the best places at which to apply for work. It would be more businesslike, and I believe altogether more satisfactory, if upon engaging help a written contract

for one week were signed by employer and employee, stating clearly under what conditions either might be released from its terms. The Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston uses such a contract with marked success. The employee is engaged to come at a certain hour, to a certain place, to perform certain duties, for a certain period of time. At the end of that period, she may or may not be permanently engaged. If such an engagement should be made, the understanding should be clear and explicit as to what would be considered sufficient grounds for breaking it.

The domestic employee as she is to-day is in part the product of inefficient, inconsiderate, and indifferent employers. I have experienced all three, and may have a choice as to which I should prefer; but the question here is not one of personal choice, but what sort of domestic employees will these different sorts of employers produce.

Take the inefficient first, and let the girls themselves answer the question.

"She don't know anything about keeping house; what's the use of trying to do it right?"

"The idea of her givin' us orders, when I know it all, and she don't know no more than a baby."

"Mrs. — thinks she can cook, but she says, 'Ann, take a little of this, an' a pinch of that; you know how; I want it to taste right!' and I don't know what she means."

Under such employers, maids grow careless, contemptuous, and impertinent, — three very unpleasant characteristics, for which they are not wholly to blame.

Then there is the inconsiderate mistress, not unkind, perhaps, but inconsiderate through ignorance. This sort of mistress is apt to give the maid so much to do that the girl feels the work is never done, no matter how hard she works; consequently there is the temptation to dawdle, to make a little work last a long time, lest work be "made" for her. Such an

employer does not realize how tired a girl can become after working fifteen hours a day. You do not "see" the other side of anything, from hearing or reading it, with anything like the force that comes home to you through the actual doing of it. I never knew how tired girls could become, until I had lain awake nights discovering muscles in my body of whose existence I had been unconscious. I never appreciated how worried and nervous and *slow* a new girl can be, until I cooked my first dinner in my first place. I never realized the utter dismay of the green girl who is confronted by a bewildering array of strange utensils, until I had to make my first hard coal fire. "Slow!" Breakfast was to be at eight o'clock, and I rose at half-past five to struggle with that fire. I did n't make it, after all. The coachman did. But there is n't always a coachman.

Girls are not machines. They cannot keep going from dawn till dark, and always be pleasant, cheerful, and good-natured. They cannot rise above illness or weariness, and be perpetually willing and obliging. They cannot experience disappointment and trouble, yet always wear a smiling, happy countenance.

The capable mistress is generally the most considerate, and there is no question but that she is the strongest factor in the production of whatever good service is given in the household to-day. Nevertheless, she is sometimes inconsiderate, and in this way. She can "turn off work" so quickly herself that she often forgets that others lack the same faculty. Girls in a new place are often slow just because they are so nervously anxious to please. A capable mistress, impatient because things are not moving so rapidly as she knows they can move, does not always give a maid the two weeks' trial by which she could do herself justice. The capable mistress does not always realize how much more quickly a thing can be done by itself, than when taken in conjunction with a half-dozen other duties. For instance, she comes into the kitchen to make a cake. Everything is ready to her

hand, and she whisks up the cake in a few minutes, telling Jane to bake it carefully. She goes upstairs and contrasts her quickness with Jane's slowness, forgetting that she had neither placed things in readiness, nor cleared them away, nor superintended the baking.

Or she takes the broom from Jane's hand, — "There, I'll show you," — and gives the finishing touches to the sweeping of a room. But it is what has been done before, and will be done after, that takes the time. This sort of mistress discourages a timid girl or a slow-moving one, and she becomes disheartened. She feels that she can never come up to what is required of her, and seeks an easier place, not knowing that this Spartan training would be invaluable to her.

The indifferent mistress is in some respects the most difficult of all, and for the reason that there is an utter absence of sympathy between the domestic employee and herself. Her side of the personal equation consists, in so far as her attitude toward the maid is concerned, of negative values, and the latter feels that.

"Why should I try to please her? she does n't care whether I live or die." Indifference begets indifference, — it is inevitable. The average household worker has not been trained to take such a pride in her work that the doing of it alone will satisfy her. We are all human. If a thing is done well we like to be told so, we like to know that it is appreciated. Many a time have I waited in the kitchen, eagerly watching till the waitress came out and I could ask whether my dinner had been a success. How heavy my heart has been when a dish was sent back untasted!

Now, of necessity, the service of the household employee brings her into such close personal contact with her employer that it seems to me that sympathetic interest, friendly kindness, warm appreciation from that employer would balance, to a great degree, the loneliness, the isolation, the weariness of the employee.

The spirit of the times, the sentiment

of the trades-unions, the opinion of employers, are all in the same direction,—that more education and more training is necessary. In stating this, I am only repeating what has been said many times before. But here is the point. Are domestic employees being trained?

It is continually said that the domestic employee of the future must be educated and trained, that cooking is a scientific pursuit, that it should be dignified as a profession, that housekeeping is really one of the fine arts, that the household worker must respect her work, and other words to the same effect.

The fact of such utterances shows a healthy state of public opinion; but are these things being done? Are the schools of domestic science and household arts training the girls we wish to have trained, the domestic employees of the future? Are the classes in Pratt, Drexel, and kindred institutions patronized, to the degree that they should be, by domestic employees?

Business colleges, normal schools, nurses' training schools, are crowded, but by far the greater number of those attending schools in domestic science go there so that they may learn to teach others, or become able to superintend their practical work.

It has seemed to me from my study of this subject, that just at this point it illustrates the proverb, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." The domestic employee does not realize that she needs training. She does not comprehend that she needs more education of the right sort. In fact, she does not see things in their right proportion, any more than some of the rest of us do. Is it not a part of our problem to help her see things in their true perspective, not as we see them, not as she thinks she sees them, but as they really are? It is very plain that simply saying, "You need training, education, you should go to school," will not send her there. Why should it, when there are dozens of places open to her now, untrained and ignorant

though she be. There is something more necessary, and that is to make her see for herself the need of such training. It is of little avail to appeal to pride of craft, for there is no standard by which excellence can be judged.

A little waitress said, "Mrs. — taught me. She knew how things should be done."

"But you do not do the things here that you have been telling me of," said I.

"What's the use? Mrs. — does n't know the difference. What's the use of doing things when you don't have to?"

"Is n't there a right way and a wrong way?" I asked.

"Oh, it is n't that. Some people like so much more style than others; but they don't care much for it here."

"I think it is not so much being stylish, as doing things a nice way, don't you?"

"As long as she don't care, what's the difference?"

I have found cooks who, from heights of pecuniary prosperity, would look down upon the general houseworker, and boast of superior skill, but I have seldom heard them speak of their craft, or their profession, whichever one may call it, with pride.

How is it with the general houseworker? She is simply, in nine cases out of ten, working at that employment until she can specialize, and obtain higher wages, and work fewer hours.

Miss Salmon, in her admirable study of *Domestic Service*, says:—

"The general servant, who is expected to unite in herself all the functions of all the other employees named in the list, becomes, on account of this fact, an unskilled worker, and therefore receives the lowest wage."

She certainly receives the lowest wage; but is it fair or just? She "unites in herself the functions of all the other employees;" that is true. The question is, how does she perform those functions? It is not difficult to discover how she is expected to perform them. Read any column of advertisements for "Help Wanted."

"Wanted, a girl for general housework; must be a good cook and competent laundress."

"Wanted, a young girl for general housework. Good cook, washer, and ironer; must know how to wait on table."

She must be at least "a good plain cook." The laundry work must be well done, and many families keeping but one maid require almost as expert table service as where there is a regular waitress. For doing all these things well, she will receive less than if she confined herself to the doing of but one thing. I confess that I do not see quite why this should be. It would be fairer to give the general houseworker six, seven, or even eight dollars a week, if she perform the duties of cook, waitress, laundress, and chambermaid.

In families where two maids are kept, it is often true that the work could be easily performed by one. It would certainly be more economical in many ways.

The plea will be made that it would be impossible for employers having a limited income to pay the general houseworker such high wages.

It may be urged:—

1. That there are inexperienced workers who should not command such high wages as the expert.

2. Such an experienced worker will be able to save the difference in wages.

"Jane," said my employer one morning, "I shall have to speak to you about the table."

I crimsoned. "Yes, please."

"You are setting such a good table, things are so rich, and I have so much, that I fear I shall have dyspepsia. Please do not set such a good table."

I flushed again. "It is pleasant to hear you say that, for I have reduced your bills this month from fourteen dollars a week to eight dollars," said I.

It is not so very strange that the domestic employee, particularly the general houseworker, should not feel the need of special training to fit her for her work. I have met many women who confessed that they could not sew, could not sing,

could not take care of children, but I have yet to meet the woman who will confess that she cannot keep house. I have heard women say that it was a bore, that they did not like to do it, but that they "could n't"—never. The feeling that it is a woman's inheritance extends from mistress to maid. She "can pick it up."

Both mistress and maid need education and training; but do they need training in the same things? I have never thought that a woman should be able to bake bread in order to keep house well, any more than a teacher should know how to make a slate in order to teach arithmetic; but is it not necessary that she should have education in the correct values and proportions of things pertaining to the household? Housekeeping that is truly worthy of the name makes demands upon one's strength, one's intellect, one's patience, and, most of all, on the finer moral sense. I wonder if we have faced this question squarely. With the growing complexity of life, housekeeping has not remained simple, and the education which our young women have received has not always tended toward practical homemaking. Has it not been easier to fit one's self to do men's work than to undergo the training necessary to manage a house? Have not women in the main been endeavoring to fit themselves for anything but housekeeping? And housekeeping is neither easy nor simple; it demands a knowledge of chemistry, dietetics, sanitation, economics, market values, and, above all, a considerate and sympathetic spirit, tempered by common sense.

The housekeeper's responsibility is great. It is not enough to be efficient. Something more is needed, and it is just through this "something more" that we may hope to reach the domestic employee and make her feel the need of training.

We hear a great deal of ethics at present, and altruistic tendencies are the fashion. Sometimes I wish they were felt a little nearer home. I know a domestic employee, a Protestant, who has had but one opportunity in a year to go to church.

Her employer subscribes liberally to foreign missions. I know another household where the maids habitually go out and buy meat, paying for it from their own pockets; yet the employers entertain largely. In another home, where three maids are kept, two occupy a room together, the third sleeps in the bathroom.

Do we not need a little more human interest in this domestic employee, who is a member of the household, yet not of the family, who is not houseless, but who may be homeless in your home? You and your family have interests, pleasures, pursuits in common; what has she? Sharing these joys gives life a keener zest; may she not be a stranger in a strange land? You have friends, you enjoy giving and receiving hospitality, the afternoon tea, the social call, the evening party, the formal and informal dinners. Are her friends always welcome? Does she always have a place in which to receive them?

I have a friend who was coachman where I was cook. We were talking together one evening after the work was done. Tom looked up suddenly and said, "Do you know, I feel sorry for the poor girls sitting in the kitchens in the evenings, nothing to do, nowhere to go; if they only had a club or something once a week to take up their interest, it would be better for them. I don't wonder many of them go wrong."

You have your church, and that is complex too, in that it is the centre of much social life and activity, for religion has preëminently its social side.

But what church life has the average domestic? In fact, do Protestant girls in domestic service have much opportunity to go to church? I most certainly had not. I might almost as well have been in Guam, so far as church privileges went.

You have your clubs. The club civic, charitable, social, formed for bridge or planned for study, as the case may be. Why should n't your maid belong to a club as well as you? She does not want to join your club, but how about having one of her own? I have had some very plea-

sant hours teaching my fellow employees to play bridge. Why not? It amused and refreshed them, and gave them something else to think about than the regular routine. If clubs are "good for women living lonely lives in small towns," who is so isolated as the general houseworker? If clubs are good to occupy leisure time for pleasure or profit, why could not the domestic employee be encouraged to spend her leisure moments in self-improvement, under the stimulus of occasionally meeting with others who are engaged in like pursuits?

The trades-union has accomplished much in having obtained shorter hours, better wages, a higher standard of living. Not the least good it has done lies in the fact that it has afforded social meeting-places for men and women. There men and women have worked out part of their problem through coming together socially.

Now cannot this problem of the training of the domestic employee be approached from the social side? It would seem that it could, with the interest, sympathy, and coöperation of employers. We need interest in the idea of a common meeting-place for domestic employees, sympathy with their need of it, and coöperation in the matter of making it possible for them to attend meetings, classes, lectures, or "evenings at home," which may be planned under the auspices of such a club.

I am not suggesting a domestic employees' club as a sole solution of the problem of domestic service, but it would be worth considering for these reasons:—

1. The domestic employee from her isolated position has little opportunity of meeting her fellow workers. There are many objections to meeting them in intelligence offices, one of the most potent being that many of the best girls do not patronize the offices. Another objection is the gossip that goes on in many of the offices. I have sat and listened to it more than once, and know its influence upon the girls. There are many intelligence offices where men and women wait in the

same room. The ceremony of introduction is not needed for the freest exchange of conversation.

2. An organization which should belong to them, which they could support, for whose welfare they should be held responsible, would appeal to their pride in its maintenance, and give them a common interest.

3. It would attract the better class of domestic employees, who are experienced, who are trained, and whose influence is needed to benefit and broaden the others.

4. Those who need the training will be far more apt to seek it when seeing the difference between themselves and the trained employee, than upon being simply told that they "should go to school"! They are quick enough to see such differences, although they will not always admit them.

5. One of the very hardest things in the life of a domestic employee is the constant repression. The carefully modulated voice, the studied demeanor, the respectful attitude, the impassive face, — sometimes it seems that "it is almost impossible not to do something outrageous." George Eliot says that "there is a great deal of unmapped country within us that must be taken into account in the sudden storms of passion that sweep over us." Do you ever wonder why the maid gets angry when you "hardly said a word to her," and why she "flies all to pieces"? She cannot help it. She is simply tired to death of repressing her tones, her laughter, her manner, her motions. Do you, who have had generations of cultivated ancestry, associations of refined environment, years of education, never find difficulty in controlling yourself? She needs to have some place where she can be herself, among her own friends, among her own class.

6. The idea of union is prevalent. Domestic employees, isolated though they be, are not uninformed as to what the unions have done and are doing. In talking with them I have often known them to say, "We poor maids should form

a union;" and one evening, after five or six of us had been discussing various questions as to wages, real, nominal, and the like, Bridget said to me, "Jane, why don't you start a union? we would all join it."

"I would n't start a union to give you higher wages," I said.

"But you'd see that we were treated right, would n't you?" asked Bridget.

"Only just so long as you treated others right. You can't always do as you please, you know."

"Well, the girls are going to have their unions, as well as anybody else," replied Bridget.

7. If they are going to have them, why not endeavor to have them of the right sort, have them start upon the best principles, have them carried on in the most helpful way, with the coöperation of employers.

A club for domestic employees, with club privileges such as other people have, where there could be some social life for them, with library, reading-room, and parlor, where classes could be held, where they would not only be welcome, but have a feeling of proprietorship, could be made possible if employers would interest themselves in it to a sufficient extent. Great interest is taken in clubs for other workers, — the factory girl, the shop girl, — and efforts have been made to broaden their lives, to elevate them, to help them to higher and better things. The domestic employee comes closer to our lives than any other worker. In fact, is she not so close that for that very reason she has been overlooked?

I have met many employers who thoroughly appreciate this lack that exists on the social side of the life of the domestic employee, and who are asking, "Is there anything that we can do to remedy it?"

Yes, there is. Think over this plan of a club; if one be started in the right manner, give it your encouragement, and allow your domestic employees to attend its meetings. Make it possible for them to do so, interest them in it. Recently a club-

room for women in domestic service was opened in Brooklyn, New York, at 262 Schermerhorn Street, in a very simple way, but the interest is most marked. The Protective Service Club, at 150 Fifth Avenue, believing that the best way to reach this question of training is from the social side, has opened clubrooms with fair conditions of membership. Already the girls are asking for training classes, and they are willing to pay for the lessons. The influence of this club has been felt in giving the girls a sense of honor about keeping their word, and not leaving places where they have been permanently engaged, because former employers, who have "been kind to them," write and offer higher wages if they will return to them.

One day I was looking for work in Chicago, answering advertisements for a place as a general housemaid. At one place, the lady opened the door a few inches, and I said,—

"Madam, I have come to apply"—

She interrupted me with, "I want a

young girl," and slammed the door as quick as a flash.

Do you know, I never felt *old* before.

Now most people want young girls. The intelligence-office keepers say, because they can "drive them around." That may be the reason, but if the girls can once be made to grasp the fact that training will make their heads save their heels, their brains save their hands, so that they will not be old at forty-five, worn out at fifty, and at sixty be satisfied with the fact that they have enough to be buried with, but will still be capable of earning their living, then I believe they will seek for themselves the training and education which they need. The movement for their own uplifting must come from themselves, but it is within our province to encourage and direct the tendencies which shall culminate in such a movement.

I do not put forth this suggestion of the club as a remedy for all the difficulties of the domestic problem, but the idea is worth trying.

A GIRL OF THE ENGINEERS

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE

WE are a wandering family. Partly from restlessness, though I think we could be home-lovers, practically because our men are engineers, my father, my brothers, my cousins,— I have one in South Africa and one at Nome,— and we are not devoted to one branch of the profession. It is from the way in which camps and sojourning places take root in our lives that I infer our love for a home if we had one. Bridges, railroads, mines, irrigation, we have builded our house upon them all, and left it to those who would have built differently.

This summer my father is adding to the Long Line B. & C. electrical plant, and our home is ten miles from anywhere

in the bottom of Turning Gorge. Strictly speaking, not in the bottom, for the river is the bottom,— all else is walls, and we live, as it were, in the act of scaling them. The power-house is built on the brink, the camp is pitched tier over tier above it. Our cabin is above the camp, and beyond us the road climbs out of the gorge to the summit.

It is a beautiful place, with its late sunrise and deep shadows, the turn and sparkle of the river to where the winding of the gorge shuts it from sight, and its roar that covers all sounds less big and drowsy; but I have sometimes thought that walls are walls, though they are great and pine-clad, and that we have

been shut somewhat closely between them this summer. Papa says I take my responsibilities as elder sister too hard, but it seems to me that it is the others, Jimmy and Marianne, for instance, who take things hard, and I who sit by helplessly and wonder what is the matter with them.

Jimmy is my brother, younger than I, a dear, grim-looking fellow, not distinctly plain, as I am, but too harsh-featured to be handsome. It is Laddie who has stolen all the beauty in the family (and we know that mamma was beautiful), and absorbed it into her own enchanting little person. Her name is Gladys, though she makes no further use of it than to sign it formally. She is sixteen, and the peculiar delight and torment of her sister Kate's existence. She has bright, dark eyes, and a singing voice. The voice is to be trained next year. I hope they won't train something out of it. Now it is as haunting as a bird's.

The other two members of the household are not of the family: George Romney is a chum of Jimmy's (if their tacit friendship can be described as chummy), — also an engineer on the works. I remember him first when he and Jimmy were at Groton, and he was a beautiful boy, just growing up, and losing an unusual soprano. The voice has come back as a man's, and it seems to be his only means of expression. I had thought Jimmy the most silent of beings, but George is more than silent, he is impenetrable. But he sings for us, and we give him pretty much the privileges of a relative, partly because we feel sure we should like him if it were possible to know him, and partly because we are walled up with him and can't help it.

Marianne is more nearly one of us, inasmuch as she is engaged to Jimmy, — otherwise she could hardly be more different. She comes to us fresh from Boston and Europe, to know the family and the life she is entering, — I might add, the man she is to marry. She is an only child, peculiarly devoted to and depen-

dent upon her father and mother, and accustomed to the most exquisite and thoughtful consideration from all around her. Through her eyes I notice for the first time how little our family affection takes the form of outward courtesy.

She is sitting out there on the hot pine steps, as white as a flower in her dark habit, questioning Laddie, with her eyes on the slopes of the gorge.

"Is there only that road? — only one way out?"

"There is a trail on the other side of the river," Laddie says. "We will go up some time if you like, but it's pretty steep, and you have to do it on foot, — the ponies are all on this side." They have been riding, and Laddie is flushed and Marianne pale with the heat.

Later: I stopped to make some sandwiches for Jimmy. He came striding up the trail from the works and ran up the steps, — the girls swept their skirts aside to let him pass.

"Can you get me something to eat, Kate?" he called through the window; "something I can put in my pocket. I'm going up to the dam and I won't be back to dinner," and he went off to the stable. He rode round as I came out on the piazza with my packet, reached across the railing for it with a brief "Thanks!" and spurred his pony up the road. I think he had not glanced at Marianne. He was, as I have often seen him, hot upon his work, with not one stray faculty to spare. There was a set look about her mouth which I have seen there before. Poor child! She is taking Jimmy hard, I'm afraid, and I don't so much wonder, — we are a dreadfully casual family at best, and Jimmy is perhaps the most so of any of us. If she only knew him as I know him! But of course she will.

I fear I am becoming a very Martha sort of girl; indeed, troubled about many things does n't begin to describe me these days. Our Chinaman, for instance, I had always regarded as sufficient unto the summer, because he was honest and clean, and cooked in a wholesome way; if you

shut him off on baking-powder. But I begin to see that the meals are by no means dainty, that Marianne tries to eat what does not really tempt her, yet she feels badly when I make little things for her alone.

It is very hot. After lunch, when the shadow of the gorge withdraws to the other side of the river, and the white road above and the white trails below dance in the heat, the sense of being shut in becomes a very nightmare. Marianne sits for hours on the steps, over her beautiful needle-work, and Laddie, who has refused to dust the sitting-room, wanders about the premises with her guitar hanging from her neck, sits down with a sigh to learn the ninth position, and strays off into accompaniments and shrill, sweet snatches of song that make one feel more restless than soothed. And I blunder with my accounts, and sit long over my letter-writing because there is nothing to say. I generally have a good deal of it to do, as the rest of the family hate to write letters.

The evening is the time that we have always looked forward to, because then our men come home. But there has been a rush in the work this week, and Jimmy is in the office till late, and I have deserted papa, to make a fourth on the evening rides. Usually I am Marianne's companion; George and Laddie ride ahead, leaving a trail of singing and whistling to follow them by. Their voices blend in a peculiar chord, — Laddie's so clear and shrill, George's with a depth, an almost passionate sweetness, that constantly surprises me. His speaking voice is entirely without expression. Laddie is an enchanted being on these night rides. She lets her hair down (she wears it on top of her head all day for coolness), and it is one sweep of black, and she rolls up her sleeves, and her arms are glowing white in the moonlight. I am sorry for George! But I know we can trust him, after a few words that I had with him once at the beginning of the summer. I really was alarmed for my little Laddie, he seemed to seek her so much, and of

course they were always singing together, — and we wanted the singing. I said something to him as incidentally as I could about Laddie being only sixteen, and I thought we older children sometimes forgot, and treated her as if she were our age, and that we wanted her to stay young as long as possible. He looked at me a moment, and though I could gather nothing from his face, — you never can, — he apparently could from mine, and he said, "You can depend on me." So I know he will wait bravely and let nothing touch her unconsciousness till the right time comes. It cannot be for years yet, but they are a beautiful pair, and, indeed, he looks nearly her age, his face is so unmarked, — I believe he is within a few months of mine.

No; it is not Laddie and George that are troubling me now; it is Marianne and Jimmy. I thought at first it was the heat and getting very tired with learning to ride that made her seem often listless and unhappy, even with Jimmy. But she says she is well, and her seat is pretty firm now, and she always has the easiest pony. It must be something more than that, — probably nothing of any importance, but I am afraid of the "little rift."

Jimmy caught up with his office work yesterday, so he won't have to work in the evening for a while. He was very late to dinner, and he came in and took his place with a hard-worked sigh. Laddie fired a melon-seed at him. I said across the table to papa, "I think you'll have the pleasure of my company on the piazza to-night, dad."

"You can have my pony. I'll stay behind," said Laddie valiantly.

"Not if I have to have you around the house the next day," I said. "You've got to be exercised, Laddie, or you're too hard to live with."

Laddie looked relieved.

"You'd better both go," said Jimmy. "I shall not ride to-night."

Marianne blushed, and I felt a twinge of sympathy. It was the first chance they

had had in weeks to be alone together in the evening. There would be other rides, of course. But I could see that for some reason Marianne was living fiercely in the present, and that the loss of that ride meant to her far more — than the loss of a ride.

"What are you going to do?" asked Laddie.

"Go to bed," said Jimmy. "I'm simply done."

Marianne left the table somewhat before the rest of us. I found her standing on the steps waiting apparently for the horses, but staring out into the dusk with a tormented face. She turned as I joined her, and asked in a sweet voice, "What is the matter with Jimmy? Is he ill?"

"He's very tired," I suggested.

"Is he as tired as all that!"

"He has something on his mind."

Her smile was like a dainty little snarl. "You take things so serenely on the surface, Kate. You'll be telling me next that he has me on his mind."

I knew that she instantly repented this confession. I covered the silence. "It seems to be something that he wants to talk over with papa. They are smoking in the dining-room, and they've sent Wing out. Apparently he's not to be allowed to clear the table to-night. I hope he won't leave."

There was a shuffle of hoofs round the corner of the house, and step of feet, and the measure of a song: —

"Far and high the cranes give cry and
Spread their wings.

Angry is my darling, for she
No more sings."

Round came George and Laddie, each with a pair of tugging ponies in tow, and a wail went up from Laddie: "Oh, Kate, go and change your skirt *quickly*! We shall never get started!"

Papa told me last night (while Jimmy was telling Marianne at the other end of the piazza) what they had been discussing in the dining-room while the rest of us were off riding. It was very late; Laddie had been sent to bed, remarking that she

had thought it was Jimmy, not she, who was going to bed early, but it appeared she was mistaken. George had withdrawn himself discreetly; once I saw him cross a lighted space in the camp below, on his way to the office; it was a stifling night, and there were still groups of men at the doors of the tents, smoking and playing with the dogs. Well, it seems that Jimmy has been offered a position with a very good copper crowd, on a rather unusual salary, at Nacazari in Northern Mexico. The understanding would be that he shall stay three years. It is very interesting work, and papa says that if he suits these people the opportunities ahead are practically unlimited. And Jimmy's work in Turning Gorge is nearly over; they are needing fewer and fewer men here. He has been applying for a position, with very discouraging results.

"He will take this one," papa said. "He would be a fool not to." His eyes followed the involuntary turn of mine toward the end of the piazza where Jimmy and Marianne sat speaking together in dim silhouette. Behind them heat lighting played along the rim of the gorge.

Both boys were out before breakfast next morning, and consequently late, and we left them to a deserted table. Afterwards Jimmy came tramping through the kitchen to the back piazza where I was surreptitiously beating up a sponge-cake that Marianne had evidently liked and attributed to Wing, — whose sponge-cake is impossible. He pulled up a candle-box and sat down opposite me with his chin very close to his knees. He rubbed it against them meditatively.

"Dad told you about my chance?"

"Yes," I said. "And Marianne says you must go, does n't she?" I was sure she had, — also I thought I knew how she had said it.

"Oh yes, she says I must go," said Jimmy ruefully, "and she says it's a good thing and all that, only — Kate, what is the matter with Marianne? Is she ill?" — Marianne's question of the night before.

"She's not ill, Jimmy. But I don't think you are so very nice to her, do you?"

"Not nice to her?" Jimmy stared.

I went on beating my cake. Presently I suggested: "She's used to very different people from us. We are n't particularly nice to each other, you know. We're busy and we're lazy, and we forget."

"But she is n't a fussy girl,—not that kind at all. You don't understand her."

"No, I don't think she's fussy. But I think she's not used to our sketchy way of living, and she has a good deal of time to think about things these days, and *Turning Gorge*"—

"Oh yes, this living in the bottom of a hole!" growled Jimmy.

"Well, she told you to go. And you want to go, don't you?"

"Why, of course. A man wants to go to places."

"Did you tell her that?"

"Oh yes."

I could not help laughing. "Jimmy, if you don't give Marianne a pretty thorough understanding of the nature of a man, why, nothing ever will."

"I suppose I'm rather something of a fool not to be able to run my own affairs," said Jimmy scowling, his eyes on the rotation of my mixing-spoon. "But could n't you say something to her that would make her understand the way a man feels about going to new places and all that?"

"No, my child, I could n't. But can't you do something to make her see how a man feels about a woman he"—

"I thought I did that when I asked her to marry me."

"I should have said you did myself, knowing you," I admitted, and wished I had had the bringing up of Marianne from infancy. Then I was struck with a solution.

"Jimmy, Jimmy," I said, leaning across my bowl and looking into his eyes which were big and troubled. "Ask her again, and ask her to go with you when you go."

"No! To Nacazari!"

"To the North Pole, if you happen to be going there."

"It is n't a place,—she's never heard of it, nor any of her people. It's copper, and that means smelters, and that means smelter smoke."

"There's a sky, is n't there?"

"Her people would n't like it."

"They'll let her do what she sets her heart on."

"Ah, you don't know how she feels about them."

"I know how she feels about you."

I rose and began to pour my cake batter into the pans. A smile stole upon Jimmy's lips, which he strove unsuccessfully to restrain; his face glowed, he tried to look gloomy.

"Well, I should n't call that showing that I cared for her, I should call it giving her a chance to show that she cared for me."

"It's exactly the same thing," I said. I scraped the last flecks of sweet dough from the bottom of my bowl and held the spoon out to Jimmy. "There, take your 'scrape' and be off with you."

He grinned and reached up to taste as he used when we were children and begged for the "last scrape," and then he departed whistling.

I had barely got my pans installed in the oven and shut the door upon them, when he came in again with a teased look on his face.

"Kate, where is Marianne?"

"Oh, Jimmy, I thought I had got rid of you. Marianne, indeed! And you a workingman. Go back to the camp where you belong."

But he really was bothered.

"She's not in the house anywhere. Laddie has n't seen her since breakfast, and none of the ponies have been taken—she could n't saddle one anyhow. — I said I would teach her," he added irrelevantly.

"She has gone for a walk,—to the summit most probably."

He looked up the first glaring bend of the road with anxious brows.

"I think she wanted to get away — by herself. You know the gorge seems pretty small at times."

But after Jimmy had started for the summit (coolly disregarding the fact that he was wanted at the works), I had another idea. I got my hat and started down the trail. Laddie called to me derisively from the steps, "Are you going to hunt for Marianne in the seclusion of the camp?"

"I'm going across the river," I said. I remembered Laddie's telling her about the trail to French Corral.

The current of the river is too strong through Turning Gorge to row against; the boat is slung across on a cable, and it is every one's business and no one's business in particular to run the ferry.

I picked my way through the dust of the camp and escaped by degrees from its enthusiastic dogs. I presently became aware that George was waiting for me at the boat, and watching my progress with a suggestion of a smile.

"Do you know if Marianne went across this morning?" I shouted to him between the roar of the power-house behind us and the river at our feet.

"Yes," he said. "Shall I take you over?"

He asked no questions (impassive people are very tactful in the negative), and did not offer to help me up the trail on the other side.

I think it must have been made down hill before it was made up, it is so uncompromising. It rises up before you and seems to hit you in the face. Five minutes of it are like an hour. But each time you stop to pant there is amazement at the height you have gained. The river drops to a gleaming line, the grand slopes of the gorge sink deeper and deeper, their bases are but the tops of trees, the sky grows vast around one, a breath of freer air draws across the summit. "Oh, Marianne," I thought, "if you are up here on the walls of Turning Gorge this morning, have you not forgiven Jimmy for being more of a boy than a lover?"

I found her hidden under the low pines, flung on a drift of needles, with flushed cheeks and tear-stained eyes, like a grieving child. I felt guilty to have stolen upon her so, but it was too late to go back; she had seen me, and was saying, "Oh, Kate, why have you come up here after me? How broiling hot you look!"

I took off my hat and sat down beside her; she pulled herself nearer and laid her fair, rumpled head in my lap.

"I thought I should have died sooner than any one should know how I felt," she said in a voice from which all energy seemed to have been wept away, "but I don't seem to mind you." Her eyes gazed up at my hot face thoughtfully. "Do you know that Jimmy is going to Mexico?"

"Yes," I said. "It will be hard for you, but you know he is doing it for you. With that start he'll be able to give you the comfort you ought to have when you are married."

"Kate, Jimmy is *glad* to go!"

I smoothed her hair back and looked down into her eyes; they were full of trouble, like Jimmy's.

"Marianne, I have lived all my life among these big boy men. Will you let me tell you something about them, — just as if I understood them and you did n't?"

"Yes," she said.

"It is the engineers I mean, — the profession selects its own men, you know. And then out of those men some want the jobs in the cities near the crowds and the theatres and the girls; and others — Those are the men I know; they have been trained to stand alone, to talk little, never to complain, to bear dullness and monotony, — some of them are dull and monotonous themselves. But they are n't petty; and in every one of them is a strange need that drives them out into the deserts; a craving for movement and freedom and fresh, new air that nothing can kill. And oh, but I'm glad it is so. It's what keeps them young; it's what makes them strong and exciting and different; it's what makes their gentleness

so wonderfully gentle; it's what makes us love them. We could not do here the things our men do, but they need us all the more. And as long as we know that, why, we can forgive them if they are too busy to show it every hour of the day.

"You see, I could be quite lofty on the subject, and make you laugh at me very much. As a matter of fact, when I came up the trail this morning I was not at all disturbed about Jimmy's feeling for you; but I *was* wondering how much you care for him, — whether it's just Jimmy before any one or anything in this world, — including yourself. Because I think you are going to have that question shrewdly tested pretty soon, — perhaps this morning."

Marianne stared up at me, and I held her back against my knees and laughed into her pretty, wondering face.

"I know mighty well how you are going to stand the test. I have watched you, plucky little Bostonian. You are the stuff that soldiers' and engineers' wives are made of, and I want you for my Jimmy." I kissed her and got upon my feet, and stepped out into the trail again.

"Shall I go with you?" she murmured. "Must you go?"

"There were some things I was doing at the house; but stay here and let the wind blow through you for a while. It's nice, don't you think?"

"Splendid! So big and broad."

"You have been shut in a good deal!"

I left her gazing across the slopes with a far, sweet look. Halfway down I met Jimmy.

"You did n't find her?" he said, but he knew by my smile that I had. I pulled his hair softly, and slipped past him down the trail.

I'm afraid I have been taking a good deal upon myself, and I'm just a little bit scared, but papa thinks it is all right. He took mamma to Deadwood when it was six hundred miles to get in by stage, and she must have been more inexperienced than Marianne, and he says she was

happy. Papa does n't think people are happy when they are not. I went over to the office, and we had a long talk about it out of "hours." We are great friends. He often hardly speaks to me for days at a time when he is preoccupied (Jimmy gets his silence from him), but every now and then we clear things up with a splendid talk! — and it does away with all misunderstandings or complications. That is the way Jimmy and Marianne will manage when they are married.

They came in to lunch, both rather pale, but all the strain gone from between them. Afterwards Marianne went to her room to write to her mother. It will be nearly two weeks before she can have an answer.

In the meantime the days go monotonously on. Jimmy and Marianne are planning a house together. He goes first, and will see to the building and arrange for her coming when all is ready for her. She laughs when he says he will be ready in a month! They are to be married in San Francisco, and I suppose we shall all be down there for a confused week or two. Marianne does not mind his boyish blundering now; she has other things to think of.

As for me, I can't help bothering my foolish head over a fancy that the strain of Laddie's tormenting presence is beginning to wear very hard upon George. The fact that there's nothing very tangible to make me think so is, I believe, one reason why I am bothered. Real anxieties have such simple expedients: you have only to decide what can be done and what cannot, and do immediately what you can. The question of how Marianne, with her sheltered up-bringing, is to be made comfortable and well and happy in the rough life she is going to does fill my mind, but not with uneasiness. I believe it can be done, like many another supposed impossibility, where people work together with a thorough good understanding. And even if it can't, there remains the good understanding. It is the little strain that is not worth speaking of, that

no one dares to speak of for fear of making it seem more real than it is, that worries me to a point I know must be absurd. It is certainly fed by the most absurd trivialities.

It was Sunday of last week that was such a long, hot day; the men all at home, but it was too hot to ride. We sat around on the shady side of the piazza: Jimmy cleaning his gun, and protecting Marianne and her white linen skirts from the dogs, who had been in the river and were very proud of it; Laddie fingering her guitar softly, and whistling to herself. George and I professed to be reading, but what I read did not hold me, and as often as I looked away from my book I saw that George's black eyes had risen from his and were sweeping the rim of the gorge. He dropped them as Laddie's low-breathed whistle turned suddenly into loud sweet singing:—

"Far and high the cranes give cry and
Spread their wings."

— It was what they so often sang together as they rode, and it needed the vent of motion to carry off the restless thrill its cadence stirred in your blood. The deeper notes died up into highest, softest treble:—

"But there yet shall be a day when
Love is heard;
She shall listen, and her heart shall bid her
Come forth at my word."

"Where did you get that song?" papa called from the doorway. He has a way of waking up to things that have been going on beneath his notice.

"It's a Hungarian folk-song," Laddie answered pompously.

"Why, in Heaven's name," said George unexpectedly, "do you sing it on a day like this, to an accompaniment you have n't half learned?"

"Goodness!" said Laddie, and she really jumped. "I did n't know George had nerves. I'm finding out things about him every day." And she improvised an air to—

"The fishes answered with a grin,
Why, what a temper you are in!"
and sang it at some length.

I never interfere with Laddie's impudence, partly because it would do no good if I did, partly because I can't resist wanting to hear what she will say next. We have all sharp tongues, but only Laddie is gifted with a ready one. George can usually defend himself, briefly and with point, and it is rather entertaining to hear them. This afternoon he was not responsive. Laddie made one or two sallies, and there was silence.

"Jimmy, you are more dangerous than wet dogs when you have vaseline on your fingers," said Marianne at the other end of the piazza.

"I think you *might* quarrel with me!" said Laddie. "Even Marianne and Jimmy are making out to, and we do it so much better!—Will you sing, then?" She started the crane song, but he did not join in.

"Is you mad, Honey?" she quoted, and put her head on one side and wrinkled her brows inquiringly, as the dogs do. "Because if you are, I'm sorry. I did n't mean to plague you as much as all that."

"You don't plague people when you mean to, Laddie," George said. "Only sometimes when you don't."

I was beginning to read again, but something in his words went through me with a pang, and I looked up. He had pulled one of the dogs down into his lap and was fondling it, bending over it so that I could not see his face.

That Marianne's letter from home fell like such a bomb amid our confident schemes showed how little we had really expected opposition. I think we are rather apt to be surprised that any one in his senses should object to what seems to us desirable.

She read it, flushing and paling by turns, and then cleared her throat and said she would like to read it aloud. "It will give mamma's point of view more clearly than I can," she said. It was a

sweet, anxious, mother's letter; not, I think, such a letter as our valiant little mother would have written. It cost Marianne a visible effort to read it to us, but she probably did not wish us to think her too easily quelled.

It said: "You must know, my dear child, how loath we are to refuse our consent to your dear, brave little plans, but you will realize some day how utterly wild and impracticable they are. And, forgive me, dear, — with all our affection for Jimmy, should he persist in such reckless dreams for your future, papa and I could not think him fitted to take care of you, for many years to come, if ever. This is the side of his profession we have always dreaded, but we thought that now he would be looking for a position nearer home. There are many engineers doing well in the cities, with comfortable homes like other people's.

"It is not as if there were some older woman there whom we knew, or as if I were well enough to be with you for the first year, or even if you could have with you some strong, capable girl-companion accustomed to frontier life, such as you describe Jimmy's sister to be. Then I should feel, perhaps, quite differently."

When she finished, Jimmy was leaning forward, looking intently at me. He turned as Marianne said to him imploringly, "I can't — *I can't* do what they refuse their consent to! Mamma is not well: I am all she has. It would n't be the right way to begin."

"Of course it would n't," said Jimmy gravely. His voice was very deep. Marianne covered her face with her hands and went to her room. Jimmy departed to the works; he was too hurt to comfort her just then.

Later I knocked at her door, and went in without waiting for an answer. I had come with a plan that brought the light into her face. We had a short, eager talk, the results of which I prepared to convey to Jimmy as I put on my hat and went down the trail to the office. Papa had gone to the dam. The cool outer room

was empty; in the one beyond, George and Jimmy were prostrate across the drawing-table with their collars off, toiling at the maps. I summoned Jimmy with my eyes. He closed the drawing-room door behind him and stood with his back to it, smiling at me.

"I know. You're going to help us out as usual. Kate, you're a bully girl!"

"I hate third persons," I said, "but I don't see what else there is to be done."

"You're no more a third person than a nice dog would be," said Jimmy affectionately, and with intent to be complimentary. "But perhaps it won't be easy for you. Do you hate the thought of it?"

"No," I said. "I like to go to new places, and I like difficulties, if I know just what they are, and I like Marianne; — for that matter, I like you," and we grinned at each other. "The only thing that troubles me is Laddie. She is n't going abroad with Aunt Gladys till the spring, and there'll be months and months in Turning Gorge."

"Too much responsibility for her?"

"Oh no, she's old enough for that; and with all due affection for sister Kate, she'll probably be enchanted at the prospect of being housekeeper for dad, and the whole thing generally; but she will be lonely — after a while, you know, when dad begins to take her and her housekeeping as a matter of course, as he does with me."

"She has her pony; and George Romney is going to be here till spring, and he's very nice to her."

"Do you know him well, Jimmy?"

"Surely."

"Do you really mean well, or just better than any one else?"

"I think I do. He's opened up to me somewhat now and then, especially lately," Jimmy half smiled, as if recalling something. "He's a good fellow, — unusual. Dad's watched him at his work, and he says so, too. Don't be hard on him, Katy."

And so Jimmy had noticed it! Well, he certainly is nice to Laddie.

I wish I might go peacefully to bed to-night. It is very late, and I have finished all my packing; but George said, "When you are through upstairs, may I speak to you for a moment?" and as a matter of fact I ought to speak to him about Laddie. Only I dread to, and I am very tired.

The month in San Francisco went like a most unrestful dream. One never had any time to think, and shopping for — and with — other people is so very tiring; but indeed it was fun as well. How sweet Marianne's mother was! How impossible it was to get anything done quickly with which she had to do, and how little one grudged the fact as long as one remained in her presence. Afterwards one made up time as best one could. How pretty Marianne was in her wedding dress, how more than pretty Laddie in her bridesmaid's blue. (Ah, but she was lovelier still to-night, riding with the wind in her hair!)

Well, it is over now, and Jimmy is at Nacazari. Marianne and I are ready now to join him. We start to-morrow.

How could poor little Laddie go so comfortably to sleep in the midst of all my walking to and fro on the cradly boards of our room and opening and shutting drawers! The packing is all done now, though, and George is waiting for me. — Laddie is talking in her sleep, and smiling; her cheeks are all flushed with the wind. Is it "George" that she says? — No, "Judy," — the name of her pony, — and they don't sound in the least alike; I think I am certainly morbid about her. — George is waiting, but what am I to say to him? What *can* I say?

I stood in my indecision in the dark end of the living-room. The table with the lamp had been drawn to the other end, and George sat by it reading. Against the yellow pine of the wall his black, bent head and grave profile were in strong relief. A feeling almost of hatred went over me as I looked at him. He seemed a menace in our house. My poor little Laddie! How was her heart to be kept free

and light beside the power of his love, — told or untold, — he who had charmed us all with his imperturbable beauty, his words that told nothing, his voice that seemed to tell so much!

He rose as I approached the table, and turned to me with a strange softening in his face that rather confused me, — it was too like that sweetness in his singing voice.

"You wished to speak to me?" I said. "I want to speak to you, too, before I go, — about Laddie. It may be that there is no reason why I should, but I am leaving her in your charge, — in papa's, of course, but in yours for all the hours when you will be together. I do trust you, but — I am trusting you with a great deal."

"Yes," he said in his even, unemphasized way. "You may be sure that no harm will come to her that I can prevent. You can depend on me."

"You said that before," I suggested.

"But have n't I done it? You surely don't mind the little rows we have? That's just to show that there's no hard feeling."

"Oh, don't put me off!" I said. "I must say what is in my heart, whether I intrude on your feelings or not. I have trembled for her so this summer, — and there is all the winter before her. We want you to have her, George; but do be vigilant! She is happy and unconscious now. It is dreadful of me to talk like this when I have not your confidence, but I cannot help hearing in your voice, in your songs, even seeing in your face, — what she might see, too."

"Kate, you are the only one who does not see."

I did not heed him. "You know as well as I do there are more ways of letting a girl know you love her than — than just saying so!"

"I had thought there might be," he said, "but the time has all gone by, and the only way to make her know is to tell her."

I looked at him in utter amazement.

"Kate, I have loved you ever since you were — Laddie's age," he said.

His words were ceasing to have any meaning for me. "I — don't understand," was all I could answer.

"Not yet? It is very hard to make you understand."

I have come away to my room to think quietly, which, of course, I could not do downstairs with George. I have been

trying to arrange my thoughts with some clearness, but they throng too heavily. I seem to know that when this has taken its proper place it will be seen to simplify things very much — for Laddie. For me it does not seem at all simple; hardly even right, and I cannot understand it. I am very tired. Perhaps I shall understand — to-morrow.

RECENT EVENTS IN GERMANY

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

AMONG the foreign interests of the German people in 1904 the war in the Far East naturally occupied the foremost place. The unusual developments in the relations of the country with Russia, and the extraordinary steps taken by the Government to strengthen these, kept Russia continually in the foreground of public attention. In respect to the war two distinct currents of sympathy early manifested themselves. While the people at large have taken sides with growing enthusiasm for Japan, the Government, its closest political supporters, and to a less extent the financial and commercial classes, give their sympathies to Russia. The Government, however, has maintained a fair degree of neutrality in outward acts, notwithstanding its assiduous wooing of Russia's favor in matters having little direct connection with the war.

The Kaiser, indeed, has taken pains to show how he feels. Now it was an autograph letter sent to the Czar through a special commissioner, now a telegram declaring "Russia's sorrow to be Germany's sorrow," now a deputation of high officials sent across the frontier to convey his greetings to the Czar, now the distribution of money to a Russian frontier guard drawn up to salute him on one of his deer-stalking excursions, — such are the forms that the Kaiser chose for the frank expression

of his sympathies. His attitude is doubtless partly dictated by family relationship, partly by personal pity for a friend in a distressing situation, partly by the traditional policy of protecting Germany on her western frontier through a strongly cemented friendship with Russia; but it is certainly affected also by his feelings toward Japan. It was the Kaiser who brought into vogue in Germany the expression, "the Yellow Peril." Nobody here is so thoroughly convinced as he that the rise of the Japanese race to the rank of a great power must ultimately give to it the mastery of the Far East. Moreover, the line of cleavage between Christian and heathen nations marks, in the Kaiser's mind, a difference that affects the political aspects of the present struggle in Manchuria.

The precarious character of Germany's foothold in China certainly has some part in determining the attitude of her rulers at this moment. German statesmen, from the Kaiser down, know that if the Japanese win a conspicuous success, and then take hold of China and modernize it in an economic and military sense, Kiao-Chau must inevitably be lost to Germany. Already Germans are troubled by the Japanese commercial invasion of the colony and its hinterland. It is Japanese merchants, not German ones, that are set-

ting along the line of the new German railway extending from Tsingtau into the interior, and are winning the trade of the country with their cheap manufactures, — a result facilitated by the fact that the Chinese like their racial kinsmen better than they like the Germans.

Russia, on her part, has done little to make Germany feel comfortable in her Russophile policy; indeed, it has seldom occurred that the friendliness of one country seemed to be so ill requited by the other. It is not that Russia deliberately designed to snub Germany; but her bungling officers and officials unwittingly created the appearance of reckless contempt for Germany's rights on sea and land. The mails were carried off one German steamer, and another was captured by an auxiliary cruiser in the Red Sea; another German vessel sailing under a Japanese charter, and carrying a cargo not recognized as contraband by international law, was sunk by the Vladivostock squadron; and a German fishing schooner, the *Sonntag*, was fired upon by the Baltic fleet when that curious Armada was going forth, like Don Quixote, to seek adventures.

The last named incident, occurring just off the German coast, afforded a luminous view of German policy toward Russia. The Government apparently did not at first intend to make representations of any kind at St. Petersburg; such action, the word was given out at the Foreign Office, would depend upon whether the owner of the vessel asked the Ministry's aid in getting redress. Meanwhile, the press furnished a remarkable illustration of how German editors sometimes take their cue from the Government in matters of foreign policy. At the moment when the newspapers were printing columns about the Anglo-Russian difficulty growing out of the Dogger Bank affair, they quietly brushed aside the *Sonntag* case as of no importance whatever; only the Socialist press struck a sharp note of protest. In the Reichstag, Count von Bülow showed how small a matter the whole

thing was: "Nobody was wounded on board the *Sonntag*. . . . Russia at once met our just demands;" and the owner of the schooner got his seven hundred and fifty dollars for torn nets and a damaged hawser.

In another direction, however, the relations with Russia caused profound discontent and gave occasion for repeated attacks upon the Ministry. For the purpose of coöperating with the St. Petersburg authorities in preventing Russian anarchists from establishing themselves at the Prussian universities, and continuing their propaganda at home from those centres, the Government allowed Russian detectives to enter Germany and keep a sharp surveillance upon the Czar's subjects. Naturally, where Russian officials could determine who was an anarchist, and could designate the subjects for expulsion, things happened that caused sharp controversy; for everybody knows that in Russia any opponent of the Government is likely to be classified as an anarchist. When, moreover, a minister admitted in the Reichstag that obnoxious Russians were transported across the Russian frontier, a still more serious aspect was given to the matter, and the public mind experienced a disagreeable shock; for this was equivalent to transforming the right of expulsion into that of extradition, even where no crime was charged. Also the Government's practice of returning to the Russian authorities military fugitives trying to evade service in Manchuria, except such as were provided with tickets to America by one of the German steamship lines, caused loud protest; and the practice had to be abolished under the pressure of public opinion.

The Government's defense of its policy of expulsion was not such as to satisfy people not committed to its support. A Prussian minister argued in the Reichstag in behalf of exceptional treatment of fugitive Russian liberals, upon the ground that the reforms they were seeking in Russia would have, if carried into effect, a reflex democratic influence in Ger-

many. The Government's critics were also amazed to hear the Chancellor read from the unpublished records of the Government to prove that Bismarck had gone still farther than he, and had expelled Russians merely as a personal favor to the Czar.

The trial at Königsberg in July of seven Socialists for *lèse majesté* and high treason against the Czar was one of the most sensational events of the year, and was a curious piece of bungling for a country governed with so much system and efficiency as Germany. The accused persons had been arrested in the autumn of 1903 for smuggling literature of anarchistic tendencies into Russia. During the trial, however, it was shown that the pamphlets did not contain the incriminating sentence which the Russian Consul of the city had reported to the court in his "translation." A still graver matter was the discovery that the translation of Russian law paragraphs, which this official had supplied to the court to prove that Russia guarantees reciprocity of treatment in cases of *lèse majesté*, omitted some essential matter, so that the court was misled. An authentic translation cleared up this error; and an appeal to the Foreign Office brought the answer that no treaty guaranteeing reciprocity existed. Thus, after the trial had proceeded at great length and had attracted the attention of the country to an uncommon degree, the very basis on which it rested was destroyed at one blow. The accused got only light sentences for secret association contrary to German law.

The Government had to meet repeated assaults in the Reichstag and Diet in connection with this Königsberg affair. All political parties, except the Conservatives, joined in these attacks; and the Socialists in particular made much political capital out of the matter. The Prussian Minister of Justice frankly confessed that serious mistakes had been made, and the Government press admitted that the trial had damaged the reputation of Prussian courts, and had compromised more than

it had helped Russia. The impression left upon the country was that the Government had gone too far in its zeal to win Russia's good will, and had suffered a loss of dignity.

The state of feeling in England toward Germany has remained such as to give grave concern to German statesmen and publicists. The behavior of the German press toward England has visibly improved within the past two years; nevertheless, the English windows that it smashed during the Boer War have never been repaired. Indeed, the attitude of several leading English newspapers and magazines creates the impression in Germany that they are deliberately trying to transform a popular antipathy into an inextinguishable hatred, which may have grave practical results. Their suspicion of Germany took some queer forms of expression last year. They found it easy to believe that Germany was plotting against British interests in Tibet; and when several damaged Russian vessels, fleeing before the victorious Togo, took refuge in Tsingtau, they saw fresh proof of their theory that a secret treaty exists between Germany and Russia. The fact that Japan declared herself satisfied when Germany ordered the vessels to be disarmed and detained till the close of the war, made little difference to these London political critics; they were more Japanese than Japan. The English Government went even farther at the time of the Dogger Bank incident. Downing Street actually believed that Germany had instigated the gallant attack of the Baltic squadron upon the Hull fishermen! Could anything illustrate more strikingly how an international hatred "doth work like madness in the brain"?

This frenzied state of the English mind toward Germany is all the more noteworthy when it is considered that France has already succeeded in completely mending the windows which its press had broken during the South African War. The German press certainly behaved no worse than the French at that time; yet

Count von Bülow still finds it necessary to protest in the Reichstag, and in the English press itself, that he entertains none of the sinister designs against England attributed to him. The conclusion of the Anglo-French agreement last spring awakened curious sensations here. The feeling that Germany had been ignored in a matter that closely affected her interests was widely expressed; and even the saner organs of public opinion thought it was a most inopportune occasion for Count von Bülow to "lay his flute on the table and withdraw from the concert," as he once said. The assumption that he made no music merely because the concert was not to his liking was rejected by wiser people than the Pan-Germans. The latter, of course, were ready with a quixotic proposition: Germany should immediately seize a part of Morocco as a compensation! What has become, they asked, of the Kaiser's utterance that no important decision could be taken anywhere in the world without Germany's assent?

The attitude of the German Government and people toward the United States, it is pleasant to note by way of contrast, has continued to grow more friendly. The Kaiser's cordial good will for us has found frequent expression, and our President's overtures for the negotiation of an arbitration treaty with Germany led to a speedy result. Germany also readily accepted the President's tentative proposal of a second peace congress. It is pleasant to record here that the Berlin Government is more favorably disposed toward a second congress than it was toward the first; its skepticism toward a permanent arbitration court has been overcome by the practical efficacy of the Hague Tribunal, and it is convinced that the latter is capable of further development in the service of the world's peace.

The President, moreover, is himself one of the chief influences in Germany making for a better appreciation of our country. Many stalwart patriots, indeed, saw an intentional affront to the Empire in the unfortunate delay in setting up the

statue of Frederick the Great; but even these were appeased by Mr. Roosevelt's tactful speech at the unveiling, which seemed to atone for a multitude of American sins. His message, too, while many moralists thought that his ethical flights were too heavily weighted with cannon, pleased the German commercial classes at its most radical point, — its frank declaration of police authority over delinquent debtor-states in South America. The President has undoubtedly touched a most sympathetic chord among all classes here, notwithstanding what they regard as his excessive imperialism. The interest in him as a man is growing, — the German public clearly wants to know better this strong American who dares to have high ideals in the midst of what it traditionally regards as our sordid and corrupt politics. Various newspapers have been running translations of his books as serials; and a complete edition of his works has been announced by a publishing house.

The visits of Germans to our shores last year assumed far larger proportions than ever before. Many business and professional men who had long wanted to see what is called here "the great republic," availed themselves of the St. Louis exhibition to gratify their wishes. The columns of the newspapers have been filled with the impressions of these travelers. It is a significant fact — one that is not very flattering to our national pride — that few of these writers point their countrymen to our experience in government, still fewer to our conduct of general politics, and none at all to our management of municipal affairs, as examples for imitation at home. What interested our visitors chiefly was material things, — our methods of producing and distributing goods, and social and labor questions as affecting these. And on this plane, what was the impression made? A favorable one, indeed, but far from the overwhelming impression that our vast economic self-esteem would have expected. What expert technical writers saw at St.

Louis and in their travels about the country tended rather to diminish their awe for the "American Danger" than to enhance it. One of the foremost of these gave the following summary of his impressions: "Our well-known pessimists, who shudder whenever a ton of American iron is landed at Ruhrort, should be compelled to visit St. Louis. Let them here study the actual state of technical development, especially let them inform themselves as to the effects of the protective tariff and the trusts upon technical progress; let them also study the ever increasing friction between capital and labor, — then, if they are acquainted with conditions at home, they must relegate the ostensible 'American Danger' to the realm of fable."

It is probable that new commercial treaties with various continental countries will have been ratified by the Reichstag before this article appears in print. These arrangements will take effect January 1, 1906, and will continue in force twelve years. In view of the near approach of the time when Germany's commercial relations shall be placed upon a new tariff basis, no little concern is felt as to the future of the country's trade with us. The importance of removing all uncertainty about the matter is fully realized; and it has been asserted repeatedly in the press and in the Reichstag that it is more important for Germany to get a satisfactory commercial treaty with the United States than with her immediate neighbors. It may be easily understood, therefore, that there is much amazement here that our Government seems wholly to ignore the seriousness, from the American standpoint, of the situation that will exist after January 1, 1906. I outlined that situation in this magazine one year ago; and all that was said then has equal force to-day. Our commercial people who are interested in the export trade with Germany should lose no time in convincing Congress that the "stand-pat" policy is an extremely unwise one, so far as Germany is concerned. If that policy is to continue, I can

see no other result than that all our exports to Germany shall be placed under the German general tariff duties, while those of our competitors will come in at greatly reduced treaty rates.

The uprising of the Hereros, and later of the Witboi Hottentots, in German Southwest Africa has given the country a most unwelcome reminder of the dangers and uncertainties of colonial possessions. This little negro war has proved to be very troublesome to the Government, and equally so to the Imperial finances, which are otherwise in an unsatisfactory state. Worse than the heavy cost in money has been the sacrifice of human life, the German troops having lost heavily from malarial diseases. Some features of the struggle are of interest to us, in view of our position in the Philippines and our perennial negro question at home. It is highly interesting to note that the dwellers in Southwest Africa — although the Germans have little of social repugnance to the negro as we know it — have adopted a view of that race hardly less favorable than prevails in the most anti-negro sections of the South. The settlers who wrote letters to the newspapers at home, and the deputation of farmers who came to Berlin to seek financial aid from the Government, were of one mind as to the régime of ex-Governor Leutwein; it was too mild for negroes, who must be made to feel the stern hand of authority. Some of his critics complain that he permitted the blacks to appeal to police and courts in protecting their rights against the whites; and they are now demanding that the lands of the natives be confiscated, even those of the tribes remaining friendly to Germany, and that they be reduced to a state of quasi-slavery till they learn to work.

Various causes for the uprising have been put forward. The local authorities laid it largely to the extortion of wandering traders who went about the country enticing the natives to buy goods on credit, and seizing their cattle later and selling them to secure payment. The Imperial Government lays little stress upon this

cause, and says that the "uprising would have occurred if there had never been a white trader in Hereroland." The official view is that "the Hereros, being a freedom-loving, conquering, infinitely proud people, felt the extension of German power and the diminution of their own to be growing more and more intolerable; also" — what was really the decisive factor — "they had gotten the impression that they were stronger than the Germans."

The Imperial Chancellor has now announced that it will be the policy of the Government to make such uprisings forever impossible again. To this end the natives are to be disarmed and their captaincies abolished; the colony will be placed under a civil governor, and military rule will be discontinued; but sufficient troops will be kept there permanently to quell any future uprising in its incipency. Local self-government, so far as consistent with the Imperial authority, will also be introduced in the colonies. The passage of bills by the Reichstag for railways in Togo and German East Africa, for the encouragement of cotton-growing, has a direct economic interest for us Americans. Of course it is quite problematical what will come of this experiment, — just as everything about Germany's colonies is more or less problematical. The Governor of East Africa was saying the other day that it was still quite uncertain whether that colony would prove to be adapted for white settlement. But it is the fatality of these colonial experiments that the Empire cannot recede from the course once chosen, — the honor of the country, it is thought, would forbid that; and so Germany goes on spending life and treasure many times more valuable, to all appearances, than all her African possessions will ever be worth.

Among the home interests of the country nothing loomed up so large last year as the subject of industrial combinations. The process of consolidating industries and banks into powerful organizations again made gigantic strides; and the public mind, dazed and disquieted, is wonder-

ing what will be its final outcome. All the largest steel manufacturers united in an association that shall have complete control of the steel and iron products of the country; and it is already effecting agreements with manufacturers of other countries for parceling out the world's markets. At the same time the Coal Syndicate was reorganized to include all the independent producers of the West; and, in connection with it, a great shipping and selling company was formed for the purpose of controlling the retail trade and eliminating recalcitrant dealers. These steel and coal combinations are working in complete harmony, and no independent manufacturer can exist against their will.

In that great industrial region many large iron companies had come into possession of coal mines. In order to induce these to put their mines into the Syndicate, they were given the right to produce, over and above their allotments, all the coal that they might need for their own furnaces. A new impetus was thus given to the process of consolidation. Strong coal companies hastened to absorb iron establishments, in order to earn larger profits by consuming their own coal in indefinite quantities. Furthermore, as the allotments were fixed absolutely for a long period, the strongest companies proceeded to buy weaker, less economically worked collieries, in order to shut them down and produce their allotments elsewhere at lower cost. This movement assumed large proportions. Miners by the thousand had to betake themselves to other parts of the country, and entire communities were threatened with depopulation. Industrial towns held indignation meetings, to protest, and to demand the nationalization of the mines; and excited operatives are still holding conferences to discuss a general strike. The Government has sent a commission to inquire into the movement; and the Minister of Commerce has urged the coal magnates to proceed as mildly as possible.

This powerful concentric movement of industries has taken a strong hold upon

the thoughts of people and Government alike. The public is deeply concerned at the growth of private monopolies, and many persons who had hitherto favored letting economic development take its own course now call for drastic measures of prevention and repression. Country squires of the most conservative type advocate the nationalization of all coal deposits; and it is already asserted that a majority of the Prussian Diet would vote for such a measure. This convergence of the views of extreme Conservatism and radical Socialism is certainly one of the oddest results of the movement under discussion, — and one of the most instructive. The natural trend of events is unquestionably in the direction of some form of socialism. The Social Democracy clearly perceives this, and so hails every industrial consolidation as but another milestone on the way to state collectivism.

The foes of Socialism, too, see the line of development with equal clearness. Last year the German Government printed the proceedings of a commission that had been appointed to investigate industrial consolidations. At one of its sittings — held prior to the events related in the foregoing paragraphs — Professor Adolf Wagner of Berlin University, for many years one of the leaders of that school of German economists which demands the extension of state authority at the expense of the individual, said: "In such a tendency as is at work in syndicates and trusts, are we not preparing the way for what the Socialists themselves represent as the final goal of development? When it comes to pass that all industries are amalgamated into trusts, kartells, and gigantic establishments, as in America, then the ultimate question arises of itself, whether everything ought not to be taken over by the State. Then you have the Social Democratic State, the productive system of Socialism." The professor's attitude of mind is typical. Most Germans who think upon these problems at all now betray similar incertitude as to the groundwork of their economic creed, —

"Wandering between two worlds, — one dead,
The other powerless to be born."

The Government itself affords a most luminous illustration of what has just been said. It is fully convinced of the economic soundness — nay, the economic necessity — of industrial consolidations. The ministers have reiterated in various legislative debates the arguments for the syndicates, laying special emphasis upon their effectiveness as weapons of economic warfare with foreign countries. American competition in the world's markets, they asserted, could only be met by such organizations on a large scale. Hence the syndicates have been most tenderly treated by the State. Count Posadowsky, the economic mouthpiece of the Imperial Government, has recently given deep offense to the country squires by openly defending great capital combinations against their attacks; and he once spoke of the investigating commission on syndicates as designed rather in the interest of the syndicates themselves than in that of the State. The Prussian Minister of Commerce recently expressed the conviction that the system of free competition was no longer available under modern industrial conditions. The Ministry shows its faith by its works, too: the Prussian Fiscal Bureau, as owner of several of the best potash mines of the country, boldly took the initiative in reviving the Potash Syndicate last summer, and it assisted in suppressing several works through a manipulation of prices, — all quite after the usual trust tactics. In the Saar region, too, the state coal mines take the lead in practices that consumers regard as very oppressive.

Yet the Government is convinced that great combinations of capital threaten grave dangers to the public welfare, and feels that it must do something, if not to prevent harmful results, at least to watch developments from its vantage-ground, and discover, if may be, where the danger line is crossed. When the Ministers of Finance and Commerce observed the new pace set last summer in the fusion of

coal and iron companies, they at once determined to buy some great coal company, in order to secure a seat in the Syndicate, where they might watch tendencies and influence prices. They accordingly commissioned a bank quietly to buy the majority of the stock of the Hibernia Coal Company; and the Berlin Bourse, usually so quiet, experienced a new thing in its history, — a regular American “fight to secure control.” Who the mysterious “plunger” was that was “bulling” Hibernia stock so recklessly, only became apparent some weeks later, when the Government found it expedient to throw off its disguise and make a public offer for the remainder of the stock. But the passions of the leading stockholders had been too much inflamed by the Government’s secretive methods; and it failed to secure the coveted prize. The Minister of Commerce had later to suffer the indignity of going to the Diet for an appropriation to pay for the minority stock, and of hearing himself berated there by the friends of the Syndicate as an impertinent poacher upon its preserves.

A startling turn has recently been given to this controversy. The Coal Syndicate, which had early mobilized its forces to defeat the Government’s plan, has now joined hands with several of the largest banks of Berlin, to organize a trust, or holding company, to control all the Hibernia stock not yet secured by the Government, and to keep it in a fixed, inattackable form. It is a German adaptation of our famous Northern Securities Company, and so illustrates anew how American example can “corrupt the world.” On German soil, however, the very organization of this company was — in view of the hostility to great capital prevailing here — a display of astonishing audacity. The Minister of Commerce felt this when he warned the Hibernia capitalists against what he called their “Defiance Trust,” and characterized their action as “a strong provocation to the great majority of this House.”

What shall be the remedy for these

great combinations of capital, or, indeed, whether any remedy at all is needed, are questions that have not been remotely answered in Germany. Almost everybody wants Government action of some kind, — except the Socialists, who wish to accelerate, rather than retard, the concentric movement of capital. It is a curious fact that the Socialists, the party of discontent *par excellence*, are the only political group that is wholly satisfied with the movement; they feel that they can logically classify it in the historical development of their system. The radical Liberals offer free trade as a remedy, particularly where the syndicates sell their products more cheaply abroad than at home; but the trouble is that the people cannot be persuaded to take this course, being too fully committed to the policy of protection. The Congress of German Jurists discussed the subject again in September, and voted against Government interference in general; but it adopted by an overwhelming majority a declaration that interference would be justifiable in cases of excessive price advances. The Government, too, while trying to discover its ideal of syndicates “inwardly so constructed that they shall act reasonably and rightly,” feels that some legislation may become necessary. It realizes, however, the extreme difficulty of legislating wisely in such a complicated matter, and is evidently afraid that any bill it might propose would be given a more radical character in the Reichstag than it could accept. Under this view the ministers take frequent occasion to warn the magnates of the trusts not to provoke legislative action.

A curious movement has been inaugurated to counteract the effects of large capital combinations, — a movement to “rescue the middle class.” A national organization with this end in view was recently formed by the Agrarian and Anti-Semitic element. Their immediate plan is to secure harsh laws against department stores, which one of their number has called the “crying evil of the

time," in the interest of the small shopkeepers. They even want to close up the large coöperative stores of army and navy officers and Government officials. These so-called "middle-class rescuers" are strong in the Diet. The rigorous law against department stores having failed to check these, the anti-capitalistic majority now proposes to sharpen its provisions, reducing the limit at which the tax begins to an annual turnover of \$50,000, instead of \$100,000. At this point, however, the Government raises a warning voice and defends the great bazaars as natural products of modern conditions. Moreover, this tendency to call for state action whenever something seems to be out of joint in the affairs of the people, is evidently going too far for the Government; but, as the Minister of Commerce recently pointed out, "this tendency is really not with the Government, but with the whole population. Whenever an abuse is discovered anywhere to-day, the State is at once called to: 'Help us out! Your strong arm must bring a remedy!' Forty years ago nobody would have said this; people would not have called on the State for help. To-day it is done everywhere."

From the discussion of these matters it is but a step to Socialism. The Social Democratic party suffered the loss of three of its eighty-one seats in the Reichstag last year, and in several other by-elections its vote was greatly reduced. The backset was attributed to internal dissension in the party, growing out of the famous Dresden Convention of 1903, and to the autocratic methods of the National Committee in interfering with the nomination of candidates. The newspaper controversies within the party, too, have been frequent and hot. Some followers have doubtless become disgusted at the vitriolic amenities exchanged so freely by Socialist writers; and all this has tended, for the moment, to diminish the voting strength of the party. Conservative editors take much comfort in these developments, and are trying to hope that

Socialism has now reached its culminating point. More unbiased judges, however, are sure that the phenomenon is only an eddy in the current, and that we have not yet reached the full breadth of the stream.

The prodigious amount of attention given to the discussion of Socialism in the Reichstag is a sure index of the intense preoccupation of the Government and the so-called "law and order parties" with that movement. Far more time is given to speeches about the doings of the Social Democratic party than to any other subject; and several of its leaders, like Bebel and von Vollmar, are sure of the breathless attention of the House and the Ministers, as the speakers of no other party are. "Our entire public life revolves about this party," said a National Liberal leader recently, in complaining that the Ministers gave such elaborate replies to the attacks of the Socialists, while ignoring criticism from other sides. This is perhaps but a natural result from the fact that the Socialists are becoming more and more the only effective opposition party. They are the only party that fights the Government as if it "meant business." The attack is often exaggerated or wide of the mark, indeed, but the Socialist speakers do lay bare the weak places in the Government's policy, and abuses in administration, with a fullness and vigor that win admiration far beyond the limits of that party. As one travels about Germany, one is surprised to find how frequently one meets men of influence, not Socialists, who praise the service that this party is doing for the country. In their view it is a cleansing tempest that purifies the political atmosphere. But the Socialists also receive recognition from higher quarters. The Minister of the Interior of the Grand Duchy of Baden recently said: "The Social Democracy is in large part a movement that has proceeded from justifiable and sound motives;" and Count von Posadowsky has expressed himself similarly in the Reichstag.

The most disappointing development

of the year in the Social Democratic party — for outsiders who had hoped to see the Revisionists get the upper hand — was the further strengthening of the radical main body; while the prospects of revisionism certainly look less bright than for several years. The old school of Socialists are taking active measures against the Revisionists. The leader of the latter, Eduard Bernstein, established last year a weekly newspaper at Berlin in which to argue his case, but the local lights of the party pronounced a boycott upon it before it was born, and it lived only thirty weeks. At the International Socialist Congress at Amsterdam, too, Bebel won, with his Dresden resolutions, emphasizing the class-struggle character of the socialistic movement, a sweeping victory over Jaures and the opportunists of other countries. The victory, however, will remain without practical effect upon the further development of Socialism in Europe; since men of the Jaures type will continue to make alliances with other parties; and thus, although weaker relatively than the German Social Democracy, they will continue to achieve better practical results in alleviating conditions for the working classes than the "Three-million party" of Germany.

Inside the latter, too, the conviction is undoubtedly gaining momentum that a policy of mere negation, of unconditional opposition to Government measures, is unwise. At the annual convention of the party at Bremen the representatives of the labor-unions advocated coöperation with the Government and other parties in carrying forward the policy of social reform. The significance of this is apparent, since these unions number over a million members and constitute the best element of the party. As for the rest, the Bremen Convention was tame, in contrast with that of Dresden. A noteworthy step was a vote of sharp censure upon one of the party's delegation in the Reichstag for espousing a mild form of protection. The vote gave much comfort to the foes of Socialism, who saw in it merely another expression

of Socialist intolerance; but it was certainly in harmony with the party's consistent free-trade history.

The danger of the Socialist movement to the State continues to haunt many minds; and the abolition of universal suffrage as an extreme remedy is frankly proposed in some quarters. The high Conservative noblemen of the Prussian House of Lords openly advocated that course; and Chancellor von Bülow offered only a mild objection, which seemed equivalent to saying, not yet. A still more radical proposition has been put forward by a professor of constitutional law at Heidelberg University. Anticipating the time when the Socialists shall have a majority in the Reichstag, he asserts the right of the German sovereigns to break up the Empire whenever the majority there becomes too difficult to handle; and he was able to defend this view by quoting a petulant utterance of Bismarck's, that the German princes could easily take the notion of treating the entire Imperial constitution as a "*bon-mot* of yesterday." A Socialist speaker in the Reichstag, in answer to such suggestions of a *coup-d'état*, boldly announced that "our majority will prove man enough to quell your minority." This playing with future fire, however, is obviously not to the liking of the thoughtful Socialist leaders, who anticipate with some dread the time when the majority of the nation shall stand with them, and they must inaugurate an open conflict between two eras.

The Polish question entered upon a new phase in 1904, through the passage of the so-called "Settlement Law." Some years ago the Polish party organized a land-bank, the Ziemiński, for the purpose of counteracting the Government's plan of buying up large estates in the provinces of Posen and West Prussia, dividing them up, and settling German peasant farmers upon them. This Ziemiński, together with a number of similar concerns, adopted precisely the same plan for settling Polish peasants; and their success

was so great that the two provinces have been growing more Polish than before the Government Settlement Commission began to Germanize them. Indeed, the work of the Commission has hitherto yielded most unsatisfactory results. A public document shows that it had spent, from its organization in 1886 to the end of 1903, nearly \$42,000,000, of which above \$25,000,000 was paid for lands already in German hands. When the Commission commenced its labors it paid an average of \$34 per acre for land; in 1902 the price had advanced to \$87; and in 1903 it reached \$111. The Poles resisted more and more the attempt to buy their lands for the extension of German influence. Hence less than eight per cent of the Commission's purchases in 1903 were from Polish owners. In other words, the Commission has been compelled to buy German lands at fancy prices, in order to prevent their falling again into Polish hands. The Polish settlement agencies have beaten the Commission at its own game; and the Prussian Minister of Agriculture admitted to the Diet, that from 1896 to the end of 1903 above 106,000 acres of German lands in the two provinces had been transferred to Polish ownership.

Confronted by such conditions, the Prussian Government resorted to a Draconian remedy. It brought forward a bill forbidding private organizations to acquire and divide lands without the permission of the provincial governor, which must be based upon a certificate from the Settlement Commission to the effect that the agency in question is acting in harmony with German national aims. This will effectively throttle all Polish settlement work. The opposition in the Diet resisted the Government with uncommon vigor, pointing out that the measure was the rankest kind of class legislation, besides being unconstitutional, since the Constitution asserts the equality of all Prussians before the laws. The argument from expediency, however, prevailed with the majority; and the questionable bill became law.

The position of the Clerical party in the Empire, and its relations with the Government, came up for an unusual amount of discussion last year, owing to the passage of a bill repealing a section of the Jesuit law. This gave the Government the power to expel foreign Jesuits and to restrict German ones to a limited territory. The repeal, however, is without practical effect, since the paragraph in question has not been enforced for many years; but it caused significant discontent in a large part of the Protestant population, which is growing restive under the extension of Clerical influence with the Government.

Passions were still more deeply stirred by a resolution passed by the Diet, favoring a law to make all elementary schools either Protestant or Catholic, each having exclusively teachers and pupils of the same confession, and boards of school inspectors having representatives of church interests. An intensely sharp agitation followed for months in educational and political circles. The annual gatherings of national teachers' organizations rejected the proposed law with decisive emphasis, as certain to introduce confessionalism into the schools, and to give the clergy of both churches too much influence over them. The National Liberal party, the originator of the objectionable resolution, saw a great movement of protest break out within its ranks; and the younger element of the party, the so-called "Young Liberals," held a convention and strongly declared against the new policy of the leaders.

In a higher sphere of educational life, too, the year was marked by ferment and action. Theological teaching has for some years been the centre around which continued controversy, partly religious, partly political, has revolved. The orthodox wing of the state church has grown bolder in its demand that theological teaching at the universities be brought into harmony with its views, and that the unrestrained freedom of investigation and instruction hitherto enjoyed by the professors of theology be abolished. Alarmed at the grow-

ing urgency of that demand, and the increasing influence of the orthodox party upon the policy of the Government, the friends of free investigation organized in October a national society to resist reactionary encroachments upon the liberal traditions of the theological faculties. The organizers of the movement appre-

hend that the retrograde tendency will still further weaken the hold of the Evangelical church upon the intellectual life of the country. Doubtless the next few years will witness a sharper alignment of forces opposing and defending the intellectual liberty of the theological faculties.

LETTERS TO LITERARY STATESMEN

BY "ALCIPHRON"

I

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[The next letter in this series will be addressed to Mr. Balfour. — THE EDITORS.]

MR. JOHN MORLEY has described you as a man of letters temporarily assigned to other duty. Humor such as that will appeal to you more than cynicism like Disraeli's. He, you will remember, said smirkingly, when urging Lord Lytton to accept the viceroyalty of India, that he himself had known what was the pain of abandoning literature for public life. Of that pretense you are incapable. You would no doubt frankly and heartily subscribe to the dictum of that other literary statesman, Adolphe Thiers: "Writing is a poor thing after action. I would give ten successful histories for one successful session, or for one successful campaign."

Not that your delightful studies were ever conducted in still air. A clangor as of camp or ranch attended them from the first. With a versatility and sure instinct of publicity equal to Alfred Jingle's own, you utilized the breathless intervals of sport to woo the Muse, to whom you dictated your addresses vociferously and at lightning speed. With you the writing of books always had the air of being a kind of exhilarating intellectual exercise. So you passed from the punching-bag to authorship with no sense of abrupt transi-

tion. Your volumes hurtled through the air like missiles. Yet they were always intended to put ideas into people's heads, even if their skulls had first to be broken to get the ideas in. Consequently it is sky, not soul, that you have changed in becoming a public man. You have no occasion for long regrets over the forsaken occupation of letters, for the words of Condorcet to Turgot may be applied to you with peculiar force: "You are very happy in your passion for the public good, and your power to satisfy it; it is a great consolation, and of an order very superior to that of study."

Yet devotion to literature is a species of original sin, and bewrays its hidden taint even in the writer turned statesman. You, for example, have said that you "claim to be an historian." But a peril lurks here. Are you always able to keep clear the distinction between writing history and making it? May not too keen a sense that present politics is future history prevent you from fixing your eye on the goal before you, — as if a sprinter were to carry a stop-watch in his hand, and were to look at it eagerly from one moment to another, to see what time he

was making? That would be a serious handicap for a runner; and so is, to a statesman, a haunting wonder how his deeds will *read*. Such a secondary conscience, literary in its nature, impairs absorption in the work at hand; and *totus in illis* is still the recipe for success in great affairs. Let presidents pant for posthumous fame as dying Garfield did, and as may be done in all honor, but let them know that intent and unconscious present achievement is the root from which alone the future bays can grow. You know that saying of Seneca's: "Fame follows merit as surely as the body casts a shadow." He added that the shadow sometimes falls in front, sometimes behind. In your case, your friends would urge you not to be too anxious that it fall in front. Tacitus anticipated Milton in saying that the lust of fame is the last infirmity that a wise man shakes off. For such a glutton of work as you, however, it should be easy to jettison that perilous cargo earlier in the voyage, and to face the future in the proud spirit of the line:

Nulla est fama tuum par aequiparare laborem.

You have assured your countrymen that you model your public conduct upon Lincoln's. Let us hope that this is not because your published list of the poor creatures among your predecessors in office did not come down to him. But your imitation should include his quality of "dreading praise, not blame." And President Harrison, who said that your chief fault was wanting the millennium (all but the beating of spears into pruning hooks) *right off*, would scarcely have thought of fitting to you the truthful lines on Lincoln:

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide
Till the wise years decide.

It is one of the misfortunes of the literary statesman that he jogs the literary memory. Suggesting one comparison, he invites others. You somewhat rashly challenge measuring by Lincoln, but it is safer to turn to the ancients. In your

reading of Thucydides, — and your admiring friends have told us, with pardoned indiscretion, how your habit is to read the speeches which that historian put into the mouths of Greek statesmen, between train-stops for speeches of your own, in like manner to go down to posterity, — one wonders if you never were startled by coming upon unconscious prophecies. There was that description of the Athenian character, for example, made by a Corinthian orator: "They deem the quiet of inaction to be as disagreeable as the most tiresome business. If a man should say of them, in a word, that they were born neither to have peace themselves nor to allow peace to other men, he would simply speak the truth." And if you are ever tempted to think that you succeed because you hit off perfectly the passing mood of your day, you might do well to re-read what Thucydides had to say of popular standards in times of unrest in the Greek cities: "Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. *Frantic energy was the true quality of a man.*"

No one has ever accused you of being among the "wiry logicians." Yet they, according to Cobden, make the most "reliable politicians," because, although they may be "liable to false starts, . . . when once you know their premises you can calculate their course and where to find them." Jefferson and Calhoun were of this stamp. In unpleasing contrast to them, Cobden mentioned a man of what he called the *genus sentimentalist*. "They are not to be depended on in political action, because they are not masters of their own reasoning powers. They sing songs or declaim about truth, justice, liberty, and the like, but it is only in the same artificial spirit in which they make odes to dewdrops, daisies, etc. They are just as likely to trample on one as the other, notwithstanding."

With you, however, it has not been a

question of a body of political principles, rigorously held and rigidly worked out. You have been content to make your election among the current doctrines of parties. And your procedure seems now to be pretty clearly established. Your violence in denouncing political opponents is equaled only by your coolness in appropriating their programmes. The old motto used to be: Find out what your antagonists want to do, and then do the opposite. But you have improved upon that, so that your own maxim seems to read: Discover what the other party proposes, hold it up to scorn, warn the country against it, and then do it yourself. Great men before you have stolen the clothes of the Whigs, but no one has rivaled you in abusing them for not having better clothes to steal.

Yet you believe devoutly in your own party. The fact that it sustains you is proof enough that it deserves your alle-

giance and your praises. And you depend upon it as the means to your ends. But there are two sides to that. It also depends upon you—temporarily. If you propose to use it, it intends to use you; and where you think you have wings, you may any day find that you have a weight. Hence no more friendly advice could be given to you, in this great crisis of your political fortunes, than the advice which was given to that other aspiring young man, Vivian Grey: "If by any chance you find yourself independent, never for a moment suppose that you can accomplish your objects by coming forward to fight the battles of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions, and then smile at your youthful zeal; or, crossing themselves for the unexpected succor, be too cowardly to reward their unexpected champion. . . . There is no act of treachery or meanness of which a political party is not capable."

PRESENT TENDENCIES OF RUSSIAN LIBERALISM

BY PAUL MILYUKOV

EVERY one knows, or thinks he knows, what Russian Nihilism is; every one has heard of the Russian revolutionary movement; but not every one understands what Russian Liberalism is. Until a few weeks ago it was generally thought, and with reason, to be something amorphous, everything and nothing, a disposition of mind rather than a political programme. But a few weeks ago the Associated Press correspondent began to mention the Russian Liberals as a political group, and Russian Liberalism as a political programme. Just what this group and this programme are is not quite clear to the correspondent in St. Petersburg. Now he mentions a group which he calls the "Conservative Liberals," which, he says, stands with Prince Sviatopolk Mirski. Now he refers

to some "Extremists," wicked people who put sticks in Mirski's wheels and endanger the progress of Russian reform. Again, after the Czar's manifesto, he seems to join with the Extremists' criticism of Mirski's programme. And now that M. Witte is elbowing M. Mirski out of his berth, to take it himself, it is not clear whether M. Witte is with the Extremists, or with the Conservative Liberals, or with any Liberals at all. The correspondent seems to be at sea, and we are at sea with him.

A few suggestions by one who is not entirely foreign to the Russian Liberal movement may perhaps help the American reader to find his way among the intricacies of late events in St. Petersburg.

Liberalism is not a new creation in Russia. In a sense it has always existed there, as long as there has been any public opinion, for Russian public opinion has always been liberal. But in its present meaning of a political current tending to political reform, Liberalism has existed only since 1861, the year of the emancipation of the serfs. In the forty years which have elapsed since then, Russian Liberalism has passed through three stages. In the sixties it was tinged with landlordism, and was quite unacceptable, in consequence, to the radical political group. Nor did this make it acceptable to the Government. In the eighties, Liberalism was more definite and determined in its demands, but it still was willing to side with the autocracy against the growing revolutionary movement at that time. For a moment the Government was inclined to listen to the Liberal representations, but it turned a deaf ear to Liberalism as soon as the revolutionary movement was stifled. No wonder that now, when the revolutionary movement is rife again, and stronger than ever before, Russian Liberalism is in no hurry to play the part of a mediator. It is now in a radical third stage, in the sense that it does not wish a revolution, but it is uncompromising in its demands that autocracy shall be abolished, as this seems to be the only peaceful issue possible.

One can see, therefore, that Russian Liberalism is very much changed in temper and in its political psychology, so to say. Where it was aristocratic and conservative, it is now democratic and radical.

But does this mean that the aristocratic and conservative elements have entirely disappeared from Russian Liberalism? Not in the least, though these elements are not what they formerly were. They no longer have the lead, and therefore they are the more easily alarmed by the plans of the Extremists.

But what are the Liberals themselves planning? Here again we must state the great difference between the Liberal

schemes of to-day and those of twenty years ago. Twenty years ago, in the eighties, the programme of Russian Liberalism was as wavering as its mood. If we re-read the political pamphlets and papers of that time, we shall find at least five different proposals for political reform, all of them "liberal," but no one of them generally accepted. The most moderate at that time was the scheme of the Nationalistic Liberals of the elder generation, who dreamed of reviving the ancient Russian popular representation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the so-called Zemsky Sobor, which possessed only a consulting voice, and was thus quite compatible with the preservation of autocracy. Another scheme discussed in some influential circles among the higher officials was the plan to take the existing board of legislation, the Council of State, for a starting-point, and to admit into it some representation from the local self-governing bodies, the so-called Zemstvos. A third scheme was to form a separate representative body out of the representatives of the Zemstvos, but to make of this body an upper house, while a lower house should be directly elected by the people. A fourth scheme was to constitute only one chamber, directly chosen by the people, and to give the people general suffrage. The fifth scheme was to convoke a constitutional assembly freely chosen by the people, and to let this assembly decide what should be the new order of things. This last scheme met the wishes of the Revolutionists and Socialists, who at that time expected from such an assembly a more or less complete overthrow of the existing social order.

In comparison with this medley of programmes and schemes, our present Liberalism shows a much greater unity of opinion. No Liberal questions that representation must be real and not fictitious, that it must represent the people directly, and not the local self-governing bodies; nor is there any doubt among Liberals that the representative body must be given

real political rights, that is, the right to legislate, and this means to limit autocratic power. Thus any possibility of satisfying Russian Liberalism by granting a sort of consulting assembly, or by introducing representatives into the existing legislative body chosen from the officials of the Czar, is out of the question. There has been some doubt among the Liberals as to the advisability of the extension of suffrage, but this vacillation is nearly over, and the necessity of granting the people suffrage is coming to be recognized by all who speak in the name of Liberalism.

There exists still a difference of opinion as to whether it is better to have one or two chambers, but people who defend the two-chamber system do not do it in any class interest. They use two arguments for their view: First, that side by side with representation of the whole people in the lower house there must be a representation of provinces, and of their particular interests, in an upper house elected by local assemblies. This argument is not unfamiliar to Americans, but it loses a great deal of its force when applied to Russia, as there are no historically conditioned provinces in Russia proper. All our provinces are foundations of the central power, and their configurations, if necessary, could be entirely remodeled tomorrow, without meeting with the slightest protest on the part of local patriotism. There are, of course, provinces with a past quite distinct from Russia's, such as Poland, the Caucasus and Baltic Provinces, Little Russia;¹ but their interests cannot be met by the mere organization of a second chamber. What they need is an increase of local autonomy.

The other argument used by the partisans of the two-chamber system is that the upper house will represent a better degree of intellectuality, and therefore, perhaps, more Liberalism. This argument is founded upon a disbelief in the political ripeness of the people and upon a certain

¹ I do not mention Finland, because that country possesses a separate political organization.

fear of demagogism. It is essentially the same argument which may be used against general suffrage, and so far it tries to make up for concessions on that point. Now, if we consider that peasants even at present have the power to vote in local elections, and that they were never accused of misuse, or negligence, or ignorance in the practice of their right; if we consider, further, that in Russia there are no powerful companies or syndicates that would like to get their private bills passed through the legislature; that thus there will be infinitely less will and less power to bribe electors, the proposal of general suffrage does not seem so indefensible. If in addition to this we consider, that electoral districts in Russia will necessarily be enormous, embracing on the average some two hundred thousand persons, and that thus only well-known men will have any chance of being elected to office; that in Russia a man connected with politics is not a professional, but an idealist, a philanthropist, or a patriot,—if we take into consideration all these peculiarities of future political life in Russia, we shall necessarily come to the conclusion that there is no danger of the general vote being misused, that in all probability men of the same type will figure in both houses, and that the case for the upper house constituted by election from the self-governing districts is not a strong one. If these members of the elective lower house be disposed to stand for the interests of the lower social strata, which is generally expected by public opinion, they will only do their duty, and it will be high time for them to work in that direction, because only some efficient help to the lower classes can bring salvation to Russia in her present crisis.

The danger, indeed, is on the other side, for a crisis cannot be summarily cured by legislation, and however strenuous the lower house may be, it is not likely to satisfy the expectations of the Extremists. Now under the system of two houses this partial failure will be ascribed to the insufficiency of the organization, and strug-

gle against the upper house will immediately begin, and the force of the representatives will be spent in further struggle and mutual friction, instead of in useful work. An upper house will always be suspected of defending class interests, and its introduction would undoubtedly be considered as a contradiction of the principle of direct and general representation.

But, as we have said, these discussions are concerned with matters of detail, while, as a matter of fact, Russian Liberals are unanimous in their demand for political representation, and a share in legislation. Of course these are not the Conservative Liberals of our Associated Press correspondent, and this brings us to the question, Who are the Liberals? In such moments as the present, every one in Russia is a Liberal. Trimmers like M. Soovorin, the editor of the *Novoye Vremya*, are Liberals because there is a probability that the Government will be Liberal tomorrow, and if such should be the case they will cheerfully make themselves the first exponents of Russian Liberalism. These people do not create the situation, they only use it; and that is why real Liberals often dislike that title. They would be glad to concede it to Nationalist Liberals of M. Soovorin's type, and even now they assume the name of Democratic Constitutionalists. These, I guess, are the "Extremists" of our Associated Press correspondent in St. Petersburg.

If that is the case, he is on a false track. The issue would be easy to find, indeed, if it were to be sought between the Government and the Conservative Liberals; but in that case there would be no need to search for an issue. For this group was never inclined to importune the Government with positive demands. The demands are formulated by the real Liberals, not by the Conservative Liberals, and if the Government is forced to negotiate with the reformers there is no need for it to negotiate with the Conservative Liberals, who do not represent any opinion but their own. It will negotiate with the real Liberals, who represent the opin-

ion of the country, — at least the public opinion that now is.

We have already demonstrated that the political opinions of this group are by no means so discordant as they have seemed to our correspondent, and it is impossible to be mistaken on the subject of their political programme, particularly now that this programme has been more than once formulated and proclaimed, not in the name of single persons as their individual opinion, but in the name of a political group.

Russian Liberalism — the real, not the Conservative — is now the creed of a party, as far as a political party can exist under the present conditions of political life in Russia. This party had organized as its nucleus a body which has the official name of the Alliance for Emancipation, and it is supported by a large circle of adherents and sympathizers, whose number increases daily. The programme of the party has been more than once discussed in a Russian fortnightly paper published abroad. This magazine, though not an official party organ, is called the *Osvoboshdénneya* (the Emancipation). It is edited in Paris by M. Peter Struve.

These are the Extremists of our Associated Press correspondent. Are they really extremists? We advise the correspondent to look in the Socialistic publications edited abroad. He will see that the character of the *Osvoboshdénneya* is violently accused of moderatism by these papers, and that it is always found guilty in advance of representing the class interests of the bourgeoisie.

Socialism in Russia has been until these last days the only active and militant political propaganda there. As such it is widely spread and largely influential. Its influence goes far beyond the circle of those sharing its doctrine. There exists no outlet for legal and free political activity in Russia. Socialism is revolutionary, and every political party is bound to be the same, because the most elementary political action, a petition, a public meeting, are in Russia revolutionary acts.

Under these conditions, all parties — as political parties — are extremists; whatever be the difference in their opinions, they are bound to be allies until the conditions of political life in Russia are changed.

This change, then, in the conditions of political life is a common endeavor of all politically active groups, and nothing short of that will pacify the country. But will political reform — a constitution, even — pacify Russia? Will not some extremists always be ready at hand to continue the struggle toward some more Utopian conditions? To be sure, where there is life there is struggle, and absolute pacification would mean death and stagnation. The question, then, is not how to avoid all struggle, but how to introduce the necessary amount of it into channels worthy of a civilized nation. Every one will agree that a state of things under which death from murder becomes an habitual form of the responsibility of ministers toward the people cannot be called worthy of a civilized nation. The question is only whether anything short of a definite surrender by the Government of its irresponsible power is likely to have done with that state of affairs.

The Conservative Liberals have no decisive answer to this question; they tergiversate and try to pour new wine into old bottles. The answer of the real Liberals, on the other hand, is clear and decisive.

But have the real Liberals the public opinion on their side? Are they backed by a majority?

We shall never be able to answer this question by resorting to statistics, or by enumerating with Prince Meshchersky, the reactionary editor of *Grashdanin*, how many Russians know how to read and write, and how many are illiterate; or how many read the newspapers, and how many do not. Prince Meshchersky is able to read and write, and he sometimes reads newspapers, but he is not with the reformers, while the immense majority of illiterate people who might have backed

him do not know the very fact of his existence. Meantime, on the other side — that of the educated minority — there are popular leaders whose every step and every public act is at once known to their adherents and applauded or resented. As a result, these leaders are the more inspired by that minority, which, in turn, grows daily more closely organized. It is the few who are conscious of their aims, not the unconscious many who vegetate, that always determine the course of political events; and if the question is put thus: on which side is the majority of men politically self-conscious? we do not hesitate to answer that this majority is on the side of the reformers.

The only doubt can be whether it is with the "Democratic Constitutionalists," or with the Socialists. This doubt is partly removed by the fact of a formal agreement between the two groups, opposition and revolution party, as to the chief point in dispute, political representation on the basis of a direct universal suffrage. The agreement recently signed in Paris by representatives of the different parties does not include all of them, and it is not free from mental reservations on the part of each party. It does not change any of the methods or programmes of single parties, but as it now stands it points out the fact, which would exist even if there were no agreement, that a political reform is considered necessary by every one, — that all parties must make common front against the Government on that ground.

The Government is isolated. This is the most characteristic feature of the situation. How long it will continue, and what will be its final issue, is difficult to foretell. "We must let history have her whims," as one of our most brilliant writers, M. Herzen, used to say. The one inference possible can be drawn from the general trend of events. The information previously given may, perhaps, throw some light upon these events, of which I shall now venture to recall some of the most important and recent to the memory of my readers.

Few people in this country know what was the beginning of the present conflict between the Government and Russian Liberalism. I mean, of course, the conflict in its present acute stage, because in its latent stage the conflict is as old as the liberation of the peasants, and even goes back to the reign of Catherine II. It has now become endemic in Russia, and in our narrow meaning of the word, we can trace the open conflict between the Government and public opinion to 1902. At that time, M. Witte was still the Minister of Finance, and Russia was already thrown into a state of crisis as the consequence of M. Witte's administration. M. Witte is a clever man, who saw the difficulties under which the country was laboring, and he saw the state of public opinion also. So he realized that the only outlet for the crisis was to let public opinion express itself more or less freely upon the subject of the crisis. He proposed for that end a particular sort of assembly, not elected, as the *Zemstvos* were, because that would have been too liberal, and not nominated by the Government, because that would have been too conservative, but nominated by the elective presidents of the Board of *Zemstvos*. These elective presidents are considered by the Government as officials of the Civil Service under the Minister of the Interior. Nevertheless, many of them are liberal, and they proved it by summoning to the Assemblies planned by M. Witte such members as were even more liberal than the average of the *Zemstvos* members themselves. Thus in more than three hundred local district committees about eleven thousand people were permitted to deliberate on the subject of the agrarian crisis in Russia. A programme proposed for their discussions by the Government suggested that they should find the cause of the crisis in the insufficiency of technical methods in agriculture. Instead of this, many of the assemblies concluded that the agrarian crisis was only a part of the general crisis in Russian affairs, and that it could be helped only by liberal reforms. Some few even hinted at popu-

lar representation as a remedy. M. Plehve was then Minister of the Interior. For him this was too much. He accused M. Witte of a demagogic propaganda, and, forcing him to tender his resignation, sent into exile the most daring of the members of the District Committees, and made himself president of the Central Committee, which had to summarize the work of the local ones, and to prepare a draft of a law for the peasantry as a result of the discussion. And yet M. Plehve himself understood that something must be done to conciliate public opinion. He told the present writer that in his opinion a country like Russia could not be ruled by a ring (he used the Russian word *shaiika*), and that the more active elements were to be gradually admitted to the Government. He sought these active elements among the Conservative Liberals, and very soon he was disappointed. He must have seen that these elements were powerless, and that an alliance with them was not likely to strengthen the Government. Now M. Plehve was the man who had stifled the revolutionary movement of twenty years ago, and he is quoted as saying that the only difference between the movement of that time and the present was in the number of leaders, — that "there were a dozen then, now there were fifty." He must have seen that here again he was mistaken. He grew pessimistic, his friends say, as he must have been perfectly aware that he who "believed in no catastrophes" was preparing one for himself. As a reward, immediately after his murder he was disavowed by the very people whom he had served, and his name became an object of aversion and a symbol for tyranny.

Abroad, newspapers so moderate as the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, the *London Times*, *Le Temps* in Paris, were unanimous in recognizing that there was nothing accidental in that death. It was a sort of historical necessity, easily to be foreseen, a necessary conclusion drawn from historical premises by the logic of events. All this was no encouragement

for M. Plehve's successor, and thus neither the man nor the programme to succeed Plehve was readily to be found.

After long hesitation, a man has been found who represents, not the programme, but the momentary disposition of the Government. The man is Prince Mirski, and the disposition he represents is that of a benevolent autocracy. By postponing the formulation of a programme, that nomination seemed to present this particular convenience, that the issue remained open for further solution. Thus M. Mirski was at once the man of M. Witte and the man of his opponents in the reactionary camp. But the trouble was that events did not wait, and the programme was to be decided upon immediately. A programme being lacking, one was dictated to the Government by public opinion.

This programme is known as a petition of the Zemstvos. Whatever may be done, this document will always remain the Russian Petition of Right. The preliminaries to that petition are interesting. The Zemstvos as a rule are not permitted to meet together, even for discussing such matters as are within the jurisdiction of a single Zemstvo, to say nothing of state affairs. Even simple correspondence between the Zemstvos is forbidden. But the necessity of unifying the opinion of the Zemstvos was keenly felt by the members, particularly after the debates of the District Assemblies of 1902 on the agricultural crisis. The presidents of the Board of Zemstvos have had since that time regular private meetings in Moscow, and though these meetings were illegal, the personalities of the men were so much beyond suspicion (we have noted that the presidents of the Board of Zemstvos are considered as officials of the Civil Service) that the Government tolerated these assemblies, and M. Plehve even tried to negotiate with the President, M. Shipow, who is President of the Board of Moscow.

This last autumn, the members of the Moscow assembly were surprised to receive a formal intimation by the Govern-

ment that they could meet and discuss their subjects freely, if only they would consent to meet at St. Petersburg instead of at Moscow. This proposal was gladly accepted, because in this way the meeting of the Zemstvos received an official character, and its decisions at that particular moment were of very great importance. The members of the future assembly met at an early date in St. Petersburg, and they unanimously resolved to take up at their assembly the subject of political freedom and the fundamental rights of a man and a citizen. M. Mirski knew of this, and he decided not to forbid the assembly which he had himself invited to gather at St. Petersburg, but rather to postpone it until January, 1905. But now the spirits of those concerned in the movement were so aroused, and the state of public opinion so excited, that the members of the assembly took courage, and made up their minds to stand by their guns. They declared to the Minister that the assembly should be held none the less, precisely as if no suggestion of its meeting at St. Petersburg had been received. M. Mirski took the middle way. The assembly was to be held at St. Petersburg, but "privately." It is known, however, that the resolutions of the assembly were communicated officially to the Minister, and that a deputation of four prominent members of the assembly (one of them, M. Petrunkevich, a leading man in the Constitutional movement of twenty years ago, who had just been permitted to come back to the capital after twenty years of exile) was received by the Czar, and had a long conference with him. This stirred up the general expectation.

The petition presented to the Czar through the intermediacy of his Minister was as follows:—

"The Private Assembly of the members of the Zemstvos, in their meetings of November 19, 20, and 21, to discuss the question of the general conditions necessary for a regular course of our public life and state functions, has come to the following conclusions:—

"1. The abnormality of the existing system of the Government, particularly as manifested during the last twenty years, consists in the fact of its entire isolation from society, and in the lack of that mutual confidence which is a necessary agent in political life.

"2. The Government in its relation to society was guided by the feeling of anxiety lest society develop some initiative of its own, and by a constant tendency to withhold society from any participation in the internal administration of the Empire. For this reason the Government wished administrative centralization to be carried through in all departments of local self-government, and it extended its tutelage over all sides of public life. The only form of coöperation in public affairs left to society was to conform their activity to the views of the Government.

"3. The bureaucratic régime, by alienating society from the supreme power, leaves ample scope for administrative arbitrariness and personal whim. Under such rule society is deprived of any guarantee that the legal rights of each and all shall be protected, and no confidence in the Government is possible.

"4. The regular course and advance of public and social life is possible only upon the condition of continuous intercourse and solidarity between the Government and the people.

"5. To make administrative arbitrariness impossible, it is necessary to recognize and to carry into life consistently the principle of the inviolability of the person and of the private home. No one should be subject to impeachment or be curtailed in his rights without trial in an independent court of justice. To secure the principle of legality in administration, it is necessary to establish the rule that any official can be indicted in civil and criminal courts for transgression of Law.

"6. To make possible the full development of the spiritual forces of the nation, the many-sided discussion of their wants, and the free expression of public opinion,

it is necessary to secure liberty of conscience and belief, liberty of speech and of the press, and also liberty for meetings and associations.

"7. The personal (civil and political) rights of all citizens of the Russian Empire must be equal.

"8. Self-help is the chief condition for a regular and progressive development of political and economic life in a country. Since a considerable majority of the population in Russia belong to the peasant class, this class must be particularly favored so far as private initiative and personal energy are concerned; and this can be attained only by means of a radical change in the present state of the peasants—disfranchised and downtrodden as they are. To this effect, it is necessary (a) to equalize the personal rights of the peasants with those of the other classes; (b) to make the peasants free from administrative tutelage in all manifestations of their private and public life; and (c) to protect them by a regular form of legal procedure.

"9. The Zemstvos and the municipal institutions in which the local public life is preëminently concentrated must be given more competence and larger share in local self-government, to wit: (a) The Zemstvos representation must be organized on other than class principles; all the local population must so far as possible be admitted to participation in local and municipal self-government. (b) A smaller unit of the Zemstvos representation must be created on the principle of active participation of the local population, in order to bring the Zemstvos institutions in closer touch with the people. (c) The sphere of action of these institutions must be extended over the whole field of local needs. (d) They must be invested with proper stability and independence, which alone can secure their regular work and lay a foundation for the normal interaction between the governmental and the elective bodies. Local self-government must be extended to all parts of the Russian Empire.

"10. Majority report. [71 votes.]

"But, for the coöperation and solidarity between the Government and society to be always alive and present, and for the regular progression of public life to be secured, it is unconditionally necessary that a popular representation should be created, which must participate in legislation, *in settling the budget and in controlling the legality of the administrative action*, as a separate elective body.

"Minority report. [27 votes.]

"But, for the coöperation and solidarity between the Government and society to be always alive and present, and for the regular progression of public life to be secured, it is unconditionally necessary that a popular representation should be created, which must participate in legislation as a separate elective body.

"11. Considering the gravity and intricacy of the internal and external situation in Russia, the Private Assembly expresses its hope that the supreme power will summon freely elected representatives of the nation, in order, with their coöperation, to lead our country out upon a new path of political progress in the spirit of Right and of Coöperation of the people with the Government."

It is perhaps difficult for an American to realize the enthusiasm which was produced in Russian society by these traditional axioms of state wisdom. To help his imagination, he must bring back to his memory the times of Hampden and Pym. Writers, lawyers, students, workmen, in banquets, meetings, and street demonstrations, urged their consent and approval to the petition of the Zemstvos. Newspapers spoke things they had never spoken before, with perhaps the exception of the years 1861 and 1881. Threats and repressive measures of the Government seemed to have entirely lost their power.

Meantime, in the Czar's Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, a meeting of ministers took place December 15; and this meeting will remain on the pages of history, together with the Russian Petition of

Right. M. Muravieff, the Minister of Justice, tried to prove that the Czar has no right to curtail his power; and M. Pobiedonostsev came to the same conclusion in the name of religion. M. Mirski made an attempt to prove that M. Muravieff was wrong, and M. Witte grimly remarked, that "if it shall be known that the Czar cannot achieve the fundamental reform, on the ground of Religion and Law,—then a part of the population will be brought to think that these reforms must be reached by force. It would be an actual appeal to revolution." M. Witte was the prophet.

Then the manifesto of December 26 was published. Near the beginning is a declaration that "when the need of this or that change is proved ripe, then it shall be considered necessary to meet it, even though the transformation to which this may lead should involve the introduction of essentially novel innovations in the legislation." But some few lines before that is a declaration that "the undeviating maintenance of the immutability of the fundamental laws must be considered as an established principle of government." Thus the essential innovations are not to go so far as to interfere with the immutability of the fundamental laws. Such innovations as would interfere with it are classified by the manifesto as "tendencies not seldom mistaken and often influenced by transitory circumstances." With this limitation, no promises made by the manifesto could be considered as serious, and this the more because they were stated in ambiguous terms, and accompanied by restrictions which made them illusory. The only positive result of the manifesto was to show that concessions had been withheld by the Government at former times, not in consequence of a premeditated system of wise statesmanship, but simply because there was no urgency in the demand for reform by public opinion. Evidently the *onus probandi* was now upon public opinion to show that the need for this or that change was ripe, in order that the Government

should "consider it necessary to meet it."

Public opinion has done its duty. The fault is not this time with public opinion. Its propositions are not found to be right. But pending that diversity of opinion, the conflict remains open. A new step is made necessary by this state of things,—a step backward or a step forward,—and this is recognized by the Government itself, which looked forward to such a change of administration. Facing that coming change, whatever it may be, Russian Liberalism must prove that it can stand by its convictions, that it does not consider its "tendencies mistaken," and that its readiness to define its standpoint, as well as the unity of its opinion and its solidarity with other groups of Russian opposition, are not to be numbered among such "transitory circumstances" as are mentioned by the manifesto.

After these pages had been written and set in type, one of those "whims of history" of which I spoke above, which everybody foresees, and which always come unexpectedly, came to pass in Russia. A powerful wave of the people's wrath has risen from unfathomable depths of the people's soul, and rolled over all Russia. St. Petersburg found itself before the horrible alternative of slaughter or anarchy. My St. Petersburg friends,—the "Extremists" of the Associated Press correspondent,—after having vainly tried to avert the slaughter, did their best to avert the anarchy. The Government arrested and put into prison some of them. If I can believe the American press, after having perpetrated that act of courage, the men of the Government cynically boasted that they had suppressed the powerless "humanitarian scholars," while the powerful, the "real" popular leaders are left at liberty, and the Government is ready to transact with them the cause of the people. I by no means grudge the privilege of the latter, if they are "real" popular leaders, but I must point out the new mistake which the Government is seemingly ready

to commit. Instead of transacting with the Liberals,—M. Witte thinks that he can deal at a cheaper price with the "real" popular leaders. This is a grave mistake, and M. Witte will pay dearly for it. The "real" popular leaders know too well and have known too long that the way to the attainment of their aims goes through the same elementary concessions which are claimed by the Liberals. In other words, the Liberal programme is only the *minimum* of what is desired by other active parties. The attempt to prove that the Liberals go too far, in comparison with the "real" popular leaders, is simply ludicrous. Moreover, this attempt implies a deliberate misconstruction, and its obvious aim is to fool the people. Evidently, the Government has learned nothing, in spite of all its previous failures in bargaining with public opinion. The attempt will never succeed, and the Government will soon repent of having arrested the representative men of the only political group which still clings to the idea of a peaceful issue. I permit myself to finish these remarks with a quotation from Prince Kropotkin on the occasion. The noble words of Prince Kropotkin are doubly precious to me, because they come from a personal friend, and from a theoretical antagonist. "What a monstrous thing," he says, "what a piece of official shame and self-conviction! Where will one find any defense for a government which must imprison the flower of its people? The men committed to the dungeons of the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul are absolutely guiltless. They never performed an illegal act in their lives, and never wrote nor spoke a word of incitement to disorder. They simply saw that reforms must come, or Russia must break into revolution, and tried to make the bureaucrats understand that fact. That is the length and breadth of their offense. They comprehend the terrible nature of anarchy and know that the government fabric is difficult and slow to weave; they desire to preserve the existing machinery in order, but to inform it with ideas of right and justice before

the infuriated masses have hurled against it their unreasoning wrath. The autocracy could not understand. There was no wisdom in it. It was blind, deaf, in-

sane. Hence Russia must rise, cities must be wrecked, and unarmed people must fling their naked strength against lead and steel."

CHICAGO, January 26, 1905.

THE ETHICS OF TRUST COMPETITION

BY GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE

WHOEVER has attentively followed the recent literature of the trust problem must be impressed with the tendency to extend the condemnation, which has been properly called forth by certain flagrantly dishonest practices, to methods of competition that till lately have never been questioned. In Professor John B. Clark's books and recent articles on the trust question, in Miss Tarbell's elaborate history of the Standard Oil Company,¹ and in the recent report of the Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, — to cite only the more conspicuous examples, — methods which were considered blameless when practiced by businesses of equal size are denounced as criminal when practiced by trusts against smaller independent dealers. Professor Clark assimilates with illegal railway discrimination the trust practices of making factors' agreements with dealers, and of selling at cut prices in the territory of rivals. Miss Tarbell's most serious charge against the competitive methods of the Standard Oil Company, in its present phase, is its practice of underselling the independent dealers in competitive localities.

Against the arrangement of binding contracts with agents and the practice of underselling in competitive localities, these writers seek to array, not only the prohibition of statute, but also the moral sense of the community. In the days

when trusts were not prominent it is generally admitted that these forms of competition were in fair repute. At just what point and for just what reason these practices became ethically unjustified has never been shown. Yet the remedies for trust evils which Professor Clark proposes are obviously confiscatory, unless they proceed on the assumption that these competitive methods are ethically wrong. Miss Tarbell has crowded two large volumes with accusations against the Standard Oil Company, and evidence offered in support of them. But the greater number of them, even though substantiated, must fail to fasten any moral guilt upon the Standard Oil Company, unless the hypothesis upon which she argues — but which she nowhere has sought to establish — be proven, — namely, that it is morally wicked for a trust to undersell a smaller rival. The only assumption on which competitive underselling and factors' agreements are now condemned is that conditions have so changed as to require new moral standards in trade competition. Before assenting to the advanced ground taken by these serious writers, one may be pardoned for inquiring whether the change in economic conditions warrants so different a standard of business ethics.

Whenever a business is substantially controlled by an individual or combination — to state the premise of the new doctrine — there a new code of business competition must be established. Factors' agreements, for instance, must be for-

¹ *The History of the Standard Oil Company.* By IDA M. TARBELL. 2 vols. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

bidden. The General Aristo Company, which controls the manufacture of photographic paper in the United States, is said to offer its goods to the trade with an added discount to dealers who agree not to sell the products of its rivals. The Pittsburg Plate Glass Company used to give a rebate of five per cent at the end of the year to those customers who observed its schedule of consumers' prices. The American Tobacco Company and the Continental Tobacco Company formerly allowed an extra discount of three per cent to all dealers who handled their goods exclusively. In the sugar trade and in the marketing of soap and baking powders, it has been customary for the jobber to make affidavit at intervals of several months that he has sold only the goods of the trusts, and upon this statement he has been allowed a certain percentage in rebates. These practices, collectively called the factor system, are put under the ban of the new business ethics. The practice of cutting prices in one locality below those which prevail generally, for the purpose of overcoming local competition, has been even more warmly denounced. The prohibition of these discriminations in prices has been a common feature in the anti-trust bills proposed in Congress during the last three years. Such a statutory enactment has been urged by Professor Clark. The condemnation of this weapon of competition is the real gravamen of Miss Tarbell's history of the Standard Oil Company. Facing the question thus earnestly presented, let it be granted, for purposes of argument, in order at once to reach the moral issue, that the prohibition of these forms of competition might prevent all possibility of evil in the trusts. Granting this point, is the distinction between small businesses and large businesses, between independent enterprise and combination, sufficient justification for denying to the latter the means of competition which the former have for generations used without rebuke?

In July, 1897,—to quote from Miss Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Com-*

pany,—the United States Pipe Line Company brought suit against the Standard Oil Company under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. A long list of wrongs was stated by the plaintiff. Most prominent were charges that the Standard Oil Company had chartered and purchased vessels carrying independent oil, solely for the purpose of interfering with the independent market; that the Standard Oil Company had intimidated merchants by threats of underselling, until they refused to buy oil from the plaintiff; and that the Standard Oil Company had "criminally" undersold, merely for the purpose of destroying the plaintiff's market. The evidence collected by Roger Sherman, counsel for the United States Pipe Line Company, was elaborate and detailed. Less than two months after the summons was issued, however, Mr. Sherman died and the action was allowed to lapse. Had the suit proceeded to trial, the judicial discussion of the issues raised by these charges would have been of immense importance, both to shape our body of law, and to direct public opinion. Fifteen years ago, in the trial of similar issues before the highest courts of Great Britain, such a discussion was had by one of the greatest of recent English judges. Minor phases of the same issues have been discussed by our own United States Supreme Court, and by one of our most thoughtful American judges. In a subject where the courts have sought merely to express the business sense of the community, and to apply to trade competition the code which social ethics has elaborated, these judicial discussions, apart from their legal importance, possess an unusual value. They contain the most definite statements which we have of the moral and economic principles at issue. They convey the ethical sentiment of the time, through observers trained by their life-work to be responsive to the moral sense of the community. These conclusions are reached through the sober deliberation which is only possible in the decision of sharply disputed and immediately important is-

sues. In the forum of ethics, therefore, whither Miss Tarbell has removed the charges against the Standard Oil Company, the words of these eminent judges are authority as considerable as in a court of law. In comparison with other current opinion, they deserve first importance.

The charges made in the English case were curiously similar to those in the United States Pipe Line Company's suit. The defendants were shipowners, who had combined to drive out the plaintiff shipowner, and to control the tea carriage from certain Chinese ports. For this purpose, they offered to local shippers very low rates during the tea harvest of 1885, and a further rebate of five per cent to all shippers who would deal exclusively with the combination. The charges made by the plaintiff were that the defendants offered to the shippers a rebate, if they would not deal with the plaintiff; that special ships had been sent to Hankow by the combination, in order, by competition, to deprive the vessels of the plaintiff of profitable freight; that rates had been offered at Hankow at a level that would not repay a shipowner for his adventure, merely to smash freights and to frighten the plaintiff from the field; and that pressure had been put on the plaintiff's customers to induce them to ship exclusively by the vessels of the combination. Lord Justice Bowen, after enumerating the various unfair modes of competition, such as the intentional driving away of customers by violence and the intentional procurement of a violation of individual rights, returned to the facts before him: "The defendants have been guilty of none of these things. They have done nothing more against the plaintiff than to pursue to the bitter end a war of competition waged in the interests of their own trade. To the argument that a competition so pursued ceases to have just cause or excuse, when there is ill will or a personal intention to harm, it is sufficient to reply (as I have already pointed out) that there was here no personal intention

to do any other or greater harm to the plaintiff than such as was necessarily involved in the desire to attract to the defendants' ships the entire tea trade of the ports, a portion of which would otherwise have fallen to the plaintiff's share. I can find no authority for the doctrine that such a commercial motive deprives of 'just cause or excuse' acts done in the course of trade, which would, but for such a motive, be justifiable. So to hold would be to convert into an illegal motive the instinct of self-advancement and self-protection, which is the very incentive to all trade. To say that a man is to trade freely, but that he is to stop short at any act which is calculated to harm other tradesmen and which is designed to attract business to his own shop, would be a strange and impossible counsel of perfection. But we are told that competition ceases to be the lawful exercise of trade, and so to be a lawful excuse for what will harm another, if carried to a length which is not fair or reasonable. The offering of reduced rates by the defendants in the present case is said to have been 'unfair.' This seems to assume that apart from fraud, intimidation, molestation, or obstruction of some other personal right *in rem* or *in personam*, there is some natural standard of 'fairness' or 'reasonableness' (to be determined by the internal consciousness of judges and juries), beyond which competition ought not in law to go. There seems to be no authority, and I think with submission that there is no sufficient reason, for such a proposition. It would impose a novel fetter upon trade. The defendants, we are told by the plaintiff's counsel, might lawfully lower rates provided they did not lower them below a 'fair freight,' whatever that may mean. But where is it established that there is any such restriction upon commerce, and what is to be the definition of a 'fair freight'? It is said that it ought to be a normal rate of freight, such as is reasonably remunerative to the shipowner. But over what period of time is the average of this reasonable remunerativeness to be

calculated? All commercial men with capital are acquainted with the ordinary expedient of sowing one year a crop of apparently unfruitful prices, in order by driving competition away to reap a fuller harvest of profit in the future. And until the present argument at the bar, it may be doubted whether shipowners or merchants were ever deemed to be bound by law to conform to some imaginary 'normal' standard of freights or prices, or that law courts had a right to say to them, in respect to their competitive tariffs, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' To attempt to limit English competition in this way would probably be as hopeless an endeavor as the experiment of King Canute. But on ordinary principles of law no such fetter on freedom of trade can in my opinion be warranted."¹

Equally emphatic has been the endorsement which competition by underselling has received from the United States Supreme Court. The "long and short haul" clause of the Interstate Commerce Act fixed in the law the principle — long recognized as ethically and economically sound but against which many railroads had trespassed — that under similar circumstances no greater freight charge should be made for a short haul than for a long one. The qualifying clause, "under similar circumstances," was enacted in recognition of the fact that fair competition extending over wide areas must meet different communities with different charges for service. The only question was: what shall constitute unlike conditions under which charges, in effect necessarily discriminating, shall be justified? It had already been recognized in the interpretation of the English Railway Act that the presence of a competing road at one station was sufficient justification for discriminating in favor of that locality, and against one where there was no competition, — although in other respects both localities were exactly simi-

lar in conditions.² The same doctrine was stated by our own Supreme Court.³

Probably the most suggestive discussion of business competition which opens up the ethical and social issues of the subject has been by Mr. Justice Holmes, while upon the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, before his elevation to the Supreme Court of the United States. "It has been the law for centuries," says Mr. Justice Holmes, "that a man may set up his business in a country town too small to support more than one, although he expects and intends thereby to ruin some one already there, and succeeds in his intent. . . . I have chosen this illustration partly with reference to what I have to say next. It shows without the need of further authority that the policy of allowing free competition justifies the intentional inflicting of temporal damage, including the damage of interference with a man's business, by some means, when the damage is done not for its own sake, but as an instrumentality in reaching the end of victory in the battle of trade. In such a case it cannot matter whether the plaintiff is the only rival of the defendant, and so is aimed at specifically, or is one of a class, all of whom are hit. The only debatable ground is the nature of the means by which such damage may be inflicted. We all agree that it cannot be done by force or threats of force. We all agree, I presume, that it may be done by persuasion to leave a rival's shop and come to the defendant's. It may be done by the refusal or withdrawal of various pecuniary advantages which, apart from this consequence, are within the defendant's lawful control."⁴

All forms of competition in business which do not involve fraud, disparage-

² Lord Herschell in *Phipps v. London & Northwestern Railway Co.* Court of Appeal, 1892, Q. B. 229.

³ *Texas & Pacific Railway Co. v. Interstate Commerce Commission*, 162 U. S. 197; *Interstate Commerce Commission v. Alabama Midland Railway Co.* 168 U. S. 144.

⁴ *Vegelehn v. Guntner*, 167 Mass. 92, at p. 106.

¹ *Mogul Steamship Co. Ltd. v. McGregor et al.* 23 Q. B. D. 598, at p. 614; affirmed in House of Lords, 1892, Appeal Cases, 25.

ment, or coercion are lawful. In applying this rule, the courts make no distinction in cases of large competitors or trusts. The reason for this rule lies in the firm conviction of the mass of men that such competition is ethically sound, and socially advantageous to the community. In a matter where, as Mr. Justice Holmes remarks, "it is vain to suppose that solutions can be sustained merely by logic and the general propositions of law which nobody disputes," the greatest importance must be attached to the unquestioned sanction which centuries have placed on competitive underselling and agreements with factors.

Underselling in competitive localities, and factors' agreements, apart from the size of the business of the trader who practices them, are innocent means of competition. A small flour-mill — to borrow an example from Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks — sells flour in its home town, Oswego, and also in Elmira, New York, Wilkesbarre and Scranton, Pennsylvania, and Phillipsburg and Dover, New Jersey. Outside its home town, in all these places it meets competition with the Minneapolis mills. Freight rates from Minneapolis to all these points are about the same, but freight rates from the small mill to these points differ widely. The problem set before the small miller is that which faces every business man who seeks to market his goods in several localities, some of which are competitive and some non-competitive. He must meet his competitors' prices, freight included. If he is a sensible miller, he does not sell to all his customers at the same rate, adding to each the freight. Instead he sells at a different rate to each, fixing the rate at such a figure that with freight added the price of the flour delivered may be as low as his competitors'. This is underselling, — "criminal underselling," if you will, because the small miller sells his flour in competitive markets at a less profit than in the non-competitive home market. Yet, unless one advocates giving to the small miller the flour busi-

ness of his home town and allowing the Minneapolis millers a monopoly in Elmira, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Phillipsburg, and Dover, the thought of abolishing such underselling would be dismissed as absurd. So, too, the small miller might agree with his agents in these towns to allow them a commission for handling his flour exclusively. Unless one were ready to deny the right of a business man to contract for entire fidelity in his agents, the suggestion that this custom be forbidden would never occur. Such statutory prohibitions, indeed, have been included in the hasty drafts of several prominent anti-trust bills before Congress. It may be charitably assumed, however, that the prohibition of underselling and factors' agreements, though they are but vaguely defined by those most conspicuous in advocating such prohibition, refers only to the practice of such methods by large consolidated businesses called trusts.

The truism that the law is no respecter of persons, which instantly occurs at this suggestion, is, for purposes of argument, laid aside. It would be beyond the present purpose to discuss the well-nigh insuperable difficulties, raised in the Federal Constitution, of prohibiting to a corporation, merely because of its size and prominence, the liberty to carry on business by competitive methods which the law has for generations most favored. Placing the subject outside its purely legal bearings, and considering it solely in its ethical relations: are these methods of competition, as they are practiced by businesses which are not trusts, morally warranted? Are these methods of competition, as they are practiced by trusts against independent businesses, ethically justified?

The ethics of business competition is an unexpressed code, evolved and made authoritative through centuries of business dealing. Philosophically stated, its bases are the essential facts that individuals must exist and tolerate one another's existence, and the moral principles to which individuals feel themselves obliged

to give effect. The first basis, with its defined cleavage between individual and social rights, has been shaped by the conditions of modern civilized life, and laid by experience. The second basis, consisting of irreducible moral obligations, has been laid by conscience. The code of trade competition is a structure that has been centuries building. The process by which it has been elaborated from these two fundamentals can be best understood by tracing the growth of any usage that boasts of a gentleman's code. At the risk of introducing a new example into metaphysics, consider the game of baseball. A few of the official rules, and a large part of the playing usage, express the desire to score and to keep the other side from scoring. Bunts and sacrifice hits, drops, curves, and sacrifice steals to second while a runner is on third, are all authorized by the code as legitimate devices to win. "Spiking" a baseman, however, and surreptitiously changing the batting order and obstructing a runner on the base line are forbidden by the official rules, and condemned by the code. Timid casuists might conceivably deplore the spirit of deceit that inspires the pitcher's curves and the runner's steals to second. But the rugged common sense of the majority can distinguish the deceptions of base-running from the deception of surreptitious changes in the batting order. It is a sickly logic that would confuse the two, by ignoring the great fact that the wholesome desire to win must needs be indulged, if the game is to be continued a sport. Whoever plays baseball consents to innumerable deceptions, upon which he relies to his damage. Whoever plays football consents to personal violence which, though ultimately harmless enough, is temporarily sheer discomfort. Whoever boxes consents to be put in fear of imminent blows. Baseball is a conspiracy to deceive; football is organized battery; boxing is willful assault. Considered in themselves, all these acts are torts, — the plainest forms of deceit, assault, and battery. Indeed, in the vexation of defeat, unlucky players

frequently suffer more than those who endure legal injuries and recover therefor round damages. Nevertheless, within the limits fixed by the rules of the game and the code of gentlemen, these *prima facie* torts are justified by the legitimate desire to win. The code that excuses this degree of deception, assault, and battery, has never been questioned by the ethical sentiment of the community. Society has similarly learned, through centuries of experience, that business competition is necessary to the economic development of the individual and the economic welfare of the community. The mode of competition which most benefits the community, needless to say, is that which lowers the price to the consumer. The practice of underselling in competitive markets, since it directly accomplishes this end, is the most innocent mode of competition conceivable. The making of factors' agreements, since it is merely a mode of extending a business, is as innocent as growth can be in any enterprise. These practices are sanctioned by the self-aggrandizing principle in the code of business ethics. They are also well within the limits fixed by the principle of moral obligation. The social conscience, like the spirit of sportsmanship, has placed limits on individual aggrandizement. Fraud and lying disparagement in trade, like secret changes of the batting order, are discountenanced. Physical coercion, like excessive violence in football, is forbidden. Other limits than these have not been fixed, for the same ethical reason that stealing bases and mystifying curves are not forbidden in baseball, — and for the infinitely more important reason that a considerable degree of individual freedom must be allowed, in order that the work of the world may go on.

As practiced by businesses which are not trusts, competitive underselling and factors' agreements are seen to be ethically justified. Are they also justifiable when practiced by trusts against independent businesses? Further than the difference in the size of the competitors, nothing can

be suggested which would require the application of a new rule of competition. The divergence in the size of competing businesses effected by the rise of trusts during the last dozen years, great as it has been, has been immeasurably less than the divergence which occurred three generations and more ago, upon the rise of the factory system and the beginning of railroad construction. The master weaver, with his dozen or score of journeymen, competing with rivals of equally small establishments, was suddenly met by the competition of Lancashire mills, operated by power and employing several hundred operatives. The stagecoach line, with its half-dozen coaches, was confronted by the competition of the steam railroad, with its larger and more numerous coaches, its quicker service, and greater facilities. The unfortunate fate that overcame the master weaver and the stagecoach proprietor, in their unequal competition with larger rivals, very rightly aroused keen sympathy. The code of business competition, however, was not altered. Quickened though it was by sympathy, the moral sentiment of the community never confounded philanthropy with business ethics. In the midst of an economic change greater than any which had occurred for three hundred years, the ethics of trade competition endured no change. Indeed, until the comparatively small economic change of the past dozen years, these rules of business competition were never questioned. Laying aside the incongruity of urging at so unlikely an occasion a radical amendment of long settled business standards; and disregarding again the probable legal futility of enacting a new rule of competition that shall apply to large businesses but not to small concerns, the question becomes: does the code of business competition, permitting competitive underselling, demand revision when applied to the competition of large businesses against small businesses?

Because of competitive underselling by the trusts, it has been urged, the independent dealer cannot sell his goods at a

profit, and is accordingly forced out of business. By reason of sacrifice hits—to return to the baseball analogy—runs are scored, and the opposing team is beaten. Nevertheless, a suggestion that the stronger team be forbidden these tricks would be laughed out of mind. No team has the inherent right not to be defeated. No man has the special privilege, at law or in ethics, to be protected from competition, whether it come from a smaller or a larger rival. Conceivably, baseball could be played with the suggested change of rules; but it would cease to be a sport. Conceivably, business could be carried on after the suggested change in the rules of competition. Goods would then be sold by the trust at prices varying strictly according to their cost of production and transportation. The result would be, however, to create monopolies more uncontrollable than any modern trust. If the trust could make and transport its goods to its rival's home territory cheaper than the independent concern, the small rival would be crushed. If the trust were unable to make and transport its goods to its rival's home territory at a cost less than its rival's cost of production, but could nevertheless make and transport goods to neutral competitive markets cheaper than the independent dealer, the small rival would enjoy the monopoly of his home market; and as a means of enabling himself to compete with the trust in neutral markets, he could raise the price at home as high as he dared. The only reason why a change in the code of business competition has been suggested is the alleged unfairness to the small dealer, and the apprehended oppression upon the community of monopoly, resulting from competitive underselling. The effects of this change would be either to wipe out the small concerns and to make the monopoly of the trust complete; or else to give the independent dealer the monopoly of his home market, the power to exclude the trust from neutral markets, and the opportunity to become himself a trust whose monopoly would be more oppressive upon

the community than the old one. Common sense cries out against such an absurdly futile regulation. The assumption that competitive underselling and factors' agreements are unfair, whenever practiced by the trusts against independent dealers, springs from prejudice or from thoughtless and short-sighted sympathy. Ethically it has no ground; practically it fails of its purpose.

At a time when the popular impulse is to impute dishonor to every operation of trust management, it is not extraordinary that even serious writers should be drawn unconsciously into the general denunciatory mood. No good can be accomplished, however, and much harm may be done, by judging the situation according to distorted and unwarranted standards. Whoever advocates the regulation of trust competition by prohibiting factors' agreements and underselling in competitive markets, will seek in vain for any justification of his remedy in any accepted code of business competition. An affecting narrative may be made by heaping together instances in which trusts have undersold independent dealers and driven them from the market, — such as Miss Tarbell has collected in her history of the Standard Oil Company.

But whoever seeks to infer from defeat, whether in athletics or in business, that his opponent was necessarily unfair, presumes too far on the credulity of his audience. Nor can the explanation that defeat was accomplished by selling goods in the territory of the independent dealer at a price below that which prevailed elsewhere bring home to the trust absolute proof of moral guilt. Only by appealing to distorted standards of business morality can this mode of trade competition be given the appearance of evil.

The admitted ills of trust promotion and internal management are considerable enough to require the undivided attention of students of the trust problem. The growth of trusts has not altered the economic principles and ethical code of business competition. So long as fraud, disparagement, or coercion is not practiced, free competition by underselling, by factors' agreements, and by the other usual trade methods, is sanctioned by the law of the land and by ethics. To proclaim that trust competition makes necessary an amendment of the code of business ethics is to add an imaginary ill to the considerable list of real trust evils, and to darken counsel in a matter that greatly needs light.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD: REMINISCENCES AND MEMORIALS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

PEOPLE who are interested in the literary market are accustomed to find one commodity always quoted at about the same figure. The bulls and the bears will be having a rough tussle over fiction, resulting in an artificial fluctuation of prices. Poetry and the minor staples of belles-lettres will have their occasional ups, but will hang below par oftener than not. Biography is your real old standby; it has a chance of getting to the top of the market, and will never sink quite to the bottom. We may turn with satisfaction from our present quandaries, our *Sin of David*, our *Son of Royal Langbrith*, or our *Golden Bowl*, to the enjoyment of the biographical "sure things" of the hour; not to be disappointed if we fail to add thereby to our finger-count of masterpieces in this sort. We are inclined to value the rough material of biography more highly than most of the finished products of literary artifice. If we are really to get fresh light thrown upon some worthy human personality and experience, we can afford to be almost indifferent as to whether the man is written about, or writes about himself, whether the given matter takes the form of letters, anecdotes, or ordered chapters. The present season has been extraordinarily fruitful in material of this sort; most of it, as happens, dealing with Englishmen whose work in literature, art, philosophy, or public life, has been done during the half-century just past. These books strongly redirect our attention to that spiritualizing impulse which Mr. Watts-Dunton has named for us "The Renaissance of Wonder;" and which found in Pre-Raphaelitism on the one hand, and the Oxford movement on the other, its most conspicuous manifestations. Recent monographs on Rossetti and Newman

have clearly suggested the essence of truth concerning the two preëminent figures of that period; but a good deal of supplementary comment upon them, as well as upon their associates, is sure to be forthcoming during the next few years.

Just now appears a little book about Rossetti, which, as its somewhat crowded title-page suggests, represents one of these biographical after-cullings.¹ Not a little of such matter about Rossetti has already been provided by his brother, whose Note doubtless attests the reliability of the present reminiscences. The editor has made too much of his function; the copiousness of his annotation is out of keeping with the sketchy character of the text, and his introduction is turbid and grandiloquent. Perhaps we need to be told who Lilith was, that William Blake was poet, engraver, and painter, and that Tennyson was a poet (1809-92); but we have really not deserved exposure to details concerning the editor's relations. The fact that a certain James Shepherd mentioned by Mr. Dunn chanced to marry a sister of Mr. Pedrick fails to interest us in the minutæ of a doubtless worthy career. Mr. Dunn's reminiscences are rendered engaging by a certain simplicity and suavity which might not have been looked for in a disciple. He utters no eulogy, he propounds no theory, he has no apparent consciousness of his own part in the life of Rossetti's "Circle." He gives a clear human outline to that figure of Rossetti of which the commentators

¹ *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and His Circle*. By the late HENRY TREFFRY DUNN. Edited and Annotated by GALE PEDRICK. With a Prefatory Note by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. New York: James Pott & Co. 1904.

have seemed disposed to make a kind of boggy. Rossetti and his friends were not lackadaisical persons. Mr. Dunn gives, among other anecdotes to the point, the account of a practical joke connected with the filching and recovery of a Nan-kin plate, — a refreshingly childish performance all round. The most striking incident recorded is of a strange poetic frenzy which came upon the young Swinburne during a thunderstorm: "Whilst he paced up and down the room, pouring out bursts of passionate declamation, faint electric sparks played round the masses of his luxuriant hair." Another passage, less pleasing if not less suggestive, runs like this: "One day Longfellow, who had not long arrived in London from a tour in Italy, called on Rossetti. He was a grand-looking man, although somewhat short, with a fine silver-white beard, and still a goodly amount of snow-white hair on his head. He had absolutely no knowledge of painting, and his remarks concerning pictures were not only childish, but indicated an utter indifference to them. Although having just completed his translation of the *Paradiso* portion of Dante's 'Trilogy,' he seemed quite at a loss to know what Rossetti's pictures represented." Such impressions as this, however casual, are, from their obvious sincerity, of assured value to the lover of biographical ana.

A book of the same type, though done on a larger scale, has just appeared with another of the leading Pre-Raphaelites as its subject.¹ Lady Burne-Jones does not try for a judicial attitude toward her husband's life and work, nor is she tempted to make a vague, heroic figure of him. She presents him in the wise Boswellian way, mainly by the record of his daily speech and acts. The result is a very clear impression of a personality of great, of surprising power and charm, — of a man, altogether more noble, more gracious, more self-controlled, more consistent in the good sense, than any of his associates,

than almost any of his contemporaries. He had a sturdy directness of mind and purpose which protected him from those shoals of dubiety which were barely escaped, or escaped not at all, by a Symonds, a Clough, a FitzGerald, or an Arnold. He had, moreover, an essential serenity of spirit which put him in no danger of that melancholy clouding of hopes, ideals, faiths, which involved the later years of Rossetti and Ruskin and Carlyle.

That two copper candlesticks and a London Directory should be caused to fall with emphasis upon the head of a certain irascible William Morris was the most satisfying of achievements to those roaring blades, Rossetti and Burne-Jones, one of whom was a dab at Limericks (many of which have unfortunately been preserved), and the other an accomplished mimic and caricaturist. Nor was their humor a mere affair of high spirits and horse play. Humor of a better kind they had, though *Jenny* is Rossetti's unique and sage expression of it in art, and Burne-Jones never so expressed it, full of it as his talk and his feeling for life were. It seems that an art like that of the Pre-Raphaelites, or like that of the modern symbolists, depends for its effect upon an established abeyance of humor. Such a convention between artist and audience disposes of a troublesome obstacle to a serious spontaneity: it says, Let us forget that there are parodists and satirists; let us pursue the sublime as if there were no ridiculous. With the aid of such an understanding, men of humor, even lovers of fun, may undertake with some hope of success that pursuit of the grave and naïve which is their nearest possible approach to the true sublime of an unplayful and (unless we deliberately overstrain the word humor) unhumorous Milton or Shelley.

It is clear from these memorials that if, as might have happened, Burne-Jones had devoted himself to discursive prose, the product would have been distinctly humorous as well as vigorous and grace-

¹ *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*. By G. B.-J. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

ful. A fragment of reported dialogue will serve to suggest his philosophy of work and his powers of expression:—

“S [Dr. Samuel Evans]. But does n’t your *Gnothi seauton* mean, among other things, Know your own mind?

“E [Burne-Jones]. Not a bit of it! Nothing to do with it! *Perperam de hoc sentit Sebastianus noster*. Nothing of the kind, I repeat. *Gnothi seauton* means this: Here’s this rickety old macrocosm of a world, my dear, full of maladies and evil humours, purblind, decrepit, paralytic, stumbling and staggering along through a welter of thick mud where she can only just see to take her next step towards nowhere by the ‘wan water’ in the puddles. Poor old thing! What does she know of beauty, or truth, or love, or God? She has heard tell of such things, but where are they, for her?—If she did but know! If she did but know!—Listen, you can hear her: ‘Who will show us any good? Who will show us any good?’

“S. And then?

“E. Why, then, your little, tiny, insignificant, whipper-snapper of a microcosm, he ups and says, says he: ‘I will! Mother! It’s little enough as I or any man can do for you, but what I can do, by the splendour of God, I will!’ That came to me early, as soon as I could think consecutively. It does n’t come to everybody. But it’s just here that ‘know thyself’ comes in. How are you going to help the poor old world to any advantage, if you don’t know how to make the most of any help you have in you to give? And this is why I say that Carlyle’s ‘Work at the task that lies nearest’ may be atheism. If I had followed that, I should be a parson and what I mean when I say ‘atheist’—that is, a man who, having it in him to do something to help the world, deliberately does less than he might by choosing an uncongenial medium in which to work. If God says ‘You can do this better than that,’ and you choose to do that rather than this, you are an atheist—you don’t believe in the voice of God.

“S. Suppose we call him a fool instead of an atheist? It comes to the same thing. It is the fool who saith in his heart, There is no God.

“E. Right. Fool he is and fool he shall be. There are lots of people who have no ‘call’ at all. They don’t count,—they are no more fools than they are wise for not having it. The real fool is the man who hears the call and does n’t obey it. What you have to do is to express yourself—utter yourself, turn out what is in you—on the side of beauty and right and truth, and of course you can’t turn out your best unless you know what your best is. You, for instance, start a rag of a newspaper,—I cover an acre of canvas with a dream of the deathbed of a king who you tell me was never alive,—why? Simply because for the life of us we can’t hit on any more healing ointment for the maladies of this poor old woman, the world at large.”

It is interesting to note the transition from a vein of burlesque Carlylean pessimism to the energetic colloquial expression of optimism which is Burne-Jones’s natural speech. He did not deny the existence of adverse conditions, or the difficulty of making headway against them. He had moments of despair over his own work, in one of which he exclaims: “I work daily at Cophetua and his Maid. I torment myself every day—I never learn a bit how to paint. No former work ever helps me—every new picture is a new puzzle, and I lose myself, and am bewildered—and it’s all as it was at the beginning, years ago.” Or again he cries, still more vehemently, “It takes an artist fifty years to learn to do anything, and fifty years to learn what not to do,—and fifty years to sift and find what he simply desires to do,—and three hundred years to do it, and when it is done neither heaven nor earth much needs it nor heeds it. Well,” is his characteristic conclusion, “I’ll peg away; I can do nothing else, and I would n’t if I could.” And so the burst of petulance is over, and the man buckles down to the work he loves.

It is his own powers, not the world, or his art, that he distrusts. He is entirely free from that sense of personal grievance which is so likely to get the mastery over creatures of impulse and sentiment like John Ruskin.

The strongest feeling inspired by the letters of Ruskin¹ is one of pity. Great sensibility, great intellectual activity, great power of expression, — great "parts" of every kind; but a whole somewhat short of greatness; an ineffectual theorist unprovided with that instinct for avoiding the bathos which gave to Shelley's wings, though beating in the void, an infallible dignity and grace. It is sad to watch the flutterings of this ardent and, so far as impulse could make him so, noble spirit. The correspondence begins, it must be noted, with what we must think Ruskin's second and decadent period. The literary impulse had pretty well exhausted itself; sadly for him, since his only possible artistic utterance lay through literature; drawing remained for him a fine accomplishment, — by which we mean something not in the most serious sense worth accomplishing.

In the course of these letters Ruskin more than once speaks of Mr. Norton as one of the three or four persons whom he can really call friends (in one letter he includes Lowell among them); and his verbal demonstrations of affection often transcend modern English usage, a fact which would not have interested him, for he was tropical in his loves as in his hates; and whatever he was, apart from achievements, he quite innocently held to be right. One of the reproduced photographs (which appears in somewhat garbled form in the Burne-Jones *Memorials*) shows Ruskin and Rossetti standing together, arm in arm. There could hardly be a stranger contrast than between these two figures and faces: Ruskin lean, narrow of shoulder and chest, with the eyes

of a seer, a hand like a claw clasping his companion's well-filled sleeve, — and the mouth of a hurt child; Rossetti thickset, broad of brow and jaw, heavy of lid and lip, — the face of a virtuoso or a medium. There is not only grief, but a kind of terror, in Ruskin's look, fighter though he was. It was easy enough for him to deal with the object in hand, but what of that mysterious invisible foe which surrounds us, whose nature we can only guess at, of whose indomitableness we are sure? Within, the Ruskin who foamed at the stupidity of other people, who called John Stuart Mill "the root of nearly all immediate evil among us in England . . . an utterly shallow segment of a human creature;" one of that "strange spawn begotten of ill-used money, senseless conductors of the curse of it, flesh-flies with false tongues in the proboscis of them," — is, in moments of truce, always wondering "whether in general we are getting on, and if so, where we are going to; whether it is worth while to ascertain any of these things." The best shift he can make at this stage of his disintegration is to seek relief from one unsatisfied activity in another: "I am working at geology, at Greek — weakly — patiently — caring for neither; trying to learn to write, and hold my pen properly — reading comparative anatomy, and gathering molluscs, with disgust." Or, in other moods, he finds the resource of a humorous nature: "I find Penguins at present the only comfort in life. One feels everything in the world so sympathetically ridiculous; one can't be angry when one looks at a Penguin."

Ruskin had, with all his complaints, a scorn of fruitless complaining which more than once connected itself with Carlyle. "What in my own personal way I chiefly regret and wonder at in him," he writes, after reading the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, "is the perception in all nature of nothing between the stars and his stomach, — his going, for instance, into North Wales for two months, and noting absolutely no Cambrian thing or

¹ *Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*. In two Volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

event, but only increase of Carlylean bile." But he is tolerant of Froude's still-vexed revelations, and totally disagrees with Mr. Norton "about the wife letters being sacred." Mr. Norton has held to his principles in dealing with Ruskin's own letters to himself. "In my judgment," he says in his preface, "Ruskin himself published, or permitted to be published, far too many of his letters, — some of them, as it seemed to me, such as should never have been printed. . . . I have not printed all the letters which Ruskin wrote to me. In spite of the poets, in spite of modern usage, in spite of Ruskin's own example, I hold with those who believe that there are sanctities in love and life to be kept in privacy inviolate." The process of choice must have been difficult, and we may wonder in turning over the resulting pages what Ruskin's confidences would have been if these are his reservations.

"Although in the inner circle of English letters," says Mr. Douglas, in introducing his book on Mr. Watts-Dunton,¹ "this study of a living writer will need no apology, it may be well to explain for the general reader the reasons which moved me to undertake it." Feeling duly chagrined at our failure to belong to the inner, or outer, circle of English letters, we listen to various reasons why we should hear about Mr. Watts-Dunton: the most impressive of which is that Mr. Swinburne considers him "the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of any age." The exhibits which follow are of far more importance than the accompanying commentary. The rôle of exhibitor, under the circumstances, is one to which Mr. Douglas is obviously unequal. His excellent bad taste necessarily reflects somewhat upon the otherwise admirable person who has voluntarily submitted himself to such usage. For a literary executor a ghost might deny responsibility, but hardly a man alive. It is

only when Mr. Douglas absents himself that we succeed in feeling at ease in his presence. Yet he is a gentleman of surprising integrity. "Mr. Watts-Dunton," he admits, "when I told him that I was going to write this book, urged me to moderate my praise and to call into action the critical power that he was good enough to say that I possessed, . . . but the courage of my opinions I will exercise so long as I write at all. The 'newspaper cynics,' that once were and perhaps still are strong, I have always defied, and always will defy. I am glad to see that there is one point of likeness between us of the younger generation and the great one to which Mr. Watts-Dunton and his illustrious friends belong. We are not afraid, and we are not ashamed of being enthusiastic. This also, I hope, will be a note of the twentieth century." Never did American colonel whistle his courage up more shrilly.

Mr. Watts-Dunton is, we know, the chief survivor and interpreter of the Pre-Raphaelite group. As "friend of poets," though as nothing else, he would have a sure place in the literary annals of his period. To him, according to Mr. Douglas, was due whatever comfort Rossetti had in his later years, and whatever work he did. Morris owed much to his friendship, and for thirty years he has been the intimate and house-mate of Swinburne. His critical writing in the encyclopædias and the *Athenæum* has been of steady influence on both sides of the Atlantic. Special pleader in a way he has been, the champion of modern romanticism; it is a pity that his panegyrist should have made catch-words of such effective phrases as "the Renaissance of Wonder," and "Natura Benigna." The book does at least succeed in presenting the more important aspects of Mr. Watts-Dunton's periodical criticism, a criticism which the author has refused to rescue from its anonymous dispersion among old files of the *Athenæum* and elsewhere. Some day it will be collected and published, let us hope without any such gloss as Mr. Douglas would be likely to furnish.

¹ *Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic.* By JAMES DOUGLAS. New York: John Lane. 1904.

Like Ruskin, Herbert Spencer systematically overworked, and paid the penalty of nervous collapse, which was paid by so many contemporaries. Otherwise, two men could hardly have been more different. Whether from superiority or inferiority of imagination, Spencer seems to have been incapable of being seriously troubled or perplexed. He dwelt upon a cool intellectual eminence; he was sufficient for whatever task presented, he was sufficient unto himself. To the supplementary order of biographical material belongs a little book about him, containing two essays and a chapter of reminiscences.¹ The first essay, on "Spencer's Contribution to the Concept of Evolution," sketches the history of the evolutionary theory, and the process by which Spencer, long before the *Origin of Species*, came to the adoption of a theory of evolution, and, presently, of a complementary theory of dissolution; and so was brought suddenly upon "the truth that integration is a primary process and differentiation a secondary process." Eventually, Professor Royce fails to find in the Spencerian concept a road to the solution of all problems connected with evolution. It "does not determine the relations of the essential processes of evolution to one another, does not define their inner unity, and does not enable us to conceive a series of types of evolutionary processes in orderly relations to one another." It is rather a piece of pioneering work, done in a right spirit and toward a right end. The essay on "Spencer's Educational Theories" suggests some causes of the philosopher's limitations in attacking concrete problems. The *Autobiography* furnishes data from which Professor Royce shows that Spencer's educational theories were based upon the assumption that all children should be trained as he chanced to be trained. "He was of his

own kind a most wonderful example," says the critic. "But I should be sorry if all men were Spencers."

Mr. Collier's *Reminiscences* put before us a figure of dignity and amenity, if not quite of charm; a healthy life, well rounded with various activities. Spencer was a genial diner-out, and more dependent for recreation upon his billiards or his tennis than upon any books ever written; facts which, no doubt, go far toward accounting for the placidity of his mental processes and the precision of his results.

In the preface to his *Reminiscences*, published some five years ago, Justin McCarthy wrote, "One reason why I have not attempted an autobiography is that my life, in its own course, has been uneventful, and that I have no story to tell about it which could have any claim on public interest." These *Reminiscences* proved to contain much autobiographical material, somewhat to the impoverishment, perhaps, of the story which he now has to tell.² It may stand, however, as a record sufficiently varied and full of incident to have a sure claim on public interest. It would rank with such a narrative as Mr. Riis's, rather than with literary autobiographies, or with intellectual documents like Spencer's account. Like Mr. Riis, his main interest has been in public service, and he writes, like him, with honesty, an engaging complacency, an unaffected good-humor, and a total lack of distinction in manner. Mr. McCarthy has been most useful to his time, but it would be idle to pretend that he has been useful to literature. No book of his is likely to outlive him ten years. But to approach the end of life in a mood of unflinching cheerfulness and hopefulness may fall to persons of practical activity, as well as to persons of purely intellectual power, oftener than to seers and prophets. Spencer and Justin McCarthy have had a success in common which was denied Rossetti, and Ruskin, and Carlyle.

² *An Irishman's Story*. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

¹ *Herbert Spencer: An Estimate and Review*. By JOSIAH ROYCE. Together with a Chapter of Personal Reminiscences by JAMES COLLIER. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1904.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BEING AHEAD OF TIME

THERE is a time for all things, even the convenience of others. Society is necessarily ordered by rule of thumb, and has little use for persons who cannot be "counted on." It is bad enough to be tardy in the affairs of love, but our awful example of perfidy would be the wretch who dares break a part of the thousandth part of a minute in meeting a dinner appointment. Being behind time is something like being asleep at the switch; people who have been derailed show little consideration for a tired man.

Present witness supposes that punctuality might be added to the list of horological tyrannies the Club has been hearing about of late, but is himself unable to speak to that point. Indeed, though a faithful, and even assiduous, contributor to the *Atlantic*, he is constrained to doubt his own clubability. He earnestly desires to be sprightly, whimsical, a little irreverent; but such wishes are not horses for an orthodox New Englander. A person who is thoroughly up on verities and infinities can hardly be good at talking like a little fish. He does n't know how to be skittish, and with the best intentions he can't always understand skittishness in others.

He does n't quite know what to make of these lively fellow contributors who don't care whether they get up in the morning of what day of what year, and if or when the train goes. For himself he sees nothing to be ashamed of in being on time, and nothing to be proud of in being behind it. He has a pretty clear notion that taking liberties with time is not the way to cotton up to eternity. But he may not always realize what constitutes an unjustifiable familiarity of this kind. It is a puzzling fact that frivolous people do not have a monopoly of error. The unco'

guid have something to answer for when it comes to a question of "being ahead of time." They boast openly of their taking the old gentleman by the forelock, and in practice they do not stick at making free with his scruff. They are in the habit of being a quarter-hour "early" at the station, or a half-hour at the theatre. They "don't like to hurry," and they "enjoy seeing the people come in." Bosh! everybody knows that people like that are always in a hurry, and have a portable horizon situated not far from the ends of their noses. They are very busy with clocks and time-tables, but they have no confidence in them. If they were as weak as that, they would quite expect to be left behind or to miss something. As it is, they spend their allotted days leaping from imaginary crag to crag along a solid highway which might have been pleasantly covered at a mild canter. They stand on the platform for fifteen minutes before the scheduled time, lest the train arrive one minute before it. They hurl themselves at the foremost platform before the train has stopped. They stand in the aisle for the last two or three miles of their journey. A little later they will be found bustling out of the theatre at the critical moment a scene or two from the end of the play. They have plenty of time to hear it out; but they have paid for that privilege, they have known the joys of possession; now for a break-neck plunge into the subway. You cannot trust such a person even at his devotions. He is first man at church; he rises a neck ahead of anybody else, he galls the parson's kibe with his responses, he imparts a feverishness to the psalter and a tripping tempo to the litany; he is bound for Glory on the double-quick. There is an element of greed involved in this whole business of being early; even good people do not object to a little more than their money's worth.

I suppose they never really get ahead of Time, unless as that venerable reaper encourages them to dispose themselves conveniently to his sickle.

THE DELUSION OF ABBREVIATING

"Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," on the title-page of a book of poems, puzzled me considerably in my childhood, but before many days I shaped to my satisfaction a definition of "Bart.:" some one more than hard and less than magician. When, years after, I heard this word translated into "baronet," I suffered genuine anguish in losing a word which I had invested with splendid personality, and ever since I have resented abbreviation.

Why do we abbreviate? That we do is manifest enough if one glances over a newspaper where throngs of amputated words are to be seen, not only in advertisements, but, as well, in columns of news. We recognize in Jap., ad., tel. con., Rt. Rev. J. C. Smith, D. D., etc., a larger something for which these hieroglyphics stand. The speech of our young people is a tissue of condensed syllables; Webster's Dictionary records over a thousand curtailed forms in common use. The tendency toward abbreviation is to be observed everywhere except in the lecture and in the sermon, though there are critics who desire it even there.

All that may be said in defense of abbreviation is that it saves space. We cherish, also, a delusion that it saves time, but is it really any easier to write @ for at? Is this, strictly speaking, an attenuated form? Our familiar correspondence is full of abridgments, spontaneous contractions that bring nothing but bewilderment to the reader who tries in vain to decipher them. Consider the serious student working with a new volume in which much time and space have been economized by the lavish use of abbreviation. He is constantly turning back to the table of abbreviations, trying to fix upon his mind the signification of the va-

rious short-cuts used by the writer. Probably there is not a single page over which he does not pause, losing the thread of the argument, falling into confusion, simply because of this mania for brevity. "Brevity is the soul of wit," but we have assumed that brevity is the soul of writ.

In addition to the inconveniences that attend the use of abbreviation, there are two positive dangers. In the first place, it is to be feared that ignorance is fostered by it. Who can tell at a glance the difference between Litt. D. and L. H. D., or explain correctly the concealed origin of viz., or find language for 16mo? Cf. and sc. have been the confounders of many boys and girls at school. Have not intelligent persons searched the map of England for Hants, and searched in vain? Are not Miss., Mass., Cinn., Pa., shameless concessions to those who dare not spell?

The second danger, to be feared remotely, is that the zeal for reducing all words to the lowest possible terms will tear our best literature to "shreds and patches." It is not utterly inconceivable that, a few centuries hence, we may have new editions of the standard poets, not abridged, but, to suit the taste for saving space, abbreviated in some such fashion as this sonorous Miltonic line, —

"Un { re | spit |
" " | i } ed"
 " | priev }

or this famous verse, —

"2 b, or not 2 b: that is the?"

ACCURATE BUT STILL LIVING

I have often had occasion to wonder where Anatole France could have been living when he made the remark: "What would we not give to see heaven and earth for a single minute with the eye of a fly? But this is prohibited." It may be prohibited in his part of the world, but it is not in mine. Would that it were, for ever since I added to the other bugbears, by which my education has worried along, the fear lest I should be inaccurate, I have been trying to see the universe with

the eye of a fly, and nearly every influence in my neighborhood has assisted me to such an extent that I can almost report, like the fly in *Cock Robin*, "I saw it die with my little eye."

For several years now, accuracy has been my bugbear. I was not always thus. Time was when I was a full-throated creature with things to say, and I said them. I even think that I used to be moderately interesting and entertaining until the time came when I asked myself that profound question, "Is it right, is it even decent, in this sort of a world, to be interesting? Can you conscientiously, in a world where the scientist has suffered and proven the enormous difficulty of getting at the real truth about anything, have the heart to be interesting? If you confined yourself strictly to the truth, do you believe that you would have a baker's dozen to listen to you?"

Thus the scientific sinner enticed me, and I consented. Henceforth I tried to serve the world differently, but no one has ever thanked me for it, nor, to tell the truth, have I ever seen any particular reason why any one should. They admit that I am more accurate than I used to be, that is all. In the old days I had "a large Newfoundland dog way of handling matters," and approached things in a somewhat generous and bumbling manner, which, considering its inaccuracy, gave surprisingly large results. If a truth, or what seemed to be one, came my way, setting me all alive and joyful, I would out with it while the joy was still fresh, and never mind a few loose ends and mistakes. Of necessity there was much that could not be proven. That was usually the best part of it. But nowadays I lop off all this at the start, though secretly thanking Providence, in a loose, shamefaced, unscientific way, for those beautiful years in which I let myself go before I knew better. If any good large thought, more than a millimeter in diameter, comes swinging down toward me, and I find myself prompted to say a dozen noble and inspiring things about it, I now suppress my exuberance at

once by asking myself, "Would you dare utter those things if a psychologist should come into the room?" Certainly not, and I shrink all these things to an irreducible minimum.

Or if, later on, I run upon what seems some joyous significance in the natural world, and have proceeded a sentence or two, I see a biologist, or worse still, a professional "nature-lover" in the offing, bearing down upon me like a revenue cutter, and I make haste to destroy all evidence of the accursed thing, so that when he comes up I am even as he is.

My very being is becoming, I fear, like an evaporated apple. That the thing can be done has been well proven, and now that it has been proven that an apple can be evaporated, I feel like crying, "Let us back to the apple." If the world were becoming a desert trail, or humanity were all en route for a Frozen North, this reduction of everything to tablet form might be legitimate and proper, but are we in any such plight? I used to read in the school physiology that it was not sufficient that the stomach should receive only the essential juices or elements of food, but that it needed to be distended by much useless substance in order to properly extract those elements. For many years I made it my humble and joyful effort to live along that line. Somehow I seem to have been less living since I have come closer and closer to the sheer essence of nutrition, while there are times when under this state of things I do not much care whether I live or not.

But I foresee that I cannot go on as I am going, my respect for the university and the laboratory method notwithstanding. Moments of feeling like a spiritual millionaire are becoming more frequent with me, and some day I shall be able to hold myself in no longer, and with a lot of others I shall be giving myself away and shocking my new-found scientific friends with the amount I believe, whether I ought to or not.

How, then, shall I adjust my duties to accuracy with this unwieldy and glorious

life within me? It is my growing conviction that for people in my situation the highest wisdom is to go ahead, accept frankly and illogically our innumerable chances of being happy, and thereby keep the scientist busy with the new and delightfully perplexing facts with which we can furnish him. Let him be accurate, let us live and give him plenty of materials on which to wreak his accuracy. We shall do the scientist great wrong if we cease to furnish him with the materials he loves.

AN UNLOVELY VIRTUE

When I was a child, I was often not a little hampered by the fact that I could not, with any comfort, utter an untruth. Not that I had any inherent aptitude for truthfulness, — on the contrary, I was a lover of devious ways, and my nature was framed for deceit, but early training had imposed upon me an ineradicable habit of truth-telling. It had so wrought that for me the lie was shorn of every pleasurable association, and invested with painful suggestion. My only compensation lay in a dim feeling of superior righteousness, but this was not very sincere, not very constant, and, indeed, not wholly gratifying. Gladly would I have relinquished it for the ability to tell a good, comfortable lie, — not a bad, malicious, devouring-lion of a lie, but a little harmless, playful-kitten of a lie. Now and then, indeed, I did lay hands upon the forbidden weapon, but being unfamiliar with it, I used it clumsily, — lied at the wrong time, or in the wrong way, or when there was no need of lying, and I never got any fun out of the lie, and seldom any advantage.

Now that I am quite grown up, my plight is worse, for even the sense of superior righteousness has left me. I have been forced to recognize that the most charming, the most really admirable of my friends are in general people who can, for the sake of harmony, of good fellowship, of friendship, utter the thing which is not. This, without disturbing my hab-

its of truth-telling, has seriously shaken up my theories.

For one thing, I have come to realize that one must often tell a lie in order to convey a true impression, since the matter of a lie, as of a jest,

lies in the ear

Of him who hears it, never in the mouth

Of him who speaks it.

For example, a certain youth was escorting to his steamer a venerable Englishman whose name stands high among the dignitaries of the church. Their train was late, and outside the Grand Central, as ill luck would have it, but a single cab was visible. There was need of haste, yet the great man had not been accustomed to hasten, and it looked as though the cab would be preempted by some of the ardent but unimportant New Yorkers who were scurrying toward it. The young man singled out an official and said impressively, "This is an English duke. He is late for his steamer. Get him that cab." The cab was theirs.

Now, according to the precepts in which I had been reared, that young man had by his act seriously jeopardized his spiritual future. Yet, might it not be maintained that he had lied in the interests of truth? He said "duke," which was not the fact; the official received the notion "great man," which was the fact. Whereas if he had said, "Here is an English canon, get him a cab," it is safe to say that the mind of the worthy official would have been filled with confusion, if not with distinctly bellicose images totally foreign to the occasion.

But there is another sort of lie whose justification cannot be framed after this fashion. There is the lie, not in the cause of truth, but in the cause of friendliness or of comfort. A friend has just given a dinner. "Did you notice that the fish was burned?" she asks. You had noticed, every one had noticed. You answer, "My dear, I cannot deceive you, it *was* burned." You save your soul, but you make your friend miserable. Suppose instead that you say cheerfully, "No

indeed, it was perfectly delicious;" she will take heart, and think, "Well, it was only my nervousness." You will have increased the sum of happiness in the world, — but how about your soul?

Suppose, again, that your best friend is engaged to be married, but there are reasons why she cannot announce the fact. Society suspects, society insinuates, finally, society asks point-blank, "Celia, *is* Rosalind engaged to Orlando?" Three courses are open: you may keep silent, but that is equivalent to saying "yes;" or you may give an evasive answer, like the servant who when asked if her mistress was at home replied, "Was your grandmother a monkey?" The objections to this policy are obvious. Or you may take your conscience by the throat, look society firmly in the eye, and say, "Rosalind engaged? No indeed! What in the world could have made you think such a thing? She does n't care for Orlando, and anyway he is really in love with Audrey, you know, and only flirting to make her jealous." Your conscience may bear for days the marks of fingers on its throat, while at the same time you will keep saying to yourself, in the manner of Henry James's devious-minded people, — "But I could n't, could I, not have done it. No, I could n't not have done it."

Is there, perhaps, something wrong with a training that leaves one no comfortable escape from so common a predicament? I myself am quite incapable of judging, being hopelessly bigoted in favor of truth-telling. A lie still seems, in spite of all arguments, a bad thing. But I am driven to wonder whether this is not the result of that rigidity of temper and of habit which was at once the strength and the weakness of our Puritan forebears. My grandfather, a man of sternest Puritan traditions, came near

losing his life through that same characteristic. He was going toward the garden, when a venomous-minded cow spied him and marked him for her prey. She came on, head down, sharp horns a-prick for his gore. A little grandson, taking in the situation, shouted from the rear, "Cheese it, grandpa! — Cheese it!" The old gentleman heard, he apprehended danger, but he hated slang, and this particular phrase had been an object of special abhorrence. He turned grim and contemptuous, and used up his moment of escape in the withering reply, "Cheese what?" The cow arrived, and only the huge basket that the old gentleman carried saved him from being impaled, principles and all. The long horns were buried in the basket, and its bearer was hurled backward through the garden gate. And to the youngster's puzzled query, "Why did n't you run, when you heard me tell you?" there seemed no adequate reply.

If Mr. Brooke, of Middlemarch, had witnessed this scene, I believe his comment would have been, "Ah, sir, principles are good things in their place, — but don't let them carry you too far — not too far, you know."

And it is just possible that this matter of truth-telling cannot be settled by any rigid rulings whatever. Other virtues may be carried to excess, why not truthfulness? It is one of my regrets that I was not clever enough long ago to notice that lying, as such, is not forbidden in the Decalogue. We are, it is true, commanded not to "bear false witness," but only false witness *against* our neighbor. About false witness in his *behalf* nothing whatever is said: — that is, malicious lying is forbidden, benevolent lying is left to our discretion. I should be quite willing, if my training would allow me, to stand with Moses in this whole matter.

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THE COST OF WAR

BY CHARLES J. BULLOCK

I

SLOWLY, yet inevitably, the conviction is growing that war is an excessively expensive method of adjusting disputes between nations. As a noble sport and a means of preserving those manly virtues in which we all delight, there is, doubtless, much to be said in its favor; but, under modern conditions, its cost is so enormous that we are more and more inclined to cast about for some substitute. Wars, indeed, and rumors of war are still with us; and the twentieth century has opened in a manner not wholly reassuring to the advocate of peace. Yet even as fierce combat rages, nations are negotiating treaties by which its recurrence shall be made less probable; and it is no longer deemed an unprofitable and ignoble thing to make a sober reckoning of the evils which war entails. The day may be far distant when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and battleships converted into the merchantable steel of commerce; but the time has already arrived when it is possible to secure a respectful hearing for the cause of international arbitration, and a plea for peace is received with something more than simple curiosity or impatient dissent.

This encouraging tendency of public opinion can but derive fresh impetus from every effort to secure serious consideration of the manifold costs of war, — some of them moral, others political, others social, and still others economic. The moral evils are serious enough to give one pause, even if they were all. War calls into play, to be sure, some of the noblest virtues, but

it inevitably arouses also the most ignoble passions. Our Civil War called forth the volunteer of 1861, the flower of our youth, and the bounty jumper of 1863; it produced the Sanitary Commission, and the swindling army contractors who fattened upon the sufferings of the soldiers or supplied them with worthless rifles; it gave us the taxpayer who bent his neck uncomplainingly to an unprecedented burden of taxes, and the rascals, within and without the civil service, who devised frauds upon the revenues. Like fire, pestilence, or any other calamity, war calls forth the hero who offers his life in the service of his fellows, and the ghoul who despoils the bodies of the dead. Yet, worse than aught else is the fact that war inevitably plunges unnumbered millions of non-combatants into a seething cauldron of mutual hate. Fierce and absorbing hatred, more harmful to the subject than the object, is probably the chief of the furies which war is certain to unloose, — at least when it is undertaken in order to decide a dispute between nations. If it could only be conducted for sport's sake or for the moral training which it affords, the case might be otherwise, and war might be purged of some of its unlovely features. Then, finally, there are the notorious evils that are sure to develop whenever large numbers of men are removed from the restraining influence of home life, and herded in camps or barracks. War may be a school for all the virtues; but barrack life is a seminary, and a standing army a national clearing house, of hideous vice. This ugly fact needs to be duly considered by all who

are inclined to believe in the educational influence of military training.

Next there are the political evils, almost as weighty as the moral. Probably no government in modern times has been able to carry on a serious contest that has not been attended with extravagance and dishonesty; at any rate, the United States has never been able to do so. From the time that the soldiers suffered needlessly at Valley Forge on account of inefficient supply service and dishonest contractors, down to the purchase of army transports and "embalmed" beef in 1898, profusion and speculation have invariably attended our military operations. This evil, moreover, usually outlasts a war, because loose and irregular methods of conducting public business are not speedily reformed. After the Civil War, Washington was still infested by swindling contractors who found not a few choice pickings; and the slimy trail of the corruptionist led up to the doors of Congress and some of the executive departments. Whether or not that decade was the most corrupt in our history, it is certain that its annals contain many a page which no honest American can read with pride. Senator Hoar drew a truthful picture of the time when he said, in his argument at the Belknap impeachment trial: "My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of Senatorial office; but in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt, from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the State in the Union foremost in power and wealth four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a by-word through-

out the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House, now a distinguished member of this court, rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youth to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress . . . that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. . . . I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President."

The general social evils of warfare should not be overlooked, even though we are hastening to reach the economic costs, with which this essay is especially concerned. As long as war is the predominant interest of any society, military achievements and the martial virtues are prized more highly than others, and the pursuits of peace necessarily suffer. During the Middle Ages skull-splitting absorbed the best talent and energy of Europe, save such as was drawn into the service of the Church, to the inevitable prejudice of industry, art, and science, — except in so far as these could minister to the caprices or pleasures of the ruling classes. And in many a country to-day the spirit of militarism erects a superior caste which demands and receives the homage due superior beings. If physical courage inevitably implied the possession of moral, if war lords and their retainers were self-supporting, and if the arts of peace were not worthy of the best talent which a country affords, the results of militarism would be less serious; but, as things are, the outcome is highly unfortunate. A lamentable inversion of social ideals is not the least of the evils which militarism entails.

Last, but not least, come the economic costs of war. There is, in the first place,

the destruction of property during actual military operations, and the loss occasioned by the interruption of industry and trade. These things we mention in no sordid, commercial spirit; and we would not even suggest that they should be weighed against the joys of skull-splitting when pursued for its own sake. But they make war an enormously expensive tribunal for the settlement of disputes about boundary lines, commercial relations, and similar *casus belli*. When one thinks of the wiping out of flourishing towns, the once fertile countryside turned into desert, the "cleaning up" of subject provinces like Burmah or Samar, the utter havoc wrought with sea-borne commerce, and the toilers thrown out of employment by the closing of the accustomed avenues of trade, it all seems to be unprofitable business, even though, once in a while, it may be jolly good sport and a necessary form of moral training.

Still more serious is the destruction of valuable lives. By the time that a person is old enough to be good food for gunpowder, he represents a substantial outlay which the community has made for his nurture and education, and is only beginning to render an adequate return for this investment. Then, too, if he is able to meet the requirements of the recruiting officer, it may be assumed that he has something more than the average physical strength and vitality; while, if he volunteers for what he deems a patriotic duty, it may be taken for granted that he represents something more than the average capacity for serving his fellow man. Now it is not a light thing thus to gather together the flower of a nation's youth and offer it up to the Moloch of war; on the contrary, it is most consummate folly, if there is any honorable way under heaven by which it may be avoided. It means the loss of most valuable economic energy, and creates a process of social selection by which the less fit survive. In cases where armies are recruited chiefly or wholly from the offscourings of the population, the situation is different; but with the

so-called "national army system" of the nineteenth century, things are so ordered as to raise this element of cost to a maximum. Historians never fail to record the loss which France suffered when 300,000 Huguenots were driven out of the kingdom, but they seldom give adequate attention to the cost of the glorious wars waged by the Grand Monarque and the mighty Corsican. And yet, from the Rhine to Moscow, from the Alps to Calabria, from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar, a century and a half of magnificent combat sowed the soil of Europe thick with the skulls of Frenchmen, while distant India and Egypt claimed a share of the offering, and many provinces of France engulfed their quotas of brave soldiers. England, too, as Kipling reminds us, has salted down her empire with the bones of her sons, depositing much of the preservative in the sea beyond the reach of spade or ploughshare. Upon human bones, in fact, all empires are builded; and these things must be taken into the account when one tries to estimate the gain and merchandise thereof.

And then there is the expense of maintaining armies and fleets in time of peace, and of setting them in operation in time of war. This involves, of course, the withdrawal of men from industrial pursuits, and the levy of taxes sufficient to supply them with weapons, provision, and equipment. To the support of military armaments all governments now devote a large portion of their revenues; and we have in the statistics of such expenditures, past and present, a very accurate measure of the direct financial burden which war imposes.

Most of the costs of warfare are of such an intangible character as to defy measurement, or, if they ever assume material form, baffle statistical inquiry. Some idea of the moral evils of militarism can be gathered from the statistics of illegitimate births in garrison towns, and from the records of certain diseases treated in army hospitals; but this information relates to a single count in the indictment, and the

figures fall far short of doing justice even to that. We have, too, passable statistics of the men killed and wounded in recent wars, but these do not enable us to estimate, save in the very roughest manner, even the economic loss which the casualties entailed. Then we can ascertain with tolerable precision the number of men actually under arms in time of peace; and know that, at the present moment, the Christian nations of Europe maintain some 3,500,000 soldiers and 300,000 sailors or marines, when their military and naval establishments are upon a peace footing; yet we are lost in a wilderness of uncertainty the moment that we attempt to appraise the value of the labor thus withdrawn from productive industry. In fact, the financial burdens borne by the taxpayers of civilized lands afford the sole opportunity of measuring with reasonable accuracy some of the costs of war, and for this reason it will be worth our while to study carefully the story which the blue books and year books have to tell. It is true, of course, that even finance statistics have their limitations; but it so happens that most of the facts with which we are now concerned are recorded with tolerable clearness and precision.

II

Europe has been occupied so long and so extensively with the game of war that her experience is more instructive than our own, and must first engage attention. For the purposes of the present essay it will suffice to study the military expenditures of three leading nations, Great Britain, Germany, and France.

In the Middle Ages the feudal army, composed of the king's immediate vassals, with their retainers down through the various grades of the social hierarchy, was supposed to render a stated amount of military service as one of the conditions upon which its members held their lands. This arrangement supplied a force which could be raised without much direct expense to the king, although the burden of

actual service and the cost of providing their own equipment might weigh heavily upon the individual members. Its inefficiency in battle, and its tendency to become more dangerous to the sovereign than to his enemies, led to the occasional employment of bands of mercenaries, or to attempts, only moderately successful, to establish national militias based upon the theory of universal military service. In France a small standing army was created in 1439, and a permanent tax, the *taille*, was established in order to provide for its maintenance. In time the superiority of such a disciplined force over the troublesome feudal horde or the occasional *levée en masse* led to the general introduction of standing armies, which proved not only effective in war, but the surest reliance of a monarch who aimed at absolute rule. By the close of the seventeenth century the change had been generally effected, and in the eighteenth Europe fairly groaned under the burdens which militarism entailed.

Before the day of the standing army the sovereign was supposed to "live of his own," that is, to support himself upon the income from his domains and various fiscal prerogatives; national taxation—in theory, and generally in practice—was an extraordinary financial expedient which was employed mainly in times of peculiar need or urgency. But as in France the establishment of a perpetual *taille* accompanied the creation of a standing army, so in Brandenburg the Great Elector, "after long and tedious negotiations with the estates," replaced the occasional grants for the support of his troops by fixed contributions for his permanent army. And elsewhere the same inevitable development occurred; the country which would dance must pay the piper, and the payment was nothing less than regular and severe taxation. Meanwhile the cost of warfare had steadily increased because the introduction of gunpowder necessitated the employment of more expensive weapons,—especially cannon, of which each monarch must have a large train.

Gunpowder, therefore, and standing armies, transformed the theory and practice of national finance as thoroughly as they changed the theory and practice of war.

The next important contribution to the art of warfare was the invention of national debts. Monarchs had long been in the habit of borrowing upon their personal credit or the specific pledge of lands and other possessions, whenever they needed unusual amounts of money for military or other purposes; and in the sixteenth century rich bankers are found financing upon a large scale the warring potentates of that age in which the game of international politics began to be so engrossing. But the scope of such transactions was comparatively restricted, since royal lands, and even crown jewels or robes of state, did not furnish an inexhaustible fund for hypothecation; while the mere personal credit of a prince was not a uniformly satisfactory security. The situation was altered, however, when the credit of the nation was staked as the security for loans, and it became possible to borrow upon the pledge of public taxes, both present and prospective. In England, and virtually, if not nominally, in France, this transformation was complete by the close of the seventeenth century, and it increased enormously the ability of these countries to burn gunpowder in the eighteenth. To many people of that day public loans seemed to be a veritable "mine of gold," a sort of "realized alchemy."

The facts of the case, however, were more shrewdly diagnosed by Adam Smith, in the fifth book of the *Wealth of Nations*. He says: "The ordinary expense of the greater part of modern governments in time of peace being equal or nearly equal to their ordinary revenue, when war comes, they are both unwilling and unable to increase their revenue in proportion to the increase of their expense. They are unwilling, for fear of offending the people, who, by so great and so sudden an increase of taxes, would

soon be disgusted with the war; and they are unable, from not well knowing what taxes would be sufficient to produce the revenue wanted. The facility of borrowing delivers them from the embarrassment which this fear and inability would otherwise occasion. By means of borrowing they are enabled, with a very moderate increase of taxes, to raise, from year to year, money sufficient for carrying on the war, and by the practice of perpetual funding, they are enabled, with the smallest possible increase of taxes, to raise annually the largest possible sums of money."

With such a simple and agreeable solution for the financial problems of war, it was possible to indulge in a continuous orgy of fighting and spending. In 1689 the debt of England was no more than £1,054,000; but, by 1713, the wars of the Palatinate and the Spanish Succession had raised it to £53,680,000. Only a slight reduction was effected during the next twenty-six years of comparative peace, and then trouble with Spain and the War of the Austrian Succession increased the burden to £78,000,000. This, however, was only a beginning. The Seven Years' War raised the English debt to £139,500,000, and but £10,000,000 of this had been paid when the American War for Independence carried the total up to £238,000,000. Ten years of peace reduced it to £228,000,000, and then came many years of warfare with France. In 1816 the funded and the floating debts stood at the noble figure of £876,000,000, while the annual interest charge was £32,450,000. At the accession of William and Mary it had cost considerably less than £2,000,000 to defray the whole of the national expenses; in 1816 Great Britain must raise sixteen times that sum merely to pay the interest upon a debt contracted during the course of seven wars. True, the fighting had been glorious, but the piper must now be paid by generations that had not danced to his music.

Meanwhile France had not been idle. Her rulers had piled up a considerable

debt in the seventeenth century, despite the various "revisions," or forced reductions, which they had compelled their creditors to accept. By 1721 the capital value of the French debt, contracted chiefly for military purposes, was estimated at 1,700,000,000 livres, entailing an annual charge of 48,000,000 livres.¹ At the end of the Seven Years' War, the capital value of the debt had risen to 2,360,000,000 livres, with an annual charge of 93,000,000 livres. When Louis XV died, in 1774, his people were supporting an interest charge of 120,000,000 livres; and, shortly afterward, the American War and the disordered state of the French finances raised to the sum of 208,000,000 livres the annual outlay for the service of the debt. Necker's famous budget of 1789 is fairly effulgent with military splendor. Exclusive of the cost of collecting the revenues, the annual outlay of the kingdom was about 490,460,000 livres. Of this sum, no less than 243,000,000 livres was required for interest on the consolidated debt and annual payments on the terminable and floating indebtedness, most of which had been incurred in the pursuit of glory. Then 141,440,000 livres was needed for the support of the army and navy, so that the total expenses chargeable to war were not far short of 384,440,000 livres, which was nearly eighty per cent of the aggregate net outlay. Of the remainder, available for civil purposes, 62,800,000 livres was devoted to pensions and the support of the royal family, and 19,640,000 livres to the administration of justice, foreign affairs, and the treasury; thus leaving the munificent sum of 23,570,000 livres for internal affairs, public works, education, and religion. That had been a splendid century for France, but it had been undeniably expensive. The financial cataclysms of the Revolution sponged most of the public debt off the slate, and Napoleon was able to make tributary and conquered countries support

much of the burden of his campaigns; so that in 1814 the French debt was far less heavy than that of Great Britain, carrying an annual charge of about 63,300,000 livres.²

In 1748, when Montesquieu published his celebrated *Esprit des Lois*, the war game was proceeding merrily, but some of its consequences, for France at least, were already becoming apparent. One of his chapters deals with the increase of military armaments.³ "A new disease," he said, "has spread throughout Europe; it has seized on our sovereigns and makes them maintain an inordinate number of troops. It is intensified; and of necessity becomes infectious, for as soon as one state increases its forces the others at once increase theirs, so that nothing is gained by it except general ruin. Each monarch keeps on foot as many armies as if his people were in danger of extermination; and this struggle of all against all is called peace!" With trifling changes, this passage might have been written in 1905.

For forty years after the battle of Waterloo, Europe enjoyed comparative peace; indeed, a period for rest and recuperation was sorely needed. If Great Britain's debt had gone on increasing at the pace which had been maintained ever since 1689, it is hard to see how the country could have averted ultimately such bankruptcy as overtook France in 1789. The French people, also, had need of peace; and Prussia, too, was ready to rest after her struggle for liberation. Armies and navies were maintained, of course, but there was no such augmentation of forces as the eighteenth century had seen and as the last half of the nineteenth was to witness. Interest seemed to flag even in the improvement of implements of destruction, and the bronze fieldpieces of 1850 differed but slightly from those which the Prus-

¹ During the eighteenth century the value of the livre tournois varied, ranging from seventeen to nineteen cents.

² About \$12,600,000, as compared with an annual charge of some \$160,000,000 upon the English debt.

³ Book xiii, ch. 17.

sians had carried home from what they are pleased to call the field of *Belle Alliance*.

Under such conditions Great Britain was able to reduce her indebtedness by some £75,000,000, while the growth of wealth and numbers made its burden less oppressive. The Crimean War added £34,000,000 to the capital; but this was extinguished during the next decade, and subsequently further reductions were effected.¹ France, however, was not so fortunate. Between 1815 and 1830 the annual charge of her debt had risen from 63,000,000 to 202,380,000 francs, chiefly as the result of legacies from the First Empire. Then, during the next twenty years, in a period of peace, the annual charges advanced to 242,770,000 francs; yet in 1850 France was lightly burdened when compared with her hereditary enemy.

The *coup d'état* of 1851 started France off once more upon a career of glory. The Crimean and Italian wars, the ill-starred expedition to Mexico, and the posturings of the Emperor, all cost money, and increased largely the public debt. The sport was excellent while it lasted, but the *débâcle* of 1870 brought it to an abrupt close; to the Third Republic the Empire of Louis Napoleon bequeathed an annual charge of 403,000,000 francs, a mass of unsettled accounts, and a beleaguered capital. It was 1877 before all the bills came in, and at that time, after the national household had been restored to comparative order, the annual charge for the service of the debt had risen to 723,000,000 francs, nearly the whole of which was chargeable to the wars of the First and Second Empires. This magnificent showing was indeed the very apotheosis of military glory.

From 1689 to 1870 it is possible to read

¹ Great Britain's debt was gradually reduced until the year 1899, when the annual charge fell to £23,000,000. The war in South Africa then added some £160,000,000 to the capital of the debt, and increased the annual charge to £27,000,000.

the history of European militarism in the statistics of the French and English debts. For the subsequent record, however, it is necessary to turn to the annual budgets of England, France, and Germany, since the story is of an armed peace, the expense of which has been defrayed chiefly, although not wholly, from the proceeds of taxation. The principal factors which have shaped the course of events have been the rise of the German Empire, the reorganization of the military establishment of France, and the dogged determination of Great Britain to maintain her supremacy upon the sea. Every move which any power makes is promptly met by the others; and, as in Montesquieu's time, "as soon as one state increases its forces the others at once increase theirs, so that nothing is gained by it except general ruin."

The chief financial results of thirty years of armed peace can be readily exhibited in a single table which shows the total expenditures of each country, upon its army and navy, in fairly representative years. The figures which follow are stated in millions of dollars:²—

Year.	Great Britain.	Germany.	France.
1873	120.0	83.4	111.7
1883	135.0	101.7	166.0
1893	166.3	166.7	173.9
1903 ³	344.7	217.5	200.2

Not the least significant feature of this table is the fact that in Great Britain and Germany the rate of increase in the outlay for armaments was more rapid in the last half of the period than in the first; while, at the present moment, it is impossible to see that any relief is in sight. Moreover, the increase has been much

² The pound is here valued at \$5, the franc at 20 cents, and the mark at 25 cents.

³ For Great Britain the last figures are the estimates for 1904, because the army expenditure for 1903 was abnormally large, and it is desired to show only conditions upon a peace footing.

greater than the growth of population. If our figures are reduced to a per capita basis, it appears that in Great Britain the outlay has advanced from 14.9 to 32.2 shillings for every person in the kingdom; that in Germany the increase has been from 8 to 14.9 marks; and that in France the expenditure has risen from 15.5 to 25.7 francs. And this, in our day as in Montesquieu's, "is called peace."

Of course, these statistics do not show the whole financial burden which militarism imposes upon the people of the three countries; in order to ascertain that, it is necessary to include the debt charges occasioned by war and by the outlays for military pensions. In Great Britain, substantially the whole of the present national debt is the result of war; in Germany, not less than eighty per cent of the obligations incurred since 1871 is chargeable to military outlays; and in France, not less than eighty per cent of the perpetual and floating debt is probably due to the same cause. On this basis, the annual expenditure of Great Britain for this item is £27,000,000, that of Germany is 80,000,000 marks, and that of France is some 750,000,000 francs. For military pensions France now expends 136,300,000 francs, which form a part of the so-called *dette viagère*; Germany now spends about 126,500,000 marks; while the British pension list is included in the estimate for the army and navy. If we add these amounts to the present cost of maintaining soldiers and fleets, it appears that French taxpayers contribute 1,887,000,000 francs in order to meet charges occasioned by war; while the English pay £95,000,000, and the Germans 1,076,000,000 marks. Reduced to a per capita basis, and stated in dollars, the figures are: Great Britain, \$11.20; France, \$9.69; Germany, \$4.61.¹ On

the supposition that about two persons out of every five are employed in gainful occupations, these sums should be multiplied by two and one half in order to estimate the burden which each breadwinner has to carry. It should be remembered, also, that, in all countries, national expenditures are defrayed very largely out of the proceeds of indirect taxation which bears with undue weight upon the masses of the people.

These, then, are the financial results of militarism in Europe: perpetual and heavy taxation, established for the support of standing armies which were long the main reliance of absolute monarchs; enormous public debts, representing gunpowder burned fifty, one hundred, two hundred years ago; and, in our own time, a rapid increase of military outlay, of which the end cannot yet be discerned. From these dry facts of finance we can follow unerringly much of the history of the last three or four centuries; in them we see the obverse side of the stirring events recorded by the drum-and-trumpet historian. In picturesqueness and stirring interest the financial record cannot compare with the story of Marlborough's victories or the campaigns of Napoleon, but from it he who has a little patience and a fair understanding may gain lessons of no mean importance.

As one rises from the study of the subject he is half disposed to accept Ruskin's analysis of the nature of a national debt. In modern Europe, Ruskin said, a civilized nation "consists essentially of (a) a mass of half-taught, discontented, and mostly penniless populace calling itself the people; of (b) a thing which calls itself a government, — meaning an apparatus for collecting and spending money; (c) a small number of capitalists. . . . Now when this civilized mob wants to

¹ The difference in favor of Germany is due chiefly to the lighter pressure of her military debt, of which the annual charge is estimated at \$20,000,000, as compared with \$150,000,000 for France, and \$135,000,000 for Great Britain. As compared with France, more-

over, the figures showing per capita outlay of Germany are reduced by the rapid growth of population in the latter country. This fact, however, creates economic conditions which make each dollar of the tax burden more seriously felt.

spend money for any profitless or mischievous purposes, — fireworks, illuminations, battles, driving about from place to place, or what not, — being itself penniless, it sets its money-collecting machine to borrow the sum needful for these amusements from the civilized capitalist. The civilized capitalist lends the money on condition that, through the money-collecting machine, he may tax the civilized mob thenceforward forever. . . . That is the nature of a National Debt." An overdrawn picture, gentle reader, if you will so have it; but, withal, one you will do well to recall when next you propose to decide a dispute by the aid of gunpowder bought with borrowed money which your children's children will hardly repay.

III

The experience of Europe teaches that national debts would hardly be known, and taxation might be so moderate as to surpass belief, if it were not for war and the burdens which it entails. Our own financial history leads to the same conclusion.

The facts may be determined with the greatest ease and certainty by an examination of federal expenditures from the establishment of our government down to the present day. We shall exclude from the accounts so much of the cost of operating the Post Office Department as is defrayed out of the postal revenues, since this is no burden upon taxpayers; and include only the postal deficit, which is made up by the federal treasury. We shall omit, also, payments upon the principal of the national debt, since these are made out of such surplus revenues as may remain after defraying the cost of maintaining the government, and are no part of the running expenses. From 1792, the first year for which the accounts are separately stated, down to 1904, the cost of supporting the national government is shown by the following table, in which all except the per capita expenditures are stated in millions of dollars: —

Year.	Ordinary Expenditures.	Interest Charges.	Total Expenditures.	Per Capita Expenditures.
1792	5.9	2.4	8.3	—
1800	7.4	3.4	10.8	\$2.04
1810	5.3	3.2	8.5	1.17
1820	13.1	5.2	18.3	1.90
1830	13.2	1.9	15.1	1.18
1840	24.1	0.2	24.3	1.42
1850	37.1	3.8	40.9	1.76
1860	60.1	3.1	63.2	2.01
1870	164.4	129.2	293.6	7.61
1880	169.1	95.7	264.8	5.28
1886	191.9	50.6	242.5	4.22
1890	261.6	36.1	297.7	4.75
1900	447.5	40.2	487.7	6.39
1904	557.8	24.6	582.4	7.12

From 1792 to 1810 it will be seen that the annual interest charge upon the debt, incurred chiefly in the War for Independence, accounted for thirty or forty per cent of the total outlay. The remainder was devoted in considerable part to the support of the army or navy and to military pensions; so that, for instance, in 1800, interest charges, pensions, and military or naval expenditures amounted to \$9,470,000, while the entire outlay for civil purposes was but \$1,330,000. On a per capita basis, the civil expenditures for that year were \$0.25, and the outlay chargeable to war was \$1.79; for 1810 the figures were, respectively, \$0.18 and \$0.99.

The War of 1812 increased the public debt from \$45,200,000 to \$127,300,000, so that, despite a considerable reduction effected between 1816 and 1820, the interest charge in the latter year was much higher than it had been in 1810. Moreover, the war raised the general scale of other expenditures; so that the ordinary outlay in 1820 was nearly 150 per cent larger than it had been a decade earlier, and the per capita cost of government advanced to \$1.90. In every case in our history, the result has been the same; war always leads to a permanent increase of expenditures, because, for one reason or another, the finances never return to ante-bellum conditions.

The next two decades witnessed an unprecedented feat, the complete extinction of the national debt. This was made possible by abundant revenues, a dozen years of economical expenditure, and the decrease in the annual interest charges. In 1835 the last installment of the debt was paid off, and the treasury was confronted by the prospect of a large surplus. The result was a considerable increase of general expenditure, so that the total per capita outlay advanced from \$1.18 in 1830 to \$1.42 in the year 1840. At the latter date the per capita cost of civil government was \$0.49, while the expense for the army, navy, and pensions was \$0.93.

During the next decade, expenditures increased but slightly until the outbreak of the Mexican War in 1846. This event added some forty-eight millions to the small debt incurred in order to meet deficits after the panic of 1837, and committed the country to an increased permanent expenditure. The ordinary outlay had been \$26,418,000 in the year before the war; in 1850 it stood at \$37,165,000, and thereafter advanced instead of receding to the former level. From 1851 to 1857 overflowing revenues encouraged larger appropriations; and, even with the slight economies effected after the panic of the latter year, the total per capita outlay was \$2.01 in 1860, an advance of some forty per cent in twenty years, of which about one half was due to the war. Even at that figure, however, the per capita cost of running the government was slightly less than it had been in 1800; so that for sixty years the total federal expenditures had not grown as rapidly as population. Upon the whole, affairs had been administered with general economy, even though the territory over which government was exercised had vastly increased. In 1860 the civil expenditure was approximately \$1.03 per capita, while the outlay chargeable to war was \$0.97.

The Civil War wrought in our finances a transformation as complete as that which it worked in the character of the

federal government, and by 1870 the American taxpayer was living in what was virtually a new world. The enormous debt incurred for the preservation of the Union now entailed an annual interest charge of \$129,200,000, which was more than twice the entire national outlay in 1860. Prior to the war the expenditure for the army and navy had been \$27,980,000, while in 1870 it stood at \$79,430,000; and, in the meantime, the pension roll had grown from \$1,100,000 to \$28,340,000. As a result, the total expenses chargeable to war had risen from \$30,670,000 to \$237,000,000. This represented a per capita burden of \$6.15; whereas all civil expenditures, which now amounted to \$56,640,000, called for but \$1.46 per capita. The country was now spending \$7.61,¹ whereas, a decade before, it had required but \$2.01, for every person within its borders. In all financial history it is doubtful if another revolution of such magnitude was ever accomplished within the brief space of a four years' war. Prior to the struggle a moderate customs tariff had defrayed the entire charge of the national government in ordinary times; "thenceforward forever" the taxpayer must submit to higher duties on imports and to an extensive system of internal taxes.

For a time after 1870 the country was sated with the joys and glories of war. It was content to restore the finances to some semblance of order, place the currency once more upon a specie basis, reduce the national debt, and drive numbers of rascals out of public life. Within sixteen years the annual interest charge declined from \$129,200,000 to \$50,600,000, and the outlay upon the army and navy fell from \$79,430,000 to \$44,140,000. Pension expenditures, to be sure, increased meanwhile from \$28,340,000 to \$63,404,000; but the saving upon the other two items was enough to offset this and to reduce the aggregate expenditure

¹ If the figures for 1870 are corrected in order to allow for the depreciation of the greenbacks, the per capita outlay becomes \$6.80.

chargeable to war from \$237,000,000 to \$158,100,000. As a result, although there was a moderate increase in civil expenses, the total outlay had fallen to \$242,500,000 by the year 1886, and the per capita cost of government was \$4.22, the lowest point ever reached after the outbreak of the war.

From 1886 to 1904 the aggregate federal expenditure advanced from \$242,500,000 to \$582,400,000, and the per capita outlay from \$4.22 to \$7.12. The causes for this upward movement can be readily shown by a table which exhibits the amounts of various classes of expenditure for the years 1886, 1897, and 1904, the figures being stated in millions of dollars:

Year.	Army.	Navy.	Pensions.	Interest.	Civil Expenditures.	Total.
1886	30.2	13.9	63.4	50.6	84.4	242.5
1897	35.3	34.5	141.1	37.8	117.1	365.8
1904	92.5	102.9	142.6	24.6	219.8	582.4

It is evident that the increased outlay between 1886 and 1897 was due to larger expenditures for pensions, the navy, and for civil purposes, the last item, however, showing a comparatively moderate rate of growth. The slight advance in the cost of the army was more than offset by the decline in interest charges. Then from 1897 to 1904 the pension outlay remained practically stationary, and a further decrease occurred in interest payments. But the cost of the army and navy advanced from \$69,800,000 to \$195,400,000, as the direct result of new national policies; while civil expenditures, swollen as they always have been after a war, rose from \$117,100,000 to \$219,800,000.¹ It is evident that, while the outlay was growing with considerable rapidity prior to 1898,

¹ In 1904 the figures are increased by the \$50,000,000 paid on account of the Panama Canal; for 1905 they will probably be less. But the canal will involve us in heavy expenditures for many years to come.

the Spanish War has precipitated an avalanche of new expenditures which are very far from having reached their end.

At the present moment, when the per capita cost of government is \$7.12, we are spending about \$4.43 for interest, pensions, and armaments, while \$2.69 covers all outlays for civil purposes. Less than thirty-eight per cent of the annual expenditure, therefore, is now needed for the charge of civil administration, and something more than sixty-two per cent is required for objects connected with war. With us, as with all other peoples, the national government is, upon its financial side, mainly a huge machine for collecting money to meet the direct and indirect results of settling disputes by the appeal to arms. Is it not worth our while, therefore, to encourage by all means at our command the practice of resorting to some less expensive tribunal?

Until very recently it has been the boast of Americans that their country was free from the burden which militarism has imposed upon the people of less favored lands. As late as 1897, when Great Britain, Germany, and France were spending, respectively, \$200,000,000, \$191,000,000, and \$185,000,000 upon their armies and fleets, the United States was content with an outlay of \$69,800,000. But to-day we have little reason to congratulate ourselves upon the advantages of our situation. Great Britain, to be sure, is now spending \$344,000,000 for the support of military armaments; while Germany expends \$217,000,000, and France \$200,000,000. But our own outlay for soldiers and fleets has risen to \$195,000,000, and is more likely to increase than decrease for some time to come; we have almost overtaken France and Germany, and, by the time our navy is large enough to police two hemispheres, may be in a fair way to rival Great Britain. For all the purposes of the taxgatherer, at least, we seem to have become a militant power; and it is altogether proper that sober papers of state should now bristle with homilies upon grand strategy,

and with modest allusions to the "iron in our blood."

In the seven years ending June 30, 1904, the United States spent \$1,307,000,-000 for military purposes, an annual average of \$186,785,000, as compared with an outlay of \$69,800,000 in 1897. This period included, of course, "extraordinary" expenses for the operations of the Spanish War and innumerable "pacifications" of the Philippine Islands; but the annual outlay in 1904 was \$195,-400,000, nearly nine millions more than the average for the period, and the tendency of these expenditures is ever onward and upward. In 1899, when the money was flying most merrily, the army and navy cost \$277,700,000. The following year the outlay fell to \$172,010,000, and we were told that great reductions were to follow which would allow things to return to a "normal" condition; as a matter of fact, the cost increased by twenty-three millions during the next four years, so that an expenditure of about \$200,000,000 has now become "normal." This result should surprise no one who is familiar with the history of military armaments; it follows from the very nature of the case.

Although national expenditures advanced so rapidly after 1897, the prosperous condition of business made the revenues large, even when the "war taxes" were repealed, and enabled the treasury to meet its growing obligations without difficulty until last year. In 1903 there was a handsome surplus of \$54,297,000, but in 1904 a slight decrease of revenue and a large increase of outlay produced a deficit of \$42,000,000. During the fiscal year 1905 the deficit continues, and it is now tolerably clear that our existing revenue system is inadequate for the support of the national household in its present imperial state. Congress, of course, is now thinking of economizing in the appropriations for 1906, but finds itself committed to so many splendid undertakings that it is hard to decide where the pruning-knife shall be applied. There has been

extravagance in so many directions that it may be possible, for a time, to reduce expenditures somewhat below the level of 1904 and 1905; but, so long as existing policies are unchanged, we shall be saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung.

The main facts with which we must reckon are the growth of military expenditures and the certainty of further increase. The army is now too small for the work of policing North and South America, together with Asia and the islands of the sea. The navy is large enough for its former duty of protecting our own shores, but is wholly inadequate for the task it is now expected to perform. We must have fleets to defend our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, must guard the Panama Canal, and must maintain upon the Asiatic station as many vessels as any other power keeps there. Then we must have large numbers of cruisers moving hither, thither, and yon, in order to be present at every explosion, revolutionary or volcanic. These things may be expensive, but they are a part of the burden of empire; then, too, they amuse the children, of all ages and sizes.

In fact, the talk of economy which now comes from Washington is merely a sign of inexperience in our new tasks. No imperial power can economize, or should think of doing so. When the budget of the German Empire shows a deficit, as it usually does in these days, the only remedies suggested are more loans or new taxes; when the British estimates disclose a balance on the wrong side, the only question which "imperial - minded" men consider is how to increase the revenue; and in France they do things in the same large and liberal way. We must learn to play the war game as others play it; and must not be guilty of such *gaucherie* as talking about economy, which is a homely luxury in which only unheroic republics can afford to indulge. Since 1897 we have changed our mode of living, and must now be ready to defray the bills as they come in. This is the one lesson taught

by the history of militarism ever since the invention of gunpowder and public debts.

The situation was admirably reviewed by Mr. McCall a few months ago in the columns of the *Atlantic*, and it is impossible to gainsay his conclusion that "our revenue is insufficient to support us with our colonial appendages." We shall soon be compelled, as he pointed out, "to change our relations with the Philippines or readjust our system of taxation;" and there is much merit in his suggestion that the first resource should be the reimposition of stamp taxes, such as were levied in 1862 and 1898. There could be no better way of educating our people in the duties and responsibilities of empire than to require them to affix sizable stamps to every document which they use, provided that care is taken in selecting the design. As I have elsewhere ventured to suggest, on a field of gold the new revenue

stamps should bear a battleship *rampant sable* above a taxpayer *couchant azure*; beneath, a Filipino's head caboshed *gules*; over all, a *baton* (Big Stick) *sinister vert*. If this should not be elaborate enough, a border might be provided, charged with a syndicate of capitalists *sanguine* gorged with wreaths of dollars *argent*. This, it is believed, would complete a chaste and appropriate design. It would tell each taxpayer where we are spending our money, and what it is expended for, while conveying some idea of the prosperity which our rule has brought to the Philippines. Its advantages over such outworn symbols as the Goddess of Liberty or the head of George Washington should be obvious. Moreover, it is not impossible that such a method of supporting military armaments would lead us gradually to a better appreciation of the costs which warfare entails.

THE ETERNAL LIFE

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

COME, dear friend, sit down here by the open fire. It was cold and penetrating out there at the burial; — come, warm your hands, and let us talk of the companion we have lost. How often he sat with me here through the long winter evenings, and brightened my dusky library with his genial humor and good cheer! We shall not hear his voice again. I cannot express how deeply I am stricken by this loss, — I know only that I shall never again sit here without grieving that our friend's life, with all its sweetness and inner beauty, was so short. Do you remember that summer morning when you met him here for the first time? Who thought that the November day of final parting would come so soon? Will you not sit down and talk with me? Why do you hesitate?

Ah, I understand, — I see it all in your

clouded eyes and brow. Your eyes say that though we are in perfect accord on every practical question, yet our ways part here. You do hope to see our friend again in the time to come. When the minister beside the open grave promised a happy meeting yonder, I saw you bend your head as if the preacher spoke the language of your heart. I thought I had mistaken you; now I see that I was right and that my words must have wounded you. I know you must recoil as if from an atheist who, without creed or belief of his own, seeks to destroy your faith in immortality. You look on me as a man of science who cares for naught that he cannot see and touch and weigh and measure — to whom eternal life is an empty tale. Is it not strange what close friends two men can be who yet are strangers in their deepest thoughts?

But come — I cannot let you go now until you have heard my defense. I am neither skeptic nor atheist, and I believe in eternal life. — Before this wood fire has burned out, you shall know me better. We shall not convince each other, but we owe a better mutual understanding to the memory of our friend. It is not surprising that you mistook me for one of those who, in the pride of modern science, have only ridicule, or, at best, indifference, for every thought of a beyond. All about us, indeed, we see the men with a scientific view of the world and the men with a religious view of the world in two sharply separated camps. The scientist may attend church, but his religion is an empty function; it does not penetrate his life. And the churchman may gain all knowledge, and yet the scientific view of the world does not shape his universe. It seems as if science and religion could no longer be harmonized. And yet, my friend, I feel that they belong together: the deepest truth of science and the most profound religion are compatible.

It is true I am a man of science. Here in this library it hardly needs to be declared. The microscopes at the desk tell the tale, and every book on the shelves affirms it. It is my passion and my delight to throw my little energy into the search for the laws which control this universe of matter and the life of the mind. The laws of the physical and of the psychical world impress me daily more and more by their wonderful clearness and their majestic power. Science does not mean to me the answer to questions of curiosity; it is to me not a mass of disconnected information, but the certainty that there is no change in this universe, no motion of an atom, and no sensation in a consciousness, which does not come and go absolutely in accordance with natural laws, — the certainty that nothing can exist outside of the gigantic mechanism of causes and effects. Necessity moves the stars in the sky, and necessity moves the emotions in my mind. No miracle can break these laws, can push a single molecule from its

path, or create a sensation in a mind, when the body does not work, when the brain no longer functions.

I see by the compression of your lips, my friend, and the impatient play of your fingers that I am confessing just what you suspected. Does not — I read the question in your face — does not all this entail the admission that there is no God and no immortality, that the physical universe is the whole of reality, and that in the millions of years to come no mind will ever awake when once the body is the prey of worms? But I did not say that this was my last word; you heard my first word only. Too many stop here, because they take the challenge for the fight, but you and I must go on.

Science! How easily is its great mission misunderstood! How often scored by its opponents for claims which it does not make, how often by its own friends pushed forward to a ground where it must fail altogether and disastrously! To honor science means to respect its limitations: science is not and cannot be, and ought never to try to be, an expression of ultimate reality. When science seeks to be a philosophy, it not only oversteps its rights, but weakens at the same time its own position. Every one who feels a lack of inspiration in this mass of dead material substances begins then to look out for small exceptions in the realm of nature, and rejoices in every case whereof science is still unable to explain the physical or mental facts; he hopes to find supernatural signs of a better reality in the gaps of the causal world. The belief in our freedom and responsibility and God's almightiness seems then to depend upon the shortcomings of the scientist, and must go in fear of every new scientific discovery. But science is then the first to suffer in this conflict, as the needs of the heart prove stronger than all the doctrines of the schools, and all the proud theories fall asunder when life demands its own. And yet, believe me, this conflict can never arise if the meaning and purpose of science is rightly interpreted.

Science is an instrument constructed by human will in the service of human purposes. It is a valuable, reliable, and indispensable instrument; but it is, like any instrument, an artificial construction which has meaning only in view of its purpose. In doing our life's work, in fulfilling our duties, we have to act, and our actions deal with the things that surround us. It is a chaos, that world of things, in which we cannot act if we do not bring order into it. I must know what the thing in my hand will do if I handle it; how it will change. If I bring it in contact with other things, will it move, or burn, or melt; will it change color or make a noise; will it hurt me, or will it feed me; will it blossom, or will it explode? What we have to expect from the object, we call the effect; and that which we have in hand then becomes the cause. In this way the scientist connects the things of this chaotic world in an orderly system of causes and effects which follow one another; and, as he can do his work only if he takes for granted that the end can be reached, he considers the world of objects as a system in which everything must be understood as the effect of causes. The scientist thus cannot reach his goal save in shaping and moulding and transforming the whole world in thought till everything can be understood as a part of such a chain of causes and effects. It sounds surprising, and yet this postulated system is the only universe which the scientist studies.

This universe is no longer the original experience; the things of the world had to be changed over and over again till the human intellect could form a connected system out of the chaos. For the burning wood I see here, the chemist substitutes chemical molecules; for the chair my hand touches, the physicist posits trillions of atoms; for the movement of this spark in the fireplace, he calculates innumerable components; for its red light, he uses ether waves that are dark; and for the sound of my voice, air waves that are silent. Everywhere the scientist sub-

stitutes something else for the real experience, and yet he finds that only by such substitution can he determine beforehand what will happen; only by such transformations of reality can he construct a system of causes and effects, and thus foresee the changes of the things. Whatever serves this purpose of causal connections we call scientific truth, and every progress in the history of science has been a new success in changing the world of things over into a chain of effects and causes, which have reality merely in the abstraction of the scientist.

I know, my friend, that to-day you are not in the mood to follow such dry disputations, and yet if you take these few difficult steps with me, you will stand at once at a point where you see the whole field before you. Two consequences you can no longer avoid. Firstly, the truth of science does not express the reality we live in. Of course, it serves our real life, otherwise it were an empty fancy; and it is worked up from real experience, otherwise it were a dream. But it remains an artificial construction whose right and value do not go beyond the purpose for which it was fabricated. What a hopeless distortion, to magnify it into a philosophy and religion, and to ask science for the ultimate meaning of reality!

But more than that. You understand, secondly, that no science of the universe can say anything about ourselves, who make the sciences. Of course, if the scientist starts to transform the world of things into a system of enchaind causes and effects, he must be consistent, and finally apply the same tools of thought to his own personality. He must then consider himself as a body which works like a machine, and all his inner life as happenings in a special part of the machine, in the brain. All the ideas and imaginations, feelings and emotions, go on then in the brain just as it rains and snows in the outer world, and our own will is then the necessary product of its foregoing causes. Such consistency is admirable in its realm, but it must not make us for-

get that its realm is determined by our own decision, yes, that it is our own free will which decides for a certain purpose to conceive ourselves as bound, our will as a causal process. There is thus no conflict between the claim of science that we are mental mechanisms bound by law and the claim of our self-consciousness that we are free personalities. In reality we are free, and in our freedom we have an interest in thinking of ourselves as mechanisms. In reality we are that which we know ourselves to be in our practical life, — subjects which take free attitudes, and not simply objects.

I see a bright response in your eyes, my friend, — am I right in supposing that your quick intelligence sees how everything else must follow from this central point? Do you grasp already the vital truth that our life is lived in time only so far as we see ourselves as such causal objects, but that it is beyond time in the reality of our immediate life? The personality which shapes the objects in its thought creates not only the conception of causality, but in that same act the form of time which is to embrace all causal processes of the world. Past, present, and future mean simply attitudes of the personality toward its objects. We call present the objects which we attend to, and future the objects which we are expecting as effects of the present ones, and past the objects which we conceive as causes of the present ones. But the personality which thus creates by its attitudes the idea of time as form of its objects is not itself banished into the prison of time. To ask what time the real personality itself fills is not more reasonable than to ask whether the will is round or square, how many pounds it weighs, and what its color may be. The real personality, the subject of will and thought, is not an object in time, as it is itself the condition of time. Its whole reality lies in its attitudes and in its acts; it cannot be perceived like a thing, but must be understood in its meaning and aims; it cannot be explained by causality, but must be inter-

preted and appreciated; it cannot be measured, but must be valued; it is not in the world of things which we find, but in a world of actions and judgments which are performed. The meaning of our real personality is thus not to be a phenomenon for ourselves or others, but to be a will whose acts are valid for ourselves and demand the acknowledgment of others. Our personality reaches another directly —

But no, — I fear your approving countenance means that you think I want to defend a mystical belief in telepathy or spiritualism. This time you misunderstand me utterly. Do you not see, my friend, that the mystic who craves for telepathic and similar wonders seeks the essence of our life still in the world of things in space and time? He hopes to overcome the limitations of that world of things by breaking the chain of causality, by making exceptions here and there, by linking together in a mysterious way objects which are far from one another in time and space. He does not see that we have projected our experiences into time and space just because we sought to bring order and law and causality into the chaos, and that we undo our own work if we destroy the order which we created and allow mystery in place of strict causality. In the world of space and time there cannot be any exceptions to the laws of cause and effect, and a mystic event is simply an event which has not yet found its proper explanation.

When I said that we as personalities reach each other immediately, I did not mean that my thought as function of my brain — that is, as a process in the world of phenomena — jumps mysteriously over to your brain. I meant rather that if you and I are talking here absorbed in serious thought, we do not come in question for each other as scientifically constructed bodies in which some mental states succeed one another in time, but merely as real personalities which try to understand one another. Our mutual interest forms a direct will-connection, and that

has nothing to do with the causal connection which certainly exists between us if we care to consider ourselves as objects in the sphere of space and time. In that case, of course, our thoughts and our feelings are just passing phenomena which come in time one after the other; but in reality they are judgments, attitudes, volitions, which bind one another by their meaning, without relation to time and succession. Whether I think of myself and of my aim to awake your interest for the creed of philosophy, or whether I think of you and your aim to follow the paths of religious emotions, or whether I think of our common grief and our common memory of our friend, — in every case, my experience is made up of acts which are bound together by the unity of purpose. The one act refers to the other, the one means the other, the one involves the other. If we are here in serious discussion, we do not play the explaining psychologist who asks what thought came by causal laws after what other thought, how many seconds the emotion lasted, how many minutes the development of the ideas, — no, you and I ask ourselves what your attitude toward life, what my view means, and how we agree and disagree; how those intentions hang together in their ends, and how far one act binds us to accept the other. They follow from each other as the equations of the mathematician follow from each other: how needless to ask in what time-order they are related! Has our talk here, has our whole life, any meaning if we seek its reality in such time-succession?

Do we not mean by time an order in which the reality of one member excludes the reality of all the other members? Only one time-instant is real, and the reality of the present excludes the reality of everything which precedes; the past must have become unreal when the present is real, and the existence of the present must have become unreal when the future will be real. Of course, the scientist needs this self-devouring time, for, as I said, time is to him the form of causality, and

causality indeed demands that the effect shall become real through the disappearance of the causes. As we scientists must think of the world of objects as a causal chain, we must conceive it as a world in time in which new and ever new existing objects follow one another just to disappear in the next instant into the past; that is, into irrevocable unreality. If we take ourselves and our friends as causal objects, then indeed nothing but the present instant of our existence has reality, while all our living and striving up to the present moment has been completely destroyed by having become a thing of the past. Our whole life has then become unreal at the moment of death, and then, of course, we must put all our desires into the hope for a future, near or far, in which something worth while shall become real again. Time has taken away and made unreal everything which gave value to our lives; no wonder that we look out to see whether time cannot bring us again a piece of reality after death or in a billion of years.

And yet, my friend, is there really any value whatever in such a life, short or long or endless, if we conceive it as such a mere series of phenomena in time? Is life worth living for two heartbeats long, if all that we experience in the first has become non-existent, and thus unreal, in the second? Is life still life if its contents follow as passive events, each one destroyed by the next, each one just passing by in a momentary existence? What can be gained if this meaningless procession of shadows is to go on in us for a thousand times a thousand centuries? The mere extension in time cannot add any new value or dignity. It is not different from extension in space. If you were getting taller and taller, growing up to the highest mountain, stretching up to the moon, on to the farthest star, reaching with your arms around the whole physical universe, would that give you any new value? Would you not yearn for the narrow room where you might sit again, man with man, to fulfill your daily duties, as

they alone give meaning to your life? A mere expansion, a more and more of phenomena in space and time, is a valueless amassing of indifferent and purposeless material.

How far otherwise if we emancipate ourselves from this unnatural view and apperceive our life as act and not as object, as creator of time and not as a chance occurrence in time! As to this, my real personality, it is meaningless to ask myself what came before or what will come after it. The objects of my personality have the cause-relation and time-length, but my real personality itself has no causes and has no place in time. It does not fill more or less time, just as it is not more or less in weight; and nothing can come after it, just as there is nothing to its right or to its left. My life as a causal system of physical and psychical processes, which lies spread out in time between the dates of my birth and of my death, will come to an end with my last breath; to continue it, to make it go on till the earth falls into the sun, or a billion times longer, would be without any value, as that kind of life which is nothing but the mechanical occurrence of physiological and psychological phenomena had as such no ultimate value for me or for you or for any one at any time. But my real life as a system of interrelated will-attitudes has nothing before or after, because it is beyond time. It is independent of birth and death, because it cannot be related to the biological events; it is not born and will not die; it is immortal; all possible thinkable time is inclosed in it: it is eternal.

You ask what is, then, after all, the value of such a real life? Even if it is independent of time, why is its eternal timeless reality more valuable than the passing events in the physical world of objects? What, then, does value mean? I do not hesitate to reply that your question itself gives you the answer. You ask your question for the purpose of finding the truth,—what does it mean to find truth? Is truth merely an idea glowing

for an instant in your mind like the sparks here in the fireplace before us? No, you seek truth in your questioning because the truth of the idea means that you respect it, that you feel the truth as something which is an end in itself, something which is absolute, something which demands submission. It does not allow any further question as to whether or not it is useful for something else, but it is itself the end of all questioning. Only that which is such an ultimate end for us is really a value. Yet truth is certainly not the only value to which we submit our will. The complete perfection of the beautiful, the moral deed, the intellectual achievement, the work of civilization, the religious faith, the repose of philosophical conviction,—each is such an end in itself, which we respect as final. But the fact that truth and beauty, morality and culture, religion and philosophy, demand our submission, that we respect them as something which needs no further purpose, means that they are more than our individual personal experiences. They are our own will-acts, in which we know our will as obeying a more than individual will; they are our own will-acts in harmony with an absolute will. To have values in our life thus means ultimately to realize in our life more than our individual will, to fulfill through it absolute duties, to reach in it absolute ends, to complete in it absolute existence, to find in it the repose of absolute perfection, and thus to be beyond the question of purpose; in our values we have reached absolute ends, and we can reach them only as subjects of will, as real personalities.

In our temporal, causal world there is not, and there cannot be, anything of real value, because everything comes to view as the cause of something else, and nothing is an end in itself. The clay may be valuable because you can make bricks from it; and those bricks valuable because you can make houses from them; and the houses valuable because they protect the human body; and the human

body is valuable because it preserves the nation; and the nation is valuable because it preserves the human race; and the human race is valuable — why, I do not know. In that temporal order of things that human race may fall into the sun, or a comet may overturn the whole earth, — why are the atoms of the universe not just as good if they go on without that swarming humanity on the surface of the earth-planet; why was the earth not just as good before that surface protoplasm grew into human shape? Who has the right to say that one combination of atoms is better than another? — it perhaps produces a special effect, but why is that effect better than another? In that temporal world there is no good and bad, no value and no ideal, but merely a change in complication; and if we carelessly speak of development, we really mean a change to greater and greater differentiation; but the end of the so-called development is not better than the beginning, as in that world nothing is valuable in itself. Values are found merely in the world of subjects, but there values have reality, because our will assumes attitudes in which ultimate ends are acknowledged and respected; — they are good in themselves, they are absolute values, they give to life that which makes it worth living; and these subjects and their acts are real outside of causality and time, valid in the world of eternity.

In eternity lies the reality of our friend, who will never sit with us again here at the fireplace. I do not think that I should love him better if I hoped that he might be somewhere waiting through space and time to meet us again. I feel that I should then take his existence in the space-time world as the real meaning of his life, and thus deprive his noble personality of every value and of every ideal meaning. The man we love was not in space and time; he fought his life of strife and achievement as a subject which calls not for our perception with its standards of causality, space, and time, but for our interpretation with its standards of agree-

ment, of values, of ideals. We know him as a subject of his will, and thus as a perfect part of the real world in its eternal fitness of valid values. He lived his life in realizing absolute values through his devotion to truth and beauty, to morality and religion; as such an irreplaceable part of the eternal world he is eternal himself. You and I do not know a reality of which he is not in eternity a noble part; the passing of time cannot make his personality unreal, and nothing would be added to his immortal value if some object like him were to enter the sphere of time again. The man whom we love belongs to a world in which there is no past and future, but an eternal now. He is linked to it by the will of you, of me, of all whose will has been influenced by his will, and he is bound to it by his respect for absolute values. In a painting every color is related to the neighboring colors, and it belongs at the same time to the totality of the picture; in the symphony every tone is related to the nearest tones, and yet belongs to the whole symphony. But when the symphony or the painting is perfect, then most of all we do not wish the one beautiful color to sweep over the whole picture, or the one splendid tone to last through the whole music. We do not desire the tone of this individual life to last beyond its internal, eternal rôle, throughout the symphony of the Absolute; its immortality is its perfect belonging to that whole timeless reality, belonging there through its human relations to its neighbors, and through its ideal relations to the ultimate values.

See, even these ashes of the wood which burns in the fireplace are made up of atoms which will last throughout all future time; I do not long for that repulsive, intolerable endlessness which we should have to share with those ashes. They are in time, and can never escape the tracks of time, and however long they may last, there will be endless time still ahead of them. We are beyond time; our hope and our strife is eternally completed in the timeless system of wills, and if I mourn

for our friend, I grieve, not because his personality has become unreal like an event in time, but because his personality as it belongs eternally to our world aims at a fuller realization of its intentions, at a richer influence on his friends. This contrast between what is aimed at in our attitude and what is reached in our influence is indeed full of pathos, and yet inexhaustible in its eternal value. We ought to submit to its ethical meaning as we

submit to the value of truth and beauty and duty and sanctity. It belongs to the ultimate meaning of each of us; through our aims, through our influences, through our relations to the aims of our fellows and to the ideals of the Absolute, and, finally, through these pathetic contrasts between aims and influences we enter as parts into the absolute reality,—not for calendar years and not for innumerable aeons, but for timeless eternity.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

IV

"I CERTAINLY am surprised," said Uncle Peter cheerily one morning, as he ate his oatmeal from a blue Japanese bowl with an old-fashioned silver spoon marked "A;" "I certainly am surprised. I always expected to go first, with my heart weakness. Now, your father had nothing the matter with his heart, had he? If he had, I never knew it; but then, John kept everything pretty close."

"Not so far as I know," answered Paul from behind his newspaper, wondering how soon his mother would come down and break up this tête-à-tête.

"I got it from my great-grandmother Anne," pursued Uncle Peter, laying his hand upon his heart, "that, and my love of beauty, and this set of silver spoons. That sideboard was hers, too. She gave it to my father and he left it to John, as he did nearly everything. Now John is dead and it is all yours. Well, well, well! And it seems only yesterday that you were in knickerbockers."

He bestowed a congratulatory smile upon his nephew, who scowled and held the newspaper before his face. Even Uncle Peter should know better than

this! It was only a week since John Warren had been laid to rest in the little family cemetery by the sea, and to his son the sense of possession in turf and tree and wide shore line brought keenest hurt.

"Don't want to talk, eh!" said the older man smilingly, as he sat with his head tipped a little to one side and watched his nephew. "Now, I always do; get that from my grandfather on my mother's side, Peter Finch. I was named for him, and inherited his sociability; queer nobody else did."

The young man read on, and Uncle Peter chattered to the coffee pot, while June sunlight streamed in through the rose vines, now in deep red bloom, shading the windows toward the east, and across the dewy grass of the lawn, where elm and pine cast shadows, always longest in early morning. It was a large room, with paneled walls and high ceiling, and all its furnishings were in keeping with its long lines. At one side stood a huge mahogany sideboard, filled with old blue china; an enormous mahogany sofa stretched halfway across one end of the room; the dining-table, of the same dark wood, daintily polished so that it reflected

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the faces of the two men as they bent over it, was massive and unwieldy, as were the chairs at its side. Even the plates and the tablespoons seemed larger than human use requires; yet the room, with all that it contained, had a certain dignity, and bore witness to the strength of the race, with its love of strong things. Two or three badly painted ancestral portraits in tarnished gilt frames upon the walls reflected, almost in despite of the painter, something of the family character; and Paul Hollis Warren, seen in full light, seemed a not unworthy inheritor of the family traits and possessions. He was a tall man, slender and sinewy, with quiet movements and firm-lipped mouth. Nothing save the sudden flash of the dark gray eyes, or the wistful look that sometimes crept into them, betrayed the drama of an inner life. Generations of Puritan self-control and self-repression had left their stamp upon the fine, thin face, young but worn by the elder experiences of the race, and wearing a melancholy seriousness which was broken now and then by a cynic mirthfulness akin to tears.

It was only Uncle Peter who was out of harmony with the character of things in the great dining-room. Seated in his massive armed chair, he suggested a figure of a man done, with a touch of caricature, in porcelain or in sugar candy.

"Looks like the play doughnut you makes sometimes for the chillen wen you tia'd of makin' rale doughnuts," once said Aunt Belinda, the colored cook. "Like's not that's what the Lo'd done with the Warrenses wen he got tia'd of makin' rale Warrens."

Uncle Peter rose, and, going to the sideboard, produced a tall bottle, from which he poured a quantity of fluid into a glass. This, mixed with a small amount of water, he drank off slowly, with much smacking of his thin lips.

"Indigestion, Paul," he explained apologetically. "Something I believe you never have. A drop of whiskey does me a world of good; it was born in me, you know; came down from my great-great-

grandfather Warren, your great-great-great-grandfather, you know."

"From all I've heard," said Paul Warren, looking up, "it would be just as well to let my great-great-great-grandfather Warren die out."

"Impossible!" said Uncle Peter from the sideboard, shaking his finger at his nephew. "You'll discover some day that you can't let your ancestors die out, and wherever you go, you will find they have been there before you. Now great-great-grandfather Warren led a gay life; I've a streak of that in me; I wish to goodness you had! I wish you would brighten up the old place, now it's yours, and bring gay young people here, the 'sound of revelry by night,' you know, and all that. Come, boy, you're twenty-seven,—or is it twenty-nine?—and if you are ever going to be young you'd better begin. I can't bear to see you waste your days in that library and on the shore with your gun."

Study of ancestral traits was the occupation of Uncle Peter's life. His was not the vulgar pride which plumes itself on family possessions, or even on honorable achievements of a long line of forbears; to Uncle Peter had been given an abiding interest in the transgressions of those gone before him, in their gloomy mood, their wavering between good and ill. None escaped him, from the original Paul Warren, who had tamed the wilderness and had built by the sea the old stone house with long, sloping roof and mullioned windows, down to Mr. Peter's own father, James Francis Warren, who had erected the great house in which his son survived him so comfortably. There were old yellow records, old letters, old tales, from which his imagination could suck a gentle melancholy. Sure it was that the family successes and honors had induced anything but a joyous temper. Even the luckless ancestor chosen by Uncle Peter to play the part of scapegoat for his own shortcomings, great-great-grandfather Warren, had not been altogether happy in his sins; and James Francis Warren, who had made a thing of beauty

of this great estate, that his descendants might dwell there forever, transforming its broad acres into park land and meadow that almost matched in beauty the far-off Devon home; who had died with an air of achievement, gazing up at the high ceiling which he had built, and reflecting that his son John was even at that minute sitting in Congress, had felt secretly conscious of inner lack. In matters of this world they had certainly prospered, had these Warrens, both in the main line and in the minor branches that had settled in the neighboring towns or had moved out to start new colonies in the West. As a general rule, they had reassuring bank accounts, and safes well lined with bonds and mortgages, and yet few of the men who told their descent in direct line from Paul Warren the elder had known content. Their pent-up energy needed a wider scope than it had ever known since those earliest days when the original settler had tamed the wilderness; and the mere care of the estate meant too slight endeavor for the strong-backed, strong-limbed, strong-minded, hardy race. The early struggles over, of fighting for mere existence, an eager force of mind and body began to turn upon itself, eating into its own substance, and intensity of inner life had led to vivid experiences both of good and of ill. There had been saints in the family, and sinners too; even crime had not been unknown among them, and tradition told of one neighbor, said to be a remote ancestor of the Bevannes, shot down in a fit of hot anger whose cause had been long forgotten, but whose effects lived on in smouldering enmity, now and then fanned into live flame. It was possibly a recognition of danger in the blood which had induced among the Warrens, generations ago, a tendency toward seclusion. Solitary, introspective, apart, they lived within themselves, mating for the most part with sweet, weak women, who bent or broke under the stronger wills of their husbands. Melancholia had become a part of the family inheritance, and grandfather, fa-

ther, and son, shutting themselves away from life, had built up a world of false proportions where great issues sometimes went unnoticed, and trifles bore unusual weight. They grew morbidly sensitive and self-centred, missing the even measure of things held by those who share a larger life than their own; yet most of them were good, if rather silent, servants of church and of state, high-tempered, it may be, but high-minded also, contemptuous of hypocrisy even when shown in polite lies, and of all but simple and honest action.

It had come to pass, for places grow in time to wear the expression of the spirits who inhabit them, that a look of sadness and of melancholy settled down over the old Warren place. The low stone wall with its tall gateway; the curving drive, somewhat grass-grown now; the unclipped turf, where long grass waved after it should have been cut; the wide door entering the great hall where the tall clock ticked slowly on the stairs, had a look of isolation. It was so still in this generation, when there was but one child in the house, that it had an air of having been built in primeval quiet, before earth's noises began. In certain corners the air seemed heavy with the morbid ideas of the dead inhabitants, and Uncle Peter had a fancy, as original as it was convenient, that he knew places in the house where sudden hope would seize you, and others where irresistible passion would tear your soul, driving you out, powerless, to work its will. At least it was true that all who entered the house, either by the marriage altar or by the gates of birth, learned to wear the inward look of the Warrens. Even the dogs caught the family temper, and not Hamlet himself had greater suffering of mind than had Robin Hood, the collie, as he wandered the valley of indecision, where his master had worn a path, with doubting feet.

Yet John Warren had played a not inglorious part in the history of the countryside. After a somewhat wayward

youth, he had settled down to the study of the law, and had pursued his work with the ease and calm of a man whose toil is a pastime and not a means of livelihood. He had made no professional use of his knowledge, but, after being admitted to the bar, had played, against his will, a prominent part in local politics, and had reluctantly gone to Washington to represent his district in Congress. No eloquence is recorded of him; the Warrens are a silent race, with speechlessness often more potent than words. One achievement only marked his stay in the capital, — he came home with a bride, a frail, pretty Southern girl, whom he loved with an ardor that puzzled and sometimes terrified her. John Warren should have married before he was thirty-two, his neighbors said, when they saw the sadness that settled down on the young wife's face. She was but twenty-four, and unused to problems, and the family expression soon fastened upon her. She missed the broad streets of her native city, the crowded receptions, the gay drives, the soft Southern vowels, and the warm Southern sun. Only Aunt Belinda, whom she had brought with her to her Northern home, could console her when the passion of homesickness came; and she used to steal out to the kitchen at twilight, when the day's work was done, to hear the rich darky dialect, and to feel the comfort of that presence which seemed to radiate all the physical joyousness of life.

Year after year she watched the winter snowfalls, and the melancholy thawing of the snow; she watched the coming of summer, with its growth of young grass and tender grain, and all her hurt sense of loneliness went down to her son Paul, whom she loved with a passion that was touched with awe. These brought her no message of beauty or comfort, and something of the mystery of its dim horizon-line had crept into the soul of this boy, whose thoughts were not her thoughts, and whose moods she was not able to divine.

She came late into the breakfast room this morning, a gracious figure with soft gray hair, wearing a black morning gown that fell in ample folds about her feet. There were half tears in her sweet blue eyes, — home of gentle feelings if not of keen thoughts, — as her son rose to draw back her chair and bent to kiss her.

"Letters for you, mother," said Paul, gathering a sheaf of them from the table.

"Letters?" she echoed, as if startled that any outside thing should intrude upon her now; and she adjusted delicately a pair of gold-bowed eyeglasses, turning the envelopes over and over for inspection. The one that was the least easy to understand, addressed in a fine, old-fashioned feminine handwriting, and bearing a Southern postmark, she opened first: —

"My dear Emily Parkes Warren," it began; "if by any chance you remember me after these years of silence, there will be no need for me to explain that I am Amy Levine Dearborn, and your fifth cousin, and that we were school-children together in Washington forty years ago. However, it is not of myself that I would write, but of Eleanor Mason's daughter. Surely you remember Eleanor, — who was going to be another Mrs. Browning, but who married at nineteen and was silent forever after? Eleanor died in May this year, and her only daughter has run away. She is an impetuous girl, but very spirited and bright; her mother's death has broken her heart, and Frances has gone North, insisting on being alone, and refusing to take even a maid with her. It seems that her mother was once at a little inn on your New England coast, and the girl has fled there to hide her grief in a spot that her mother knew. The name of the place is the same as that of your old home; if you are still there, can you look after her a little? Forgive me if I am asking too much; it is only for Eleanor Mason's sake that I venture. Moreover, to know Frances will be reward enough for any trouble. When you are acquainted

with her you will discover where the poetry in her mother's soul has gone.

"Good-by, my dear Emily. Perhaps some day it will be my good fortune to see you again.

Your affectionate friend,

AMY LEVINE DEARBORN."

The gold-rimmed glasses dropped from Mrs. Warren's eyes.

"Paul," she gasped, "Paul, is n't this extraordinary? Of course I want to see Eleanor Mason's daughter, but where can she be?"

"Oh, at some place in the village, probably," answered her son. "You can find her easily enough. I'll ask the postmaster."

"But what does she mean by saying that when I know her I shall see where Eleanor's poetry has gone? Perhaps she has brought it with her to read on the rocks."

Here Uncle Peter's shaky fist struck the great table with as much force as he could summon.

"By the bones of my ancestors, that's the girl I saw the other day!"

"Where?" cried Mrs. Warren eagerly. "What does she look like?"

"She looks," answered Uncle Peter, who also had his poetic, or at least his Byronic, moments, "she looks like moonlight and starlight. 'She — walks — in beauty' — don't — you — know — 'like — the night — of — cloudless — climes — and — starry — skies — and — all — that's — best — of — dark — and — bright — meet — in — her — aspect — and — her — eyes.'"

V

It was the first time that Eleanor Mason's daughter had ever seen a garden which had grown old by the sea. She wandered out into it alone at the noontide of this June day, for Mrs. Warren, who had coaxed the girl to share the solitude of an occasion when her son and Uncle

Peter were both absent in the city, was busy giving instructions to Aunt Belinda, and had let her guest go free. It was only yesterday that Mrs. Warren had driven to the Emerson Inn to seek out the daughter of her old friend, and had waited for her in the green - and - gold reception room, wistful, tremulous, her heart beating high with old memories and with present shyness. Frances Wilmot, entering, had paused on the threshold, with a cloud upon her white forehead; the card told her nothing; she knew only that somebody had invaded her solitude. But when the older woman rose and held out her hands impetuously, as the sight of the girl's face brushed away forty years of her life, saying, "I was a friend of your mother, my dear," Frances went to her and took her hands, holding her face out to be kissed. To the two it had seemed that they had a long past to talk over; and the young girl's eyes grew dim at meeting her mother as a little child.

She was strolling bareheaded down the long paths, with her face turned slightly upward that the sunlight might fall there, and she was drinking deep of sea air, mingled with fragrance of sweet peas and of tall yellow lilies. Who had made this enchanted garden, she was wondering, with its high walls of stone that reached to the brown rocks, beyond which the blue sea rolled in? It was guarded by spruce trees and cedars, of deeper and softer green than those farther inland, breaking the splendor of its color where beds of red or yellow roses lay.

It was the original Paul Warren, who, with memories of his Devonshire home fresh in his mind, had planned to make a garden spot of this great space by the water, though he had died, weary of fighting the wilderness, before anything was planted there. His children and grandchildren had broken the sea - meadow into furrows and had planted golden corn and spreading pumpkin vines where tall reeds had grown and the soft marsh grasses had waved in the wind. Fluffy yellow chickens and small brown peeping

turkeys, escaping from yard or coop, had gone pattering up and down the spaces where bobolinks had been wont to sway on long grasses. Blue blossoms of flax spread where scarlet Queen-of-the-Meadow and small red August lilies had grown. It was the wife of the great-great-great-grandfather Warren of reckless fame who had found consolation in the long years of her widowhood in reclaiming a part of the space from vegetables and giving it over to flowers. The beds nearest the house, oval or oblong or star-shaped, had been planned by her, although the white picket fence that had guarded her treasures was gone.

Of the reign of great-grandmother Anne, who had been a lover of all beautiful things, nothing remained save one ragged, sturdy rose tree climbing over the southern wall of gray-brown stone. James Francis Warren, who had caused the walls to be built, had carefully treasured this relic of the past, training it away from its old wooden trellis to new support. He, with tastes that were, perhaps, a far-off echo of those of the first Paul Warren's father, the country squire, had extended the garden-space to the edge of the sea, and had planted the old pear trees, broken and knotted, that still wakened now and then to life and put forth blossoms on the May air. In this fruit garden which met the space of flowers, peach trees and plum and cherry stood side by side, with neglected currant and gooseberry bushes not far away. Still a few luscious bits of fruit dropped from the broken and crumbling limbs into the tangled grass below, golden pear, or rose-flushed peach, or plum with dim purple bloom.

Generations of Warrens had played there in childhood, climbing the apple trees, making silken doll robes out of scarlet poppy petals, and royal sceptres of sunflower stems; generations of Warrens had paced the walks to the slow beating of the tide on the rocks beyond, dreaming their love dreams; and generations of white-haired men and white-haired wo-

men had tottered up and down these paths, at the edge of eternity and of the sea. And still, though half neglected, it was full of all old-fashioned, lovely things: yellow crocus and white in earliest spring, and blood-red tulips later when the grass sprang fresh and green; gorgeous tiger lilies and red poppies, larkspur, and candy-tuft, all sweeter in perfume, deeper in color, for the breath of the sea air.

The girl who was walking idly through it felt the long story that she did not know. Song sparrows were twittering among the dim blue berries of the cedars; a great bumblebee was humming in a bush of old-fashioned single roses, deep red, with golden stamens; and about it all flowed the melody of the sea. Her feet kept time to the measure and to that of some verses that would not be quiet:—

"I know a little garden close
Set thick with lily and red rose,
Where I would wander if I might
From dewy morn to dewy night,
And have one with me wandering.

"And though within it no birds sing,
And though no pillared house is there,
And though the apple boughs are bare
Of fruit and blossom, would to God
Her feet upon the green grass trod
And I beheld them as before."

For her grief was ever present, though wind and tide had begun, without her knowledge, to set it to music with all the rest of the world.

Wandering with no aim save to find the spot where the breeze was freshest or the fragrance most sweet, she came suddenly upon an old man who was busily weeding a bed of cinnamon pinks: it was the eldest Andrew Lane. The hair beneath his sun-browned hat was white as snow, as was the beard that touched the dull blue of his shirt. Hearing a footstep he looked up, turning to the girl a face seamed with a thousand wrinkles, and greeted her with a good-morning.

"It is a very beautiful garden," said Frances Wilmot tentatively; this old man looked as if he might have most interesting things to say.

"I've seen wuss," he answered, weeding again. "But this don't hev no care now. I'm gittin' pretty old."

"You ought to have somebody to help you."

"I don't want nobody to help me," he said shrilly, "till I'm planted myself. Belindy, she helps about weedin', and we let the rest go."

"Have you worked here long?" asked the girl, drawing nearer.

"Sence them walls was built," said the old gardener, "and that's sixty year ago. I've took care of the place ever sence, havin' help, of course. Lord, in James Francis Warren's day it *was* a garden: not an extry leaf on anything, and every bush and tree trimmed like a pinted beard."

"I like it a great deal better this way," said the girl confidingly, "just half running wild."

"Do you, now?" said old Andrew Lane. "That's cur'us; what fur?"

"Oh," she answered lightly, "it looks as if things had happened, and as if it were full of meanings. There's an air of mystery or something about it."

The toothless smile of the old man's face vanished, and a shrewd look crept into the pale blue eyes under the sunken eyebrows.

"I don't know nothin' about no myst'ry," he said sullenly, going back to his weeding with vigor; nor could she win any further conversation from him, nor from his small great-grandchild, Andy, who toddled after the old man in tiny overalls of yellow.

In the afternoon she went with Mrs. Warren about the great house, which, after the fashion of earlier days, faced, not the sea, but the highway. Outside, the young summer had touched its age to freshness: wistaria, still fragrant with clusters of late blossoms, climbed the tall white pillars, and the long festoons of woodbine wore new, flushed leaves and tendrils. Pale purple lilacs were in bloom by the white southern wall, and the faded blue-green blinds of the parlor windows

made a most lovely background for the climbing white roses that had crept over them and had fastened them permanently open.

"It is just like home, is n't it?" said the Southern girl.

"It has never seemed so to me," answered the elder lady, puzzled, for home to her had meant the gay life that had gone on in it.

The dimly lighted interior showed little trace of springtime; old furniture, old hangings, suggested only the past. They paused for a time in the library, whose worn leather chairs bespoke long use, and whose great bookshelves were filled with volumes that revealed solid tastes and thoughtful minds.

"My son spends much of his time here. He—he writes," said Mrs. Warren apologetically, for she was filled with a new sense of the difference between Paul and the gallant young heroes of the South. He could do much if he only would to enliven the stay of this charming girl in the North, but he cared little for women, and less for young ones, and his mother sighed softly.

"Please come into the garden again," pleaded Frances. "I cannot bear to be away from it."

Mrs. Warren looked at her in wonder, but said nothing, for in later years she had learned more and more to stay silent until she understood. As she paced the old paths with this girl at her side, it seemed to her that the whole expression of the place changed. Tree, flower, and vine took on softer and brighter colors; the eerie sounds that had haunted her ears grew almost joyous, and the old-fashioned sailing boat, the Sea Gull, riding the waves in the sheltered cove by the house, seemed to tug at its moorings as with desire to be free and to dance.

"Ought n't you to have your hat on, to keep from spoiling your complexion?" she asked, with a sudden sense of responsibility.

The girl's laugh rang out sweetly. "Young women nowadays never think

of their complexions," she answered, and Mrs. Warren frowned a puzzled little frown. Fewer and fewer people thought her thoughts or spoke her language, as she grew older.

"This place must have been the greatest joy to you," said Frances suddenly.

"It has been rather an anxiety," said Mrs. Warren. "The gardener has grown so old that he can work only a little and on sunshiny days, and it all needs clipping and trimming. Paul does not understand; and says he likes it this way."

"It looks like a garden in a fairy story, the one where Beauty met the Beast" —

"I never read fairy stories," murmured Mrs. Warren.

"Or the gardens of Hesperides, where the golden apples grew."

"We have very few apples now, and only red ones, though of course I know that is not what you mean," observed the hostess regretfully.

The conversation drifted over to Paul Warren, who had come home by the four o'clock train, and who was pacing his favorite garden path, hidden, close by the north wall, by an arbor vitæ hedge. If the truth must be known, he had taken refuge there to avoid his mother's guest. The girl's voice startled him: melodious and full, it sounded like hidden music along his nerves. There were ripples of laughter in it, and soft little murmurs of sadness; and it played upon him as fingers play upon keys. The fact that it belonged to a woman did not interest him; it was as if he had discovered a new art.

He waited until the sound of familiar hoof-beats assured him that the guest was being driven home in the old-fashioned family carriage, and then came out of his retreat, self-reproachful when he heard his mother's laments that he had not come home in time to meet the child of her old friend.

VI

The lowest ebb of the tide came in the early afternoon, and the curving sand

beach that lay just beyond the Warren homestead, like a sickle of pale gold cutting the blue water from green grassy meadow, stretched parched and dry in the glare of the summer sun. Bird songs were hushed, but the low hum of insects was on the hot air, and from far, with an ironic sound as of cool water retreating from thirsty need, came the ripple of withdrawing waves. Paul Warren, restlessly active in the languid air, was walking up and down the veranda, keeping pace with grief, for step by step beside him he seemed to hear the echo of the footfall that had so often sounded with his own. Suddenly a soft nose was thrust into his hand with a long, mournful whimper, and two great golden-brown eyes were lifted to his in passionate entreaty: Robin Hood was still hunting for his master.

"Poor old fellow!" said Paul, patting the upturned head, "I would give him back to you if I could."

The old dog sniffed anxiously at the young man's coat and hands, then drew away and gazed with eyes in which the look of entreaty was changing to one of deep reproach.

"It is something I do not understand any better than you do, Robin, and yet I know you don't believe me. You are saying to yourself: 'Whose fault is it, then, if not yours, and where have you hidden him away?'"

Robin, as if assenting, walked away with a low growl, and his young master, ever quick of sympathy with dumb beasts, looked after him with eyes that matched his own in depth of puzzled sorrow.

Here Uncle Peter strolled out upon the veranda, fresh and smiling, with a cigarette between his teeth, and under his arm a paper-covered novel drawn from a large and varied store which he had been accumulating for more than forty years. With a swift movement Paul slipped into the library in time to escape, and drew a sigh of relief at the sight of the shelves where his beloved, silent friends awaited him, and where sense and spirit could rest in the mellow coloring of old leather

chairs and worn volumes. As he loved for their solitude certain lonely parts of the shore where his own best thoughts seemed always to await him, he loved the quiet of this spot; and now, without opening a book, he touched one after another with his finger tips, — Spinoza, Kant, Sir Thomas Browne, the thinkers great and small whose minds had kindled his own, almost fancying that he felt a responsive pressure from the leather-bound volumes. The old black-letter romances and the illuminated missal in the cabinet by the fireplace must surely share his sense of loss, so great had been his father's pride in them; and the worn copies of Spencer and Huxley must miss the hands that were gone. The cover of Darwin's *Descent of Man* was torn where Robin had chewed it as John Warren went to sleep in his chair one day, and Paul touched it with gentle fingers, remembering. So they had passed on, generation by generation, he mused, leaving here upon the library shelves a record of their tastes and of their callings, like driftwood cast up by the sea. The set of antique sermons had belonged to the ministerial ancestor; the old dramas to one who had a liking for written plays; the *Spectators* and *Ramblers* to his grandfather, James Francis Warren; and here was he, Paul, with his huge volumes of German philosophy, his row of French essayists in their yellow paper covers, and his abiding sense of the world's lack of need of him. Softened light came into the great room through the half-closed shutters; a golden bumblebee wandered in on a ray of sunlight and had difficulty in finding his way out; warm fragrance of all things blossoming in the garden stole in on the breeze. The youngman dropped into a great leather-covered chair, flung his arms down upon the table, over some sheets of his own manuscript where the ink had dried ten days ago, and buried his face in them to rest. Here, and here only, the awful sense of difference was gone, and the quick and the dead were alike. Then, in the silence, his mind be-

gan to travel the old ways of question: what was it all for, the bootless search, the suffering, the long thinking, and the pain? Surely there was but small return for the great demands that life made upon one's power to endure!

Slowly the shadowed days of all his life came back to him; the boyhood spent in the gloomy house, where the long silences, his mother's unspoken sadness, and Uncle Peter's morbid fancies regarding the past, had cast a spell upon him; and then the years of study when he had grown from child to man, coming home at each vacation to find the old house absolutely unchanged. Through the dull color of it all a sense of his father's pride and interest in his son had run like a thread of gold. It was he who had guided the child's reading, giving him books unknown to most boys of ten and of twelve; it was he who sat quietly chuckling at his son's comments on men and on things; for an insight into the ironies of life had come to the lad too easily and too soon, and the words of his tongue were as the fine pricking of a delicately pointed weapon; it was he who had fostered the boy's gift for writing, coaxing the dark-haired youngster, who had always an elusive look in his eyes, to sit upon his knee and repeat the verses he had written. Paul did it shyly, the color deepening in his cheeks; and even now he could remember the thrill of joy that came when his father patted him on the head and praised him, for words of praise and caresses had been few and far between. Sometimes the inherited mood of sadness had been broken by charmed moments when sudden enchantment visited him, and, surrendering to the unconscious spell of warm sunshine on fragrant flowers, or of the beat of a summer shower on the window-pane, he dreamed rare dreams of happiness and of great achievement.

Always Paul had loved the old house, whose expression had settled early upon his childish face. He liked its dark corners and mysterious doorways, especially the awful one leading to the garret which

he used to pass at twilight, just to see if he dared, glorying in the cold shivers that crept up and down his back. He loved the ancestral pictures in the parlor and above the winding stairs, where they hung with the corner of each gilt frame touching the one next higher. The faces that smiled and were sweet appealed to him less than did certain portraits wearing a melancholy and sin-stricken look. One, which hung just above the landing by the old clock, always terrified him: it was his wicked great-great-grandfather Warren, looking out from the canvas with a dare-devil expression. Alone, in the dark, Paul sometimes felt that scowl close behind him, quite disembodied, and the sharp hairs of the eyebrows seemed to prick his neck as the phantom ancestor stealthily pursued; for the grotesque theories of Uncle Peter had peopled passageway and chamber with a terrible race, all the more real because invisible, forever lying in wait. Under his conjuring tongue old mood and old transgression became again alive and potent to harm, and that which was to him a species of intellectual entertainment, as his imaginative power met the challenge of the child's deep eyes, and fabled further, became the very warp and woof of the boy's thoughts by day, and of his dreams by night.

In time the sheer fascination of story began to mingle with a questioning of good and of ill, and he knew a different fear: that this sensual mouth, that cruel eye, among the painted features, might come to be his own. In one dim face on the library wall supreme terror lay for him in the bulge of the lip and the lines about the eyes; and, dreaming for himself especial cause for stern self-discipline, he grew into a tall lad of morbid fancies, who had early begun to think of himself as cursed by destiny to stand apart.

To stand apart! That had been the keynote of Paul Warren's life, through his school years, through college, through his law study. He had made his mark as a man of wide reading and of literary power, shown chiefly in a fine keenness of

judgment, but his strength of mind and of character had brought him little comfort for the unexplained grief of being; and melancholy, which knows no logic, had early gained a deep hold upon him. Forming for himself an impossibly high ideal of blameless conduct, he lashed himself mercilessly for failure to reach the superhuman, the man's self-criticism being imperceptibly tinged by the boy's belief in awful hereditary impulse that might at any time undo him unaware. Remote ancestral sins and uncommitted sins of his own became, in his long brooding, inextricably confused, and so long had he walked with shadows that the distinction between mist and headland was no longer clear. Only this seemed plain, that the great stream of human life was not for him; birth he had shared with the rest of the race; death he must share; but love and marriage and dreams of happiness were not his portion. Half in fear, half in shyness, he shunned women; and few ventured beyond an interested scrutiny of the dark face with the gleam of fire in the eyes, and the occasional sensitive quiver of the lip. Driven back upon a world of his own creating, he lived with his books and his pen, the old ironic sense of things constantly deepening, as smothered passion and imaginative power struggled vainly for expression.

That feeling of the profound irony of existence was strong upon him at this moment, as he thought of the quiet companionship with his father by the open fire on winter evenings, or on the veranda under the summer stars, and remembered the mound of earth in the green cemetery, with the knowledge that there was nobody now who could keep silence and understand. Then, vainly brooding over the why and the wherefore of human love and of loss, he grew dimly aware of something tugging at pulse and nerve: an overmastering desire to grasp this profound sense of greatness which he felt throbbing at the heart of pain. Stung to new life by the poignant hurt of grief in a

soul woven in grays out of other people's sorrows and misfortunes, he quivered with a sudden intuition of what it might mean to know and share all the common lot.

His restlessness drew him forth from the library to pace the graveled drive; there drooping leaf and grass blade, and the far murmur of the waves, chimed with his sense of life withdrawn. From the gateway his eyes wandered over the wide sweep of country, and he saw the curling road that led past the gray stone tower of his mother's church, St. Mark's, and the grove of scraggly locusts that marked the home of the Bevannes. The thought of the name startled him, recalling the words of deep hatred that his father had uttered in the solemn moment of dying, and he searched his memory for some incident in the long family quarrel which could explain them. Grave misdeed had there been in the remote past, and tradition told of constant trouble between this impetuous race of the Bevannes, with their strain of French blood, and his own solid English forbears. He was aware that the latter, who were both reticent and proud, had a way of treating offenses up to a certain point as not worth noticing, and beyond that as past forgiveness, but he could remember nothing that could account for so great intensity of present feeling. As he wondered, swift changes of expression flitted across his face: shocked, deep pity for the father in whom primitive passion, flaming up at that great hour, had consumed all else; deepened love where he failed to understand; and a humorous compassion for himself as failing to share the elemental feelings of the race, were all written there. What should he do with this heritage? he asked himself whimsically, he who had no quarrel with any man, who did not know the cause of his father's deadly anger, and who, perhaps, did not care strongly enough to hate.

He strolled back in the warm air to the house and out into the garden paths,

full once more of the old weary feeling that he had little use for the world and its puzzles.

"I have a fundamental prejudice against all conundrums," he murmured to himself; then suddenly, and without warning, he walked into a world entirely new.

There, by the tall white summer lilies, whose fragrance made sweet the summer air, stood a tall, white girl with a branch of spiræa in her hand, her dark hair bare in the sunlight, and her dark eyes full of dreams. When she heard his step, she looked up but did not move. Paul Hollis Warren swiftly removed his hat and introduced himself: when brought to bay, he was a young man of complete self-possession and fine courtesy.

"You are my mother's friend, Miss Wilmot," he said, holding out his hand. "May I present myself as my mother's son?"

The girl took his offered hand, but did not speak.

"If it is not impertinent," said Paul, "I should like to ask why you look so surprised."

"Because," answered the stranger, half seriously, "I had not the slightest idea that you were real."

"I'm not, altogether," confessed the host. "None of us are, I presume. But what did you think me?"

"I thought that you were part of this enchanted garden, and of the past."

"Indeed?"

"I thought that you belonged with Mr. Peter's phantom ancestors, the wicked one, and great-grandmother Anne. I thought that the ghosts about this spot needed a *jeune premier*, and that you had been invented for the purpose and named Mr. Paul Hollis Warren."

"But my mother" —

"I thought that you were just a Delusion of a Son that the dear lady had fashioned out of dreams for her comfort. You will admit that you have the property of being invisible?"

"I admit that I have it at times," an-

swered Paul, with a smile of unwonted gayety. "Do you believe in nothing but what you see?"

"But I have been here so many times, and you have not deigned to put on flesh and blood."

"I have been very busy," explained Paul quietly.

The gravity in the girl's face broke, her dimple quivered, and her eyes danced.

"If I may give you a suggestion, you do not manage your exits and your entrances as well as they did in the Arabian Nights. There is just a minute at the transformation when you are visible. Once it was at the end of the garden walk that the change came; once it was in the library, and you left so hastily that the door was still in motion. A genuine ghost goes through the keyhole!"

"I find the door a very comfortable means of exit, thank you."

"It may all be comfortable for you," said the girl severely, "but it is very uncomfortable for me. Mrs. Warren insists that she finds comfort in my presence, and that she likes to have me with her. But it is not quite pleasant to think that I have driven the master of the house to play the part of castle spectre."

"I assure you that I have been absorbed in other things. It would grieve me deeply, Miss Wilmot, if you should take back one minute of the time that you might give my mother."

"Will you make a compact with me?" asked Frances Wilmot, noting the softened look that came into the young man's face as he spoke of his mother. "I should be very sorry to deprive Mrs. Warren of anything that may give her the slightest pleasure. If you will stay in your accustomed places, so that Mrs. Warren may still realize that she has a son, I will promise to treat you as if you were invisible. I will pretend that you are n't there, and will never see you!"

"I am not quite ready to agree to that," said Paul, laughing outright, and looking at her curiously.

"Then I shall stay away."

"Oh, I will promise, if you are serious," he said hastily.

His mind was full of a bit of old story which he had read on some serious page, — his knowledge of myth was strictly confined to footnotes, — of a maiden who had come beckoning out of the world beyond the edge of things with a spray of white blossoms in her hand, and had witched a mortal man away with her to live forever and a day in fairyland. She must have looked like this girl before him, and, when she stepped into the world of every-day, must have wrought some such change on grass and tree and flower.

VII

The little gray stone church of St. Mark's stood well within the hearing of the tide, near a shingly beach where long, gentle breakers were rolling monotonously in on this June morning. Frances Wilmot, reverent and rebellious, sad, and again at peace, as the words of the long service smote now this chord and now that, closed her eyes again and again, only for the pleasure of opening them suddenly to steal a long glance through the window near, where, beyond the encircling green ivy leaves, she could look out across the shining water of palest blue. Word and phrase from old romance drifted back to her, and it seemed as if she too, like the wandering knight, had found a little chapel by the side of the "leaved wood;" and as if across the waves might come the ship that moved without sail or oar, carrying Perceval on his quest of the Holy Grail. Sweet from the sea stole in the breeze to creep about the altar, and the ivy leaves trembled against it as it came. Murmur of water and murmur of organ blended into one soft music; then suddenly out of the low melody sprang splendid power of sound, bringing a swift sense of glory walking on the water.

Her friends from the Inn were all there, and, in the pauses of their own devotions,

they stole involuntary glances now and then toward the girl who had become the centre of their thoughts, to see how she was performing hers. But the music won them all, and swept them out from thoughts like these to moods as great as the encircling horizon line, and for a moment the sweep of the sea and of the winds of God was in their souls.

With a sudden beat as of triumph the recessional ceased, and the moment set to melody was over. The members of the congregation of St. Mark's realized that they were out upon the green in front of the little church, the music to which they had been stepping still keeping rhythm in their feet. Even Paul Warren, who cared more for the harmony of high thoughts than for beaten measures, was conscious that the air about him was more exquisitely attuned than was its wont, and no sooner was he aware of this than there came a sudden breaking of its perfectness. He was waiting while his mother stopped to speak to Miss Wilmot, when a stranger came forward to meet him, a stranger with a face that he knew. It was a man of his own age, slender and supple, with an ingratiating air in his bright blue eyes and about his smiling mouth. There was a touch of hesitancy in the newcomer's manner as he held out his hand.

"It is a long time since we have met, but you have not forgotten Alec Bevanne, I hope?"

"Of course not," said Paul Warren, returning the handshake, "though it must be a matter of fifteen years or so since I've seen you."

"Odd that we should have missed each other constantly. You've been back at the old place now and then?"

"Often, in summer. You were abroad when I heard of you last."

The young man nodded, smiling.

"Digging, yes. I've done a lot of it, Paris mostly. Now it's my turn to set other youngsters at it."

As Paul Warren looked at his old playmate, thinking how oddly the new half-serious look sat upon the face which was

associated in his mind with prisoner's base and marbles, and wondering how that headlong nature, given to quick deed and quick repenting, in flashes of emotion or of momentary conviction, could adapt itself to the routine of academic life, there came suddenly into his mind an echo of the words his father had uttered as he lay dying: "Fight, fight Bevanne . . . look out for the young one then . . . young rattlesnakes are as poisonous as old ones." The memory of John Warren's expression as he had spoken these words fell like a shadow on the peaceful picture of sunlight shining on women's faces and on children's curls, and a sense of more vivid curiosity than he had ever before felt concerning the long mystery that had clung to the relationship of his family with the Bevannes swept over Paul Warren: what had caused that look of frozen anger on his father's face when chance placed any member of that family in his way? What had he to do with vendetta directed against this smiling, harmless enemy, whose eager friendliness seemed to have back of it the same puzzled feeling that he had himself? The moment wrapped him round in a sort of humorous sadness; after all, you were bidden to love your enemy, as well as to obey your parents, and perhaps the former command was the more cogent of the two.

His state of mind was certainly pacific, when, following the glance of Alec Bevanne's eyes, a flash of illumination came, and he fancied that he understood the sudden cordiality. It was not for the sake of the old days when the two had been playmates that the young man had stopped to speak with him: it was because of this Southern girl who was talking with his mother, and whose soft black gown and drooping black hat were worn with such unwonted grace. Paul Warren involuntarily turned away, refusing the unspoken request, then paused in amusement at his own action and the touch of irritation that had led to it. Understanding his neighbor perfectly at that moment, he was aware that he failed to understand

himself and his assumption of protective rights.

"Won't you stop to see my sister Alice?" asked Bevanne, whose quick eyes had divined the other's action, but still beamed friendliness; there was never in them reproach for any one. "You remember her? She used to cry because she could not play baseball with us."

Paul lifted his eyes and saw her. She had grown from a slender child into a slender woman: her pale yellow hair had not darkened by a shade, but her eyes, which were of light hazel with extraordinarily large pupils, had gained a world of meaning and of expression. As he greeted her they were fixed upon him with a gaze so intense that they made him uneasy. She had heard her brother's remark, but she did not speak nor smile, and it was left to Paul to face the occasion. Meeting one who mastered him in silence was something of a shock, and the polite remark he had intended to make slipped away.

"But you used to be the swiftest at tag," he said, going back at one bound over many years.

Now a slow smile came like color into the girl's face, touching eyes and cheeks with added expression, where almost too much had been before.

"That never atoned for the baseball," said Alice Bevanne.

Mrs. Warren turned suddenly, and her pleasure at seeing her son talking with the children of the family enemy left a flush upon her face. It was she who, after a cordial greeting, presented them to the girl at her side, and she stood beaming over them all with an expression which was the peace of the moment made visible.

"It is very jolly to meet some one from the South, Miss Wilmot," Alec Bevanne was saying. "I am a Southerner myself now."

"Indeed?"

"Do you know Alabama University?" he asked, stroking his smooth-shaven chin with a gesture which recalled the van-

ished pointed beard. "I am there — for the present."

It occurred to Paul Warren as he heard this remark that he was in the presence of a man with whom he should be glad to differ in matters of opinion and of taste, and he smiled with satisfaction as Miss Wilmot carelessly changed the subject, tacitly refusing to discuss the young professor's career.

One by one the people about them departed, white gown and yellow and blue drifting past against the background of cool green leaf and grass; Paul led his mother to her carriage, while the Southern girl waited for her companions from the Inn. Together they walked home through the fragrant, dust-flecked air, the petals of pink wild roses falling along their path, and, overhead, the leaves of silver poplars trembling in gray-green against the sky.

The ladies of the Emerson Inn had adopted this girl with no mental reserves; the Warren carriage had waited for her too often at the door to leave any doubt of her desirability as an acquaintance. With not only Respectability but Tradition bending thus obsequiously over her, they whispered to one another that her strange arrival was mere accident: she had come North to visit Mrs. Warren, but had been prevented by Mr. Warren's sudden illness and death. Moreover, they liked her: it was as if some tropical bird of brilliant plumage and vivid eyes had dropped down among them. There was always about her an air of expectancy, for she was one to whom the kaleidoscopic shifting of things constantly presented new shades of beauty and of significance, and she ever kept an alert eye on the flashing, changing stuff of life. Something of her sense of wonder and romance walking still the paths of everyday began to hover like a rosy cloud about each gray head.

It was not only the guests who were touched by it: every inhabitant of the Inn, from Mr. Phipps to the schoolmistress-maid, felt a touch of indefinable

pleasure in the presence of this girl. Yet the schoolmistress sorely disapproved, and was not without a secret share of the hope cherished by the cultured ladies of leading this Southern maiden to a higher life.

"I'm fond of reading, too," ventured the maid, glancing one day at the pile of books that had to take refuge on the floor in a corner of Miss Wilmot's room, "but I never read novels. I don't believe in wasting time, do you?"

She got only a smile for reply, a puzzled, serious smile that finally decided to be merry and broke into little quivering curves at the corners of the lips; and she went away, baffled, with a puzzled face. It was as if she had lost sight of something that had just passed, many-colored and with iridescent wings.

With a purpose as lofty as that of the maid, the guests of the Inn bore Frances Wilmot away in triumph this Sunday afternoon, a maiden sacrifice, to read poetry upon the rocks. They were all in a softened mood, and, before beginning, indulged her in a little random conversation.

"How does it happen that you have never before seen the ocean, my dear?" asked the Lady from Wilmington.

"We had a summer home at Blue Ridge and went there nearly every year," answered the girl, her heart crying out for the call of the gulls and the sweep of the sea and silence.

It was the little Lady from Boston who sat nearest her on the rocks, claiming a place as friend by virtue of her initial judgment of the young stranger. "One can always tell a lady, I think," was all she had said by way of reproof; and she had followed her first favors with kindness that was both simple and sweet.

"Is n't it charming at the Warren place?" she asked. "Do you know that it is full, simply full, of treasures? There are silver platters and punch bowls and beautiful old spoons hidden away in the dark cupboards. Do ask Mrs. Warren to bring them out for you some day."

"Why?" asked the girl perversely.

"Because you may never have another chance."

"But I've seen that kind of thing all my life. I'm sorry, but I cannot care profoundly about old punch bowls."

"Mr. Paul Warren looks more distant than ever," growled the Lady from Cincinnati. "No man of his age ought to have that brooding expression, and yet his face is distinctly interesting. He resembles some old portrait that one often sees: whose is it, — Sir Thomas More's, or?"

"It is the Warren house that he resembles," volunteered Frances Wilmot, in the pause. "He has that look suggesting old experiences not his own."

"He is very gifted and very eccentric," interposed the Lady from Boston hastily, lest something still more foolish should be said. "Nobody knows him. So much of his time has been spent abroad, and so much now is spent in study, that I imagine he is out of touch with things."

"Educated for a lawyer, was n't he?" asked the elderly lady who was Somebody from Somewhere.

"I do not know," said Frances Wilmot patiently. She felt the need of many things more keenly than the need of conversation about Mr. Paul Warren.

"Humph!" said the lady who had asked the question. "It seems to me I have heard his Uncle Peter tell how he finished his study and began practicing in Boston. One day he drove up to the old house here in a station carriage, with his trunks in an express wagon behind him."

"Well?" said old Mr. Warren; they are such a silent family, you know.

"I've given it up," said Mr. Paul. "I shall try some profession where I can be an honest man."

"The father only chuckled, without a word, and Mr. Peter said that it was probably the longest discussion of motive that had ever taken place between them."

Here the reading began. They had brought with them the most detestable of anthologies, — and to the girl in whose behalf they were exerting themselves all

anthologies were detestable, — and they took turns in rendering the verse contained therein. Frances Wilmot profanely recalled scenes of Indian torture where a similar rotation was observed, for false metres truly rendered and true metres falsely rendered smote like blows upon her sensitive ear. They were too tactful to ask her to take her turn: the schools in the South were so poor, and she probably did not read very well! Neither at the reading nor during the discussion that followed, however, did her inner misery break through her fine courtesy. They were very good to her, she kept saying to herself, as she clung to the rock with appealing hands.

"They take life as they take grapes," she thought, "predigested, and with the substance gone. What meaning can it have for them after it has been so discussed? Can't they see that beauty talked about disappears?"

To-day the criticism languished, for, all unknown to the ladies of the Emerson

Inn, the intellectuality of their lives was slipping away in the presence of this girl's keen zest in facing existence. When at last they let her go, they watched her, dreaming, for the charm of her free footsteps had begun to touch the measure of their own, and wherever she was there was a sense as of doors and windows flung open to wide spaces.

Upon a straggling woodland path, soft with pine needles of unnumbered years, she set her feet with a sense of exquisite relief. Delicate leaves of birch and poplar touched her flushed cheek with green coolness; she gathered her hands full of live spruce twigs and crushed them passionately. It was hard for one whose gift was that of crushing from each moment its utmost reach of joy or of pain to understand this sort of mental nibbling at the edges of things, yet she knew that the air was sweeter and her path more free because of her late bondage, and, with a sigh, she let the great silence of beauty unfold her.

(To be continued.)

A BAY-WINDOW IN FLORIDA

BY BRADFORD TORREY

ORNITHOLOGY is one of the natural sciences, the study of which may be said to be enjoined by Holy Writ. For in the good book the fowls of the air are set before us as a pattern of right living. "Behold them," said the Master; and he meant to say, "Do as they do." Well, one of the most strikingly characteristic of their doings is their annual flight toward the tropics as the frost begins to show its hand in the so-called temperate region where they were born, and where, with a patriotism that one must often wonder at, they continue to claim a residence. As years and wisdom increase, I grow better and better persuaded that their example

is a good one; and being so persuaded, here I am again in Florida. I have followed the birds; for how is a man to behold them, unless he goes where they are?

I arrived on Friday, two days before Christmas. Two days before that, having a few hours between trains in Washington (how happy are our exemplars, I often think, who make the passage by the overhead route, breathing all the way!), I went up to see the great library, with its wealth of mural decoration ("like a Fall River steamboat," remarks an irreverent critic at my elbow), and on the side of Capitol Hill stopped to offer an expectant-looking gray squirrel a bit of

water cracker, the only edible thing I could find about me. The fellow took the crumb from my fingers readily enough, but dropped it with still greater readiness upon the sidewalk, and trotted away without so much as a "Thank you." No Bent's cracker for him! "Has the price of peanuts gone up, that you are reduced to eating such tasteless fodder?" I imagined him asking. Then, before I could answer him, a sleigh driving past me up the hill distracted my attention: an old-fashioned, straight-backed, yellow-painted country sleigh, such as New England families rode to "meeting" in on Sundays, half a century ago. The sight pleased me; for the moment I was a child again, cuddled under a buffalo robe (but *we* said "buffalo" simply, unless I misremember), with my grandfather to lean against. "So there is sometimes good sleighing, even in Washington," I said to myself, as the old time slipped away again into forgetfulness; "I should hardly have thought it." And all the evening, while the engine, doing its best to make up for a late start, hurried us across the state of Virginia, the country lay white under the full moon. The South was still beyond us.

But in the morning it was another story. We had gone to bed in January, so to say, and had risen in April. No more snow; only the thinnest of white frost. Presently, the train still speeding, we began to see bare-legged black children staring after us, with men in their shirt-sleeves standing lazily about. So, not in dream, but in sober reality, —

"Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring;"

and before night we were flying past Florida dooryards that were dressed like June. Less than twenty-four hours from sleighbells to garden roses! "Good!" said I; "I am glad I came."

All this was nothing new? It was as new as Eden was to Adam, or as a Massachusetts May is after a Massachusetts winter. Unless it be to a dead man, some things are *always* new.

That night I slept in Jacksonville, and the next noon was at my journey's end on the banks of the Halifax. "Welcome to Ormond," said a friendly voice, as I stepped from the car; and the owner of the voice, a true neighbor in the biblical sense of the word, took me at once into her carriage (my own host, as it turned out, having missed connection with the mail), and brought me across the bridge to the house in which I am now writing.

Yes, here I am; and, whether indoors or out, my eyes are never sated with seeing. It is for their sake, in great part, that I am here. "If possible, let me have the room that Mr. and Mrs. F—— occupied last season." So I had written to the lord of the mansion; for though I had never lived in the house, I had walked past it for some weeks almost daily, and always with a covetous glance at a certain spacious bay-window. To sit at that window, with a book in one's lap and the orange trees outside, — that, I thought, for the odd hours of the day, would be pretty good winter living. And so it proves. The prospect, it must be owned, is not extensive, nor, in the ordinary way of regarding such matters, is it to be described as fine. The season is winter — for all the June roses; and winter without snow must always be more or less unhandsome. It lays about itself with what Shakespeare calls a ragged hand; its business is to destroy; and, surprising as the statement may sound, nowhere is its work more conspicuously effective than in a subtropical climate. The truth is, I am surprised myself; all my previous comings this way, as I now discover, having shown me not so much a Southern winter as a Southern spring. I have never arrived in this part of Florida until February; and February, it appears, is a vernal month, a month of new leaves and new blossoms. Not so December. To New England eyes it looks like the fag-end of autumn. Tall hickory trees are all in dull yellow, and sumachs — too few and too remotely scattered to be of great account — are of a brilliant red. In this latitude, as well as

a newcomer can judge, all trees tend to become evergreen. An elm, the only one along the river, transplanted, no doubt, by some Northern settler sick for home amid the alien palmettos and live-oaks, still retained a goodly share of its last summer's leaves as late as January 4, when its branches were already in full bloom. The poor thing seemed to be quite put out of its reckoning. And the red maples, though more at home, are even worse bewildered. Some are in red leaf, others are loaded with full-grown red fruit, while others display an almost equal profusion of flowers and fruit together. Like the apostle, they are trying to be all things to all men. If some were only in new leafage, the cycle would be full.

As for the birds, with their "trusty almanac," they are naturally less at sea. Let the day be never so summerish, so that a walker sheds his coat and puts up an umbrella against the sun, they are not to be fooled. A phoebe may now and then be heard calling after his emphatic, reiterative manner; a wren may whistle (one is doing so at this minute from the edge of the wood as I sit at the open window, — and a right sweet whistle it is, to speak after the pleasant Southern manner); a white-eyed vireo, as fond of hearing himself as of hiding himself, may possibly let slip a bit of tune as you pass his leafy thicket; but with a few such exceptions the conduct of every bird here says as plainly as need be, "Now is the winter of our discontent." Not that they seem exactly discontented, either; but, like the majority of their superiors, they are in Florida, not for business nor, strictly speaking, for pleasure, but to pass away the time, — eating, sleeping, and waiting for the spring. And say what you will, that is not so very bad a life. If there is a time for everything under the sun, with all the rest there must be a time to be idle. As a rule, neither birds nor drivers of the pen can be always productive;¹ though

exceptions must be allowed for, of course, especially among novelists, some of whom, like the poet's cuckoo, seem to have no winter in their year, however much of sorrow may be discoverable in their song. Even the patient earth must be allowed its annual period of lying fallow. And the birds, to whose wise example our too faithless and over-careful humanity is bidden to attend, know how to be idle with a good grace. Though they have but a few years allotted to them, and though it is probably true that time once past never returns, they see the months go by without fretting. Strange and immoral as it may seem to a business man or a scholar, it has never entered into their heads that the world will cease to move whenever they cease to push it.

"No hour without a dollar,
No day without a line;"

with proverbial foolishness like this they have never been infected.

The happy creatures! How completely their example suits the mood of the hour and the place! I mean to profit by it. I "behold" them with joy. If all Scripture could be obeyed thus comfortably, methinks more of us would be saints.

The compensations of an indolent life are just now a good deal in my thoughts for another reason. One of my most constant companions, as I sit in my bay-window, is the autobiography of a man who squandered his youth and all his early manhood; who studied nothing, and almost believed in studying nothing, except as the whim of the moment dictated; who had no education, and was incapable of learning anything, even the things that interested him most, except in the most desultory and inefficient manner; the merest creature of impulse, low in his taste, so that he married (if he ever *did* marry) and lived contentedly with a woman who was so nearly an imbecile that she could never be taught to read, or to remember the order of the months; a man who fooled away his life, if any one ever did, and then, in almost his old age,

¹ I am not infrequently asked whether our Northern birds ("double-lived in regions new") breed again during their winter in the South!

wrote of a sudden two or three books that became with equal suddenness the rage of the day. He might fairly have said with Keats's thrush:—

"O fret not after knowledge — I have none,
And yet the Evening listens."

One of his books, we are assured, was rented by the *hour* at circulating libraries, was wept over by great ladies (the author himself was always a fountain of tears), and, sentimental love-story though it was, robbed the great Kant, for the only time in his life, of his daily constitutional. Which latter circumstance, by the bye, is an argument for the homogeneity of the race: famous philosophers, it is plain, cannot be so utterly different from the rest of us. More wonderful still, and incomparably more important, these same books, almost unreadable as they have now become, so fickle a thing is literary reputation, — or literary fashion, — have probably exercised, for good or ill, a greater influence upon the life of Europe and America than all other books written in their century. And I say to myself, as I follow the man's strange history: "Well, now, there is something else worth considering besides industry and a sound method." Whatever genius is or is not, it must be as far as possible from a mere capacity for hard work, as some hard-working body was once silly enough to say, and other hardworking bodies have been silly enough to repeat after him. And given the genius (or, Heaven be thanked, given the lack of genius), perhaps it would be well for most of us to take ourselves, and what we call our work, somewhat more quietly. Even of knowledge itself we may say that a little with contentment is not the worst of portions.

The example of Rousseau — who, as might have been expected, became quite insane at the last — is bad enough, and melancholy enough; I make no question about that; but it is interesting (tragedies as a class have so much to be said for them), and is not without its lessons. It suggests encouragement for all who like to believe that the lame and the hindered,

not to say the weak and the foolish, may after all have what the world calls a "show," though it be only a small one. In some ways it chimes in with the teaching of the birds, and so far it sounds good, here in the midst of a Florida winter. For all the poor man's weaknesses, I shall go on with his book.

More industriously still I shall continue, according to the word of our great American poet, to "loaf and invite my soul." At proper seasons, neither short nor infrequent, this, I believe, is a paying business. There is no other way, or none that I know of, to keep on the right side of Nature. And who would not do that? Such a friend as she is! There is none like her. She is made of good stuff. She has a thousand moods, but she never changes. If you seek her, she is there. She is ever speaking, yet always silent. And her voice is inspiration and rest, tonic and balm. It will answer to all a man's moods, — provided he is neither busy nor base. On such Nature knows better than to waste herself. If a man is running to a fire, or chasing a dollar, earth and sky will let him pass; the sunset has no word for him; to the pine tree and the blossoming rose-bush he is as if he were not.

For myself, I shall be in no danger of such orphanage, I trust, so long, at least, as I have nothing more strenuous to do than to stroll up and down the river road, or to sit holding a book, half the time shut, here in this Ormond bay-window.

My outlook, as I have said, is narrow; and it is narrower than it need be, though it may seem ill-mannered to say so, because of the elegant looped lace curtains which the careful housewife (not in the least like Jean Jacques' Theresa, as this one circumstance would abundantly certify, — there were no fine draperies, we may be sure, in the fourth-story window at which that strange couple were accustomed to eat their frugal supper of bread and cheese and cherries, the window-sill doing duty as a table) insists upon keeping in place. The house looks better for them; they "finish" a room, — such, I

think, is the word;—and of course a transient lodger must submit to the demands of the higher civilization, which, as defined by a recent writer in the *Atlantic*, is nothing more nor less than “the process of making the world ladylike.” It may be admitted, too, that the effect of the curtains is not unqualifiedly a damage. Like Wordsworth’s cliffs (if they *were* cliffs, for Wordsworth is not with me), they serve to impress upon a secluded scene thoughts of more deep seclusion. A landscape is a picture; and a picture — so I make the best of things — takes beauty from a frame.

Of my three windows, the middle one, facing northward, looks straight into the orange grove, the view being limited by a big, sombre, weather-stained, unoccupied log-house (some rich “winter man’s” freak) and a line of uncommonly tall trees, including one most extraordinary live-oak, wide-spreading and moss-hung, a marvel that all passers along the road turn again and again to admire. Under the northeast window is another part of the orange grove, backed by a dense forest of oaks and pines, beyond which is the ocean, whose incessant beat upon the sand, a glorious organ-point, is always to be heard, night or day, unless the wind is contrary. Best of all, out of the northwest window I can see, through vistas of massive oak trunks (a group of five, springing from one root) and waving palmetto fronds,—like the sea itself forever in motion,—the smooth Halifax River, half a mile in width, and the long line of woods beyond.

Does the reader get the picture? I fear not, unless he knows already what a Florida orange grove and a Florida river (as well as Florida woods) are like. Words can never express beauty.

The grove itself, at this midwinter season, is hardly to be accounted pretty, whatever may be true of it in summer time. The sandy ground is matted with coarse, dry weeds of one sort and another, chiefest and most troublesome of which are the sand-spurs. You can never come

away without them, for they lie in wait everywhere, and stick closer than a poor relation. These, with loose piles of dead wood scattered about,—ready for the torch should a falling thermometer threaten mischief,—give to the place a neglected, untidy appearance, suiting badly with the almost too regular style of the citrus trees (orange, grapefruit, tangerine, lemon, lime, and kumquat), whose branches just now droop gracefully under their precious burden till they all but sweep the ground.

After a little, however, here as elsewhere, a wise man’s eyes accustom themselves to see what is best worth attention,—in this case the trees themselves (not forgetting two leafless Japanese persimmons, every branch hung with brilliant scarlet fruit, a wonder to many,—there are no other trees in the neighborhood that elicit half so many inquiries), passing over the infelicity of their surroundings. “A wise man’s eyes,” I say; I mean, of course, a pair such as those whose report of things the present scribe is endeavoring so vainly to put upon the page. Enumeration, alas, is a poor substitute for description. But what shall a man do? Can any one picture in words a blossoming New England apple tree? And fruit-laden, glossy-leaved orange trees, as they are little less beautiful, are hardly less difficult a subject. But describe them or not, at least I can see them; and the sight is good to live with. Their beauty is most effective, I have discovered, in the early morning, shortly before sunrise. At that time the ground lies somewhat in shadow, while the golden fruit amid the dark foliage shines with a heightened splendor that makes of the grove a kind of fairy place, amazingly different from what it becomes an hour or two later. The owner tells me that he found there a few days ago a single spray of unseasonable bloom; but the orchard will not really blossom for perhaps two months. Then, with leaf, fruit, and flower all in perfection together, it will be — what shall I say? — fairyland itself. Then beds of lovely parti-colored phlox, and

other beds of purple verberna (self-sown both), will brighten the ground now so littered and defaced. Then, in short, it will be spring. At present, for all the beauty of the trees, the river, and the sky, and for all the garden roses and nasturtiums, and the violets (not many) in the grass, it is only "old December's bareness" that I am looking at. Even as I write, nevertheless, I lift my eyes from the page and behold beyond the grove that majestic, far-spreading, leafy oak top; and, December or June, my eyes are satisfied. What a grand creation! And what an impotent thing is language! Let me say it again: It is not in words to express beauty.

For a stroller, a lover of his own society, devoted to what Thoreau, in his lofty way of speaking, called the "great art" of sauntering, this barren midwinter time has at least one weighty consideration in its favor: it leaves a man pretty much to himself. Whether in the road or on the beach, his privacy is little intruded upon. He may read a book, or shout or sing (as the poorest of us, it is to be hoped, must sometimes feel like doing), or he may stand stock still for minutes together, gazing at the sea or the sky, a tree or a bird, or merely letting his fancy roam, and there will be nobody to mind his unconventional behavior. It is good for a man, once in a while, as Thoreau said again, to "cherish his moodiness;" and this is his opportunity. By and by — within a few days — the great hotel will be open. Then farewell, Il Penseroso,

With eev'n step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies;
and hail, L'Allegro, while

Young and old eom forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday.

Where now is only the rustle of palmetto leaves or the "surgy murmur of the lonesome sea," there will be

The busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the prise —

the "prise," for better or worse, not of wit

or arms, but of golf tournaments and automobile races.

Without doubt, the stroller (in whose lap, as the attentive reader will have guessed, along with Rousseau's *Confessions*, is a book out of which he has been reading Milton's verse as Milton wrote it, John Milton in the original, so to speak) — the stroller, no doubt, will even then know how to find here and there an unfrequented nook; but Ormond will not be then what it is now. All the more reason, say I, for redeeming the time by a course of diligent idleness.

I have spoken of the beach. In these happily depopulous days it is one of the best of my resorts. It was there I sat on Christmas forenoon, thankful for the shade of a palmetto-thatched summer-house, while a group of bathers, a quarter of a mile away, made merry in the surf; and there I have sat or walked many a cooler day since. Forenoon or afternoon, indeed, *every* day finds me on the sands for at least an hour or two. It is a place without bounds, except on the landward side. North and south the beach runs to the horizon, and eastward is the open sea. Once only, during the three weeks, I have seen a sail in the offing. Otherwise, so far as visibilities count, the processional porpoises and the few sea and shore birds have had the ocean mostly to themselves: flocks of sanderlings, gulls of three or four sorts, and an occasional tern or two, with pelicans, gannets, cormorants, and, rarely, a larger or smaller flock of ducks. The sanderlings, as a matter of course, are always intensely active. I should like to see them once when they were not. Their very existence seems always to be dependent upon the next mouthful, which they must seize before the wave that is even now rushing up the beach can drag it away. Hither and thither they run, their legs fairly twinkling over the wet sand, they run so fast, till all at once something startles them, or a new notion enters into their heads, and away they go in close order on the wing. Save the crowd of laborers who are working night and day

preparing the great hotel for its season's occupancy, the sanderlings, I should say, are perhaps the busiest people in Ormond.

The seabirds, on the other hand, so far as a looker-on can judge, are for the most part taking life easy. With them, as just now it is with me, winter seems to be a loafing time. Even so, they must live, of course. Once in a while a pelican or a gannet tries his hand at fishing (I love to see the plunge), and not infrequently the terns follow suit. The terns, indeed, with their bright red bills pointing downward (their looks commercing with the waves), have generally a much more industrious air than the gulls. As for these last, how *they* live is a matter best known to themselves. Two small species, the laughing gull and the dainty little Bonaparte, both moderately numerous, spend the day, to all appearance, in rather aimless flights up and down the shore, or resting in dense companies, by the hour together, upon the surface of the water.

One afternoon a score or two of Bonapartes dropped into the surf, or rather into a shallow inside the surf, where there was barely water enough for them to swim in. They were but a few rods from where I happened to be standing, and before long I was attracted by what seemed their very peculiar proceedings. I do not know quite how to describe them. The birds, without being greatly excited, were continually in a flutter, as if certain of their number could not find their rightful places; keeping all the while in a close bunch, they would rise, two at once, a little distance into the air, chase each other about for a few seconds, and anon, with more or less jostling, settle back again among their fellows. After a while I perceived that the birds were of two sizes, and that whenever these disturbances occurred, it was always a larger bird that was pursuing a smaller one. In short, there were four or five laughing gulls (larger and wearing darker mantles) among the others, and either in earnest or in play—I could not be certain which—were teasing them. Finally, while my attention was distracted, the

laughers all made off, and the little surf-gulls (so, for my own pleasure, I am accustomed to call the Bonapartes) settled down to enjoy themselves in the spot they had chosen. They made the prettiest kind of a picture.

Of the seabirds named above,—among which, as I now perceive, I have failed to include a single great blue heron, who comes over from the river now and then to fish in the surf, though I have yet to see him catch anything,—the ones that interest me most are the gannets. I saw them here on my first visit, a dozen years ago. Then, as now, they were always far out, and though I called them gannets, and wrote of them under that name in this magazine, my identification was based avowedly on something less than absolute proof. They looked and acted like gannets, and for aught I could see, it was impossible for them to be anything else. Three years ago I was here again, and found them still present, a daily spectacle. I use the word advisedly; their performances deserve it.

Some time afterward, however, I happened upon a statement by Mr. Cory (who, if any one, may be accounted the Florida ornithologist *par excellence*) to the effect that gannets are “occasionally” to be seen off the coast. That word “occasionally” took me aback. My birds were by no means to be thus spoken of; and Mr. Cory certainly should know. Had my determination been erroneous? and if so, what on earth could my birds have been?

Well, last winter I paid Ormond a third visit; and the first birds that I desired to see were my supposititious gannets. Sure enough, they were here. Day after day they were to be seen, far, far out, shooting this way and that at headlong speed, and every little while plunging like mad into the ocean. Now, I said, I must have patience. If I watch long enough, I shall some day catch one of them nearer shore, be it only by accident, where, if he is really a gannet, I shall be able to detect the pale yellow color of his head and neck.

Weeks passed, and I was almost in despair, when one morning I went over to the beach early, and there, sitting in the water just beyond the breakers, was the very bird I had been waiting for, in adult black-and-white plumage,—and his head and neck were yellow! And, as if to settle the matter once for all, he presently rose and began displaying his prowess as a fisherman. And the next day two other good men and myself saw the same bird, or one like him, at almost equally short range, and to all of us the tell-tale color was plainly visible. Score one, said I, for the field-glass as an ornithological weapon.

This year the gannets are here again, though I missed them for the first few days. Since that time they have performed daily for my delight; and I never weary of watching them. The pelican's dive is a grand one; but the gannet, with his long outstretched neck, flies commonly at a greater height, is much speedier on the wing, and dives with greater verve. In truth, no words can express the spirit with which he sets his sharp black-and-white wings and drops like a thunderbolt into the sea. Given a flock of fifteen or twenty birds, with the fishing good, and it is a show hard to beat.

Almost equal enjoyment, of a dissimilar sort, my New England eyes have found over in a clearing, or partial clearing (a Southern clearing), beside the Tomoka road, on the opposite side of the Halifax. There, among girdled live-oaks and living palmettos, a flock of some hundreds of bluebirds appear to be spending the winter; and with them, or in the same neighborhood, are perhaps equal numbers of chipping sparrows and a smaller collection of robins. "My New England eyes," I said; and now the reader may see the pertinency of the words. Hundreds of bluebirds, with chippers and robins! No wonder a Yankee feels himself at home in such company. No wonder he finds himself, every few days, taking the long walk that leads to such communion.

There are plenty of chipping sparrows, with fewer white-throats and song spar-

rows, at points nearer home; but with a single exception I have found robins and bluebirds nowhere else. The exception is significant, and deserves mention. At a certain place in the low pine woods by the railroad track is a pair of bluebirds; and the same was true last season and two seasons before. Those, I have little doubt, are Florida bluebirds; they will nest in that spot; while the great flock in the clearing are Northern born. Not one of them, probably, but remembers a bird-box or a hole in some apple tree or fence-post, in a far-off country, very, very different from this. Can any of them, I wonder, be the same that I saw in those bright September days, so little a while ago, up among the pleasant farms and hedgerows of my old Franconia Valley?

A flock of red-winged blackbirds that live in some small cat-tail beds along the bank of the river, and are much on the bridge foraging for predigested breakfast food in the track of the horses (a sorry day it will be for many kinds of birds if electricity and gasoline ever drive horses quite out of business), are, I think, Floridians; my opinion being based upon two considerations: first, that they have (or had a year ago, I have yet to hear it this season, though I am daily expecting it) a *conkaree*, with what I call the Florida termination, an extra syllable, or coda, never heard, to the best of my knowledge, in New England; and secondly, that the flock is a mixed one,—the two sexes wintering in company.

Concerning the birds observed from my window, I can give no great account. The part of the orange grove that falls within my ken is less frequented than the part that lies south of the house; for the reason, as I suppose, that for some distance the southern half of the grove is shut in from the road, not by a wire fence, but by a kind of abattis of dead brush, the best of all coverts from a small bird's point of view. At any minute in the day a hawk may happen along, in which contingency a tangle of this kind is a sure de-

fense, stronger than a Port Arthur, into which the hunted can fly and be safe.

Even on my side of the house, however, the grove is not quite deserted. Black vultures and turkey buzzards cast frequent shadows upon it; a pair of cardinals come now and then to brighten it (the red male makes a brave show in an orange tree); a phoebe has been known to flirt his tail from the fence-post nearest the window; and not so very seldom the leafy branches of my five-stemmed live-oak are alive all at once with warblers, kinglets, gnatcatchers, and tufted tits, a small division of the great army of such birds that are in movable winter quarters hereabout. The immense majority of the host are myrtle birds, but in any considerable detachment there are likely to be one or two yellow-throats. And whenever this happens, I know one man from whom the myrtle birds receive but scant attention. Fine feathers and novelty taken together are bound to carry the day. Blue jays and mocking birds are things of course, but up to this time (January 13) the mockers have not sung so much as a note. The whistle of the Carolina wren has already been chronicled, and the dainty little ground doves (not yet cooing) count among my most constant visitors. Red-bellied woodpeckers (checkerbacks) are not uncommon. Better still, my oak tree one day held four flickers at once, a larger number, I think, than I have seen in all my wanderings hereabout put together. And my mention of them reminds me to speak of an old book which one of the winter cottagers here, a reading man, — for many years a justice of the Supreme Court at Washington, — has been kind enough to put into my possession, and in which there is a note bearing, as it seems, upon one of the flicker's many vernacular names.

The book, first published in 1544, is entitled *Turner on Birds: A Short and Succinct History of the Principal Birds Noticed by Pliny and Aristotle*. In at least three places Dr. Turner uses the word Huhol (Hewhole) as the name of a British woodpecker. My neighbor, in giving me

the volume, called attention to this fact, adding, what looks to me most reasonable, that our American name "high-hole" may be nothing but a corruption of this more appropriate English name; especially as the bird to which the name high-hole is applied is well known to build its nest as a rule within ten feet of the ground.

In the same old book I find it stated, on the authority of Pliny (and Dr. Turner gives no sign of demurring), that "pelicans, when they find their young killed by a serpent, mourn, and beat themselves upon their sides, and with the blood discharged they bring back to life the bodies of the dead." This I call a good story. It is hard to get ahead of the ancients, even in a thing so modern as "nature writing."

All in all, then, to return from what I hope will be esteemed an interesting digression, window birds are not conspicuous. A few terns and gulls, with a chance cormorant occasionally, a sparrow hawk, once, and a great blue heron that stands for a considerable part of every day (on one leg, like a twentieth-century Simeon Stylites) at the top of a post in the river, — these complete the list; unless we add a brood of domestic fowls, one sex of which, no longer "the bird of dawning," crows at all hours of the night, while a representative of the other sex, a few nights ago, with no moon to encourage her, gave the unmistakable cackle of satisfaction over a new-laid egg, directly under my window, at eight o'clock in the evening. Better late than never, I thought. But possibly I misjudged her; for how was I to know whether it was that day's egg or the morrow's? Possibly, like the housekeeper who hung out her week's washing on Friday, she was not behind time, but ahead.

Truth to tell, the country as a whole is far less birdy now than it will be a month hence, if my previous experience here counts for anything. December and January are winter months. So the silent mocking birds tell me, and to the same effect speaks my Boston newspaper, two days old, with its reports of snow and ice, slippings upon the sidewalk, and deaths

from exposure. Yes, yes, I say, it is winter; but it is difficult to keep the fact in mind where one sees roses in bloom and butterflies and dragon-flies on the wing. Not that cool weather is unknown, even in this latitude. One night lately, water froze, and on more than one night orange-growers have suffered a scare. Some of them, less than a week ago, sat up till near daylight watching the mercury, which, after grazing the danger mark, took at the last

minute an upward turn. A little more, and I should have seen the grove illuminated. But even at the worst no real harm has been done, and within a day or two shirt-sleeves and surf-bathing have been again in order.

Under such conditions, and if one does not make too hard work of it, beholding the fowls of the air is surely a pleasant business. If that were all, as I said before, gospel obedience would be an easy yoke.

IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

BY CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.

THE public forms its impressions of the administration of the criminal law in the county of New York — very naturally — from the accounts it reads of important and intricate cases, and therefore — very naturally, again — believes that defendants languish long in prison, awaiting trial; that the majority of them go free, or that, if convicted, the punishment of most of them is either defeated or delayed by technicalities and appeals.

As a matter of fact, these impressions are entirely erroneous, so far as the general enforcement of the criminal law in New York County is concerned. During the year 1903, the average length of time between a defendant's arrest for felony and his trial — in cases where he was imprisoned awaiting trial — was less than two weeks. There were 2400 convictions by plea or verdict, to 615 acquittals; while out of 11,011 convictions during the five years 1898 to 1902 inclusive, the number of appeals brought to hearing was only ninety-five, and out of that number the ratio of affirmances of conviction to reversals has been nearly four to one.

The purpose of this article is to sketch very briefly some of the conditions attending the trial of average, commonplace felonies which are proceeding day

after day, during every month of the year, in the county — the old city — of New York.

The administration of the criminal law in New York, even in important cases, is far from a spectacular affair. In the Court of General Sessions, or the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, where all indictments for felonies are tried, the courtrooms are large and comfortable, flooded by the garish light of day, and, back of the rail reserving a space for the panel of jurors, filled by a motley crowd of witnesses and spectators, — Italians, negroes, long-bearded Polish and Roumanian Jews, poorly clad working women, and handsomely dressed women without visible occupation. At a table within an inner railing close by the jury-box will be sitting a collarless young man, or a much behatted young woman, listening attentively to the proceedings, while in the box will be twelve citizens, among whom it is safe to say that the German and Hebrew elements will predominate. If the trial is an ordinary one, for grand larceny, burglary, assault, etc., it will proceed very swiftly. The complainant takes the stand and tells his story, usually corroborated to a greater or less extent by

a witness or two and a police officer. "The people rest," announces the prosecuting attorney. "Go round there, young man," directs the counsel assigned to the defense; the defendant rises and passes around to the witness-chair, to the ordeal which will make or mar his chance for freedom, and the most important and interesting phase of the case begins, — the examination and cross-examination of the defendant, — an ordeal, but also a privilege, bestowed by the law within the past fifty years. After a brief charge by the Court, the jury file out; "John Jones to the bar," calls the Clerk; another young man followed by an officer enters from the pens in the rear of the courtroom, and another jury is being impaneled before the first one is fairly out of the room. As the second trial commences, it will perhaps be interrupted, and a third young man will take his place at the bar, to whom the Clerk will address the somewhat pointed question: "John Smith, do you now desire to withdraw the plea of not guilty heretofore entered by you, and to now plead guilty of grand larceny, second degree?" Mr. Smith signifies by a sulky nod that such is his desire, whereupon further inquiries concerning his age, parentage, habits, etc., are put to him, concluding with one as to his prior convictions. The prisoner whispers to the officer standing by him, who calls to the Clerk, "In 1892, three years, burglary; in 1898, four years, grand larceny;" and the prisoner is remanded for sentence and led away, and the trial resumed. During the day from two to four cases will be disposed of by trial, and anywhere from one to seven or eight by plea of guilty. This is the ordinary, routine spectacle that goes on, day in and day out, in the four parts of the Court of General Sessions.

If the setting and actors in the endless drama are prosaic and commonplace, the drama itself is not, and its variety is endless. The victim of the saloon robbery follows as complainant a degraded little girl, punishment for whose moral perversion is being sought by the Society

for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and he will be followed by the merchant whose packing cases have been pilfered, or by the woman whose purse has been snatched.

To take the actual record of an ordinary day: Maria Dzialozindky takes the stand and swears that after a brief acquaintance she married (as she supposed) the defendant before a rabbi of his choosing; a man in charge of an officer is identified by her as the rabbi; he is brought over from the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island where he is serving a sentence for larceny, being a thief and not a rabbi; Maria goes on to relate how the defendant then procured from her \$149, and disappeared, leaving her alone in the Suffolk Street tenement which was to have been their connubial bower of bliss; it further appears that the defendant had a wife living at the time that he went through the ceremony of a mock marriage with Maria. Defendant takes the stand, modestly admits that he is possessed of such unusual attractions that Maria persecuted him into this marriage; that she forced the \$149 upon him, and that he unfortunately slumbered in a saloon and it was stolen from his person. The jury fail to give credence to his tale, and promptly convict him. The next defendant is smooth and well dressed, a hanger-on in the region known as "the Tenderloin." Testimony is given that he and another did take and carry away and sell certain typewriting machines from an office in Thirty-Fourth Street. Defendant with an engaging smile tells how his companion had just been discharged from the office in question, and had enlisted his (defendant's) aid to remove the machines, which he informed defendant were his own, and how shocked he was later to learn that this wicked companion had no right or title to them. His smile is so engaging, and his looks so respectable, that the jury acquit him, and are somewhat chagrined when the judge, in discharging him, states that in the Court's opinion he is a smooth and plausible thief and guilty

beyond a doubt, — which is the fact, as previous to the trial he had offered to plead guilty to a lower degree of the crime charged. Next comes a stalwart Irishman who describes with much feeling how the defendant (unfortunately a much smaller man), without any provocation whatever, viciously assaulted him in the hallway of the West Side tenement house where they both lived, and cut him in various vital parts with a pocket knife. Defendant (bandaged to no less a degree than complainant) describes how he had “an argument” (a term embracing any affray ending in anything short of murder in the first degree) with complainant and his brother over a game of cards, whereupon they followed him to the hallway, threw him down and kicked him, and he struck at them with a large key. His tale sounding reasonable and being corroborated by several neighbors, defendant is acquitted. Lastly, an unsuspecting passenger and an alert trolley-car conductor tell how defendant, a shifty-looking young gentleman, while sitting next to the unsuspecting passenger, kept with one hand a newspaper shoved under the latter’s chin, while with the other he abstracted a fine diamond scarf pin adorning his cravat. When their tale is completed, the defendant and his counsel put their respective heads together, and counsel then announces that his client, the sole support of a widowed mother, did, in a moment of temptation induced by filial anxiety, endeavor to acquire this pin, and he therefore desires to throw himself upon the mercy of the Court and plead guilty, which he does. It appears, however (of course to counsel’s astonishment), that his portrait has for several years ornamented the Rogues’ Gallery, and that his record as a son is not all that it might be, whereupon he is sentenced upon the spot, and court adjourns. This is the summary of the actual record of a court day presenting no unusual features.

Like all dramas, that presented at the Criminal Courts Building has also a side transacted behind the scenes which the

jury, as audience, never sees. Many a jury will be wrestling (more profanely than prayerfully) over the case of some young man who, down in the pen before the trial, has expressed the shrewd opinion that “the judge ain’t going to give me more than Elmira, anyway, so I might as well chance it with them guys.” The philosophy of this intention is due to the fact that a man sent to the Elmira Reformatory is sent under an indeterminate sentence, to be determined by the authorities of the Reformatory, and therefore has nothing to gain by pleading guilty, and a chance to fool the “guys” by a plausible defense. And frequently the same wrestlings in spirit will be gone through in cases where the defendant has offered a plea of guilty of a lower degree of crime and the offer has been rejected. Of course such offers are confidential, and occasionally a defendant will walk out a free man, giving a triumphant grin, in which his attorney joins, at the prosecuting officer who refused the plea, while the jury are congratulating themselves on having vindicated an innocent man. And submerged beneath the facts admitted in evidence is very often another state of facts inadmissible under legal limitations, which would frequently put a very different complexion upon the case.

Take, for example, a certain case tried in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court in the January term of 1902. The jury saw the defendant, a stalwart, open-faced laboring man of nearly sixty years, on trial for murder in the first degree; they heard a bar-tender and a smooth-shaven, bullet-headed witness describe how the defendant in the saloon became involved in a dispute with the deceased, caused by the defendant’s bad taste in reminding him that he had done time for killing his own father; and they heard him of the bullet head admit on cross-examination that a scar adorning his neck had been inflicted by the deceased some two years before; they heard the two witnesses describe how the deceased left, breathing threatenings and slaughter, and

how a few minutes later the defendant, in the room back of the saloon, was approaching the rear door, cutting a plug of tobacco with his knife, which he had providentially drawn for that purpose, when the deceased leaped upon him from the door and tried to stab him, whereupon a fight ensued, in which the defendant was cut, and after which the deceased left, followed a few minutes later by the defendant and the bullet-headed, who saw naught further of him. To mar the symmetry of this tale of self-defense (proved by the prosecution's own case), but two jarring facts appeared, — first, the saloon proper (not the rear room) was found soaked in blood, and, second, the deceased was found shortly after defendant's departure at three A. M. lying on the sidewalk in plain sight of the rear door, with his throat cut from ear to ear. No evidence was put in for the defense, the defendant modestly refrained from taking the stand, and of course an acquittal was inevitable.

From behind the scenes, however, the facts assumed a different aspect. The frank-faced defendant was one "Red," who had served time for robbery and other offenses; the bullet head surmounted shoulders upon which rested a heavy load of crime and violence, their owner having served the State several times and been implicated in numerous crimes, including murder; the bar-tender would have considered it quite as safe, and far more comfortable, to put a bullet through his head than to testify against this choice pair; while it was true that the deceased had killed his own father, the act was performed, while parent and son were in a drunken fight, by striking the old man on the head with a water pitcher, and had occasioned great mortification to the son when he became sober; and it was true that defendant and the bullet-headed were both bitter enemies of the deceased. On this statement of facts, there is little doubt that the deceased was murdered in the saloon where the blood was found, and his body thrown

out on to the sidewalk, and the story arranged, the defendant shouldering the quarrel because he had received a cut in the course of the fight. As the defendant did not take the stand, his record and character could not be shown; as the State was compelled to call the bar-tender and the other witness (they being the sole witnesses to the occurrence), it could not impeach their veracity nor attack their character. To the prosecuting officer, therefore, was presented the choice of recommending the "turning out" of a desperate criminal without a trial, or of putting in what facts the law permitted to be shown, and leaving the jury to acquit, while marveling that such a weak case should be presented to them.

One "Hoboken Jack," when he was questioned confidentially in the district attorney's office as to the circumstances attending his last conviction, picturesquely remarked, "Well, me an' another gun was takin' a flyer on de rattlers down to de dead-line, ringin' shiners, an' de bull made a collar, an' it framed up for a ten-spot, so I put in a squeal;" which being translated is to say that "I and another thief took a trip on the trolley down to the dead-line, twisting watches off by the ring, and the policeman caught me, whereupon, the situation suggesting that I might get ten years, I deemed it advisable to plead guilty;" — which shows that the children of darkness are wise in their generation, — it being the only one about which they especially concern themselves.

With all their wisdom in evading the worst consequences of their acts, they get for the most part but small wages for their criminal labors. I recall three homicide cases tried during the year 1902, where disputes concerning money led directly to the killing, and the aggregate amount involved was eighty-five cents; and a few dollars received from a pawn-broker is the usual dividend on a state prison sentence. The "good-thing" and "get-rich-quick" men seem to form an exception to this rule, and the rich hauls made

by them indicate that there has been no falling off in the birth-rate of "suckers" since the day when a noted confidence man declared that one was born every minute. One gang of these men, five members of which were convicted during the year 1903, took in upwards of \$25,000 in little over a month, by a typical device. The victim was introduced to a voluble president of a mining company in his comfortable office, who confirmed the story of the introducer to the effect that the company, in consequence of recent discoveries of ore, was buying in all of its stock obtainable at from fourteen to twenty dollars a share, and that it was unable to locate one of its former engineers who had left on account of illness before the discovery, owning a large number of shares. After long negotiation, the president would agree to buy at twenty dollars a share as much of the stock as the victim would offer within three days. The introducer, who had succeeded in locating the sick engineer, then led the victim to his bedside in some hotel, and the engineer, between his moans of pain, finally agreed to sell his stock at, say, nine dollars. The victim thereupon exchanged a substantial sum of good and lawful money of the United States for an elegant example of the engraver's art, and diligently sought the president, who could not be found for three days, and who had during that period changed his mind as to the wisdom of the purchase. During the same period the health of the sick engineer always improved sufficiently to allow of his departure from his hotel, and he never thought it necessary to leave his address.

Another class of criminals whose gains reach substantial amounts, while their terms of punishment do not, consists of the well-connected embezzlers and men in good position who steal from their employers in various ways. These men are usually first offenders, of good appearance and address. Their guilt is almost always so mathematically demonstrable that they plead guilty, and then the reputable counsel whom they employ—coun-

sel who consider the usual criminal practitioner far beneath them—deem it their duty to harass the judge with every form of "influence" in order to procure a suspension of sentence. Upon the day of sentence, their argument for clemency invariably amounts, when boiled down, to the statement that the defendant's position in life was such that he was not impelled by poverty, want, or suffering, to commit this crime, and that by reason of good family influences and associations, he knew better than to commit it, and that therefore he should, on account of that position and those associations, be more leniently dealt with than the common offender. And, as a rule, he is. Crime brings with it other punishments than imprisonment, but as far as the danger of imprisonment in state prison is concerned, the well-connected embezzler's risk, from a business point of view, is not much greater than that incurred by the ordinary business man in embarking on any ordinary commercial venture.

The question is often asked by laymen, how far an attorney may properly go in the defense of one known by him to be guilty. The answer would seem simple enough. In the first place, it is the right of a defendant to have his guilt proved, and fully proved by competent evidence, and nothing else, and it is his counsel's duty to force the prosecution to prove its case, and no less his duty to prevent, if he can, the introduction of any improper proof; and this whether his client has privately admitted his guilt or not. When the prosecution rests, if the defendant has throughout protested his innocence, it is his right to take the stand and tell his story, however little belief in it may be placed by his counsel. But if a defendant has admitted his guilt to his counsel, the latter can no more be defended for allowing him to take the stand and perjure himself than he could be for aiding him in the concoction of a defense, or for calling other perjured testimony to his aid.

The duty of the prosecuting officer is even simpler. It is to present the truth

and the truth only, to the jury, whether the truth tends to convict the guilty or to acquit the innocent. If he be in possession of any evidence believed by him to be reliable, which is favorable to the defendant, but not in the defendant's power to produce, certainly he can no more properly suppress it than he can put in evidence believed by him to be false. His duty as a public officer requires from him no less the protection of the innocent than the punishment of the guilty.

It is a somewhat curious fact that the jury has for the most part but little to do with what is commonly meant by the criminal classes, that is, with those who have made a practice of crime. The large majority of the defendants who stand trial — in fact, probably eighty per cent — are first offenders, or at least defendants who have not been previously convicted. More defendants in New York County plead guilty than stand trial, — in 1903, 1916 defendants pleaded guilty to 1099 who stood trial, — and among the former number are by far the great majority of those previously convicted. When a man never before "in trouble" can come before a jury with a fairly good address and a tale plausible but not too plausible, the State must present a strong case indeed to secure a conviction. But should the defendant, emboldened by an acquittal, persist in crime, sooner or later the chances are that his tale of woe will have a false ring, and one day he will hear the fatal word "guilty" pronounced by the foreman. Alas for him then if he is caught again. The situation changes to one desperate indeed, for upon his next trial he has presented to him the choice of taking the stand, thereby allowing the prosecution to prove his criminal record; or of refraining from testifying in his own behalf and denying his guilt. In either case, his chances are small, and that the great majority of second offenders plead guilty proves that they appreciate that fact.

One frequently hears commended the policy of the criminal law, as adminis-

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tered in this country, which allows a defendant to take the stand in his own behalf, while the injustice of the common law in prohibiting a defendant from so doing is generally condemned. Curiously enough the only ground given for this opinion is that the present law tends to the protection of the innocent; while the no less obvious benefit it produces, namely, the withdrawal from the guilty man of a screen of silence behind which he can remain sheltered, seems to be quite unappreciated. The common law exclusion of a party as a witness in his own behalf was abolished in the state of New York, so far as it applied to civil cases, in 1849, and in criminal cases in 1869. The change was not generally approved by the Bench and Bar of the state, as is shown by the opinion of the Court of Appeals in the case of *Ruloff v. The People* (45 N. Y. 221), one of the first cases that came before it under the new practice. The Court there intimate that the change will benefit the quick-witted and hardened criminal, who without embarrassment or hesitation will tell a plausible lie in his own defense; while the man falsely accused will through doubt, stupidity, or timidity, betray what might readily be taken for guilty confusion; and if, fearful of his ability to make a good witness, he should refrain from taking the stand, the jury, in spite of the prohibition of the law, will surely draw an inference of guilt from the failure of the defendant to deny it. This line of criticism was also quite common in England at and after the comparatively recent change there allowing a defendant to testify in his own behalf.

In trying to determine the justice of these criticisms, it is necessary to consider how the present law works in four cases, — that is, in the case of the innocent man who takes the stand; of the guilty man who takes the stand; of the innocent man who does not do so; and of the guilty man who does not do so.

Taking the first case, it must be kept in mind that the jury is almost invariably desirous of acquitting rather than con-

victing; that it will be strongly charged that the defendant is presumed innocent, and that his guilt must be proved beyond a *reasonable doubt*, before he can be convicted; that the average city jury is an excellent judge of character and human nature. Keeping these facts in mind, if an innocent defendant (especially one of previous good character) cannot, even in spite of strongly incriminating circumstances, infuse a reasonable doubt into the mind of the jury, he almost deserves a conviction.

To illustrate by taking almost at random a short and commonplace larceny case. The complainant, A, a well-dressed bar-tender, testified that he had known the defendant, B, for some time; that on the night in question B came to A's rooms, and shortly after B's departure, A found that his watch was missing; the watch had been in the pocket of A's vest which A had left hanging on a chair, and A had stepped out of the room for ten minutes, leaving B alone there. B afterwards admitted to A that he had "hocked" the watch. Of course, this testimony, if believed, made a case against B, and it is difficult now to realize how any one could ever have believed that the chance of explaining or contradicting it could be more dangerous to B than the certainty of having A's testimony go to the jury uncontradicted. B took the stand and testified that he was getting a good salary as manager of an "intelligence office;" had never been even arrested before; that A had obtained a loan of \$15 from him and had left the watch with him on the understanding that B was to pawn it for \$15 and give A the ticket; B did pawn it in his own name and was shortly thereafter arrested. This case is a fair illustration of a puzzling class. On the one hand, no motive or reason was shown why A should cause the arrest of his friend on a false charge (unless that of getting the watch back from the pawn-broker without payment of the \$15, on the ground that it had been stolen, is an adequate one). Upon the other hand, B's

character and position in life seemed to make it unlikely that he would commit such a theft, and his act in pawning the watch under his true name gave color to his story. The jury acquitted, and who can say that there was not at least a reasonable doubt?

When the guilty man takes the stand, he enters into a mental duel with the prosecuting officer, the result of which will, of course, vary according to the abilities of the contending parties and the inherent strength of the case against the defendant. While doubtless many guilty men escape because of the privilege thus accorded them, there can be but little doubt that that number is less than would be the case if the privilege were withheld, and the defendant's attorney, fully cognizant of his client's guilt, could arise and shout, "Gentlemen of the jury, the law has gagged my innocent client! Here he must sit mute, when a moment's explanation from him would clear this matter up and reveal the motives prompting this prosecution! Will you convict a man who has a perfect defense, which he is not allowed to utter in his own behalf?" This line of defense (as available to the guilty as to the innocent) would be a thousand-fold more difficult to overcome than all the ingenuities of perjured testimony. These considerations also apply to the fourth case mentioned above, that is, that of the guilty man who does not take the stand,—for they show how the privilege of taking the stand really deprives him of what would be his chief argument, were he prevented from so doing.

In the following case, taking into consideration the general bad character of the defendants, which could not be shown on the trial, and the respectability of the complaining witness, who was *persona non grata* to all her co-tenants (since she collected the rent for the landlord), and against whom they all united to shield the defendants, there is but little doubt that two guilty young ruffians escaped through the vividness of their imagination and the glibness of their tongues. The complain-

ant, Mrs. S, who lived in a section of the city where life is strenuous, testified that on the night in question, R, one of the defendants, knocked at her door and asked for a pint of beer, which she refused to give. Some time later, at about midnight, she answered another knock, whereupon the defendants and two other young men entered, put out the light, smashed the furniture, threw Mrs. S upon the floor, and extracted a five-dollar bill from her stocking, and hearing somebody coming in answer to her screams, fled. Upon cross-examination, Mrs. S admitted that she had had a difficulty earlier in the evening with Mrs. D, wherein Mrs. D used a club, and she (Mrs. S) endeavored to defend herself with a hatchet; she denied trying to break in Mrs. D's door with this instrument. The defendants then testified that, hearing Mrs. D alarming the neighborhood from her window with horrid cries for help, they went into the hallway and met Mrs. S descending with the hatchet. Refusing her reasonable request that they should go out and throw stones through Mrs. D's windows, they were then invited by Mrs. S into her rooms, whither they went with two friends, and sat there for an hour or more, partaking of much beer and making much noise. Mrs. S apparently became violently infatuated with R, and many pleasantries, not to be here set down, ensued, in the midst of which a knock was heard, Mrs. S exclaimed, "My husband!" some one put out the lamp, and a wild rush was made for the door, during which Mrs. S was knocked down. Neighbors testified to the noise continuing in Mrs. S's rooms for some time, and the jury acquitted.

This takes us to the case of the innocent man who does not take the stand, — and there is no such man, except in cases where the defendant has a criminal record. When a defendant takes the stand, he may be asked if he has ever before been convicted, and if he denies it falsely, his convictions may be proved. These weigh heavily against him with a jury,

and consequently, where a man with a criminal record is on trial for an offense which he has not committed, it may well be that he will refuse to testify, knowing that the jury will not believe him when his bad character is brought to light. Whatever his choice, he is likely to be convicted, and the only consolation is that, while he may not have committed the crime in question, he undoubtedly has committed others for which he has gone unpunished. But where an innocent man of good character is on trial, he always takes the stand, and it is almost impossible to conceive of a case where it would be unwise for him to do so.

Doubtless all juries feel this, and it is well-nigh impossible for them to follow implicitly the instructions of the Court forbidding them to draw any inference unfavorable to the accused by reason of his failure to take the stand. Out of nearly three hundred defendants tried by me between January 1, 1902, and February 1, 1904, twenty-three failed to take the stand in cases submitted to the jury, twenty-one were convicted, one was acquitted, and as to one the jury disagreed. Had they been prevented by law from testifying in their own behalf, the ratio would have been very different.

The wisdom of the law in allowing all witnesses, interested and disinterested, of good character or of bad character, to be sworn, and testify to all facts concerning the crime that are relevant, competent, and material, is justified by the manner in which the jury disposes of the ordinary criminal case, — at least in the county of New York. In the country circuits where the parties and the counsel are likely to be known to the panel, this statement may hardly be accurate; but it certainly is true of the average New York jury. They will sit for an hour or so, listening attentively to the evidence, "sizing up" the witnesses, and particularly the defendant, bringing to bear their knowledge of the conditions prevailing among the class and in the part of the city in which the crime was committed, and will then file out to

the jury room, through the closed doors of which can be heard loud and often heated and profane wranglings,—which will suddenly cease, and the jury will come filing back, with a self-satisfied air, and deliver a verdict which, in ninety-five per cent of the cases, is just about right, when looked at from the broad point of view of doing substantial justice. Bearing in mind that the defendant's guilt must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt, it is but seldom that a fair-minded prosecuting officer can quarrel with the verdicts of acquittal rendered in the county of New York. Frequently, juries will disagree in the most exasperating manner, owing to the presence of "the eleven obstinate men;" but when a ver-

dict is rendered, it is safe to say that it is a vindication of the wisdom of the fathers in leaving the question of the guilt or innocence of a citizen to the judgment of twelve of his fellow citizens. Before that body the innocent man may gladly come, assured that his fellow citizens composing it desire to acquit rather than convict, and that their combined intelligence and knowledge of men will appreciate and sympathize with his embarrassment or slowness of wit; while the guilty man dreads the scrutiny of those twelve stolid common-sense faces, for whose composite he knows he is no match, and with reluctance does he break the silence which was formerly imposed upon him by the law.

THE WHITE LLAMA

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

WHERE that dusty snake, the old King's Highway to La Paz, wriggles across the brown Puna from the northwest; where dwarfish Indians harrow their fields by breaking a clod at a time, with the same prehistoric stone mace that served their ancestors for a war-club,—men and women side by side belaboring the lumpy chacras whereunto they shall plant the bitter little potatoes which *will* ripen (and will taste green when ripe), or the barley which *may* ripen one year out of three,—that is where it all happened. Indeed, it *had* to happen there; as you know, if you know Bolivia. Nowhere else in the world could all the things have befallen together which elected a woolly fourfooted beast temporary Judge of Collo-Collo,—and, in purity of truth, one of the best judges ever. A just judge, clearly,—and not like the historic one who ruled that every Indian in his *departamento* should wear "front-eyes" simply because he had received from the Mother Country a cargo

of spectacles on consignment. And a wise judge, beyond peradventure; since between winks he definitely settled questions competent to have floored a Philadelphia lawyer,—if we can imagine that proverb of legal wisdom surviving at all at an altitude where the least thing that happens to a stranger is instant loss of the very fundament of a lawyer, sound wind.

In the first place came Trinidad, herding before him three burros, empty; and strumming the charongo—that Yankeeest device primitive man ever fell upon who had to have a mandolin where there was nothing to make one withal. Within three hundred miles of him there was not a growing stick so thick as a lady's little toe; and the woods of the hugest forest in the world, over behind yonder twenty-thousand foot range—well, by the time a pole the bigness of a walking-stick had come afoot from the Amazonas to the Puna, its market value was just

about what a man could earn by the sweat of his face for a week. Now, the orthodox mandolin finds itself made of wood; and most of us, who know only what we remember, would go without mandolins for a long time, on that bald brow of Bolivia, where there is not a bush in an area the size of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania put together, and where houses are of porphyry because boards are too costly. But not so the squat Serranos of the Puna, — certainly not, so long as the good Lord furnishes animals that are quite as good lumber as comes from trees, and considerably less work in the sawmill. So Trinidad himself had captured the first predestined armadillo that scuttled across his path; had picked its flesh piecemeal and patiently from out its carapace, and, after drying it, had nailed this symmetrical, horny, hairy bowl to a belly and neck whittled with his own sheath-knife from a bit of pine box-cover, — a stingy slat all the way from The World, for which he had paid a round dollar in La Paz. The strings were sheep-gut, of his own twisting, and the neck was stained red, yellow, and green with herbs he himself had gathered. Altogether, it was Trinidad's own charongo; after a fullness hard to be guessed by us poor folk who can do no better than buy what the brains and hands of other men have done for us.

La Paz was already ten leagues behind him; but he had no thought to ease the road by throwing a leg over one of the vacant pack-saddles. If burros can walk, why not a man? So he trudged calmly at their heels, laying an iterant thumb to the thin-voiced strings, and singing an Aymará love-song. The Caucasian can as little sing as love, at fourteen thousand feet in Bolivia, and has of his feet no joy whatsoever; but this brown troubadour found no difficulty in prosecuting the three industries at one breath. Having sold five vicuña pelts, ten pounds of wool, and two quintals of dried potatoes in the capital, and being now nearly at the end of his seventy-mile round-

trip afoot, it was only natural that he should be in tune. Besides, Chona had smiled! A *real* smile, of white teeth and personal eyes, and not the mere facial efflorescence with which one may favor the purchaser of one's wares. And there's such a difference! One often jumps at the rasp of a horn locust, or the scurry of a lizard among dry leaves, and wonders if — if it was — ? But when Old-Man-with-a-Rattle moveth aright that bony miracle of his tail, and the dry skirr goes forth that is as magical in its effect on every living creature as in the mechanics of its utterance, — why, then no one ever wonders. You *know* it Means You! And if the more dangerous serpent that doth bite us all has as many false alarms, he is as unmistakable when we come full upon him.

Next in the procession of Destiny came José Maria, trudging from the other way; single in sex, despite his dual name, and tootling a Pan's pipe to an air assuredly unfamiliar to the Blessed Spouses of Belen. He also had breath to spare, this prehensile-lipped Joseph Mary; and though the nature of his instrument precluded his accompanying it with song, he assailed the double octave of wild reeds with a vigor that made song quite needless. He was on his way from the Desaguadero to La Paz; and having walked but thirty miles since morning, was of course still fresh for music. Nor did the thought of a certain corner in the Plaza de San Francisco tend to lessen the shrilling of his pipes or the length of his stride. This new ditty, of his proper composition, should be played to-morrow on these same cañutes, "with this my mouth," where it could not help but be heard by a nut-brown damsel who would be sitting tailor-wise on the stone flags, knitting skull-caps behind a lot of orderly little heaps (each five cents' worth) of chuño, dried bogas, bird-skins, and other commodities of the Bolivian market-place. *That* would fetch her, — this unresponsive Juno, a full head taller than any Span-

ish soldier in La Paz, and so "built" as are the best cholos in perhaps the only country where the half-breeds outclass in stature, face, and wit the paternal and the maternal races. And pride? Why, she had not even looked at Joseph Mary, above his knees, when he spent every centavo of his monthly trip, and left a yard of sidewalk bare in front of her, and went absolutely without chicha (except an unpaid cup, to which a humane beggar at the corner had invited him). Nor even when he had beset the Pan's pipes for her, only so far away from her station as to the beggar's, — which might have been thirty feet.

But, then, that was only a yaraví that she had heard before, — in fact, every one in Bolivia had known it for a thousand years. While this — this was For Her. Anybody would know that, who should hear. Who else, even in the metropolis of the Choqueyápu, was worth such ululations in the upper octave, except this unsmiling goddess who sat and sold and made no sign, — no, not when the Chief of Police bought out her stock, and spoke to her as only chiefs of police have the face to speak? There were even some who said that the President himself had paid money in hand for enough of dried potatoes from her within a year to have floated the cathedral across Lake Titicaca, and had not yet learned the color of her eyes. But these were mere *oficiales*. Wait till a Master Musician had a fair chance! *She* would know! It would not need the Public Scrivener, who writes even one's love-letters down at the corner, to tell her that no other woman in all Bolivia could possibly have inspired such an agony of adoring minors. And blowing harder than ever in the topmost pipes, José Maria turned the corner and came up with the desolate tambo.

His four llamas marched solemnly into the stone corral, all by themselves. If José Maria had been absent in Halifax, it would have been all the same, — for the native camel of South America has learned his lesson. Even a Boston pundit is less

elastic as to what is Expected of Him. And the old white llama, made pack-wise by José Maria's grandfather, scrupulously and unreservedly bit the youngest of the train, — a raw thing which thought to lie down before its pack was removed. There are only two Christian times for a camel of the Andes to recline by day, — when he is relieved of a proper burden (which is one hundred pounds); and when an improper burden is first laid upon him (which is one hundred and one pounds or upward).

Joseph Mary restored the Pan's pipes reluctantly to his left-hand pouch, and disembarrassed the llamas of their loads. That was all. There was no feeding and no watering to be done, for the best of all reasons, namely, that water and fodder were alike lacking. The llamas could graze again to-morrow by the unharried wayside, while the pipes dreamed out new pilliwinks to the new Composition. José Maria merely set his packs and saddles astride the high corral wall, out of reach of three doleful burros which were nosing wistfully among their own bare *aparejos*. And then he went around to the door of the tambo.

In this cheerless stone box of a room, a presumptive "fire" of taqui was smouldering on the dirt floor. These llama "chips" — the only fuel of the great plateau — do not blaze. By enough asperity of the strongest lungs, they can be induced to a pallid combustion somewhat like that of musty punk. Even now, the owner of the burros was on hands and knees, puffing mightily to persuade so much glow as might warm the morsel of leathery charqui laid upon what courtesy could have called the "coals." The acrid smoke bent everywhither except toward the door, its only exit.

Trinidad looked up long enough to answer in kind to José Maria's *Camisa-squetása*, and resumed his task as bel-lows. People who have better things to do are not talkative. At times, when I remember jerked llama-meat, I waver. Perhaps even speech may be as good in

the mouth. But this thought never occurred to me in a tambo. No man, probably, ever came to a tambo but he was tired, hungry, and reticent; it is only in looser hours that he compares charqui and warmed-over boots, — to the distinct disadvantage of charqui, — and that he talks.

Leave is taken for granted, in whatsoever wilderness; and José Maria fished a piece of charqui from his chuspa and began to huff and puff at the opposite side of the sullen embers. Charqui *can* be cooked, if pulverized and fried; but at a fire of taqui in a tambo it is merely warmed enough to start the grease, and then is gnawed lukewarm and laboriously. The two men set strong white teeth edgewise, each to his reluctant morsel. I know of no competent simile for dried llama meat, — and I have gone hungry on many frontiers, too. Horsemeat, mulemeat, iguana, dog, prairie-dog, grasshopper bread, rattlesnake, these are — not only nutritious, they are cordial. But charqui of llama — well, if the First Pharaoh's chef had been bowstrung for frying a rump steak over a slow fire out of all semblance of humanity; and if our Egyptologists had just exhumed the mummy of the culprit, his leathern hand still clasping the imperishable reminder of his guilt; and if we warmed it over by lighting three consecutive matches somewhere under it — why, then I should studiously turn the llama side of the plate to you as I passed it. Me, I prefer mummy.

For an hour, Trinidad and José Maria worried silently at their "meal." It was less because they were satisfied, that each tucked back in his chuspa a saving remnant, than because even Serrano jaws could no more.

Only after each had lighted his cigarillo (by blowing sturdily at the taqui till its coals were worth even that much) did the silence break. Nine tenths of the talking in this world is done because people are afraid one of the other. People who are afraid of nothing except the

only fearsome thing on earth — these talk when they really wish to say something.

The last arriving curlicues of the Pan's pipes had not been lost on Trinidad, even though he was on his knees and blowing taqui. All humans know music. This is so true that even to this day we hire people to translate for us what every man used to talk personally. Nay, we pay, for the privilege of playing a piano with a grindstone, so much money as our great-grandfathers expended to maintain a goodly family for a year.

Trinidad knew none of the patter of those who make vocabularies for vicarious song. He had never so much as heard of "timbre" or of "tonality." But he knew his ears. Clearly, the person felt warm inside. Love or chicha? The mute meal had been time enough to see that the younger man was not drunk. Therefore only affection could ail him, — and with that uncanny instinct which we call *feminine intuition* (because women are about the only civilized persons who have not lost nearly all the natural senses) Trinidad began soberly: —

"Mppss! Thou playest good, and gladly. Is there some one in the city?"

"One," said José Maria, with visible dignity; "and I made that yaravi for her. To-morrow I shall play it to her in the Plaza de San Francisco. She cannot resist That."

"In the Plaza de San Francisco, mppss?" Trinidad spoke rather more curtly. "There are many there."

"But of the many there is only one!"

José Maria's voice rose a little. He was younger than Trinidad, by five years, — ten per cent of a long Serrano life. "Why, she is tall as — as — tall as the greater chuncho at Tiahuanacu." With each period, José Maria's voice was pitched a half-tone higher. He was himself five feet and two inches in stature. Among people who live over two miles and a half above sea-level, that is tall enough to feel tall; but still to be liable to conviction of this grenadier of a goddess. "When she hears That, she will give me a smile, —

and they say she has never smiled on man."

Trinidad's voice, on the contrary, had fallen at least a half-tone as he answered calmly:—

"What woman taller than the *Chuncho Mayor* is to smile for thee? Nor what mice! Thou art a boy. Look you! When women smile *So*, it is not for an idle song, but for the breath that goeth forth from all about a Man. I have seen this tall one, and it is certain that no man has ever known her smile. Now, then, for thee?" And Trinidad's voice dropped lower yet, remembering the white teeth of her shining out for him.

Respect to age is the very corner-stone of man's cohesion. No sound social fabric ever stood long without it; and if the paper-doll house of civilization seems to deny the law, and to need no foundation,—neither has it yet withstood the weather of Time. And "Age" among simple peoples,—to a man of twenty-five, thirty is "Age." So José Maria did not "get smart" as a college graduate would have done. He was, indeed, a little shaken. Maybe she *would n't* smile. Who knows? This elder man says not. And so José Maria answered respectfully: "You are older. Me, I don't know about women, except that they are Unlike. And she is even unlike other women. But the rest like music,—music that is for them. And this is very good." He was not boastful, now, but merely professional. He wriggled the Pan's pipes from his pouch, and began to play, very gently. But as the music came to ride new eddies of the smouldering smoke of taqui, he took heart. In an unconscious crescendo, the tooralioos of the reeds swelled and grew upon the dark, close room. No doubt about it—Joseph Mary was a composer. Now that sudden apprehension had overtaken him, his yaraví was clearly finer, sweeter, more searching than when he came up with the tambo with nothing to think of but himself—the Lady, of course, extra.

Trinidad was first to know it. Also, he

was older. "It is very good," he said gravely. "If I were a woman, I would like much a song,—and to have it made for me. But nobody is a woman except women. My Father God, He knows what they will do; but perhaps even He knoweth not what they *may* do. Me, I have seen some, but I do not know them. When it is to deal with them, I think with care what they will like, and listen to what they say—then I do the opposite. And that proves to be what they wished."

"But this *hembra* is different," said José Maria, bridleing a little even in the face of seniority.

"She is taller," answered Trinidad imperturbably. "But she is from the same rib."

This was too much for José Maria. A man might be older, yes,—but no man could tell him that this chiefest of her sex was even as other women. The rehearsing of his tribute to her had gone a little to his head, too,—as music sometimes does even to ours, though we did not make it.

"Not so," retorted José Maria. "My Father God made her on Purpose! She is like no other woman. Her very eyelashes weigh more than any other's whole entire being. Have I not seen them from above? And when she hears this song of her, then she will look up and show her teeth to him that made it. Her teeth and the eyes which see without looking."

"It may be that she will," said Trinidad calmly. "I would, if I were woman. It is a good song. If I were a woman, I would choose boys. And particularly such as spill their breath in the hole of a wild reed. So, they have less lungs for scolding. Besides, green cane is easy bent. When it grows hard enough to make even pipes, it has its own way. A man would remember this. But women,—they would rather be People to one Captain than Captain to a thousand people."

"To make even pipes?" echoed José Maria angrily. "But that is only envy. For her, I tell thee she is different. She is Master. When she lifts her eyes, she will command."

Trinidad grunted. "She waits," he added dryly, "for a Man who can make her lift her eyes unaware, and drop them against her will."

Upon the heels of the slur to his pipes, this dissection of his ideal undid José Maria. He whopped to his feet, his temples knotting, his eyes redder than the smudge of taqui had made them, his fat fists turned bony.

"Judgment between me and thee!" he cried. "For all thou art older, I defy thee! Perhaps she has given thee squashes [the mitten] for a dry old man. *Thou* master *her*! Now before my Father God" —

"Seat thee, son," said Trinidad, not unkindly. "And do not molest the Last Judge. The young always appeal to Him, even before going first to a justice of the peace. Even the Corregidor hath cares. If thou must have a lawsuit, let it be before not God nor Don Pepe, but let us leave it to the White Llama of the defunct Hilário. *He* knows enough for *this*."

Trinidad's tone had turned mocking, and José Maria would have grown angrier yet, except for very wonder. Was this a wizard, to hit upon the selfsame llama that he had not seen, but which was now shut up like a German finger-cutter in the corral? Perhaps the hand of God was in it, busy as He must be. Surely, too, this were a friendly judge. And with a visible attempt at the tone of courtesy, he answered: "So be. I will abide the judgment of the White Llama of Don Hilário. The beast is without, — for the defunct was my father's father. But how shall we join issue?"

Trinidad lost himself for a moment in the outer seeming of thought. Of course, this youth did not realize his likeness to the deceased; nor had he any reason to note the white, long hairs upon his poncho. Then, lingeringly: —

"Mppss! I am just come from La Paz, where I sold what I had. But I can return with thee, to try the case. For it is better that She be witness. And I, too, will abide the judgment of the White

Llama of Hilário, my lamented friend. Blessed old man! And to what an age! For the priest himself told me that by the baptismal records he was fifty-seven when he was taken to God. In the morning, then." And Trinidad lay back on the earthen floor, tucking his feet up under his poncho, laying his sombrero aside but retaining his gay peaked cap, and closed his eyes with an air very few men would have ventured to question, so simple was it, yet so final.

José Maria did not venture. After a blank moment he pushed the door of llama-skin and stepped forth into the freezing dark. "Mother of me!" he muttered, "how sad a thing is Age! That chuncho must be of thirty years! By the face, that is — for his speech is cold as one older yet. He even sneered at the pipes!" Out came the slandered canes from the chuspa; and, cajoling them softly, José Maria went strolling with the night. There was no confident tootling, now. Yonder sleepy cannibal, who could not even lie awake for Her, — he would blow a tempest upon these timid reeds — if he knew enough to play them at all. "Master," eh? Nay, with burros maybe, but with women, thus, — and the chastened lover wooed the reeds so softly as no man could dream who has not heard the very wraith of a flute wandering, wondering, wailing, yearning, and despairing night-long amid the Andean solitudes.

At four of the dawn, José Maria came in. Trinidad was again persuading a little glow of taqui. He looked up and gave good-morning with no question in his voice. What to him, whether a Boy slept or went owling? José Maria had come near to the conventions by at least a grunt in response, but at this contemptuous indifference he withheld. The night had changed him. Trudging these cold hours in a world where no more was to see than the dim gray thread that meant the trail, and, halfway up the sky, those awful peaks that are whiter the more the night is black, he had dreamt a thousand nightmares. The very pipes had shared the

obsession. Among all folk-song, the yaraví is the byword of mournfulness; but the mother of yaravis would not have known this her youngest child, when José Maria dressed it for the last and twentieth time on the cumbre of Laja — and turned and pattered silently back to the tambo. Even the desiccated cane could find no latter sigh; and there had entered a new note, more suspect with each rendering. When the pipes were futile, and his feet turned back, José Maria's hand went down unconsciously to where a haft of ironwood stood above his belt. Below was a rude blade whose upper half showed diagonal lines the smith had not effaced. Perhaps he had not cared to, — it is a sort of hall-mark in lands where the smith is not yet a mere machine. Store cutlery, a rib or breast-bone may as well as not break; but when you go where a knife is Brother, beware of the converted file. Nothing will stop *that*!

But, as has been said, Trinidad was awake and compelling the breakfast fire. José Maria clumsily wedged his pipes into his chuspa, extracted the frugal bit of charqui, and held it to the intermittent glow.

Trinidad was already chewing sturdily. Still wrangling his morsel, he said: "The challenge is thine. How shall it be?"

A witch, to think so far! But José Maria gathered himself. "N— the llama — mppss, we will go first to Her, and tell her, and of the judge. Then we will see. And also" — as he noted the little mandolin he had been too preoccupied to think of before — "each shall play to her." His eyes brightened at this sheer inspiration. Get this cannibal to play his heartlessness to Her!

They grew dark soon enough as Trinidad drawled, "It is well. Two judges will be the same, — though I advised thee not to bother the gods when thy pack-beast was court enough. We will go to her, and tell. Then we will be-sing her, — thou with thine admirable pipes and new song, and I in an old verse which all know, with

my poor charongo and the mouth God forgot to better for me. But always at last the Corregidor is thy White Llama."

Though his *aparejos* had to be packed, José Maria was first away. Trinidad and his empty saddles loitered carelessly. When the younger man had set forth, Trinidad wetted the wooden key-pegs of the charongo in his mouth, and twisted a new string for one that was frayed. Then, with a slow, stretching yawn, he reached mechanically for his chew of coca, — and then laughed out loud.

When you hear any one laugh on the Puna, you may be sure it means something, — even if you do not know what it means. But Trinidad knew; and he came very near to laughing again, as he remembered his sacrifice, — a little handful of dry green leaves, which should have been his solace to-day, laid under the wistful nose of the White Llama last night, while José Maria was off vagrom with his whiffing pipes. It is a masterful bush, this of the coca. Fasting otherhow, and with only a little quid of its leaves, sprinkled with lime, a Serrano can toil all day, — and, for that matter, most of us in civilization know better how far cocaine will go than how far it has come from.

At two miles Trinidad drew in sight. José Maria was piping absently, breaking off now and again to exhort the loitering llamas when they dozed at their grazing. That is, three of them. For the White Llama was quarter of a mile ahead, his splay feet marking time, his stove-pipe neck swaying rhythmically, but never stooping for a nip.

The nimbler-walking burros came up with the piper, and drew ahead. Trinidad nodded amiably as he passed; but José Maria was busy with a new variation, and turned the mere tail of an eye. The White Llama, when they overtook him, was almost as absorbed. He puckered his long nose, indeed, as the grave burros crept past him; but forgot to spit at them after the etiquette of his kind. Trinidad shifted the pack a little, where the hitch

had gone loose; and the White Llama grunted satisfaction. In half an hour he was a mere speck behind them; and Trinidad, humming softly, drew the charongo across his breast and began to tease the strings.

By rights, they should have come to La Paz two hours better than the dawdlers; but Trinidad looked back when they passed the Pilar del Alto, where the road dives headlong from the flat Puna down into that matchless bowl in whose emerald bottom the red mosaic of La Paz is inlaid. Back at a short league, a white dot flickered; and not far behind it were brown mites in motion. Trinidad smiled briefly. "He did fear, then," he confided to the burros; and turned down the zigzag road toward the intaglio of a city fifteen hundred feet below, singing peacefully.

José Maria need not have feared. That sudden stitch in his left side, soon after the outstripping; the then impetuous assaults upon his beasts with volleys of clods, the feverish harrying of them forward with a curse and lump of earth whenever one bent toward a tuft of grass, — all this was a mere misjudgment due to youth. For Trinidad did not employ his advantage of time to "see the jury," nor to bespeak Chona, nor yet to swoop her bodily away, — as the suddenly awakened José Maria came to picture to himself. More and more, as he ran and pelted after the sluggish llamas, he saw jealous visions. This ancient chuncho, — yes, he was surely a barbarian, and very old, — but how compelling! For, strong as She was, perhaps she could not resist if this so-sure person were to say to her "Come." And the perspiring youth, by dint of clods and curses, brought his laggards to the Alto almost at the heels of the White Llama, — which still marched steady as an automaton.

Such a waste of care! For Trinidad had turned aside, paused in the plazuela del Caja de Agua, and refreshed himself with a deliberate meal from the brazier of a crone squatting there. Then he

rounded his burros into a corral, and brought them a wisp; then sauntered placidly down the precipitate street toward the Choqueyápu.

A lone white llama came slouching in to the irregular plaza before the cathedral. His sinful face was wrinkled with dust; the pack sagged uneven on his matted sides; but his head was up, and he marched straight to the shade of the tower and stood waiting for some one to discharge his load. Waited, shifted, waited — till at last three other rumped llamas, beset by a hoarse, disheveled arriero, turned the corner of Figueroa, wavered a moment, and then, with a whistle from the larger llama, huddled down to him.

By now the veteran was out of humor. The exaltation of the coca had passed; and to stand an hour, laden, before allowed to fold his knees, — what way was that? But neither was the tardy master in benevolent mood. He had long ago exhausted the last known curse in the Aymará category, and had even so much applied a clumsy new one of his own getting that it had no further taste in the mouth. It is a hard case when there is no more relief even in swearing. But Joseph Mary's eyes burned red from out a dull map of dust and sweat, and his hands could no more hang open than can the claws of a dying owl. He was even so lost to shame as to unload the younger llamas first. For all his rage at them, a hotter hate grew unreasoning in him against this arrant scurrier. What was he in such an epidemic to get to La Paz for? What had he been doing here, all this time alone? A fine Corregidor for you! Did not judges always move slowly? And José Maria, disengaging the pack with vindictive roughness, laid it upon the top of the rest and came back freehanded to bestow a fierce kick under the belly of the beast. The White Llama laid back his ears and wrinkled his nose till all the graveyard teeth showed yellow; but thinking better, he turned his back and fell to reverie.

Trinidad, seated upon the coping not far away, did not smile. "So it is," he muttered. "A dog among lions is a lion among dogs." But his face was courteous as his tone, when he stepped forward to meet the angry man.

"Art ready?" he said.

Joseph Mary glared stupidly at him. It was a moment before he could recollect. "I am ready," he grunted. "*Ready* for anything."

"Then we will go to Her."

But Chona was not there. Her microscopic peaks of bogas and chuño were orderly in their place along the curb,—such a systematic little orography as is the first type of man's long, tacit rebuke to God who dropped mountains anyhow, and never yet made any two things quite alike,—not even twins or fools. José Maria stared at the vacant space behind them, where the sidewalk was rubbed clean; but Trinidad turned about.

"There is she," he said quietly, though a little spark leapt in his eyes. "She is cousining with la Lola." And he marched the still befuddled José Maria diagonally across the cobbled street. At the curb they drew up, and Trinidad took off his hat. The crone leered up at them, but Trinidad was looking down at Chona.

"Lady," he said in a low tone. "We are come for thee,—thy master, and thy humble slave. It is to choose between us. We will serve thee; I would command thee,—though not as one who drives beasts that cannot help themselves."

Chona looked straight up at him. A proud smile budded at her mouth, and as suddenly faded. There was yellow light in his dark eyes. The mere ghost of her glance went to José Maria. There was a glow in him, too,—but it was red. And her eyes met Trinidad's again as he went on:—

"My friend thy slave is a Musico, and he challenges that we both play to thee. But let *him* play, for he is truly skilled. Me, I have only my charongo and some old songs of those that all know who are the worse for women. With thy license,

then,"—and he shook José Maria by the shoulder,—*"play, lad!"*

José Maria fumbled at his chuspa and brought out the pipes. He was but half himself yet. How these masterful ones ran ahead! But he rubbed the reeds across his lower lip, and took heart of that first faint whisper. His upper lip peaked out, and he plunged into the yaraví.

"Patience!" cried Trinidad softly,—for Chona began to rise. "He made this for thee only; and truly it is good. I heard it last night at the tambo."

But already Chona was looking down on them both. Even Trinidad, as his eyes had to tiptoe to her, was shaken for a moment. She towered like Illimani, whose blue-white dominance overhangs the plaza. And then he stood straighter, and kept her look. "I have heard him," she said, with a little shake of her wide shoulders. "And it is very good. Especially from some distance, as he went to play for me. As for thy charongo,—mayhap some day, when thou hast nothing to speak to me, thou wilt sing a song. I like the old songs,—the same my father sang to my mother when he desired her. But as for 'my Master,' I will think. We will have to prove it."

All this was lost on José Maria. He had fairly wakened with the pipes; and by now was in such an ecstasy of quavers that the graven crone stared back at him with tremulous jaw. Trinidad laid hand upon his shoulder—kindly, but with a suspicion of weight. "The lady says we shall not play," he explained; and turning to her, steadily, he added: "He will not have to prove; for thou knowest."

The piper turned angrily, but did not cease. He was midway toward a very climax.

"Sta - te!" said Chona imperiously, turning full upon him. "Dost not see that we are speaking? I will judge between ye,—but not to music."

Joseph Mary's jaw dropped, in the very middle of a scale. For a moment he stared into those great eyes. God! how they were dark! But even then they left

him carelessly and went back to Trinidad.

If the troubadour had been in a dream, he was awake now. There they stood, "seeing each other the eyes." The Pan's pipes dropped to the ground, and with a swift snatch at his belt, the piper sprang at Trinidad's back.

But Chona saw. Without a word, she reached over, caught the uplifted wrist in a grip that José Maria felt in his very knees, twisted the blade from him, and stuck it calmly in her girdle. Then with one stride she fetched him under the chin a backward sweep of her left arm, and sent him sprawling over the fascinated crone and her kettle of *chupe*. As José Maria scrambled to his feet, he saw that she was taller yet, her mighty chest higher, a redder touch upon her olive cheek, but she was not looking at him at all. Her gaze followed Trinidad, who — still smiling, if a little grimly — turned and stepped forth to meet the returning fury halfway, and took his windmill hands captive, and smiled back at Her. "You should not trouble," he said gravely; and then to José Maria, a little softer yet: "Son! Thus before women? Did we not come to adjudicate between us?"

José Maria frothed and twisted; but the iron hands held his hands crossed upon his breast; and his eyes wavered before Trinidad's. How young they were, now!

"To adjudicate, yes!" he grumbled. "But whom didst thou name for judge?"

Trinidad ceased to smile. "Pardon," he said to Chona. "But we are compromised to be judged by the White Llama. This our young friend appealed to God for thee, and I bade him try the courts of first instance first."

Chona's thick brows lowered. "It seems I am not worth much," she said coldly.

"Thou art worth — somewhat!" and

Trinidad looked square up to her. "But it was only to judge which of us two thou wouldst choose, — and I thought even the White Llama would know. Anyhow, both of us are sworn to abide by his ruling."

"So be," said Chona. She was still puzzled,—but an Indian never takes a "stump," and she added: "Bring us into court. I also will abide."

Trinidad turned toward the cathedral; the downcast José Maria took a step thitherward. And just then, with a little shriek, Chona came near to knocking them both over as she dashed across the street.

There, his cloven feet planted on the curb, his beastly nose deflowering the heaps of chuño,—there was the White Llama. He had come to judgment with a vengeance! The havoc of Chona's wares lay all about.

José Maria looked twice and fled. Trinidad caught the poacher by the long wool of its rump, and with a tremendous tug swung it head-around to the street. Chona turned upon him angrily,—but there was moisture in her eye. "Thou bringest thine own judges," she said. "But how of my mother, who looks for what I should have brought her to-night?"

Trinidad smiled gravely. "Thy mother shall never want," he said, very softly. "Nor thou. And even yonder goeth a priest to the cathedral. Shall we speak to him?"

She looked over him almost fiercely. A master, *pues!* When she might command the very Presidente! How they all purred to her! But this Man merely said "Come."

"I will think," she said, looking away. "I do not know. Perhaps to-morrow" —

But Trinidad answered quietly: "No, this very now." And Chona's eyes came back to his for a moment, and then dropped.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

It was a perfect West Indian day. My friend the notary and I were crossing the island by a wonderful road which wound up through tropic forest to the clouds, and thence looped down again, through gold-green slopes of cane, and scenery amazing of violet and blue and ghost-gray peaks, to the roaring coast of the trade winds. All the morning we had been ascending, — walking after our carriage, most of the time, for the sake of the brave little mule; — and the sea had been climbing behind us till it looked like a monstrous wall of blue, pansy-blue, under the ever heightening horizon. The heat was like the heat of a vapor-bath, but the air was good to breathe, with its tropical odor, — an odor made up of smells of strange saps, queer spicy scents of mould, exhalations of aromatic decay. Moreover, the views were glimpses of Paradise; and it was a joy to watch the torrents roaring down their gorges under shadows of tree-fern and bamboo.

My friend stopped the carriage before a gateway set into a hedge full of flowers that looked like pink-and-white butterflies. "I have to make a call here," he said; — "come in with me." We dismounted, and he knocked on the gate with the butt of his whip. Within, at the end of a shady garden, I could see the porch of a planter's house; beyond were rows of cocoa palms, and glimpses of yellowing cane. Presently a negro, wearing only a pair of canvas trousers and a great straw hat, came hobbling to open the gate, — followed by a multitude, an astonishing multitude, of chippering chickens. Under the shadow of that huge straw hat I could not see the negro's face; but I noticed that his limbs and body were strangely shrunken, — looked as if withered to the bone. A weirder creature

I had never beheld; and I wondered at his following of chickens.

"Eh!" exclaimed the notary, "your chickens are as lively as ever! . . . I want to see Madame Floran."

"*Moin ké di,*" the goblin responded huskily, in his patois; and he limped on before us, all the chickens hopping and cheeping at his withered heels.

"That fellow," my friend observed, "was bitten by a *fer-de-lance* about eight or nine years ago. He got cured, or at least half-cured, in some extraordinary way; but ever since then he has been a skeleton. See how he limps!"

The skeleton passed out of sight behind the house, and we waited a while at the front porch. Then a *métisse* — turbaned in wasp colors, and robed in iris colors, and wonderful to behold — came to tell us that Madame hoped we would rest ourselves in the garden, as the house was very warm. Chairs and a little table were then set for us in a shady place, and the *métisse* brought out lemons, sugar-syrup, a bottle of the clear plantation rum that smells like apple juice, and ice-cold water in a *dobanne* of thick red clay. My friend prepared the refreshments; and then our hostess came to greet us, and to sit with us, — a nice old lady with hair like newly minted silver. I had never seen a smile sweeter than that with which she bade us welcome; and I wondered whether she could ever have been more charming in her Creole girlhood than she now appeared, — with her kindly wrinkles, and argent hair, and frank, black, sparkling eyes. . . .

In the conversation that followed I was not able to take part, as it related only to some question of title. The notary soon arranged whatever there was to arrange;

and, after some charmingly spoken words of farewell from the gentle lady, we took our departure. Again the mummified negro hobbled before us, to open the gate, — followed by all his callow rabble of chickens. As we resumed our places in the carriage we could still hear the chippering of the creatures, pursuing after that ancient scarecrow.

"Is it African sorcery?" I queried. . . . "How does he bewitch those chickens?" . . .

"Queer — is it not?" the notary responded as we drove away. "That negro must now be at least eighty years old; and he may live for twenty years more, — the wretch!"

The tone in which my friend uttered this epithet — *le miserable!* — somewhat surprised me, as I knew him to be one of the kindest men in the world, and singularly free from prejudice. I suspected that a story was coming, and I waited for it in silence.

"Listen," said the notary, after a pause, during which we left the plantation well behind us; "that old sorcerer, as you call him, was born upon the estate, a slave. The estate belonged to M. Floran, — the husband of the lady whom we visited; she was a cousin, and the marriage was a love-match. They had been married about two years when the revolt occurred (fortunately there were no children), — the black revolt of eighteen hundred and forty-eight. Several planters were murdered; and M. Floran was one of the first to be killed. And the old negro whom we saw to-day — the old sorcerer, as you call him — left the plantation, and joined the rising: do you understand?"

"Yes," I said; "but he might have done that through fear of the mob."

"Certainly: the other hands did the same. But it was he that killed M. Floran, — for no reason whatever, — cut him up with a cutlass. M. Floran was riding home when the attack was made, — about a mile below the plantation. . . . Sober, that negro would not have dared

to face M. Floran: the scoundrel was drunk, of course, — raving drunk. Most of the blacks had been drinking tafia, with dead wasps in it, to give themselves courage."

"But," I interrupted, "how does it happen that the fellow is still on the Floran plantation?"

"Wait a moment! . . . When the military got control of the mob, search was made everywhere for the murderer of M. Floran; but he could not be found. He was lying out in the cane, — in M. Floran's cane! — like a field-rat, like a snake. One morning, while the gendarmes were still looking for him, he rushed into the house, and threw himself down in front of Madame, weeping and screaming, '*Aïe-yaïe-yaïe-yaïe!* — *moïn té tchoué y!* — *moïn té tchoué y!* — *aïe-yaïe-yaïe!*' Those were his very words: — 'I killed him! I killed him!' And he begged for mercy. When he was asked why he killed M. Floran, he cried out that it was the devil — *diabe-à* — that had made him do it! . . . Well, — Madame forgave him!"

"But how could she?" I queried.

"Oh, she had always been very religious," my friend responded, — "sincerely religious. She only said, 'May God pardon me as I now pardon you!' She made her servants hide the creature and feed him; and they kept him hidden until the excitement was over. Then she sent him back to work; and he has been working for her ever since. Of course he is now too old to be of any use in the field; — he only takes care of the chickens."

"But how," I persisted, "could the relatives allow Madame to forgive him?"

"Well, Madame insisted that he was not mentally responsible, — that he was only a poor fool who had killed without knowing what he was doing; and she argued that if *she* could forgive him, others could more easily do the same. There was a consultation; and the relatives decided so to arrange matters that Madame could have her own way."

"But why?"

"Because they knew that she found a sort of religious consolation — a kind of religious comfort — in forgiving the wretch. She imagined that it was her duty as a Christian, not only to forgive him, but to take care of him. We thought that she was mistaken, — but we could understand. . . . Well, there is an example of what religion can do." . . .

The surprise of a new fact, or the sudden perception of something never before imagined, may cause an involuntary smile. Unconsciously I smiled, while my friend was yet speaking; and the good notary's brow darkened.

"Ah, you laugh!" he exclaimed, — "you laugh! That is wrong! — that is a mistake! . . . But you do not believe: you do not know what it is, — the true religion, — the real Christianity!"

Earnestly I made answer:—

"Pardon me! I do believe every word of what you have told me. If I laughed unthinkingly, it was only because I could not help wondering" . . .

"At what?" he questioned gravely.

"At the marvelous instinct of that negro."

"Ah, yes!" he returned approvingly. "Yes, the cunning of the animal it was, — the instinct of the brute! . . . She was the only person in the world who could have saved him."

"And he knew it," I ventured to add.

"No — no — no!" my friend emphatically dissented, — "he never could have known it! He only *felt* it! . . . Find me an instinct like that, and I will show you a brain incapable of any knowledge, any thinking, any understanding: not the mind of a man, but the brain of a beast!"

HENRY JAMES

BY W. C. BROWNELL

I

If any career can be called happy before it is closed, that of Mr. Henry James may certainly be so called. It has been a long one — much longer already than the space of time allotted to a generation. It has been quite free from any kind of mistake: there is probably nothing in it he would change if he could — for though he has more or less slightly revised two or three of his early books, the need of doing so would not have occurred to any one whose record was not so satisfactory on the whole as to make it seem to him worth while to add a touch or two and make it quite as he would have it. It has been, in a very special way and to a very marked degree, an honorable career. He has scrupulously followed his ideal. Neither

necessity nor opportunity has prevented him from doing, apparently, just what he wanted. He has never, at any rate, yielded to the temptation to give the public what it wanted. The rewards of so doing are very great. Most writers in belittling them would be justly suspected of affectation. They include, for example, the pleasure of being read, and this is a pleasure usually so difficult to forego when it is attainable that Mr. James's indifference to it is striking. And — what is still more striking — he has never, as he himself expresses it somewhere in characterization of some other writer, — who must, however, have been his own inferior in this respect, — he has never "saved for his next book." Of his special order of talent fecundity is not what one would naturally have predicted, and though he has abundantly

demonstrated his possession of it, he must have long given us his best before he could have been at all sure that he could count on matching his best indefinitely. Into the frame of every book he packed, not only the substance called for by the subject, but a substance as remarkable for containing all he could himself bring to it, as for compression. At least, if his substance has sometimes been thin, it has always been considered; however fine-spun its texture, it has always been composed of thought. And his expression, tenuous as it may sometimes appear, is (especially, indeed, when its tenuity is greatest) so often dependent for its comprehension on what it suggests rather than on what it states as to compel the inference that it is incomplete expression, after all, of the amount of thought behind it.

So that he never leaves the impression of superficiality. His material, even his result, may be as slight as his own insistent predetermination can make it; it is impossible not to feel that it is the work of an artist who is not only serious, but profound. Behind his sketch you feel the careful and elaborate preliminary study; back of his triviality you feel the man of reflection. And this is not at all because his triviality — to call it such — is significant in itself. It often is, and the trifling feature, incident, movement, or phrase, often has a typical value that makes it in effect but the expression of a larger thing than it embodies. But often, on the other hand, it is difficult to assign any strikingly interpretative or illustrative value to the insubstantial phenomena that he is at the pains of observing so narrowly and recording so copiously. And yet it can occur to no sensitive and candid intelligence to refer to the capacity of the recorder this flimsiness of the record. One has the sense in the treatment, the technic, of a firm and vigorous hand — such as is, in general, perhaps, needed for the carving of “émaux et camées.” And still more in the substance one perceives, as well as argues, the solidity and dignity underlying the superficial and insignifi-

cant details with which “wonderfully” — to use a favorite word of Mr. James — they are occupied. The sense of contrast is indeed often piquant. Cuvier lecturing on a single bone and reconstructing the entire skeleton from it is naturally impressive, but Mr. James often presents the spectacle of a Cuvier absorbed in the positive fascinations of the single bone itself, — yet plainly preserving the effect of a Cuvier the while. If, in a word, his work sometimes seems superficial, it never seems the work of a superficial personality; and the exasperation of some of his unfriendly critics proceeds from wondering, not so much how a writer who has produced such substantial, can also produce such trifling work, as how the writer whose very treatment of triviality shows him to be serious can be so interested in the superficial.

The explanation, I think, is that to Mr. James himself life, considered as artistic material, is so serious and so significant that nothing it contains seems trivial to him. And as artistic material is, in fact, the only way in which he appears to consider it at all. In spite of his prolixity on occasion, there is no padding in his books, no filling in of general ideas or other interesting distention. His parentheses are, it is true, apt to be cognate digressions rather than nuances of the matter in hand. But that is a question of style, and in any case addiction to parentheses is apt to proceed from an unwillingness to stray very far from the matter in hand, to let go one's hold of it. And save for his parentheses, Mr. James holds his reader to the matter — or rather the absence of matter — in hand rather remorselessly. One would like more space, more air.

His copiousness, too, is the result of his seriousness. If he eschews the foreign, he revels in the pertinent; and, pertinence being his sole standard of exclusion, he is bound to include much that is trivial. We have the paradox of an art attitude that is immaculate with an art product that is ineffective. It is as crowded with detail and as tight as a pre-Raphaelite

picture, because there are no salutary sacrifices. It is not because he is a man, but because he is an artist, that nothing human is foreign to him. No rectitude was ever less partial or more passionless. No novelist ever evinced more profound respect for his material *as* material, or conformed his art more rigorously to its characteristic expression. Thus it is due to his seriousness that a good deal of his substance seems less significant to his readers than to him, both in itself and because (out of his own deep respect for it, doubtless) he does little or nothing to enhance its interest and importance. It is not commonly appreciated that his work is, after all, the quintessence of realism.

II

The successive three "manners" of the painters have been found in it. Mr. James has had, at any rate, two. There is a noteworthy difference between his earlier and his later fiction, though the period of transition between them is not very definite as a period. Perhaps *The Tragic Muse* comprises it. He has, however, thrown himself so devotedly into his latest phase as to make everything preceding it appear as the stages of an evolution. Tendencies, nevertheless, in his earlier work, marked enough to individualize it sharply, have developed until they have subdued all other characteristics, and have made of him perhaps the most individual novelist of his day, who at the same time is also in the current of its tendency, — Mr. Meredith standing quite apart from this in eminent isolation. It is through these tendencies, developed as they have been, that in virtue of originality as well as of excellence he has won his particular place in the hierarchy of fiction. He has created a *genre* of his own. He has the distinction that makes the scientist a savant; he has contributed something to the sum, the common stock. His distinction has really a scientific aspect, independent, that is to say, of quality, of intrinsic merit. If it should be asserted

that Mr. Meredith has done the same thing, — in a way, too, not so very differently, — it can be replied that he has done so by weakening the correspondence of fiction to life, whereas Mr. James has striven hard for its intensification; it is not the construction of the scientific toy, however interesting it may be, and however much science there may be in it, that makes the savant. This flowering of Mr. James's tendencies has, in fact, been precisely what he conceives to be the achievement of a more and more intimate and exquisite correspondence with life in his art. This at least has been his conscious, his professed aim. His observation, always his master faculty, has grown more and more acute, his concentration upon the apprehensible phenomena of the actual world of men and women — and children — closer, his interest in producing his illusion by reproducing these in as nearly as possible their actual essence and actual relations, far more absorbing and complete. Indeed, he has been so interested in producing his illusion in precisely this way, that he has decidedly compromised, I think, the certainty of producing it at all.

He has parted, then, with his past, — the past, let us say, of *The Portrait of a Lady*, — in the pursuit of a more complete illusion of nature than he could feel that he achieved on his old lines, — the old lines, let us add, observed in the masterpieces of fiction hitherto. It is true that his observation has been from the first so clearly his distinguishing faculty that his present practice may superficially seem to differ from his former merely in degree. But a little more closely considered, it is a matter rather of development than of augmentation. In the course of its exercise his talent has been transformed. He has reversed the relation between his observation and his imagination, and instead of using the former to supply material for the latter, has enlisted the latter very expressly — oh! sometimes, indeed, worked it very hard — in the service of his observation. Of what he might have

achieved by pursuing a different course, I cannot myself think without regret. But instead of seeking that equilibrium of one's powers which seems particularly pertinent to the expression of precisely such an organization as his, — instead of, to that end, curbing his curiosity and cultivating his constructive, his reflective, his imaginative side, the one being already markedly preponderant and the other comparatively slender, — he has followed the path of temperamental preference and developed his natural bent. The result is his present eminence, which is, in consequence, incontestably more nearly unique, but which is not for that reason necessarily more distinguished. His art has thus become, one is inclined to say, the ordered exploitation of his experiences. The change from his earlier manner is so great that it constitutes, as I say, a transformation. It is somewhat as if a transcendentalist philosopher should become so enamoured of truth as, finding it inexhaustibly manifested in everything, to fall in love with phenomena and gradually acquire an absolutely *a posteriori* point of view. Like Lessing, Mr. James has "bowed humbly to the left hand," and, saying to the Almighty, "pure truth is for Thee alone," has renounced the vision for the pursuit.

The most delicate, the most refined and elegant of contemporary romancers has thus become the most thorough-going realist of even current fiction. It is but a popular error to confound realism with grossness, and it is his complete exclusion of idealism and preoccupation with the objective that I have in mind in speaking of his realism as so marked; though of recent years he has annexed the field of grossness also, — cultivating it, of course, with particular circumspection, — and thus rounded out his domain. It must be granted that his realism does not leave a very vivid impression of reality, on the one hand, and that, on the other, it does not always produce the effect of a very close correspondence to actual life and character. *The Spoils of Poynton*, with

its inadequate motive and aspiration after the tragic; *The Other House*, with its attempt to domesticate melodrama; *In the Cage*, with its exclusion of all the surrounding data, needed to give authenticity to an even robust theme; *The Awkward Age*, with its impossible cleverness of stupid people, are, as pictures of life, neither very lifelike nor very much alive. But that is a matter of art. The attitude of the artist is plainly, uncompromisingly realistic. It is the real with which his fancy, his imaginativeness, is exclusively preoccupied. To discover new and unsuspected phenomena in its psychology is the aim of his divination as well as of his scrutiny. The ideal counterpart of the real and the actual which even such realists as Thackeray and George Eliot have constantly, however subconsciously, in mind, and the image of which, whether or no as universal as the Platonic philosophy pretends, is at least part of the material of the imaginative artist, — furnishing more or less vaguely the standard by which he admeasures both his own creation and its model, when he has one, — this ideal counterpart, so to speak, is curiously absent from Mr. James's contemplation. Given a character with certain traits, suggested, no doubt, by certain specific experiences, its action is not deduced by ideal logic, but arrived at through induction from the artist's entire stock of pertinent general experience, and modeled by its insistent pressure. "What conduct does my — rather unusual — experience lead me to expect of a personage constituted thus and so, in such and such circumstances?" — one may imagine Mr. James reflecting.

Categories like realism and idealism are but convenient, and not exact, and in the practice of any artist both inspirations must be alternately present in the execution of detail, though one of them is surely apt to preponderate in the general conception and in the artist's attitude. But it is certainly true that what may be called the ideal of realism has never been held more devoutly — not even by Zola — than it is by Mr. James. All his subtlety, his re-

finement, his extreme plasticity, his acquaintance with the academic as well as the actual, are at the service of truth, and that order of truth which is to be discovered rather than divined. Long ago, in speaking of George Sand's idealism, which he admitted to be "very beautiful," he observed: "Something even better in a novelist is that tender appreciation of actuality which makes even the application of a single coat of rose-color seem an act of violence." The inspiration is a little different from Thackeray's "If truth is not always pleasant, at least it is best." It is more "artistic," perhaps, certainly more disinterested. And at the present day Mr. James would no doubt go farther, omit the word "tender," and for "rose-color" substitute simply "any color at all." It is an unselfish creed, one may remark in passing. Color is a variety of form, and it is a commonplace that form is the only passport to posterity. Moreover, as Mr. James concedes, even idealism at times is "very beautiful," and to be compelled to forego beauty in "appreciation of the actual" (for its actuality, that is to say, rather than its beauty) must for an artist be a rigorous renunciation.

Mr. James has renounced it for the most part with admirable consistency, and his latest works are, in effort and inspiration at least, the very apotheosis of the actual — however their absence of color or other elements of form and the encumbrances of their style (the distinction is his own) may fail to secure the desired effect of actuality for them. What Maisie knew, for example, may seem to have been learned by a preternaturally precocious child, so that her actuality has not, perhaps, the relief desired by her author. But she can have no other *raison d'être* — for the supposition that even incidentally she is designed to illustrate the charm of the flower on the dunghill can be at best but a mere guess, so colorlessly is the assumed actuality of her precocity and extraordinary situation exhibited. The book, indeed, in this respect is a masterpiece of reserve. It is conspicuously free

from any taint of rose-color. And in its suppression of the superfluous — such as even the remotest recognition of the pathos of Maisie's situation — it is an excellent illustration of an order of art that *must* be radically theoretic, since it could not be the instinctive and spontaneous expression of a normally humane motive.

III

The truth is that our fiction is in a period of transition, which perhaps is necessarily hostile to spontaneity and favorable to the artificial. We speculate so much as to whether fiction is "a finer art" as practised by the little, than it was in the day of the great, masters, that the present time may fairly be called the reign of theory in fiction — as indeed it is in art of any kind. And Mr. James's art is in nothing more modern than in being theoretic. Whatever it is or is not, it is that. Difficult as, in many respects, it is to characterize, it is plainly what it is by precise intention, by system. Difficult as his theory is to define, it is perfectly clear that his art is the product of it. It is, in a word, a critical product. And it is so because his temperament is the critical temperament. Now, whatever may be said of the compatibility or incompatibility of the critical and the creative temperaments, in the matter of creating fiction it is evident that the critical genius will be a different kind of a practitioner from the creative genius. The latter may be considered to produce the "criticism of life," but the former will be likely to produce such criticism at one remove — with, in a word, *theory* interposed. Even supposing the creator to be also a critic, if his creative imagination preponderates, his theory will be a theory of life, whereas the theory of the writer in whom the critical bent preponderates will be a theory of art. We are said to suffer nowadays from a dearth of the creative imagination. Science, the great, the most nearly universal of the interests of the present time, is perhaps thought to be hostile to its entertainment, its develop-

ment. But science with its own speedy determination toward specialism is probably less fatal to the imagination than is generally presumed. On the contrary, within its own range, its many ranges, it doubtless stimulates and fosters it. The decline of the creative imagination in literature, in poetry, and in fiction, is far more distinctly traceable to the spread of culture, with the consequent unexampled development of the philosophic and critical spirit and its inevitable invasion of the field of creative activity, the field, that is to say, of art. The contemporary artist, if he thinks at all, is compelled to think critically, to philosophize more expressly and specifically than the classic artist was. Consequently, even the creative imagination pure and simple is nowadays more rarely to be encountered than this imagination in combination with critical reflection.

But with Mr. James the case is far simpler. It would be idle to deny to the author of a shelf-full of novels and a thousand or two characters the possession of the creative imagination, however concentrated upon actuality and inspired by experience. Yet it is particularly true of him among the writers of even our own time that his critical faculty is eminently preponderant; that he has, as I say, essentially the critical *temperament*. He has never devoted himself very formally to criticism, never squared his elbows and settled down to the business of it. It has always been somewhat incidental and secondary with him. His essays have been limited to *belles lettres* in range, and they have not been the rounded, complete, and final characterization of the subject from a central point of view, such as the essays of Arnold, of Carlyle, or of Lowell. They have been instead rather agglutinate than synthetic, one may say, — not very attentively distributed or organized. But they have more than eschewed pedantry — they have been felicity itself; each a series of penetrating remarks, an agglomeration of light but telling touches, immensely discriminating,

and absolutely free from traditional or temperamental deflection, marked by a taste at once fastidiously academic, and at the same time sensitively impressionable. The two volumes *French Poets and Novelists* and *Partial Portraits* stand at the head of American literary criticism. The *Life of Hawthorne* is, as a piece of criticism, altogether unrivaled in the voluminous English Men of Letters series to which all the eminent English critics have contributed. One may feel that his view of the general is, in this work, too elevated to permit him always correctly to judge the specific — leads him to characterize, for instance, Hawthorne's environment as a handicap to him, whereas it was an opportunity. But to this same broad and academic view, which measures the individual by the standard of the type (and how few there are to whom this standard does not equitably apply!), we owe the most searching thing ever said about Hawthorne: "Man's conscience was his theme, but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy which added out of its own substance an interest, and I may almost say, an importance." The genius itself of criticism is in the application to Tennyson's

"It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,"

of the epithets "curt" and "reserved" by comparison with Musset's *Letter to La-martine*. The essay on Maupassant is an unsurpassed critical performance. In *Daniel Deronda: a Conversation*, there are more penetrating things said about George Eliot, one is tempted to say, than in all else that has been written about her. And Mr. James's penetration is uniformly based on good sense. It is — perhaps ominously — never fanciful. He writes of Musset and George Sand, of Balzac and Trollope, with a disinterested discrimination absolutely judicial. His fondness for Daudet, for Turgénieff, for Stevenson, is nothing in comparison with his interest in the art they practise, the art of which he is apt to consider all its practitioners somewhat too exclusively merely

as its exponents. If he has a passion, it is for the art of fiction itself.

This is the theme, indeed, on which his criticism has centred, and the fact is extremely significant. It is almost exact to say that he has no other. He is vaguely preoccupied by it, even in the composition of his own fictions. That is what I mean by calling his art theoretic. It carefully, explicitly, with conviction, illustrates his theory. He has an essay expressly devoted to the topic, but he has almost none in which it is not more or less incidentally considered. In *The Art of Fiction* he says, "It is an incident for a woman to stand up with her hand resting on a table and look out at you in a certain way," and that "the degree of interest" such an incident has "will depend upon the skill of the painter," meaning the author. In his essay on Daudet he says: "The appearance of things is constantly more complicated as the world grows older, and it needs a more and more patient art, a closer notation, to divide it into its parts;" "Life is, immensely, a matter of surface, and if our emotions in general are interesting, the *form* of those emotions has the merit of being the most definite thing about them;" "Putting people into books is what the novelist lives on;" "It is the real — the transmuted real — that he gives us best; the fruit of a process that adds to observation what a kiss adds to a greeting. The joy, the excitement of recognition, are keen, even when the object recognized is dismal."

Each of these sentences — and many more might be cited — is a key to his own fiction. The last is particularly indicative. The joy of recognition is what apparently he aims at exciting in his readers; what certainly he often succeeds in exciting to the exclusion of other emotions, though the kiss he adds to his greeting — to adopt his charming figure — is oftenest, perhaps, an extremely chaste salute. Of course, in a sense, the word recognition defines the Platonic explanation of all appreciation of phenomena, but it is needless to say that Mr. James does not

use the word in this sense, but refers to recognition of what we have already encountered in this life. And it must be admitted that the pleasure we take in his characters largely depends on whether or no we have so encountered them. If we have not, we are sometimes a little at sea as to the source of even his own interest in them, which, though certainly never profoundly personal, is often extremely prolonged. If we have, we experience the delight of the *aficionado* in the virtuosity with which what is already more or less vaguely familiar is unfolded to our recognition. But even in this case the recognition is something quite different from that with which we realize the actuality of a largely imaginative character. We recognize Daisy Miller, for example, differently from Becky Sharp.

For one thing, we are not so anxious to meet her again. I know of nothing that attests so plainly the preponderance of virtuosity in Mr. James's art as the indisposition of his readers to re-read his books. This would not be so true if this element of his work frankly appeared. If he himself accepted it as such, he would make more of it in the traditional way, give it more form, express it more attentively, harmonize its character and statement more explicitly. There is no difficulty in re-reading Anatole France. But Mr. James's virtuosity is not a matter of treatment, of expression, of "process," as he would say. It is an integral part of the very fabric of his conception. It is engaged and involved in the substance of his works. The substance suffers accordingly. Instead of "a closer and more intimate correspondence with life," the result of his critical theorizing about the what and the how of fiction is a confusion of life and art, which are actually as distinct as subject and statement. Virtuosity of technic is legitimate enough, but virtuosity of vision is quite another thing. And it is to this that Mr. James's study and practice of the art for which he has quite as much of a passion as a *penchant* have finally brought him. *The Sacred Fount*,

The Turn of the Screw, are marked instances of it. But all the later books show the tendency, a tendency all the more marked for the virility and elevation with which it is accompanied, and perhaps inevitable in the product of an overmastering critical faculty exercised in philosophizing about, even in the process of practising, an eminently constructive art.

IV

When we predicate elusiveness of Mr. James's fiction we mean much more than that his meaning is occasionally obscure. We mean that he himself always eludes us. The completeness with which he does so, it is perhaps possible to consider the measure of his success. The famous theory that prescribes disinterestedness in art may be invoked in favor of this view. Every one is familiar with this theory, so brilliantly expounded by Taine, so cordially approved by Maupassant, so favorably viewed by Mr. James himself. Any one to whom Aristotle's dictum that virtue resides in a mean seems especially applicable to art theories, must find it difficult to accept this prescription even in theory. Even in theory it seems possible to have too little as well as too much of the artist himself in any work of art. The presence of the personality of the artist, indeed, may be called the constituting element of a work of art. It is even the element that makes one scientific demonstration what the scientists themselves call more "beautiful" than another. But in practice one may surely say that in some instances or on some occasions we do not feel the artist enough in his work. Just as on others we are altogether too conscious of him.

It is the latter difficulty that has been the more frequent in fiction up to the present age, perhaps, and in English fiction perhaps up to the present moment. And very likely it is this circumstance that has led to the generalization, and the present popularity of the generalization, which insists on the attitude of disinterested curiosity as the only properly artistic

attitude. Even in criticism, so much had been endured from the other attitude, Arnold — whose practice, to be sure, was quite different — observed that the great art was "to get oneself out of the way and let humanity judge." We have had so much partisanship that we have proscribed personality.

Disinterested curiosity is, however, itself a very personal matter. Carried to the extent to which it is carried by Mr. James, at least, it becomes very sensible, a very appreciable element of a work of art. It is forced upon one's notice as much as an aggressive and intrusive personal element could be. To say that if you set the pieces of a work of art in a certain relative position they will automatically, as it were, generate the effect to be produced is to be tremendously sanguine of their intrinsic interest and force. Even then the artist's presence is only minimized, not excluded, one may logically observe; the pieces must be set together in a certain way, and this way will depend on the idiosyncrasy of the artist and not upon the inherent affinity of the pieces. They may have a law of combination, but to prepare them for its operation the law must be perceived by the artist as a force to illustrate rather than merely to "notate," if the result is to have an artistic rather than a scientific interest. As Mr. James himself has aptly said, "Art is merely a point of view, and genius mainly a way of looking at things." And specifically as to fiction M. Bourget reports him as agreeing with him that the truest definition of a novel is "a personal view of life." How is the "point of view," above all the "personal" point of view, to be perceived, if the artist himself eludes us completely? What is it we are looking at — the phenomena he is recording, or his view of the phenomena? But the phenomena should of themselves show his view, it may be contended. If they do, there is nothing to be said. The question at bottom is, do they?

The old practice gave us the point of view by stating it; nor could its statement even then always be called an artistic in-

trusion, a false note, a disillusion. It was not always imposed on the phenomena by main strength. When Thackeray was reproached with marrying Henry Esmond to Lady Castlewood, he replied, "I did n't do it; they did it themselves." Some such artistic rectitude as that, recognizing the law of his own creations, is certainly to be required of the artist. But if his devotion is so thorough-going as to involve complete self-effacement, the practical result will be the disappearance, or at least the obscuration, of his point of view. That, I think, is the peril which Mr. James's theory and practice of art have not sufficiently recognized. Disinterested curiosity may have much of the value that has been claimed for it. It may have been too much neglected in the past. And to point out its logical self-contradiction as an absolute prescription may be conceded to savor of hair-splitting. It is, nevertheless, only valuable as a means, as an agent. When it is worked so hard as itself to become a part of the effect, its value ceases. And in Mr. James's later work what we get, what we see, what impresses us, is not the point of view, it is his own disinterested curiosity. It counts as part, as a main part, of the spectacle he provides for us. We see him busily getting out of the way, visibly withdrawing behind the screen of his story, illustrating his theory by palpably withholding from us the expected, the needful, exposition and explanation, making of his work, in fine, a kind of elaborate and complicated fortification between us and his personality.

One notable effect of this detachment in the novelist is that his characters do not seem to be *his* characters. Being the results of his observation, the fruit of his experiences, they do not count as his creations. We meet Mr. James's in life, — or we do not meet them, — as it happens; but they do not figure importantly for us in the world of art. American travelers who drift about Europe — doubtless American residents of London — encounter their counterparts from time to time, and note with a pleasure that is always

more acute than permanent how cleverly, how searchingly, Mr. James has caught an individual or fixed a type. Necessarily, however, a museum thus collected has rather an anthropological than an artistic interest. The novelist's personages are not sufficiently unified by his own *penchant*, preference, personality, to constitute a society of varied individuals viewed and portrayed from one definite and particular point of view — as the characters of the great novelists do. There is not enough of their creator in them to constitute them a particular society. The society is simply differentiated by the variety and circumscribed by the limits of Mr. James's experience (and, of course, its suggestions to an extremely sensitive and speculative mind); it is not coördinated, and, as it were, organized into an ideal correlation of the actual world as conceived by a novelist of imagination, — imagination not only such as Thackeray's and George Eliot's, but such as Trollope's, even.

v

It is, however, not precise enough to say that Mr. James's mind is essentially critical, and that therefore his attitude is essentially detached. There are two sufficiently distinct varieties of the critical mind, the philosophical and the scientific. Mr. James's is the latter. And when that portion of literature which includes the works of the imagination is conceived as a criticism of life, it is so conceived in virtue of its illustrating the former — the philosophical spirit. So far as fiction is a criticism of life, it is so because it exhibits a philosophy of life, in general or in some particular. It is far more the scientific habit of viewing life and its phenomena that Mr. James illustrates. His characteristic attitude is that of scrutiny. His inspiration is curiosity. Certainly to affirm of so mature, so thoughtful, and so penetratingly observant a writer, that he has no philosophy of life would, aside from its impertinence, be quite unwarrantable. It is impossible not to feel in

his fiction that he has made his own synthesis of "all this unintelligible world." However impersonal and objective his art, it cannot conceal this. It is enough to be felt to give weight to his utterances, to furnish credentials for the larger correspondences and comparisons of his pictures to their moral analogies in life, to add authoritativeness to his expositions, and exorcise suspicion of their ephemerality and superficiality. What I mean is that even in such a work as *The Sacred Fount* is to be discerned the man who has reflected on the traits and currents of existence, on their character and their implications, as well as the writer who notes the phenomena, without correlating them through the principles, of human life.

But what this philosophy is, it is idle to speculate. It is doubtless profound enough, and though one does not argue introspection of Mr. James's temperament, — unless, indeed, his work betray an effort to escape it, as the nuisance it may easily become, — he could doubtless sketch it for us if inclined, and very eloquently and even elaborately draw out for us its principles and positions. But he has no interest whatever in doing so — no interest in giving us even a hint of it. One may infer that taste plays a large part in it, the taste that some philosophers have made the foundation and standard of morals, — the taste, perhaps, that prevents him from disclosing it. He has the air of assuming its universality, as if, indeed, it were a matter of breeding, a mere preference for "the best" in life as in art, a system, in a word, whose sanctions are instinctive, and so not strongly enough or consciously enough felt to call for emphasis or exposition. No manifestation or quality or incarnation of "the best" evokes his enthusiasm. That it "may prevail" is the youngest of his cares. His philosophy appears in the penumbra of his performance as a cultivated indifference, or at most a subconscious basis of moral fastidiousness on which the superstructure that monopolizes his interest is erected.

There are two sufficiently obvious results. In the first place, his work has less importance as literature, because it has significance only as art. In the next place, his individuality is not accented, his books are not unified. If they were pervaded by, or even tinctured with, some general philosophic character, they would count in the mass for far more, — his *œuvre*, as the French say, would have more relief, his position in literature would be better defined and more important. As it is, for the lack of some unifying philosophy, each one is an independent illustration of some particular exercise of his talent, and his personality is dissipated by being thus disseminated.

What is it to have a philosophy of life? In any sense in which it may be legitimately required of the artist, even of the artist who deals expressly with life, — of the poet, the dramatist, or the writer of fiction, — to have a philosophy of life certainly does not demand the possession of a body of doctrine "based on interdependent, subordinate, and coherent principles," as has been prescribed by pedantry for criticism. It is simply to be profoundly impressed by certain truths. These truths need not be recondite, but they must be deeply felt. They need be in no degree original. The writer's originality will have abundant scope in their expression. Goethe, it is true, replied to a perhaps not wholly pedantic criticism of *Wilhelm Meister*: "I should think a rich, manifold life brought close to our eyes would be enough in itself without any express tendency." And Goethe is probably the greatest example of the artist and the philosopher combined. This observation, however, is confined to a single work; it is impossible to think of the author of *Wilhelm Meister* as the author only of it and of works of like aim and scope. And furthermore, the life which Mr. James's books bring close to our eyes, though manifold, is not rich. It is remarkably multifarious, but "rich" is precisely the last epithet that could properly be applied to it.

It is, nevertheless, the result of observation of the most highly developed material, and if it lack vitality, it is not because it is commonplace or rudimentary. The converse is so pointedly the case as to constitute Mr. James's chief excellence. It has been said of him that he has, not sounded the depths, but "charted the shallows" of life. But to say this is quite to miss the point about him. Occupy himself with the shallows he certainly often does, though quite without any attempt to chart them, any attempt at completeness. It is evident that he is not concerned to show them *as* shallows, with the inference that they compose a far larger part of life than is apprehended by current mechanical optimism. He does not deal with them in any such philosophical spirit. His scientific curiosity does not distinguish between the phenomena, all of which seem inexhaustibly interesting to him. Except certain coarsenesses, which probably seem almost pathologic to him, or at any rate too ordinary and commonplace for treatment, nothing is to him, as I have said, too insignificant to be interesting, considered as material for artistic treatment. The treatment is to dignify the theme always. And in this attitude no one can fail to see, if not a deeper interest in art than in life, at least an interest in life so impartial and inclusive as to approach aridity so far as feeling is concerned. To take an interest in making interesting what is in itself perfectly colorless is, one must admit, almost to avow a fondness for the *tour de force* dear to the dilettante. Still it would be misleading to insist on this, because Mr. James's intention is, on the whole, to indicate the significance of the apparently trifling, and not to protest that an artistic effect can be got out of next to nothing. It betrays the interest of the naturalist asseverating that nothing is really trifling, since it exists.

It is easy to lose one's way in endeavoring to follow the clue of Mr. James's preoccupation, but with due attention I think it may be done. And his interest in

making interesting the pose and gesture of a lady standing by a table, let me recapitulate, is not, or is only a little, to produce an artistic effect with a minimum of means; nor is it to show that of such trifles human life is largely composed; it is to show that in life itself such things are interesting not only because everything is, but also because, though slight, they are subtle and certain indications of the *character* to which they belong. In this way he can find something recondite in what is superficially very simple. And I should say that it is, in a word, to the pursuit of the recondite in life that he has come more and more to consecrate his extraordinary powers. He sees it in everything, in the simple as well as in the complicated, in the shallows as well as in the depths. That is all one can truthfully say, perhaps, though of course in seeking it in the familiar and the commonplace it is difficult to avoid the semblance of mystification.

The pursuit of the recondite, however, is quite inconsistent with much dwelling on the meaning of life as a whole. And it is owing to his taking this so much for granted as so largely to exclude it from his fiction, that the life which Mr. James "brings close" to us should lack the "richness" that Goethe claimed for *Wilhelm Meister*. If he conceived the shallows *as* shallows and the depths *as* depths, he could hardly avoid taking a less arid view of them, and the astonishing variety of the phenomena that entertain and even absorb him would be grouped in some synthetic way around centres of coördinating feeling, instead of unrolled like a panorama of trifles hitherto unconsidered and tragedies hitherto unsuspected — exhibited like a naturalist's collection made in a country accessible to all, but heretofore unvisited by the scientist with the seeing eye.

Hence, I think, the lack of large vitality in his books, of a sensibly noble and moving effect. The search for the recondite involves the absence of direct dealing with the elemental. The passions are perforce

minimized, from being treated in their differentiation rather than in their universality, as well as from being so swamped in minutiae as largely to lose their energy. His books are not moral theses, but psychological themes, studies not of forces, but of manifestations. The latter are related as cause and effect, perhaps, but not combined in far-reaching suggestiveness. The theme has weight at times, morally considered, but it is not rendered typical, as in George Eliot, for example. It is never either ominous or reassuring. It is never brought close, in Goethe's words, to the reader. It makes him reflect, but speculatively; reason, but academically. It is an unfolding, a laying bare, but not a putting together. The imagination to which it is due is too tintured with curiosity to be truly constructive. It has the disadvantage of never taking possession of the theme and conducting it masterfully. It is not *a priori* enough. It is held in the leash of observation and fettered by its voluntary submission to the material, to exhibit rather than to arrange which is its specific ambition. The work as a whole is thus necessarily coldly conceived. The heat is in the narration of detail. And thus the reader is impressed far more by the detail than by either the grand construction or by the general design. Above all, the characters, the portraiture of human nature, upon which the vitality of fiction depends, suffer from the recondite quality, which wars with the elemental and thus tends to eliminate the typical, the representative, which constitutes the basis of both effective illusion and significant truth. But of course all that makes types interesting is the possession of a philosophy of life. They imply classification, which is the last thing to be looked for in the *espèglerie* of the most precocious conceivable child among us merely occupied in taking notes.

VI

After all, the supreme test of a novelist's abiding interest is the humanity of his

characters. This is so true that Mr. James himself professes a preference for *The House of the Seven Gables* over the other romances of Hawthorne because it seems to him more of a novel. Hawthorne, however, was not a novelist, and *The House of the Seven Gables*, though no doubt his best novel, is the least characteristic of his larger productions. Actual life was not his theme. As Mr. James himself has pointed out, his characters, save for the Donatello of *The Marble Faun*, include no types. The same might be said of the personages of later and far less romantic writers. The type in fiction has become a little old-fashioned — at least the labeled and easily recognized type has. It is relegated to the stage, where, apparently, it will continue, from the limitations of the histrionic art, to be a necessity. In the novel it has largely succumbed to the conquering force of psychology, which in creating an individual and to that end emphasizing his idiosyncrasies has, almost proportionally, robbed him of his typical interest. And this is a loss for which absolutely nothing can atone in the work of the realistic novelist whose theme is actual life.

The list of Mr. James's novels is a long one, and his short stories are very numerous; and among them all there is not one with a perfunctory or desultory inspiration. Why is it that they in no sense constitute a *comédie humaine*? They are very populous; why is it that the characters that people them have so little relief? Taken together they constitute the least successful element of his fiction. Partly this is because, as I say, they possess so little typical quality. But why also do they possess so little personal interest? They have, seemingly, astonishingly little, even for their creator. So far from knowing the sound of their voices, as Thackeray said of his, he is apparently less preoccupied with them than about the situation — the "predicament," he would aptly say — in which he places them. Apparently he is chiefly concerned with what they are to do when confronted with

the complications his ingenuity devises for them, — how they are to “pull it off.” These complications are sometimes very slight, in order to show what trifles control destinies; sometimes they are very grave, and designed to show the conflict of the soul with warring desires and distracting perplexities. And they are never commonplace — any more than the characters themselves, each one of which is intimately observed and thoroughly respected as an individuality. But their situation rather than themselves is what constitutes the claim, the *raison d'être*, of the book in which they figure. The interest in the book, accordingly, becomes analogous to that of a game in which the outcome rather than the pieces monopolizes the attention. It cannot be said that the pieces are not attentively described, — some of them, indeed, are very artistically and even beautifully carved, — but it is the moves that count most of all. Will Densher give a plausible solution to the recondite problem of how to combine the qualities of a cad and of a gentleman? Will Maisie decide for or against Sir Claude? What decision will Sir Claude himself make? Has Vanderbank ideality enough to marry Nanda? The game is very well, often exquisitely, played; and the result, which, nevertheless, from all we know of the characters, we can rarely foresee, wears — when we argue it out in retrospect as the author clearly has done in advance — the proper artistic aspect of a foregone conclusion. Mr. James rarely seems to impose it himself; except on the few occasions when, as in *The Princess Casamassima* or *The Other House*, he deals in melodrama, in which he almost never succeeds in being convincing, his rectitude is so strong a reliance as to exclude all impression of perversity or willfulness and convey the agreeable sense of sufficiently fatalistic predestination. Meantime you find out about the characters from the result. Since it has turned out in this way, they must have been such and such persons. In other words, they have not been characterized very

vividly, have not been presented very completely as human beings.

At least they do not people one's memory, I think, as the personages of many inferior artists do. When one thinks of the number of characters that Mr. James has created, each, as I have said, carefully individualized, and none of them replicas, — an amazing world they certainly compose in their originality and variety, — it is odd what an effort it is to recall even their names. The immortal Daisy Miller, the sensitive and highly organized Ralph Touchett, the robust and thoroughly national Christopher Newman, the gentle Miss Pynsent, and a number of others that do remain in one's memory, mainly belong to the earlier novels and form but a small proportion of the great number of their author's creations. Different readers, however, would no doubt answer this rather crude test differently, and in any case it is not because they fail in precision that Mr. James's personages lose distinctness as their story, like all stories, fades from the recollection. They have a sharp enough outline, but they are not completely enough characterized.

Why? Why is it that when the American heroine of one of his stories, beautifully elaborated in detail, a perfect specimen of Dutch *intarsia*, kills herself because her English husband publishes a savage book about her country, we find ourselves perfectly unprepared for this *dénouement*? Why is it that with all the pains expended on the portrait of the extraordinary Mrs. Headway of *The Siege of London*, we never quite get *his* point of view, but are kept considering the social duty of the prig who passes his valuable time in observing her attempts at rehabilitation and — no doubt most justly — exposes her in the end? There is nothing to complain of in the result, the problem is worked out satisfactorily enough, but Mrs. Headway herself does not count for us, does not hang together, in the way in which Augier's *L'Aventurière* does, or even Dumas's *Baronne d'Ange*. It would be difficult, for example, and for this rea-

son, to make a play of *The Siege of London*.

The answer to this query, the explanation of this incompleteness of characterization in Mr. James's nevertheless very precise personages, consists, I think, in the fact that he rather pointedly neglects the province of the heart. This has been from the first the natural peril of the psychological novelist, the neglect of what in the Scripture view constitutes "the whole man," just as the neglect of the mind — which discriminates and defines personalities once constituted — was the defect of the psychological novelist's predecessor. But for Mr. James this peril has manifestly no terrors. The province of the heart seems to him, perhaps, so much to be taken for granted as to be on the whole rather negligible, so far as romantic exploitation is concerned.

Incidentally, one may ask, if all the finest things in the world are to be assumed, what is there left for exploitation? Matter for curiosity mainly — the curiosity which in Mr. James is so sharp and so fruitful. The realm of the affections is that which — *ex vi termini*, one may say — most engages and attaches. Are we to be interested in fiction without liking it? And are we to savor art without experiencing emotion? The fact that no one re-reads Mr. James means that his form, however adequate and effective, is not in itself agreeable. But it means still more that his "content" is not attaching. When Lockhart once made some remark to Scott about poets and novelists looking at life as mere material for art, the "veteran Chief of Letters" observed: "I fear you have some very young ideas in your head. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." Is it possible that Mr. James's controlling idea is a "young one"? Is his undoubted originality, after all, the exploitation of what seemed to so wise a practitioner as Scott, "moonshine"? That would account, perhaps, for the

pallid light that often fills his canvas when his characters are grouped in a scene where "the human heart" — insight into which used to be deemed the standard of the novelist's excellence — has a part of any prominence to play. The voluntary abandonment by the novelist of such a field of interest as the province of the heart is witness, at all events, of an asceticism whose compensations ought in prudence to be thoroughly assured. Implied, understood — this domain! Very well, one may reply, but what a field of universal interest you neglect, what a rigorously puritanic sacrifice you make!

Thus to neglect the general field which the historic poets and romancers have so fruitfully cultivated results, however, in only a negative disadvantage, it may be contended, and Mr. James's psychology may be thought by many readers a fair compensation. It is certainly prodigiously well done. A writer with nothing more and nothing better to his credit than the group of stories assembled under the title *The Better Sort* has an indisputable claim to be considered a master, whatever one may think of the tenuity of his themes and the disproportionate attentiveness of their treatment. "It is *proprement dit*, but it is pale," he makes a supposititious Frenchman say of his romance, in his clever and suggestive *The Point of View*; and he frankly records his failure to interest Turgénieff in the fictions he used to send him from time to time. All the same, a new *genre* is a new *genre*, and as such it is idle to belittle Mr. James's, as readers too dull to seize its qualities sometimes impertinently and impatiently do. But specifically and positively a novelist's neglect of the province of the heart involves the disadvantage of necessarily incomplete portraiture.

A picture of human life without reference to the passions, the depiction of human character minus this preponderating constituent element of it, cannot but be limited and defective. The view that half-consciously regards the passions as either

titanic or vulgar, and therefore only pertinent as artistic material to either tragedy or journalism, is a curiously superficial one. The most controlled and systematized life, provided it illustrate any ideal-ity, is inspired by them as fully as the least directed and most irregular. The diminution of demonstrativeness under the influence of civilization is no measure of the diminution of feeling; and even if we feel less than our forefathers, our feeling is still the dominant element in us. Every one's consciousness attests this, that of the ascetic as well as that of the epicurean, that of the patrician and the brahmin as well as that of the peasant and the clown. Whether the drama of human life is of the soul or of the senses, it is equally real, universal, and the resultant of the passions. To assume that the modern man, whatever the degree of his complicated differentiation, is any more destitute of them than his autochthonous ancestor, is to leave out of consideration the controlling constituent of his nature and the mainspring of his action. All of these personages that people Mr. James's extraordinarily varied world must have them, and the circumstance that he rarely, if ever, tells us what they are, makes us feel our acquaintance with his personages to be partial and superficial. At times we can infer them, it is true. But every art, certainly not excepting the novelist's, needs all the aid it can get to make itself effective, and reliance on inference instead of statement results here in a very shadowy kind of substance.

Is it because of a certain coolness in Mr. James's own temperament that his report of human nature is thus incomplete? Does he make us weep — or laugh — so little because he is so unmoved himself, because he illustrates so imperturbably and fastidiously the converse of the Horatian maxim? Candidly speaking, perhaps we have no business to inquire. Whether it is due to his theory or to the temperament responsible for his theory, perhaps it is both pertinent and proper to rest in the indisputable fact that he

does leave us unmoved. After all, the main question is, does the fact have for us the compensations that evidently it has for him? Say that he deals so little with the emotions because preoccupation with them deflects and distracts from the business of presenting in all its force of singularization and relief, at whatever cost of completeness, the truths and traits of human nature that most interest him, that interest him so intensely. Say even, in other words, that to feel an emotional interest in his personages is for an author to incur the risk of a partiality inconsistent with artistic rectitude. Certainly it is impossible to be blind to this controlling rectitude in Mr. James, impossible to avoid recognizing — however easy we may suspect nature has made it for him — his unalterable fidelity to his main purpose in his fictions, which is to clothe and depict the idea he wishes to illustrate, whatever becomes of his people in the process. Say, too, that though sometimes, in consequence, these remain very much on the hither side of realization; though sometimes they are subjected to remorseless procrustean treatment; and though they never take possession of the scene themselves and tell or enact their own story, without, at any rate, our feeling that they rely largely on the subtlest of prompters, they nevertheless always strictly subserve the larger design of their creator. Grant all this. The salient fact remains that their creator is too much concerned with the laws of his universe, apparently, to assign them other than vicarious functions, or to take other than what is called an "intellectual" interest in them.

And this is an interest extremely difficult for an author to make his readers share. The reader is much more readily interested through his sympathies, and cannot be relied upon to attach to phenomena which exclude these the same importance which the writer who is exploiting them does. He will readily respond to the author who illustrates "What a piece of work is man!" and at the same

time imperfectly echo the enthusiasm of the artist who exclaims, "How beautiful a thing is this perspective!" Mr. James's enthusiasm, one may fancifully say, is for the perspective rather than for the substance of human nature, and even this, of course, in taking it from him, we are obliged to enjoy at one remove; so that, even supposing our pure curiosity to equal his, we can hardly be counted on to feel the same amount for his report of life as he feels for life itself. We need something of *him* to compensate for the inevitable loss of heat involved in the process of translation. And this he is extremely chary of giving us. What chiefly we perceive is his own curiosity.

Of this, indeed, we get, I think, a surfeit. Without more warmth than he either feels or will suffer himself to exhibit, it is difficult for him to communicate the zest he plainly takes in the particular material he in general exploits. It is too special, too occasional, too recondite, at times certainly too trivial, to stand on its own merits, aided merely by extraordinary but wholly unemotional cleverness of presentation. In fact, I think one may excusably go so far as to confess a certain antipathy to the degree in which the author exhibits this curiosity. Scrutiny so searching seems to exclude chivalry. *In the Cage*, for instance, is a wonderful study, but so persistent and penetrating as to appear positively pitiless. How many years ago was it that Arnold complained that curiosity, which had a good sense in French, had a bad one in English? For Mr. James it is not only not a defect, and not merely a quality, but a cardinal virtue. Balzac was certainly not a sentimentalist, yet Taine ascribes what he considers the superiority of Valérie Marneffe to Rebecca Sharp to the fact that Balzac "aime sa Valérie." Would it ever occur to any one to suspect that Mr. James "loved" any of his characters? Ralph Touchett, perhaps; but surely the extraordinary attention that almost all his later personages receive from him is not an affectionate interest, and, as I say, I think

the result is less completeness of presentment, less vigor of portraiture.

Perhaps his frequent practice of identifying himself with one of his characters by making him narrate the tale is in part responsible for this impression of extreme coolness in the narrator that we get from the book and unconsciously refer to the author. There are a number of his stories in which the fictitious narrator exhibits his cold-blooded curiosity with a naïve single-mindedness that awakens positive distaste. One winces at the scrutiny of defenseless personages practised by the narrators of *The Pension Beaurepas*,—a delightful sketch; of *Four Meetings*,—a masterpiece of satire and of pathos; of a dozen other tales in which some inhuman naturalist studies his spitted specimens. The most conspicuous instance of this is undoubtedly *The Sacred Fount*, which for this reason is a disagreeable as well as a mystifying book. The amount of prying, eavesdropping, "snooping," in that exasperating performance is prodigious, and the unconsciousness of indiscretion combined with its outrageousness gives one a very uncomfortable feeling,—a feeling, too, whose discomfort is aggravated by the insipidity of the fanciful phenomena which evoke in the narrator such a disproportionate interest. Perhaps this nosing curiosity is itself a trait of the "week-end" in England, and designed to be pilloried as such. No one can know. But in this case one may wish the point had been made plainer, even in a book where it is apparently the author's intention to make everything obscure.

There are, moreover, many stories by Mr. James in which this pathologic curiosity is manifested, not by the narrator,—for whom there is some artistic excuse,—but by one or more of the characters. *The Siege of London* is an example. From this story one might infer that the close observation of a squirming and suffering though doubtless highly reprehensible woman could really occupy the leisure of a scrupulous gentleman. Is it true that curiosity is a "passion" of our attenuated

modern life, — curiosity of this kind, I mean; the curiosity that feeds on the conduct and motives of one's fellows in whom one feels no other interest? It is at all events true that it is the one "passion" celebrated with any ample cordiality by Mr. James, whether or no to inquire if he shares it be to inquire "too curiously." He himself — whom nothing escapes that he does not exclude, one is sometimes tempted to think — has noted the characteristic. I wish I could put my hand on the passage — I am confident it is in one of his earlier works — in which he speaks of a certain indiscreet closeness of observation as a disagreeable trait of a certain order of Frenchman! But surely no French writer of distinction has ever shown it in such inadvertent profusion as Mr. James. Mr. James has carried the famous watchword, "disinterested curiosity" so far, in a word, that his curiosity is not merely impartial, but excessive. It is "disinterested" enough in the sense hitherto intended by the epithet, but in its own exercise it is ferociously egoistic. He is not merely detached; his detachment is enthusiastic. One may say he is ardently frigid. The result, I think, is the detachment of his readers; certainly the elimination from the field of interest of those characters and that part of every character which, too fundamental and general to reward mere curiosity, nevertheless constitute the most real, the most attaching, and the most substantial elements of human life.

VII

It is possibly owing in some degree to his dispassionateness that Mr. James passes popularly for preëminently the novelist of culture. A writer so refined and so detached is inferentially the product of letters as well as of life. Less than any other would it seem congruous to associate with him the notion of crudity in any of its aspects or degrees, the notion of non-conformity to the canon, recalcitrancy to the received. And certainly he

has neglected nothing of the best that has been thought and said in the world so far as his own art is concerned. He does not look at life through books; far from it. But with the books that illustrate the problem of how art should look at life he is thoroughly familiar. On the art and in the province of latter-day fiction, at any rate, there is certainly nothing he has not read — and perfectly assimilated. No writer in any department of literature can more distinctly leave the impression of acquaintance with the modern classics of his chosen field in all languages, and with all the commentaries on them. There is, besides, in his moral attitude, his turn of phrase, his absence of emphasis, his esoteric diction, his carelessness of communication, even, his air of *noblesse oblige*, his patrician fastidiousness and manifest contentment with justification by his own standards, in the wide range of his exclusions, and — above all — in his preference for dealing with high differentiation instead of the elementary and universal, — in all this there is clearly manifest the aristocratic conformity to the conclusions of culture and of the good taste which culture alone — even if only — can supply.

There is, however, this peculiarity about his culture, considered as an element of his equipment. It is very far from being with him, as it is sometimes assumed to be in the case of the literary or other artist, a handicap on his energy, his originality — an emasculating rather than an invigorating force. It has, on the contrary, been a stimulant as well as a guiding agent in his activity. But its singularity consists in the circumstance that, though unmistakably culture, it is culture of a highly specialized kind. Prominent as Mr. James's culture is, in a word, it is precisely the lack of background, the background that it is eminently the province of culture to supply, that is the conspicuous lack in his work considered as a whole, considered with reference to its permanent appeal, considered, in brief, as a contribution to literature. Is there any

other writer whose work, taken in the mass, is so considerable and marked by such extreme cleverness, so much insight, and so much real power, which is also so extremely dependent upon its own qualities and character and so little upon its relations and correspondences? It is so altogether of the present time, of the moment, that it seems almost an analogue of the current instantaneous photography. Behind it one feels the writer interested, not in Molière, but in Daudet, not in Fielding, but in Trollope, not in Dante, but in Théophile Gautier. He writes about "Le Capitaine Fracasse," not about "Don Quixote," about the "Comédie Humaine," not about the world of Shakespeare. This is treading on delicate ground, and where the end of culture is in any wise so conspicuously achieved as it is in Mr. James, it is perhaps impertinent to inquire as to his use of the means. But where a writer's work is so voluminous as his, as well as of such a high order, it is in the interest of definition to inquire why his evident culture betrays so little evidence of interest in the classics of literature or the course of history. It is very likely true that for the writer of modern fiction an acquaintance with *Salammbo* is of more instant pertinence than saturation with the *Divine Comedy*, that such an essay as Mr. James's on Maupassant — a very nearly perfect masterpiece — is more apposite than Lowell's — rather inadequate — paper on *Don Quixote*. I only point out that from the point of view of culture, his preoccupation with Du Maurier and Reinhart and Abbey and Stevenson and Miss Woolson indicates culture of an unusually contemporary kind. In mere point of time Mme. de Sabran is as far back as I remember his going. How exquisite his treatment of these more or less current themes has occasionally been I do not need to say, or repeat. If in the last analysis there is a tincture of "journalism" in this, it is journalism of a very high class, and perhaps anything nowadays without a trace of journalism is justly to be suspected

of pedantry and pretension, qualities absolutely foreign to Mr. James's genius. They are wholly absent, too, in such "journalism" as his books of travel, — the *Little Tour in France*, which is curiously dependent upon "the excellent Mr. Murray" and derives from the "red-book" rather than from the library; and the *Portraits of Places* which, however abounding in penetration and *justesse*, — I recall some remarkable pages about Tintoretto, for example, — is too enamoured of the actual to think twice about its origins. But for a literary figure that seems and really is the antipodes of some of the prominent and by no means negligible apostles of crudity of the present day, it is plain that his rather exclusive interest in the literature of the present day is a peculiarity worth remark. The man is always more than the special province in which his talent is exercised, and Mr. James's culture is such that one does not associate him with such writers of fiction as Wilkie Collins, say, so much as with Arnold and Lowell and Browning and Tennyson and Thackeray and George Eliot and Bulwer. But beside any one of these, his culture seems quite modern and current in its substance and preoccupations.

It is not, however, merely paradoxical, and therefore noteworthy, that his culture should be at once so conspicuous and so apparently partial. The circumstance is particularly significant because it is particularly disadvantageous to his impressiveness as a writer of fiction. "L'artiste moderne," says Paul Bourget, "lequel se double toujours d'un critique et d'un érudit." The critic is conspicuous enough in Mr. James, but one cannot help thinking that precisely his kind of fiction would be more effective if he were more evidently *érudit*. For example, a writer interested in the *Antigone*, and imbued with the spirit of its succession, would naturally and instinctively be less absorbed in what Maisie knew, — to mention what is certainly a very remarkable, but what is also, by the very perfection of

its execution, shown to be a fantastic book, except on the supposition that whatever is, is important. Saturation with contemporary *belles lettres* will no doubt suffice an artist whose talent, like that of Mr. James, is of the first class, for the production of delightful works, but to produce works for the pantheon of the world's masterpieces without a more or less constant — even if subconscious — reference to the figures already on their august pedestals, fringes the chimerical. One could wish the representative American novelist to be less interested in inventing a new game of fiction than in figuring as the "heir of all the ages." For lovers of "the last new book," Mr. James's is no doubt the most important. But why should it not be an "event" — such as one of Thackeray's or George Eliot's used to be? It is certainly not because his talent is inferior; is it because his culture is limited, as well as because, as I have already said, his art is as theoretic as his philosophy of life is obscure?

To take the particular instance of *The Awkward Age*, which may be called Mr. James's masterpiece, — at least among the later novels. I cannot better explain what I have in mind in speaking of his peculiar kind of culture than by saying that *The Awkward Age* strikes one as a little like Lilliput without Gulliver. One has only to imagine what Swift's picture of that interesting kingdom would be if the figure that lends it its significance were left out of it. Its significance, of course, depends wholly on the sense of contrast, the play of proportion. So does the significance of the corresponding Brobdingnag. And not at all exclusively in an artistic sense, it is to be borne in mind, but in a literary and human one. If the futilities and *niaiseries* of *The Awkward Age*, instead of being idealized by the main strength of imputed importance, were depicted from a standpoint perhaps even less artistically detached, but more removed in spirit by knowledge of and interest in the sociology of the human species previous to its latest illustration by a

wretched little clique of negligible Londoners, the negligibility of these *dramatis personæ* would be far more forcefully felt. It would constitute a thesis. As it is, the thesis apparently of an extraordinary number of pages is that a girl freely brought up may turn out a better girl than one claustrally reared. Of course this is not really all. There is a corollary — a coda: the former does not get married and the latter does. And there is a still further moral to be drawn by those expert in nuances of the kind. But one feels like asking brutally, in the name of literature, if this order of it is worth while, is worth the lavish expenditure of the best literary talent we have. If it is, there is nothing more to be said. But it can only be considered worth while by the amateur of novelty, and must seem attenuated from the standpoint of culture.

It is not a matter of realism. Fielding was a realist, if ever there was one. But is it likely that without his classical culture such a realist as Fielding, even, would have depicted figures of such commanding importance and universal interest as those with which his novels are peopled? Can one fancy Gibbon praising with the same elaborate enthusiasm that he expressed for *Tom Jones* the "exquisite picture of human life and manners" provided by *The Awkward Age* or *The Other House*, — supremely clever as is the art of these books and their fellows? Nor is it a question of art. Mr. Meredith, for example, is not a realist like Mr. James, but his art constantly suggests that of the younger writer. Yet it differs from Mr. James's not more in its preoccupations — with the fanciful, that is to say, rather than the real — than in its whole attitude, which, in spite of its absence of pedantry and close correspondence to the matter in hand, is obviously, markedly, the attitude of culture, the attitude of not being absorbed by, swamped in, the importance of the matter in hand, but of treating it at least enough at arm's length to avoid exaggerating its importance. He leaves the impression of a certain lack of seriousness.

He has the air of the dilettante; which, to my sense, Mr. James never has. But he also leaves the impression, and has the air inseparably connected with what is understood by culture. In art of any kind at the present time, it is well known that culture is not overvalued. It is quite generally imagined that we should gain rather than lose, for instance, by having Raphael without the Church and Rembrandt without the Bible. But the special art of fiction has not yet been emancipated to this implied extent, because the general life of humanity, of which this art is *ex hypothesi* a picture, is felt to have a unity superior in interest and importance to any of its variations.

Too great an interest in the history, as well as in the present status, of mankind, therefore, can hardly be exacted of the creator of a mimic world, I will not say of Mr. James's pretensions, for he makes none, but of his powers, of which in justice too much cannot be exacted. A novelist in whom the historic sense is lacking is, one would say, particularly liable to lack also that sense of proportion which alone can secure the right emphasis and accent in his pictures of contemporary life — if they are to have any reach and compass of significance, if they are to rise very far above the plane of art for art's sake. From the point of view of culture as a factor in a novelist's production, it may be said, surely, that no one knows his own time who knows only it. Any conspectus of the sociology of the present day, in other words, that neglects its aspect as an evolution, neglects also its meaning. The life of the present day can no more be satisfactorily represented and interpreted in isolation in fiction than in history or sociology. To record its facts, even its subtlest and most recondite facts, those that have hitherto been neglected by more cursory observers, without at the same time admeasuring them, in however indirect and unconscious fashion, by reference to previous stages of the evolution, or at least the succession, to which the life of the present day belongs is, mea-

surably, to lose sight of their meaning, of the reason for recording them. As Buckle said, very acutely, any one who thinks a fact valuable in itself may be a good judge of facts, but cannot be of value. And it is hardly too much to say that this is how Mr. James impresses us in his recent studies of English society, the studies that, taken in the mass, constitute the bulk, as in some respects they do the flower, of his work. He is an excellent judge of the phenomena — the sharp-eyed and penetrating critic for whom, in a sense, perhaps, this extraordinary and extraordinarily inept society has in fancied security unwittingly been waiting. But of their value he seems to be no judge at all. If his culture included such development of the historic sense as would present to his indirect vision the analogues of other civilizations, other societies, other *milieux*, he could hardly avoid placing as well as fixing his phenomena. And this would, I think, give an altogether different aspect and value to his work.

In illustration, I may refer to a portion — the most interesting, and, I am inclined to think, the most important though not perhaps the most "wonderful" portion — of this work itself. There was a time when Mr. James did things with obvious zest, with a freedom that excluded the notion of the theoretic; when he communicated pleasure by first feeling it himself; when, therefore, there was a strong personal note in what he wrote, and he did not alienate by his aloofness; when, indeed, one could perceive and enjoy a strain of positive gayety in his compositions. Has any reader of his, I wonder, any doubt as to the period I have in mind? I refer to the period of his studies in contemporary sociology, so to speak, the years when the contrast between America and Europe preoccupied him so delightfully. Then he produced "documents" of real value and of striking vitality. He had the field all to himself, and worked it to his own distinct profit and that of his readers. Then he portrayed types and drew out their suggestiveness.

His characters were not only real, but representative. He provided material not only for the keenest enjoyment, but for reflection. His scientific curiosity resulted in something eminently worth while, something in which he excelled so notably as virtually to seem, if indeed he was not literally, the originator of a new and most engaging *genre* of romance,—to be, one may say, the Bopp of the comparative method as applied to fiction.

The literature that he produced at this period owes its superiority to his current product in general import and interest, I think, precisely to this factor of culture on which he now places so little reliance. It was inspired and penetrated with the spirit of cosmopolitanism, that is to say, culture in which the contemporary is substituted for the more universal element, and, if it does not quite make up in vividness for what it lacks in breadth, certainly performs the similar inestimable service of providing a standard that establishes the relative value and interest of the material directly dealt with. Out of his familiarity with contemporary society in America, England, France, and Italy, grew a series of novels and tales that were full of vigor, piquancy, truth, and significance. The play of the characters against contrasting backgrounds was most varied and interesting. The contrasts of points of view, of conventions and ideas, of customs and traditions, gave a richness of texture to the web of his fiction which, since it has lacked these, it has disadvantageously lost. His return to the cosmopolitan *motif* in *The Ambassadors* and (measurably) in *The Golden Bowl* is accordingly a welcome one, and would be still more welcome if the development of this *motif* were not now incrustated and obscured with mannerisms of presentation accreted in the pursuit of what no doubt seems to the author a "closer correspondence with life," but what certainly seems to the reader a more restricted order of art,—an art, at any rate, so largely dependent on scrutiny as perforce to dispense with the significance to

be expected only of the culture it suggests, but does not illustrate. It is a part of Mr. James's distinction that he gives us so much as to make us wish for more, that he entertains us on so high a plane that we ask to be conducted still higher, and that his penetration reveals to us such wonders in the particular *locale*, that we call upon him to show us "the kingdoms of the earth."

VIII

We could readily forego anything that he lacks, however, if he would demolish for us the *chevaux-de-frise* of his later style. In early days his style was eminently clear, and at the same time wholly adequate, but in the course of years it has become an exceedingly complicated vehicle. Its complexity is probably quite voluntary. Indeed, like his whole attitude, it is even theoretic. It images, no doubt, the multifariousness of its substance, of which it follows the nuances and subtleties, and with its parentheses and afterthoughts and qualifications, its hints and hesitations, its indirection and innuendo, pursues the devious and haphazard development of the drama of life itself. It is thoroughly alive and sincere. It has mannerisms, but no affectations. One gets tired of the frequent recurrence of certain favorite words and locutions, but the author's fondness for them is always genuine. Least of all are they perfunctory, any more than is any other manifestation of Mr. James's intellectual activity. His vocabulary is remarkable, both in range and in intimate felicity; and it is the academic vocabulary, rendered vigorous by accents of raciness now and then, the acme of literary breeding, without, however, a trace of bookish aridity. He is less desultory than almost any writer of anything like his voluminousness. His scrupulous care involves often quite needless precautions, as if the reader were watching for a slip,— "like a terrier at a rat-hole," a sufferer from his superfluous concessions once impatiently observed. But his pre-

cision involves no strain. His style in general shows no effort, though it ought to be said that, on the other hand, it also shows no restraint. It is tremendously personal in its pointed neglect of conformity to any ideal of what, as style, it should be. It avoids thus most conspicuously the hackneyed traits of rhetorical excellence. And certainly the pursuit of technical perfection may easily be too explicit, too systematic. Correctness is perhaps the stupidest way of achieving artificiality. But a writer of Mr. James's rhetorical fertility, combined with his distinction in the matter of taste, need have no fear of incurring artificiality in deferring to the more elementary requirements of the rhetorical canon.

He has, however, chosen to be an original writer in a way that precludes him from being, as a writer, a great one. Just as his theory of art prevents his more important fiction from being a rounded and synthetic image of life seen from a certain centralizing point of view, and makes of it an essay at conveying the sense and illusion of life by following, instead of focusing, its phenomena, so his theory of style prevents him from creating a texture of expression with any independent interest of its own. The interest of his expression consists solely in its correspondence to the character of what it endeavors to express. So concentrated upon this end is he that he very rarely gives scope to the talent for beautiful and effective expression which occasional lapses from his rigorous practice show him to possess in a distinguished degree. There are entire volumes of his writings that do not contain a sentence like, for example, this from a brief essay on Hawthorne: "His beautiful and light imagination is the wing that on the autumn evening just brushes the dusky pane." Of a writer who has this touch, this capacity, in his equipment, it is justifiable to lament that his theory of art has so largely prevented his exercise of it. The fact that his practice has not atrophied the faculty — clear enough from a rare but perfect exhibition

of it from time to time — only increases our regret. We do not ask of Mr. James's fastidiousness the purple patch of poetic prose, any more than we expect from him any kind of mediocrity whatever. But when a writer, who shows us unmistakably now and then that he could give us frequent equivalents of such episodes as the death of Ralph Touchett, rigorously refrains through a long series of admirable books from producing anything of greater extent than a sentence or a paragraph that can be called classic, that has the classic "note," we may, I think, legitimately complain that his theory of art is exasperatingly exacting.

And of what may be called the strategy, in distinction from the tactics, of style he is quite as pointedly negligent. The elements of combination, distribution, climax, the whole larger organization and articulation of literary presentment, are dissembled, if not disdained. Even if it be possible to secure a greater sense of life by eliminating the sense of art in the general treatment of a fiction, — which is certainly carrying the theory of *ars celare artem* very far (the first word in the aphorism having hitherto stood for "art," and the last for "artifice"), — even if in attitude and construction, that is to say, the amount of life in Mr. James's books atones for the absence of the visible, sensible, satisfying element of art as art, it is nevertheless clear that in style as such there is nothing whatever that can atone for the absence of art. Skill is an insufficient substitute; it is science, not art, that is the adaptation of means to ends. And upon skill Mr. James places his whole reliance.

He is, of course, supremely skillful. His invention, for example, which has almost the force and value of the creative imagination, appears in particularly exhaustless variety in the introductions of his short stories. Each one is a study in exordiums, as skillful as Cicero's. And the way in which the narrative proceeds, the characters are introduced, and the incidents succeed one another, is most atten-

tively considered. But no amount of skill and care compensate for the loss of integumental interest in the handling, the technic, the style, that is involved in a subordination of style to content so complete as positively to seem designed to flout the traditional convention which makes the interpenetration of the two the ideal. Such an ideal is perhaps a little too obvious for Mr. James, who is as uninterested in "the obvious" as he is unconcerned about "the sublime," of which, according to a time-honored theory, the obvious is a necessary constituent.

The loss of interest involved in obscurity is, to begin with, enormous. Such elaborate care as that of Mr. James should at least secure clearness. But with all his scrupulousness, clearness never seems to be an object of his care. At least, this is true of his later work. In his earlier, his clearness was so conspicuous as almost to suggest limitation. There are extremely flat-footed things to be encountered in it now and then — as, for example, his reprehension of the trivial in Hawthorne, the "parochial" in Thoreau. But since his later, his preponderant, and what we must consider his true, manner has been established, no one needs to be reminded that obscurity has been one of its main traits. His concern is to be precise, not to be clear. He follows his thought with the most intimate exactness — no doubt — in its subtle sinuosities, into its complicated connotations, unto its utmost attenuations; but it is often so elusive, so *insaisissable* — by others than himself — that he may perfectly express without in the least communicating it. Yet the very texture of his obscurity is composed of incontestable evidences that he is a master of expression. The reader's pleasure becomes a task, and his task the torture of Tantalus.

It is simply marvelous that such copiousness can be so elliptical. It is usually in greater condensation — such as Emerson's — that we miss the connectives. The fact attests the remarkable fullness of his intellectual operations, but such

plenitude imposes the necessity of restraint in direct proportion to the unusual extent and complexity of its material. "Simplification" is a favorite word with Mr. James, but he himself never simplifies for our benefit. Beyond question, he does for his own. He has clearly preliminarily mastered his complicated theme in its centrality; he indisputably sits in the centre of the web in whose fine-spun meshes his readers are entangled. If in reading one of his fictions you are conscious of being in a maze, you know that there is an issue if you are but clever enough to find it. Mr. James gives you no help. He flatters you by assuming that you are sufficiently clever. His work, he seems to say, is done when he has constructed his labyrinth in emulating correspondence with the complexity of his model life, and at the same time furnished a potentially discoverable clue to it. There are readers who find the clue, it is not to be doubted, and follow it in all its serpentine wanderings, though they seem to do so in virtue of a special sense — the sense, it might be called, of understandingly savoring Mr. Henry James. But its possessors are marked individuals in every one's acquaintance; and it need not be said that they are exceptionally clever people. There are others, the mystically inclined, and therefore perhaps more numerous, who divine the significance that is hidden from the wise and prudent. But to the majority of intelligent and cultivated readers, whose appreciation constitutes fame, the great mass of his later writing is of a difficulty to conquer which requires an amount of effort disproportionate to the sense of assured reward.

Are the masterpieces of the future to be written in this fashion? If they are, they will differ signally from the masterpieces of the past in the substitution of a highly idiosyncratic *manner* for the hitherto essential element of *style*; and in consequence they will require a second reading, not, as heretofore, for the discovery of "new beauties," or the savoring again of

old ones, but to be understood at all. In which case, one may surmise, they will have to be very well worth while. It can hardly be hoped that they will be as well worth while as those of Mr. James, and the chances are, accordingly, that he will occupy the very nearly unique niche in the history of fiction — hard by that of Mr. Meredith, perhaps — of being the last as well as the first of his line. He has

a host of imitators, it is true; he has, in a way, founded a school, but as yet certainly this has produced no masterpieces. Has he himself? If so, they are, at all events, not unmistakably of the scale and on the plane suggested by his unmistakable powers,—powers that make it impossible to measure him otherwise than by the standards of the really great novelists and of the masters of English prose.

GRIEVE NOT, LADIES

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

OH grieve not, Ladies, if at night
You wake to feel your beauty going;
It was a web of frail delight,
Inconstant as an April snowing.

In other eyes, in other lands,
In deep fair pools new beauty lingers;
But like spent water in your hands
It runs from your reluctant fingers.

You shall not keep the singing lark
That owes to earlier skies its duty.
Weep not to hear along the dark
The sound of your departing beauty.

The fine and anguished ear of night
Is tuned to hear the smallest sorrow;
Oh, wait until the morning light!
It may not seem so gone to-morrow.

But honey-pale and rosy-red!
Brief lights that made a little shining!
Beautiful looks about us shed —
They leave us to the old repining.

Think not the watchful, dim despair
Has come to you the first, sweet-hearted!
For oh, the gold in Helen's hair!
And how she cried when that departed!

Perhaps that one that took the most,
The swiftest borrower, wildest spender,

May count, as we would not, the cost —
And grow more true to us and tender.

Happy are we if in his eyes
We see no shadow of forgetting.
Nay — if our star sinks in those skies
We shall not wholly see its setting.

Then let us laugh as do the brooks,
That such immortal youth is ours,
If memory keeps for them our looks
As fresh as are the springtime flowers

So grieve not, Ladies, if at night
You wake to feel the cold December;
Rather recall the early light,
And in your loved one's arms, remember.

THE WARFARE OF HUMANITY WITH UNREASON¹

CHRISTIAN THOMASIIUS

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

THE year 1688 is memorable for two revolutions: one in England, the other in Germany. In England a conspiracy of statesmen — partly patriotic, partly rascally — dethroned the last of the Stuarts. In Germany a young Leipsic professor began giving his lectures, — not in Latin, but in German.²

Each of the revolutions thus begun ended a great evil phase of history which had lasted during centuries; each began a better phase which lasts to-day. A very plausible argument might be made to show that of these two revolutions the

act of the German professor was really the more important. For if the work of William of Orange and his partisans was to destroy Stuartism, with all its lying kingcraft, and to set in motion causes which have directly developed the constitutionalism of England, of the United States, and of so many other modern nations, the work of this young professor and his disciples was to dethrone the heavy Protestant orthodoxy which had nearly smothered German patriotism, to undermine the pedantry which had paralyzed German scholarship, to substitute thought for formulas, to bring the principles of natural right to bear upon international and general law, to discredit religious intolerance, to root out witchcraft persecutions and procedure by torture from all modern codes, and to begin that emancipation of public, and especially of uni-

¹ The first of this series, a sketch of the life of Paolo Sarpi, was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January and February, 1904, and the second, on Hugo Grotius, in December, 1904, and January, 1905.

² The date 1687 is given by Wagner, but Luden, Klemperer, Biedermann, and others give 1688.

versity, instruction from theological control, which has given such strength to Germany, and which, to-day, is rapidly making its way in all other lands, including our own.

That we may understand this work, let us look rapidly along the century and a half which had worn on since the time of Luther and Melancthon.

Even before Melancthon sank into his grave, he was dismayed at seeing Lutheranism stiffen into dogmas and formulas, and heartbroken at a persecution by Protestants, even more bitter than anything he had ever experienced from Catholics.¹

Luther had, indeed, been at times intolerant; but his intolerance toward Carlstadt was simply the irritation of a strong man at nagging follies, the impatience of a sensible father with a child who persists in playing with firebrands. Far worse was his intolerance toward Zwingli. That remains the one blot on his great career, — and a dark blot; — yet, with all this, he was, in breadth and fairness of mind, far beyond his age. But the theologians who took up the work which the first reformers had laid down soon came to consider intolerance as a main evidence of spiritual life: ere-long they were using all their powers in crushing every germ of new thought. Their theory was, simply, that the world had now reached its climax; that the religion of Luther was the final word of God to man; that everything depended upon keeping it absolutely pure; — men might comment upon it in hundreds of lecture-rooms and in thousands of volumes; but — change it in the slightest particle — never.

And in order that it might never be changed, it was petrified into rituals and creeds and catechisms and statements, and above all, in 1579, into the "For-

mula of Concord," which, as more than one thoughtful man has since declared, turned out to be a "formula of discord."

For ten years the strong men of the Lutheran church labored to make this creed absolutely complete; strove to clamp and bind it as with bonds of steel; to exclude from it every broad idea that had arisen in the great heart and mind of Melancthon; to rivet every joint, so that the atmosphere of outside thought might never enter. At last, then, in 1579, after ten years of work, the structure was perfect. Henceforth, until the last day, there was to be no change.

But, like all such attempts, it came to naught. The hated sister sect grew all the more lustily. When the "Formula of Concord" was made, Calvinism was comparatively an obscure body in Protestant Germany, but within a generation it was dominant in at least one quarter of the whole nation, and had taken full possession of the great German state of the future; — the Electorate of Brandenburg.²

The result, then, of all this labor was that the Protestants quarreled more savagely than ever; that while they were thus quarreling Protestantism lost its hold upon Germany; that Roman Catholicism, no longer dull and heavy, but shrewd, quick, and aggressive, — with the Jesuits as its spiritual army and Peter Canisius as its determined head, — pushed into the territory of its enemies, reconverted great numbers of German rulers and leaders of thought who were disgusted at the perpetual quarreling in the Protestant body; availed itself skillfully of Protestant dissensions, and waged the Thirty Years' War; thus bringing back to the old faith millions of Germans who had once been brought under the new.

Yet, even after these results were fully revealed, and despite most earnest utterances in favor of concord, by many true men, clerical and lay, a great body of conscientious ecclesiastics continued to

¹ For a most eloquent reference to Melancthon's last struggle with Lutheran bigotry and fanaticism, see A. Harnack, Address before the University of Berlin, 1897, pp. 16, and following.

² See Biedermann, *Deutschland im Achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, vol. ii, pp. 291 et seq.

devote themselves to making the breach between Lutherans and Calvinists ever wider and deeper. Various leading theologians gave all their efforts to building up vast fabrics of fanaticism and hurling epithets at all other builders. Their bitterness was beyond belief. Just before the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, Paræus, a Calvinistic divine of great abilities and deeply Christian spirit, proposed that Lutherans and Calvinists unite in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Reformation. Both sides denounced him. The leaders at the Lutheran universities of Tübingen and Wittenberg united in declaring the scheme "a poisonous seduction into hell."

Still later, when the terrible Thirty Years' War was showing the results of Protestant bigotry and want of unity, leading court preachers of Saxony thundered from the pulpit the words: "To unite with Calvinists is against God and Conscience, and nothing less than to do homage to the founder of the Calvinistic monstrosity, Satan himself."¹

When Tilly began the siege of Magdeburg, which ended in the most fearful carnival of outrage and murder the world had seen since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, efforts to relieve it were cruelly hindered by these same Protestant dissensions. At about the same time, the period when peasants began to declare their doubts of the existence of a God who could permit such terrible evils as were brought upon them by the Thirty Years' War, the magistrate, at a religious debate in Thorn, having forbidden blackguardism and calling of names and hurling of epithets from the pulpit, the eminent Calovius, with two other Lutheran divines, protested so vigorously that the order was revoked. And when the evil consequences of discord had been stamped into men's minds even more deeply, and various statesmen and even ecclesiastics sought to promote more kindly views, John Heintzelmann, Rector of

the Berlin Gymnasium, declared, "Who-soever belongs to the Calvinistic Church is accursed."

All attempts by wise men to put an end to this scandal seemed utterly in vain. The Great Elector of Brandenburg having published a decree exhorting all the clergy, both Lutheran and Calvinistic, to keep the peace, Paul Gerhard, of the great Nicolai Kirche in Berlin, a gentle and deeply religious soul, whose hymns Christians are singing to-day in all lands, declared that he could not conscientiously obey; that he could not consider Calvinists his brother Christians. Against this decree of the Elector sundry clergy appealed to the theological faculties of Helmstadt, Jena, Wittenberg, and Leipsic, and to the clergy of Hamburg and Nürnberg, to know whether the order of the Elector was to be obeyed; and all, or very nearly all, these bodies answered, "No; ye are to obey God rather than man." The University of Wittenberg went a step farther, and showed that while the duty of Calvinists was to tolerate Lutheranism, the duty of Lutherans was to persecute Calvinism, because, it was insisted, "the Lutherans can prove Calvinism to be false."²

The greatest Protestant theologian of the seventeenth century, George Kalixt, exerted himself for peace; and on him was fastened the epithet "Syncretist." The meaning of this terrible word was, virtually, peacemaker; but when repeated in the ears of the people, it aroused as much horror and brought as much persecution as the epithet "atheist" would have done.

And Spener came, — seeking to revive devotion in the church. He urged Christianity as a life and not a repetition of formulas; his personal creed was "orthodox" in every particular, his life was saintly, his words wrought as a charm on multitudes to make them more true and

¹ See Biedermann, *Deutschland im Achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, vol. ii, pp. 291 et seq.

² See Biedermann, *Ibid.* vol. ii, p. 272; also citations from Hagenbach, Ranke, and others, in Klemperer, *Christian Thomasius*, Landsberg. 1877.

noble, — all to no purpose. He was driven by the ecclesiastical authorities out of pulpit after pulpit, and his own goodness and the goodness produced in his disciples were held by his clerical superiors to increase his sin. August Hermann Francke began the career which resulted in the creation of the most magnificent charity ever established by a German Protestant, — the Orphan House at Halle; but for years he was driven from post to post for his lack of fanatical zeal. Generation after generation raised men who labored in vain for peace: they were simply denounced as shallow, impious, and the epithet "Syncretist" was hurled at them as a deadly missile. The greatest German philosopher of the century, Leibnitz, attempted to find some common ground, and was declared to be "worse than an atheist."

Hardly better was it in science and literature. The universities were fettered by theological clamps. Professors, instructors — even fencing masters and dancing masters — were obliged to take oath to believe and support the required creed in all its niceties. Galileo's announcements were received by the ruling Protestant ecclesiastics with distrust and even hostility. When Kepler began to publish his discoveries, a Stuttgart Consistory, of September, 1612, warned him "to tame his too penetrating nature, and to regulate himself, in all his discoveries, in accordance with God's word and the Testament and Church of the Lord, and not to trouble them with his unnecessary subtleties, scruples, and glosses." The standing still of the sun for Joshua was used against Galileo by the Protestant authorities in Germany, as it was used against him by the Inquisition at Rome. The letter of the Reformation Fathers was everything; their real spirit nothing.¹

Another crushing weight upon science and literature was the dominant pedantry. The great thing was to write commentaries upon old thought, and dili-

gently to suppress new thought. The only language of learned lectures was a debased Latin. During the seventeenth century pedantry became a disease in every country. In England a pedant sat on the throne, and Walter Scott has mirrored him in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. In Italy and Spain the same tendency prevailed: the world now looks back upon it, sometimes with abhorrence, sometimes with contempt, as pictured in both countries by Manzoni in the *Promessi Sposi*. In the American colonies it injured all thinkers, and two of the greatest — the Mathers — it crippled. In France there was resistance. Montaigne had undermined it, and it was the constant theme of his brightest wit; La Bruyère presented it in some of his most admirably drawn pictures; Molière, who had occasion to know and hate it, held it up to lasting ridicule in the *Mariage Forcé*.

But, bad as that seventeenth-century pedantry was, in France, England, Italy, and Spain, each of these countries had a literature of which thinking men could be proud, and a language in which its most learned men were glad to write. Not so in Germany. The language of learned Germans had become mainly a jargon; their learning owlish; their principal business disputation.

The same spirit was seen in the whole political and civil administration. The Thirty Years' War had left the country in a fearful state; the population of great districts had been nearly rooted out; powerful cities had been reduced to a third of their former population; wealthy provinces had been brought to utter poverty. Then, if ever, the country needed good laws and a wise administration. But nothing could be worse than the system prevailing. In its every department pedantry and superstition were mingled in very nearly equal proportions; everywhere was persecution; everywhere trials for witchcraft; everywhere criminal procedure by torture, though the futility of torture had been demonstrated nearly two thousand years before.

¹ See citations in Klemperer, pp. 4 *et seq.*

The lower orders of society had been left by the war in a state of barbarism, and the leaders of the church, while struggling with one another on points of dogma, found little if any time to instruct their flocks in anything save antiquated catechisms.

Into such a world, in 1655, was born Christian Thomasius. The son of a professor at the University of Leipsic, his early studies, under his father's direction, comprised nearly all the sciences then taught at that centre of learning; but he finally settled upon the law as his profession, and after having done thorough work both in study and practice, he began lecturing at the University where his father had lectured before him, and mainly upon the same subject, — the principles of law.

In order to understand the work which Thomasius thus began, we must review briefly the development of International Law during the period immediately preceding the time when he gave himself to it.

As we go on through that period, matters seem at their worst. Such actions as those of Julius II, releasing Ferdinand of Spain from his treaty with France; of Clement V, allowing the King of France to break an inconvenient oath, and violate a solemn treaty; of Pius V, destroying the sanctity of treaties in order to revive civil war in France, had seemed to tear out the very roots of International Law. But, bad as these acts were, they were followed by worse. The Conduct of Innocent X, denouncing the Treaty of Westphalia and absolving its signers from their oaths, thus seeking to perpetuate the frightful religious wars which had devastated Germany for thirty and the Netherlands for seventy years; this and a host of similar examples, Protestant as well as Catholic, seemed to fasten that old monstrous system upon the world forever. So far as nations had any views regarding their reciprocal duties, these were most practically expressed in Machiavelli's *Prince*, the gospel of state scoundrelism. All was

a seething cauldron of partisan hostilities, personal hatreds, and vile ambitions, scoundrelism coming to the surface more evidently than all else.¹

But under this cloud of wretchedness an evolution of better thought had been going on. Amid the mass of venal advocates and dry pettifoggers had arisen jurists, men who sought to improve municipal and international law; and in 1609 came, as we have seen in an earlier study in this series, the first work of Hugo Grotius, — his *Mare Liberum*. Finally, in 1625, amid all the atrocities of the Thirty Years' War, he published at Paris his great work, the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*. It was the foundation of modern thought in that splendid province. It confronted the unreason of the world with a vast array of the noblest utterances of all times; it enforced these with genius; it welded the whole mass of earlier ideas, thus enforced, into his own thought, and put into the hands of those who followed him a mighty weapon against the follies of rulers and the cruelties of war.

We have seen that the fundamental thought of Grotius thus fully developed was that International Law has a twofold basis: first, "Natural Law," — the moral commands of God to the human family as discerned by right reason; secondly, "Positive Law," — the law which results from the actual agreements and enactments of nations.

As between these two divisions, his clear tendency was to give supremacy to Natural Law — that derived from the thought of God imparted to the moral nature of man — and to bring Positive Law more and more into conformity with this.

The first eminent apostle of Grotius was Pufendorf, who, in 1672, published

¹ For Innocent X and the Treaty of Westphalia, see Gieseler, *Kirchengeschichte*, translated by H. B. Smith, vol. iv, p. 239, where citation from original sources is made. For previous cases mentioned, see Laurent, *Études sur l'Histoire de l'Humanité*, vol. x, *passim*. For additional and more complete citations, see the preceding articles on Grotius.

his *De Jure Naturæ et Gentium*, laying stress, as Grotius had done, upon the revelation of right reason in various ways and at various periods. He was at once confronted, as Grotius had been, by a large part of the clergy. At that period International Law, and indeed all law, was kept well in hand by theology, and theology discovered in the views of these new thinkers a certain something which weakened sundry supposed foundations of law, as laid down in our sacred books.

Was any attempt made to mitigate the horrors of war, the Old Testament was cited to show that the Almighty commanded the Jews, in their wars, to be cruel. Was any attempt made to mitigate persecution for difference in belief, the New Testament was opened at the texts, "Compel them to enter in," and "I came not to send peace, but a sword." Was any attempt made to loosen the shackles of serfs, both the Old and New Testaments were opened to show that slavery was of divine sanction. Was any attempt made to stop witchcraft trials, which during a century continued destroying at the rate of a thousand innocent persons in Germany every year, an appeal was made to the text, "Ye shall not suffer a witch to live," in the Old Testament, and to the casting out of devils in the New. Was an attempt made to abolish torture, the eminently orthodox Carpzov and his compeers cited David's dealings with the children of Ammon.

The teachings of Grotius and Pufendorf cut to the heart of all this: and therefore, as the work of Grotius had been placed upon the Index by Catholics, the works of Pufendorf were put under the ban by a large body of Protestants.

Into the war thus begun, Thomasius, faithful to the teachings of his father, entered heartily by lecturing against Grotius and Pufendorf. He himself tells us, later, that he did not at first separate the questions of legal philosophy from those of theology; that, in his judgment at that early period, to doubt the principles laid down by theologians was to risk damna-

tion; that, so great was his trust in the authority of so many excellent men, that he would have exposed himself to the charge of ignorance sooner than to the slightest suspicion of separating himself from the dominant teaching.¹

But there came in his thinking a great change. With that impartiality which is one of the rarest virtues in strong men, he studied carefully the work of his adversary and was converted by him; and, having been converted, felt it a duty to be even more earnest in supporting than he had previously been in opposing him. More than this, he thereby learned the great lesson of relying upon his own powers. He declares, "I now saw that any being gifted by God with reason sins against the goodness of his Creator when he allows himself to be led like an ox by any other human being;" and he adds: "I determined to shut my eyes against the brightness of human authority, and to give no more thought to the question, *who supports any doctrine*, but simply *to the grounds on which it is supported*."

¹ See Biedermann, *Deutschland im Achtzehnten Jahrhundert*, vol. ii, p. 349, Leipzig, 1880. For statements of the relative position of Grotius, Pufendorf, and Thomasius, see Heffter, *Droit International*, troisième édition, 1875, par. 10; also Phillimore, *Commentaries on International Law*, 2d edition, London, 1871, p. 50; also Wheaton, *Elements of International Law*, Introduction; Woolsey, *International Law*, Introduction, and Appendix I. For extended and interesting accounts of the historical development, see Wheaton, *Histoire du Progrès du Droit des Gens*, Introduction and first chapters. And for a close discussion of the main points involved, see Franke, *Reformateurs et Publicistes de l'Europe, Dix-septième Siècle*, Paris, 1881, chap. iii. For excellent brief summaries, see Walker, *History of the Laws of Nations*, Cambridge (England), 1899, vol. i, pp. 162-334, and D. J. Hill, Introduction to Campbell's Translation of the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, Washington, 1901. For the interesting personal relations which were developed between Pufendorf and Thomasius, see Gigas, *Briefe Pufendorfs und Thomasius*, Leipzig, 1897; this work contains thirty-four letters hitherto unpublished, lately discovered in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, only five others having been previously known.

The earlier views of the young instructor had been well received; but as he developed these later ideas his audiences became alarmed, and "before long," he tells us, "I was left alone in my lecture-room with my Grotius."

Yet not discouraged. Having given two years to study, thought, and travel, he began again, and now drew large audiences. The inert mass of German law began, under his hands, to throb with a new life.

At first his zeal and ability carried all before him; and, despite the grumblings of his opponents, he was in 1685 admitted to membership in the learned society which edited the literary journal of the University, — the *Acta Eruditorum*.

But matters became speedily worse for him. The young instructor's facility in lecturing and publishing was as great as his zeal, and his every book and every lecture seemed to arouse new hatred in the older race of theologians and jurists. Enemies beset him on all sides; now and then skirmishes were won against him, resulting in condemnation of this or that book or prohibition of this or that course of lectures.

But for his real genius, he would have lost the battle entirely. He committed errors in taste, errors in tact, errors in statement, errors in method, more than enough to ruin a man simply of great talent; but he was possessed of more than talent; of more than genius.¹

For there was in him a deep, earnest purpose, a force which obstacles only in-

creased; and so, as preparatory to his lectures of 1688, came the startling announcement that they were to be in the spoken language of his country. This brought on a crisis. To his enemies it seemed insult added to injury. Heretofore Thomasius had developed the ideas of Grotius and Pufendorf; this was bad enough; but now, his opponents declared that he purposed to disgrace the University and degrade the Faculty. In vain did Thomasius take pains to make his views understood. In vain did he extol the Greek and Latin classics; in vain did he show the great advantages which France and other nations had reaped from the cultivation of their own languages; in vain did he show that lecturing in Latin was conducive to the reworking of old thoughts rather than to the development of new; that a flexible modern language is the best medium in which new thought can be developed: all in vain.

The opposition became more and more determined, but he stood none the less firmly. More and more he labored to clear away barbarisms and to bring in a better philosophy; and while he continued to deliver some of his lectures and write some of his books in Latin, he persisted in using German in those lectures and books which appealed to his audiences more directly and fully. This brought more and more intrigues, more and more pressure: every sort of authority, lay and ecclesiastic, was besought to remove him.

As we have seen, he had been one of the editors of a Latin literary journal; he now established a literary journal in German, — the first of any real value ever known. Up to that time newspapers in Germany were petty sheets giving mere summaries of news; Thomasius was the first to found a German literary journal in any true sense of the word.²

² For a brief but excellent statement of the relation of this new journalism to the advancement of German thought, see Kuno Francke, *Social Forces in German Literature*, p. 176 (note).

¹ For a striking example of Thomasius's errors in taste and method, see the very curious and comical statement of a speech before the professors and students of Leipsic in 1694, dedicated to the Elector Frederick III, in Tholuck: *Vorgeschichte des Rationalismus*, second part, — *Das kirchliche Leben des siebenzehnten Jahrhunderts*, first edition, Berlin, 1861, pp. 71 et seq.; and for other examples, see pages following. For an open confession of what he considered as too great severity in various cases, see especially p. 72. For complaints by others against his too great sharpness and severity, see pp. 74 et seq.

Not only did he give up the old language of literary criticism, but he relinquished its old paths. The time-honored methods in criticism were simple. They were largely those of a mutual admiration society: each professor sounding in sonorous Latin the glories of his sect or his clique, and showing in pungent Latin the futility of all others. With all such, Thomasius made havoc, discussed the works of his colleagues and of others impartially; asked no favors and showed none. He was the sworn foe of intolerance, of abuses rooted in prejudice, of all mere formulas and learned jargon.

Nor did he confine himself to that easiest and cheapest of all things, destructive criticism; he determined not merely to criticise, but to create, — not merely to destroy, but to build; he showed, distinctly, power to develop new good things in place of old bad things.

This work of his, then, while apparently revolutionary, was really evolutionary: he opened German literature to the influences of its best environment; he stripped off its thick, tough coatings and accretions of pedantry, sophistry, and conventionalism, and brought it into clean and stimulating contact with the best life of Germany and of Europe.

While opposing the unfit use of the ancient languages, he never ceased efforts to improve his own language. Luther had, indeed, given it a noble form by his translation of the Bible; but pedantry was still too powerful: the vernacular was despised. All care was given to Latin. At sundry schools of high repute children were not only trained to speak Latin, but whipped if they spoke anything else. Learned schoolmasters considered it disgraceful to speak their own language, or to allow their pupils to speak it. The result was that the German language had become a jargon. Even Thomasius himself never fully freed his style from the effect of his early teaching: much as he did to improve German literature by calling attention to the more lucid French models,

he never could entirely shake off the old shackles.¹

No less striking were his efforts in behalf of a better system of instruction. He insisted that so much useless matter was crammed into scholars' minds that there was little place for things of real value. He urged the authorities to give up the debased Aristotelianism still dominant, sought to quicken thought on subjects of living interest, and declared: "the logic of the schools is as useless in prying into truth as a straw in overturning a rock."²

The evil was deep-seated. Candidates for degrees in his time discussed such subjects as the weight of the grape clusters which the spies brought out of the Promised Land: one professor lectured twenty-four years on the first chapter of Isaiah; another lectured an equal time on the first ten chapters of Jeremiah; still another gave thirteen years to an explanation of the Psalms; Gessner, the philologist, gave forty lectures upon one word in Aristotle's *Rhetoric*.³

To all the objections of Thomasius against this sort of learning, his opponents had an easy answer: they declared his arguments shallow, and himself a charlatan. But he committed still another crime. Spener having continued his efforts to bring peace between the warring factions in the church and to arouse Christian effort, Thomasius defended him, made common cause with him, and, indeed, for a considerable time, became milder in character and utterance. Hence it was that, though for his views on the source of public law he had been called an "atheist," he was now called, for his tolerant views, a "pietist."

And soon came another charge, even worse. A Danish court preacher, Masius, had put forth a treatise to prove

¹ See curious examples in Rümer, *Geschichte der Pädagogik*, cited in Klemperer.

² As to Thomasius's plan to give something better than the usual subjects of study, see Dernburg, *Thomasius und die Stiftung der Universität Halle*, pp. 8 et seq.

³ See Klemperer's citations from various authorities.

Lutheranism the form of religion most favorable to princely power, — that no other religion taught so plainly the divine authority of princely government, the necessity of passive obedience on the part of the governed, the absolute authority conferred on government directly from God, and without any necessary consent of the people. No argument could appeal more strongly to the multitude of princelings, great and small, who then ruled every corner of Germany with rods of iron.

But these statements and arguments Thomasius, in the regular course of his work as professor and journalist, brought under criticism; stigmatized them as an attempt to curry favor with the ruling class; and finally declared that, although the powers that be are ordained of God, various rights on the part of the governed must be supposed. This threw the opposing theologians into new spasms. They had previously, without much regard for consistency, declared him an atheist and pietist; they now declared him guilty of treason, the Danish Government made a solemn complaint to the Government of Saxony, and Thomasius's book was burned by a Danish hangman, while the Elector of Saxony, the palace clique, and the authorities of the church at Dresden, were more loudly than ever besought to remove him.

Against all this he stood firm. But at last fortune seemed to desert him. His love of justice plunged him into apparent

ruin. The Duke of Sachsen-Seitz had wished to marry a daughter of the Elector of Brandenburg. The reasons for the marriage were many and weighty. The alliance was a happy one for the two states, and the prince and princess loved each other; but Saxony was Lutheran, and Brandenburg Calvinistic: the marriage was, therefore, denounced from the leading Lutheran pulpits. Against these Thomasius began another struggle. On grounds of simple justice and of public right, and of opposition to intolerance, he favored the marriage. Committees were now appointed to examine into his utterances and opinions. The Philosophic Faculty of Leipsic made formal charges against him before the Royal Court at Dresden, beseeching the authorities to stop his lectures and to allow him to print nothing which had not received the sanction of the censure. This led to a catastrophe: a warrant was issued for his arrest, and, as treason was one of the crimes charged, he took the wisest course left him, — he shook from his feet forever the dust of Saxony, fled by night from Leipsic, and sought refuge in Halle, under the sway of the Elector of Brandenburg.

Thus, in 1690, apparently ended all his opportunities to better his country. At the age of thirty-five years, he saw his enemies jubilant; every cause for which he had struggled lost; himself considered, among friends and enemies alike, as discredited and ridiculous.

LETTERS OF MARK

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Letters . . . are of several kinds. First, there are those which are not letters at all, as letters patent, letters dimissory, letters enclosing bills . . . letters of marque, and letters generally, which are in no wise letters of mark. [Lowell's *The Biglow Papers*, First Series, No. VII.]

"Odd people write odd letters," was the unanswerable assertion of that else forgotten essayist, Bishop Thorold, — forgotten, even though his *Presence of Christ* went through twenty editions in his lifetime. Be this as it may, it is true of all of us that the letter represents the man, odd or even. It is, indeed, more absolutely the man, in one sense, than he himself is, for the man himself is inevitably changing, beyond his own control, from moment to moment, from birth to death; but the letter, once written, is an instantaneous photograph and stays forever unchanged. *Litera scripta manet*. If sincere, it is irrevocable, if insincere it is equally so; and however artfully executed, it may be read between the lines, some time or other, and its hidden meaning unveiled. Let us by all means, therefore, devote a few pages to the odd letters.

The following letter is one of a class which every American journalist or magazinist, whose name becomes tolerably familiar to the public, may reasonably expect to receive every month or two. This arrived many years ago; and the daughter of this writer may well be addressing, by this time, some younger author in an equally confiding spirit. No other nationality, perhaps, would produce such a letter, and yet this obviously came from a thoroughly honest and simple soul whose frankness was its own defense.

— OHIO, 10, 27, '84.

DEAR SIR, — I am one of your girl admirers, I am! I know you're sedate and
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grandfatherly and such an announcement wont startle you a bit! . . . We have one of your books in the circulating library in town, we always have read your articles — when I wore a *bib* I'd read them in *Our Young Folks*. . . .

Oh, I did forget the object of my call — I want to be reading a good history of Ireland and Scotland this winter. Please suggest what is best. I want nothing dry nor *pokey*; whatever you approve will suit me 'cause you're so folksy! I would enjoy Irish legends and superstitions.

When my ship comes in I'm going to Europe, ah, thereby hangs a tale! my folks smile whenever the subject comes up. Once upon a time I nearly got a legacy! Why did n't I *get* it? A childless old widower in his dotage made a will giving to four girls his *gilders*. I was one of 'em, just as he was about to "shuffle off" — a little widow, bright and black eyed, inveigled the widdy man into a marriage and *she* got my "noble six hundred!"

And since he died this pesky widow, this scheming Vivian is *on the track* again a-trying to get into the good graces of *one of my admirers*!

The legacy business was a surprise to us girls and it did no harm, we all have homes and plenty, so I'll just go on being smiling and help rheumatic-y old men in wheel chairs across rough places in pavements and will get to Europe on my own cash. . . .

Please find enclosed a stamp for reply — and don't be shocked at my wild Western ways —

Your Girl friend.

Another letter, proceeding from a different temperament and from a much remoter source, indicates the graver and still more daring spirit which was ready, even

in what was then almost wilderness, to write Gibbon's *Roman Empire* or any other task demanding such a library as scarcely Washington or New York or Boston could then afford.

— DAKOTA, Nov. 13, 1886.

DEAR SIR, — In one of the Chicago papers (I have mislaid the article) I saw you quoted as saying that the field of literary work was *almost*, or quite, destitute of women who could write a really scholarly article on any given, or assigned subject. I may be unequal to the task, and I have not a Library of any size to consult on such subjects, but I would like to *try*. I am capable of study and have an easy pen. A little direction may be worth a good deal to me.

Very Resp'ly.

But from an Eastern metropolis itself came this more practical appeal with a view to business only.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 25, 1885.

DEAR SIR, — I am desirous of securing a humerous lecture for a lady to deliver through N. Y. State & possibly some in the West. I saw the notice of your lecture "New England Vagabond" in the Boston Papers & write to ask you if the same can be secured. If so upon what terms. I conclude from the title that it is humerous; is it not? Yours truly.

Then comes an appeal from the outer edge of literature, with the advantage of a foreign atmosphere and a picturesque name. Having afterwards met the author, I can testify to his fine personal appearance and to a power of gesture such as to suggest the necessity of those strictly pocketed hands demanded by his "pantomimeless friends." Alas! what budding orator fails to find himself liable to repression by such friendship?

— Jan. 15th, 1900.

MY DEAR SIR, — I beg of you as a stranger, that I may be the recipient of

your encouragement in my efforts to pronounce the words of Shakespeare.

I am beginning the study of some of the works of the Master and that from a dramatic standpoint, and "I see in them more than mortal knowledge."

I write you sir as a patron of learning and as a helper of young men that I may be given the opportunity to, if possible, give a reading of one hour's duration at your home for the sum of \$10.

Although being of a Syrian origin and have the Arabic for my mother tongue, yet "I have a mind that pressages me such thrift that I should questionless be fortunate," and I "Do now feel the future in the instant."

Permit me to state that I have the idea to excute after two years study six of the master-pieces of the Master word for word and to reproduce the same with the aid of illustrations upon the screen and if possible to use moving characters to be taken from casts set for the purpose. This would in itself be an attraction in making Shakespeare more popular even with the use of my voice to speak the parts of all characters as they appear on the canvas.

At present I have two plays almost assimilated and registred in my memory and from these I would use portions if privileged by you some evening in the future (near?).

I think I am possessed with the requisits, that of voice and the dramatic instinct, coupled with a pair of strong lungs to propell the necessary atmosphere to the character living in my mind, whether it be that of Hamlet, Shylock, Portia or that of a clown.

I am told that my physical make up is very responsive to my imagination by way of movement and action, and it is so much so that I have to pocket my hands in order to conform myself to the pantomimeless friends here.

I crave again your pardon for obtruding myself on your kindness, and with best wishes and Salaam

I am most respectfully yours.

It is more plaintive still, perhaps, when a man of genuine and simple purpose, having previously written to ask counsel as to books for his grandchildren, comes back four years later for a plan and "Spe-sefacations" to aid in building him a tanyard for those same grandchildren, in which the "difrent helps" may be put in "the most conviniant placeses." Where, but in America, one asks, are the different pursuits of literature and life brought so frankly and honestly together with compensation guaranteed in advance?

— PA. November 19, 1886.

I am sending thus at a ventur I was so suscesful in geting Books through you so sutabel for my grandchildren in 1882.

I am bilding a tanyerd in houp that it may bi run by my grandsons. 40 by 100. intended to have attachments.

I want a plan and Spesefacations in Book pamflat or leflet form that wil gide the man that is Bulding the house in putting down the vats, and placing the difrent helps at ther levels, and most conviniant placeses.

whatever information you can help mi to I will pay for in advance, if you wish.
your Servt.

When to these elements of utter frankness in thought and freshness of words is added the fearless mixture of two distinct languages in spelling, we come upon a new ground of interest, as seen in the following letter, addressed by a young German sculptress to a lady of my household. It is to be explained that she who wrote it had been making some preliminary attempts at modeling in plaster the head of one of the family.

DEAR MADAM, — You will kindly excuse dat I take the liberty to writh to you, but my clay was ready as far as I could do it last Fryday and it is so hard to keep it moist without spoiling it dat I dont know what to do. I fully understand dat Mr — is verry bussy whit his work and so

I dit not like to bodder him with my littel affairs.

So you would do me a great favor if you would find out when I could see him, if only 15 minutes. I faund it such a hard job to make the lykniss ennywhere near to south [suit] me, becous in my minds eye I had his picture . . . and the photograph dont souths [suit] me because it dont give him credit.

When I cam home from your house, I washet the littel catpiece whit soap and whater and it becum quit white and niece, so would yours, if you would just try.

I put one of my cards in for the adress in case you should be so kind to writh and oblige

Your respectfully.

For the literary man especially, the phrase "to writh" is clearly more vigorous and expressive than "to write" and often represents the same process; especially when the writer is painted at the very climax of toil, and is described as "verry bussy whit his work." What the "littel catpiece" was, is now lost to memory, but it is something to know that when "washet whit soap and whater" it "becum quit white and niece." Note throughout, also, the absence of all mere illiteracy in the spelling of this letter, a document which simply lies in some zone, halfway between some other language and our own, resulting in a consistent and uniform dialect, only half spoiled into English.

As a sample of a really vigorous, but somewhat untrained American mind, with its multitude of momentous things to be said and nothing longer than a possible sentence to say them in, — this letter from an unseen correspondent in a remote Western region will suffice. We may picture her as the kind and well-to-do adviser to her neighbors, who seek her in market wagons to enquire of her how to regain supposed bequests in far-off lands; even she being unable to find for them any refuge but in what she describes as "Carnage."

MY DEAR FRIEND, — This is all one letter, a part of the last, when I got to writing about that imaginary old gentleman, that would be to old to care anything about waiting if he was older than I am, I forgot what I wished to say and that is about English lawyers, do you know of one who could attend to some business for my neighbors, this place is out of the way we have no railroads and are not connected with the city only by market wagons, we do not know anything here, I am the only one who has been abroad and they come to me for advice about their property who know nothing about lawyers. I have one a young man who manages my estate, and I told him to write for my neighbors to Mr B—— who is consul to Liverpool as I know his wife, and ask for a Lawyer for my neighbors who wish to get some money from the Bank of England, the Bank having written that it was left there by their grandfather for them. Mr. B—— wrote the name of a firm, and my lawyer wrote to them to see how much money there was in the bank for them as he did not think it could be as many millions as they thought, now the lawyer answered and said he had looked the chancery and there was no estate for the —— there, of course there was not, he was never told to look the chancery, what would you think of a lawyer like that, you who are noted for knowledge ought to know, and then the Bank of England wrote to know the *title* of the old man who lived so long ago in this neighborhood, and then my young lawyer did not know what to do, and I thought of asking you for an English lawyer of sense. Some money in this neighborhood might get us a library for the High School. I have given the land and the house is built, these farmers ought to have a library, how could we get in touch with Carnage, or some other of that generous kind of people.

No really illiterate letters will ever be so dear to my heart, or even afford such suggestive studies as to the way in which

written language first unfolds itself, as those received when I was in charge of a camp of nearly a thousand freed slaves, nine tenths of whom were making their early efforts toward the employment of written words. The simplicity and directness of the process, the seeming hopelessness of the result, the new suggestions conveyed as to phonetic methods of spelling, the absolute daring with which nouns and verbs were combined, made all mere common school instruction appear commonplace beside these. The writer of the following epistle, Baltimore Chaplin, was one of those picturesque vagabonds who are to be found in all regiments, white or black, and who are apt to make themselves more interesting to their senior officers than those leading lives of more monotonous virtue. He had been, it would seem, arrested for some offense, and probably with undue violence. The letter was addressed to the commander of the Department, and I believe it soon turned out that the writer had been, for once, unjustly suspected, and must be set at liberty. As I recur to the epistle after nearly forty years have passed, there is a certain fascination in tracing the successive efforts to make the untutored pen express the untrained ear, thus giving forth sounds new in their combination and sometimes more expressive than tones achieved under the full rigors of grammar and dictionary. The wildness of all peril appears thus concentrated into the word "Somharme" and the refuge for all safety into the word "Gorhome;" while the union of these two words in one sentence seems to reach the acme of all desolation. I have ventured to elucidate the letter by translating phrases within brackets, wherever the unaided comprehension would seem hopeless, which is, indeed, quite often.

March 22 [1864].

DEAR GENRAL GILMOR I tak my [pen to] Root [write] you this to you And Do if you Plas [please] to Grant this Parden For me For God Sak Did not Now [know] that it Twas enen Harm for my Go home

But I find that Twas Somharme For me
to Gorhome But Do Genral Do If you
Plas to Parden And forgev me

For All that Pat [is put] agant me for
God Sak Do if you Plas to Relefe Me
for God Sak for I Went home And the
Sen [they sent] After me And I Saw the
Copprol When he Com And he told me
that I is His Priner [Prisoner] And But
ten Sake [seconds] from after I Semet
[submit] to Him as Privner he Shot Me
Do if Ples [please] to Grant this for me

This is retted [written] By the hand of
Baltimore Chaplin

Do by the mercy of god Grat [Grant]
this for Me Do Genral for God Sak To
Parden And forgev me.

The path back to the accustomed orthography and grammar may perhaps best be traced by this letter, written by a man in the same regiment, of much higher quality, whose intellectual progress showed itself at this stage, as often happens, by an undue range of sonorous words. I am sorry that the document does not contain his more accustomed signature, which was absolutely original and of the most dignified and even stately quality. Having been the very first colored soldier enlisted in the Civil War, he had created a title as genuine and substantial as that of any mediæval baron; and usually signed himself "William Brunson, 1st Sergeant, Co. A., 1st S. C. Vols. also A: 1, African Foundations." This is one of his letters:

AT CAMP SAXTON *Feb. 20th 63*

MY DEAR COLONEL I hav inform in
here About so doing: According to the
different in rule in wish how: I stand
now: for I dont know if it is Right for
me to hav one of the Armies Regulation
Books: so sir that is the reason I had
come to you to know: and if you think
that it is right for me to have one I Like
to have one: if it cost me one Month
wages: for I Am withness [witness] that
it will in Prove and give me A withness:
in so doing: it from sergt Wm Brunson
Co A.

If to his function of literary man, poor but patient, an author adds that of being constantly confounded with a relative who is always originating large enterprises and backing them up munificently, he is liable to receive such letters as the following, which came several years since through the post office from Poonah, India. This letter was addressed in a handwriting which had, so to say, an Arabic flavor, and the address ran thus: "— Hinginson, the great lord of Boston, Boston through Italy." Straying into the Cambridge post office, it was handed to me, and no stretch of humility could be expected to preclude me from the privilege of opening it. The letter itself was very long, and after describing business calamities, the death of a wife, etc., it thus goes on:—

"To my great misfortune this genarous uncle died Since a month and my aunt soon urges me to take away my family. This is a great difficulty I ever experienced. Money requires to settle my house again, which I have none. I asked the protection of many great men of my own cast as well as Europions, but to my evil star they all have closed their ears against me. I had heard much about the kind and generous feelings of your Americans & I have read one fresh example of your own generosity & I beg from you a protection of £50 fifty to enable me to bring my family here & commence busyness honestly. Will it please God to raise me up again and make me prosperous, I will return your amount honestly, otherwise only gratify myself by ever remembering your kind generocity and pray God to grant you a long life and prosperity. Wishing you all the worldly blessings

remain

Honored Sir,

Your most

Servant."

To my perhaps too hardened ears, the gem of this whole letter is unquestionably to be found in the word "otherwise," which occurs near the close. Never before, I think, was it my lot to read a letter

asking for a loan of money and intimating one instant's doubt as to the repayment. If there is a point at which hope springs eternal in the breast of the most lagging debtor, it is this. Had I vast sums in my

pocket, yearning to be loaned, I think that the recipient whom I should prefer to all others would be the man who had the stern integrity to hint at one atom of doubt as to my seeing my money again.

THE RECOMPENSE

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THERE were all kinds of words, — short ones and long ones. Some were very long. This one — we-ell, maybe it was n't so long, for when you're nine you don't of course mind three-story words, and this one looked like a three-story one. But this one puzzled you the worst ever!

Morry spelled it through again, searching for light. But it was a very dark word. *Rec-om-pense*, — if it meant anything *money-y*, then they'd made a mistake, for of course you don't spell "pence" with an "s."

The dictionary was across the room, and you had to stand up to look up things in it, — Morry wished it was not so far away and that you could do it sitting down. He sank back wearily on his cushions and wished other things, too: That Ellen would come in, but that was n't a very big wish, because Ellens are n't any good at looking up words. That dictionaries grew on your side o' the room, — that wish was a funny one! That Dadsy would come home — oh, oh, that Dadsy would come home!

With that wish, which was a very Big One, indeed, came trooping back all Morry's Troubles. They stood round his easy-chair and pressed up close against him. He hugged the most intimate ones to his little thin breast.

It was getting twilight in the great, beautiful room, and twilight was trouble-time. Morry had found that out long ago. It's when it's too dark to read and too light for Ellens to come and light the

lamps that you say "Come in!" to your troubles. They're always there waiting.

If Dadsy had n't gone away to do — that. If he'd just gone on reg'lar business, or on a hurry-trip across the ocean, or something like that. You could count the days and learn pieces to surprise him with when he got back, and keep saying, "Won't it be splendid!" But this time — well, this time it scared you to have Dadsy come home. And if you learned a hundred pieces you knew you'd never say 'em to him — now. And you kept saying, "Won't it be puffedly dreadful!"

"Won't you have the lamps lit, Master Morris?" It was Ellen's voice, but the Troubles were all talking at once, and much as ever he could hear it.

"I knew you were n't asleep because your chair cricked, so I says 'I guess we'll light up,' — it's enough sight cheerier in the light;" and Ellen's thuddy steps came through the gloom and frightened away the Troubles.

"Thank you," Morry said politely. It's easy enough to remember to be polite when you have so much time. "Now I'd like Jolly, — you guess he's got home now, don't you?"

Ellen's steps sounded a little thuddier as they tramped back down the hall. "It's a good thing there's going to be a Her here to send that common boy kiting!" she was thinking. Yet his patches were all Ellen — so far — had seen in Jolly to find fault with. Though, for that matter,

in a house beautiful like this patches were, goodness knew, out of place *enough*!

"Hully gee, ain't it nice an' light in here!" presently exclaimed a boy's voice from the doorway.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Jolly! Come right in and take a chair, — take two chairs!" laughed Morry in his excess of welcome. It was always great when Jolly came! He and the Troubles were not acquainted; they were never in the room at the same time.

Morry's admiration of this small be-patched, befreckled, besmiled being had begun with his legs, which was not strange, they were such puffedly straight, limber, splendid legs and could *go* — my! Legs like that were great!

But it was noticeable that the legs were in some curious manner telescoped up out of sight, once Jolly was seated. The phenomenon was of common occurrence, — they were always telescoped then. And nothing had ever been said between the two boys about legs. About arms, yes, and eyes, ears, noses, — never legs. If Morry understood the kind little device to save his feelings, an instinctive knowledge that any expression of gratitude would embarrass Jolly must have kept back his ready little thank you.

"Can you hunt up things?" demanded the small host with rather startling energy. He was commonly a quiet, self-contained host. "Because there's a word" —

But Jolly had caught up his cap, untelescoped the kind little legs, and was already at the door. Nothing pleased him more than a commission from the Little White Feller in the soft chair, there.

"I'll go hunt, — where'd I be most likely to find him?"

The Little White Feller rarely laughed, but now — "You — you Jolly boy!" he choked, "you'll find him under a haystack fast asleep — No, no!" suddenly grave and solicitous of the other's feelings, "in the dictionary, I mean. *Words*, don't you know?"

"Oh, get out!" grinned the Jolly boy in glee at having made the Little White

Feller laugh out like that, reg'lar-built. "Hand him over, then, but you'll have to do the spellin'."

"Rec-om-pense, — p-e-n-s-e," Morry said slowly, "I found it in a magazine, — there's the greatest lot o' words in magazines! Look up 'rec,' Jolly, — I mean, please."

Dictionaries are terrible books. Jolly had never dreamed there were so many words in the world, — pages and pages and pages of 'em! The prospect of ever finding one particular word was disheartening, but he plunged in sturdily, determination written on every freckle.

"Don't begin at the first page!" cried Morry hastily. "Begin at R, — it's more than halfway through. R-e, — r-e-c, — that way."

Jolly turned over endless pages, trailed laboriously his little blunt finger up and down endless columns, wet his lips with the red tip of his tongue endless times, — wished 't was over. He had meant to begin at the beginning and keep on till he got to a w-r-e-c-k, — at Number Seven they spelled it that way. Had n't he lost a mark for spelling it without a "w"? But of course if folks preferred the r-kind —

"Hi!" the blunt finger leaped into space and waved triumphantly. "R-e-c-k, — I got him!"

"Not 'k,' — there is n't any 'k.' Go backwards till you drop it, Jolly, — you dropped it?"

Dictionaries are terrible, — still, leaving a letter off o' the end is n't as bad as off o' the front. Jolly retraced his steps patiently.

"I've dropped it," he announced in time.

Morry was breathing hard, too. Looking up words with other people's forefingers is pretty tough.

"Now, the second story, — 'rec' is the first," he explained. "You must find 'rec-om' now, you know."

No, Jolly did not know, but he went back to the work undaunted. "We'll tree him," he said cheerily, "but I think I could do it easier if I whistled" —

"Whistle," Morry said.

With more directions, more hard breathing, more wetting of lips and tireless trailing of small blunt finger, and then — eureka! there you were! But eureka was not what Jolly said.

"Bully for us!" he shouted. He felt *thrilly* with pride of conquest. It's easy enough finding things. What's the matter with dictionaries!

"Now read what it means, Jolly, — I mean, please. Don't skip."

"Rec-om-pense: An equi-valent received or re-turned for anything given, done, or suff-er-ed; comp-ens-a-tion."

"That all? — every speck?"

"Well, here's another one that says 'To make a-mends,' if you like that one any better. Sounds like praying."

"Oh," sighed Morry, "how I'd like to know what equi-valent means!" but he did not ask the other to look it up. He sank back on his pillows and reasoned things out for himself the best way he could. "To make amends" he felt sure meant to *make up*. To make up for something given or suffered, — perhaps that was what a Rec-om-pense was. For something given or suffered — like legs, maybe? Limp, no-good legs that would n't go? Could there be a Rec-om-pense for *those*? Could anything ever "make up"?

"Supposing you had n't any legs, Jolly, — that would go?" he said aloud with disquieting suddenness. Jolly started, but nodded comprehendingly. He had not had any legs for a good many minutes; the telescoping process is numbing in the extreme.

"Do you think anything could ever Rec-om-pense — make up, you know? Especially if you suffered? Please don't speak up quick, — think, Jolly."

"I'm a-thinkin'." Not to have 'em that would go, — not *go*! Never to kite after Dennis O'Toole's ice-wagon an' hang on behind, — nor see who'd get to the corner first, — nor stand on your head an' wave 'em —

"No, sirree!" ejaculated Jolly with unction, "nothin'."

"Would ever make up, you mean?"

Morry sighed. He had known all the time, of course, what the answer would be.

"Yep, — nothin' could."

"I thought so. That's all, — I mean, thank you. Oh yes, there's one other thing, — I've been saving it up. Did you ever hear of a — of a stepmother, Jolly? I just thought I'd ask."

The result was surprising. The telescoped legs came to view jerkily, but with haste. Jolly stumbled to his feet.

"I better be a-goin'," he muttered, thinking of empty chip baskets, empty water-pails, undone errands, — a switch on two nails behind the kitchen door.

"Oh, wait a minute, — did you ever hear of one, Jolly?"

"You bet," gloomily, "I got one."

"Oh! — oh, I did n't know. Then," rather timidly, "perhaps — I wish you'd tell me what they're like."

"Like nothin'! Nobody likes 'em," came with more gloom yet from the boy with legs.

"Oh!" It was almost a cry from the boy without. This was terrible. This was a great deal terrier than he had expected.

"Would one be very angry if — if your legs would n't go? Would it make her *very*, do you think?"

Still thinking of empty things that ought to have been filled, Jolly nodded emphatically.

"Oh!" The terror grew.

"Then one — then she — would n't be — be glad to see anybody, I suppose, whose legs had *never* been? — would n't want to shake hands or anything, I suppose? — nor be in the same room?"

"Nope." One's legs may be kind even to the verge of agony, but how unkind one's tongue may be! Jolly's mind was busy with his own anticipated woes; he did not know he was unkind.

"That's all, — thank you, I mean," came wearily, hopelessly, from the pillows. But Morry called the other back before he got over the threshold. There was another thing upon which he craved

enlightenment. It might possibly help out.

"Are they pretty, Jolly?" he asked wistfully.

"Are who what?" repeated the boy on the threshold, puzzled. Guilt and apprehension dull one's wits.

"Step-ones, — mothers."

Pretty? When they were lean and sharp and shabby! When they kept switches on two nails behind the door, — when they wore ugly clothes pinned together! But Jolly's eye caught the wistfulness on Morry's little peaked white face, and a lie was born within him at the sight. In a flash he understood things. Pity came to the front and braced itself stalwartly.

"You bet they're pretty!" Jolly exclaimed with splendid enthusiasm. "Prettier'n anythin'! You'd oughter see mine!" (Recording angel, make a note of it, when you jot this down, that the little face across the room was intense with wistfulness, and Jolly was looking straight that way. And remember legs.)

When Ellen came in to put Morry to bed she found wet spots on his cushions, but she did not mention them. Ellens can be wise. She only handled the limp little figure rather more gently than usual, and said rather more cheery things, perhaps. Perhaps that was why the small fellow under her hands decided to appeal in his desperation to her. It was possible — things were always possible — that Ellen might know something of — of step-ones. For Morry was battling with the pitifully unsatisfactory information Jolly had given him before understanding had conceived the kind little lie. It was, of course, — Morry put it that way because "of course" sometimes comforts you, — of course just possible that Jolly's step-one might be — different. Ellen might know of there being another kind.

So, under the skillful, gentle hands, the boy looked up and chanced it. "Ellen," he said, "Ellen, are they all that kind, — all of 'em? Jolly's kind, I mean? I thought poss'bly you might know one" —

"Heart alive!" breathed Ellen, in fear of his sanity. She felt his temples and his wrists and his limp little body. Was he going to be sick now, just as his father and She were coming home? — now, of all times! Which would be better to give him, quinine, or aconite and belladonna?

"Never mind," sighed Morry hopelessly. Ellens — he might have known — were not made to tell you *close* things like that. They were made to undress you and give you doses and laugh and wheel your chair around. Jollys were better than Ellens, but they told you pretty hard things sometimes.

In bed he lay and thought out his little puzzles and steeled himself for what was to come. He pondered over the word Jolly had looked up in the dictionary for him. It was a puzzly word, — *Recompense*, — but he thought he understood it now. It meant something that made up to you for something you'd suffered, — "suffered," that was what it said. And Morry had suffered — oh, *how*! Could it be possible there was anything that would make up for little limp, sorrowful legs that had never been?

With the fickleness of night-thoughts his musings flitted back to step-ones again. He shut his eyes and tried to imagine just the right kind of one, — the kind a boy would be glad to have come home with his Dadsy. It looked an easy thing to do, but there were limitations.

"If I'd ever had a real one, it would be easier," Morry thought wistfully. Of course, any amount easier! The mothers you read about and the Holy Ones you saw in pictures were not quite real enough. What you needed was to have had one of your own. Then, — Morry's eyes closed in a dizzy little vision of one of his own. One that would have dressed and undressed you instead of an Ellen, — that would have moved your chair about and beaten up the cushions, — one that maybe would have *loved* you, legs and all!

Why! — why, that was the kind of a step-one a boy'd like to have come home with his father! That was the very kind!

While you'd been lying there thinking you could n't imagine one, you'd imagined! And it was *easy*!

The step-one a boy would like to have come home with his father seemed to materialize out of the dim, soft haze from the shaded night-lamp, — seemed to creep out of the farther shadows and come and stand beside the bed, under the ring of light on the ceiling that made a halo for its head. The room seemed suddenly full of its gracious presence. It came smiling, as a boy would like it to come. And in a reg'lar mother-voice it began to speak. Morry lay as if in a wondrous dream and listened.

"Are you the dear little boy whose legs won't go?" He gasped a little, for he had n't thought of there being a "dear." He had to swallow twice before he could answer. Then:—

"Oh yes'm, thank you," he managed to say. "They're under the bedclothes."

"Then I've come to the right place. Do you know — guess! — who I am?"

"Are — are you a step-one?" breathing hard.

"Why, you've guessed the first time!" the Gracious One laughed.

"Not — not *the* one, I s'pose?" It frightened him to say it. But the Gracious One laughed again.

"*The* one, yes, you Dear Little Boy Whose Legs Won't Go! I thought I heard you calling me, so I came. And I've brought you something."

To think of that!

"Guess, you Dear Little Boy! What would you like it to be?"

Oh, if he only dared! He swallowed to get up courage. Then he ventured timidly.

"A Rec-om-pense." It was out.

"Oh, you Guesser, you little Guesser! You've guessed the second time!"

Was that what it was like? Something you could n't see at all, just feel, — that folded you in like a warm shawl, — that brushed your forehead, your cheek, your mouth, — that made you dizzy with happiness? You lay folded up in it and knew that it *made up*. Never mind about the

sorrowful, limp legs under the bedclothes. They seemed so far away that you almost forgot about them. They might have been somebody else's, while you lay in the warm, sweet Rec-om-pense.

"Will — will it last?" he breathed.

"Always, Morry."

The Gracious Step-one knew his name!

"Then Jolly did n't know this kind, — we never s'posed there was a kind like this! Real Ones must be like this."

And while he lay in the warm shawl, in the soft haze of the night-lamp, he seemed to fall asleep, and, before he knew, it was morning. Ellen had come.

"Up with you, Master Morris! There's great doings to-day. Have you forgot who's coming?"

Ellens are stupid.

"She's come." But Ellen did not hear, and went on getting the bath ready. If she had heard, it would only have meant quinine or aconite and belladonna to drive away feverishness. For Ellens are very watchful.

"They'll be here most as soon as I can get you up n'dressed. I'm going to wheel you to the front winder" —

"No!" Morry cried sharply; "I mean, thank you, no. I'd rather be by the back window where — where I can watch for Jolly." Homely, freckled, familiar Jolly, — he needed something freckled and homely and familiar. The old dread had come back in the wake of the beautiful dream, — for it had been a dream. Ellen had waked him up.

A boy would like to have his father come home in the sunshine, and the sun was shining. They would come walking up the path to the front door through it, — with it warm and welcoming on their faces. But it would only be Dadsy and a step-one, — Jolly's kind, most likely. Jolly's kind was pretty, — *she* might be pretty. But she would not come smiling and creeping out of the dark with a halo over her head. That kind came in dreams.

Jolly's whistle was comforting to hear. Morry leaned out of his cushions to wave his hand. Jolly was going to school;

when he came whistling back, she would be here. It would all be over.

Morry leaned back again and closed his eyes. He had a way of closing them when he did the hardest thinking, — and this was the very hardest. Sometimes he forgot to open them, and dropped asleep. Even in the morning one can be pretty tired.

"Is this the Dear Little Boy?"

He heard distinctly, but he did not open his eyes. He had learned that opening your eyes drives beautiful things away.

The dream had come back. If he kept puffectly still and did n't breathe, it might all begin again. He might feel —

He felt it. It folded him in like a warm shawl, — it brushed his forehead, his cheek, his lips, — it made him dizzy with happiness. He lay among his cushions, folded up in it. Oh, it made up, — it made up, just as it had in the other dream!

"You Dear Little Boy Whose Legs Won't Go!" — he did not catch anything but the first four words; he must have breathed and lost the rest. But the

tone was all there. He wanted to ask her if she had brought the Rec-om-pense, but it was such a risk to speak. He thought if he kept on lying quite still he should find out. Perhaps in a minute —

"You think he will let me love him, Morris? Say you think he will!"

Morris was Dadsy's other name. Things were getting very strange.

"Because I must! Perhaps it will make up a very little if I fold him all up in my love."

"Fold him up" — that was what the warm shawl had done, and the name of the warm shawl had been Rec-om-pense. Was there another name to it?

Morry opened his eyes and gazed up wonderingly into the face of the step-one. — It was a Real One's face, and the other name was written on it.

"Why, it's Love!" breathed Morry. He felt a little dizzy, but he wanted to laugh, he was so happy. He wanted to tell her — he must.

"It makes up — oh yes, it makes up!" he cried softly.

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8 P. M. *July 12.*

Now at least the moon is full, and I walk alone, which is best by night, if not by day always. Your companion must sympathize with the present mood. The conversation must be located where the walkers are and vary exactly with the scenes and events and the contour of the ground. Farewell to those who will talk of nature unnaturally, whose presence is an interruption! I know but one with whom I can walk. I might as well be sitting in a bar-room with them as walk and talk with most. We are never side by side in our thoughts, and we cannot hear each other's silence. Indeed, we cannot be si-

lent. We are forever breaking silence, that is all, and mending nothing. How can they keep together who are going different ways!

I start a sparrow from her three eggs in the grass, where she has settled for the night. The earliest corn is beginning to show its tassels now, and I scent it as I walk, its peculiar dry scent.¹ (This afternoon I gathered ripe blackberries, and felt as if the autumn had commenced.) Now, perchance, many sounds and sights only remind me that they once said something to me, and are so by association interesting. I go forth to be reminded of a previous state of existence, if perchance

¹ See *Excursions*, p. 403 ("Night and Moonlight").

any memento of it is to be met with hereabouts. I have no doubt that Nature preserves her integrity. Nature is in as rude health as when Homer sang. We may at least by our sympathies be well. I see a skunk on Bear Garden Hill stealing noiselessly away from me, while the moon shines over the pitch pines, which send long shadows down the hill. Now, looking back, I see it shining on the south side of farmhouses and barns with a weird light, for I pass here half an hour later than last night. I smell the huckleberry bushes. I hear a human voice, — some laborer singing after his day's toil, — which I do not often hear. Loud it must be, for it is far away. Methinks I should know it for a white man's voice. Some strains have the melody of an instrument. Now I hear the sound of a bugle in the "Corner," reminding me of poetic wars; a few flourishes, and the bugler has gone to rest. At the foot of the Cliff Hill I hear the sound of the clock striking nine, as distinctly as within a quarter of a mile usually, though there is no wind. The moonlight is more perfect than last night; hardly a cloud in the sky, — only a few fleecy ones. There is more serenity and more light. I hear that sort of throttled or chuckling note as of a bird flying high, now from this side, then from that.¹ Methinks when I turn my head I see Wachusett from the side of the hill. I smell the butter-and-eggs as I walk. I am startled by the rapid transit of some wild animal across my path, a rabbit or a fox, — or you hardly know if it be not a bird. Looking down from the Cliffs, the leaves of the tree-tops shine more than ever by day. Here and there a lightning-bug throws his greenish light over the tops of the trees.

As I return through the orchard, a foolish robin bursts away from his perch unnaturally, with the habits of man. The air is remarkably still and unobjectionable on the hilltop, and the whole world below is covered as with a gossamer blanket of moonlight. It is just about as yel-

¹ See *Excursions*, p. 401 ("Night and Moonlight").

low as a blanket. It is a great dimly burnished shield with darker blotches on its surface. You have lost some light, it is true, but you have got this simple and magnificent stillness, brooding like genius.

Wednesday, July 16.

Methinks my present experience is nothing; my past experience is all in all. I think that no experience which I have to-day comes up to, or is comparable with, the experiences of my boyhood. And not only this is true, but as far back as I can remember I have unconsciously referred to the experiences of a previous state of existence. "For life is a forgetting," etc. Formerly, methought, nature developed as I developed, and grew up with me. My life was ecstasy. In youth, before I lost any of my senses, I can remember that I was all alive, and inhabited my body with inexpressible satisfaction; both its weariness and its refreshment were sweet to me. This earth was the most glorious musical instrument, and I was audience to its strains. To have such sweet impressions made on us, such ecstasies begotten of the breezes! I can remember how I was astonished. I said to myself, — I said to others, — "There comes into my mind such an indescribable, infinite, all-absorbing, divine, heavenly pleasure, a sense of elevation and expansion, and [I] have had nought to do with it. I perceive that I am dealt with by superior powers. This is a pleasure, a joy, an existence which I have not procured myself. I speak as a witness on the stand and tell what I have perceived." The morning and the evening were sweet to me, and I led a life aloof from the society of men. I wondered if a mortal had ever known what I knew. I looked in books for some recognition of a kindred experience, but, strange to say, I found none. Indeed, I was slow to discover that other men had had this experience, for it had been possible to read books and to associate with men on other grounds. The maker of me was improving me. When I detected this

interference I was profoundly moved. For years I marched as to a music in comparison with which the military music of the streets is noise and discord. I was daily intoxicated, and yet no man could call me intemperate. With all your science can you tell how it is and whence it is that light comes into the soul?

What more glorious condition of being can we imagine than from impure to be becoming pure? It is almost desirable to be impure that we may be the subject of this improvement. That I am innocent to myself! That I love and reverence my life! That I am better fitted for a lofty society to-day than I was yesterday! To make my life a sacrament! What is nature without this lofty tumbling? May I treat myself with more and more respect and tenderness. May I not forget that I am impure and vicious. May I not cease to love purity. May I go to my slumbers as expecting to arise to a new and more perfect day. May I so live and refine my life as fitting myself for a society ever higher than I actually enjoy. May I treat myself tenderly as I would treat the most innocent child whom I love; may I treat children and my friends as my newly discovered self. Let me forever go in search of myself; never for a moment think I have found myself; be as a stranger to myself, never a familiar, seeking acquaintance still. May I be to myself as one is to me whom I love, a dear and cherished object. What temple, what fane, what sacred place can there be but the innermost part of my own being? The possibility of my own improvement, that is to be cherished. As I regard myself, so I am. O my dear friends, I have not forgotten you. I will know you to-morrow. I associate you with my ideal self. I had ceased to have faith in myself. I thought I was grown up and become what I was intended to be, but it is earliest spring with me. In relation to virtue and innocence the oldest man is in the beginning spring and vernal season of life. It is the love of virtue makes us young ever. That is the

fountain of youth, the very aspiration after the perfect. I love and worship myself with a love which absorbs my love for the world. The lecturer suggested to me that I might become better than I am. Was it not a good lecture, then? May I dream not that I shunned vice; may I dream that I loved and practiced virtue.

July 18.

It is a test question affecting the youth of a person, — Have you knowledge of the morning? Do you sympathize with that season of nature? Are you abroad early, brushing the dews aside? If the sun rises on you slumbering, if you do not hear the morning cock-crow, if you do not witness the blushes of Aurora, if you are not acquainted with Venus as the morning star, what relation have you to wisdom and purity? You have then forgotten your Creator in the days of your youth! Your shutters were darkened till noon! You rose with a sick headache! In the morning sing, as do the birds. What of those birds which should slumber on their perches till the sun was an hour high! What kind of fowl would they be and new kind of bats and owls, — hedge sparrows or larks! then took a dish of tea or hot coffee before they began to sing!

July 21.

Men are very generally spoiled by being so civil and well-disposed. You can have no profitable conversation with them, they are so conciliatory, determined to agree with you. They exhibit such long-suffering and kindness in a short interview. I would meet with some provoking strangeness, so that we may be guest and host, and refresh one another. It is possible for a man wholly to disappear, and be merged in his manners. The thousand and one gentlemen whom I meet, I meet despairingly, and but to part from them, for I am not cheered by the hope of any rudeness from them. A cross man, a coarse man, an eccentric man, a silent, a

man who does not drill well, — of him there is some hope. Your gentlemen, they are all alike. They utter their opinions as if it was not a man that uttered them. It is "just as you please;" they are indifferent to everything. They will talk with you for nothing. The interesting man will rather avoid [you], and it is a rare chance if you get so far as talk with him. The laborers whom I know, the loafers, fishers, and hunters, I can spin yarns with profitably, for it is hands off, they are they and I am I still; they do not come to me and quarter themselves on me for a day or an hour to be treated politely, they do not cast themselves on me for entertainment, they do not approach me with a flag of truce. They do not go out of themselves to meet me. I am never electrified by my gentleman; he is not an electric eel, but one of the common kind that slip through your hands, however hard you clutch them, and leave them covered with slime.

July 22.

I bathe me in the river. I lie down where it is shallow, amid the weeds over its sandy bottom; but it seems shrunken and parched; I find it difficult to get *wet* through. I would fain be the channel of a mountain brook. I bathe, and in a few hours I bathe again, not remembering that I was wetted before. When I come to the river, I take off my clothes and carry them over, then bathe and wash off the mud, and continue my walk.

July 23.

A comfortable breeze blowing. Me-thinks I can write better in the afternoon, for the novelty of it, if I should go abroad this morning. My genius makes distinctions which my understanding cannot and which my senses do not report. If I should reverse the usual, — go forth and saunter in the fields all the forenoon, then sit down in my chamber in the afternoon, which it is so unusual for me to do, — it would be like a new season to me, and the novelty of it [would] inspire me. The

wind has fairly blown me out-doors; the elements were so lively and active, and I so sympathized with them, that I could not sit while the wind went by. And I am reminded that we should especially improve the summer to live out of doors. When we may so easily, it behooves us to break up this custom of sitting in the house, for it is but a custom, and I am not sure that it has the sanction of common sense. A man no sooner gets up than he sits down again. Fowls leave their perch in the morning, and beasts their lairs, unless they are such as go abroad only by night. The cockerel does not take up a new perch *in the barn*, and he is the embodiment of health and common sense. Is the literary man to live always or chiefly sitting in a chamber through which nature enters by a window only? What is the use of the summer?

You must walk so gently as to hear the finest sounds, the faculties being in repose. Your mind must not perspire. True, out of doors my thought is commonly drowned, as it were, and shrunken, pressed down by stupendous piles of light ethereal influences, for the pressure of the atmosphere is still fifteen pounds to a square inch. I can do little more than preserve the equilibrium and resist the pressure of the atmosphere. I can only nod like the rye-heads in the breeze. I expand more surely in my chamber, as far as expression goes, as if that pressure were taken off; but here out-doors is the place to store up influences.

But this habit of close observation, — in Humboldt, Darwin, and others. Is it to be kept up long, this science? Do not tread on the heels of your experience. Be impressed without making a minute of it. Poetry puts an interval between the impression and the expression, — waits till the seed germinates naturally.

Tuesday, August 12.

1.30 A. M. Full moon. Arose and went to the river and bathed, stepping very

carefully not to disturb the household, and still carefully in the street not to disturb the neighbors. I did not walk naturally and freely till I had got over the wall. Then to Hubbard's Bridge at 2 A. M.

August 17.

For a day or two it has been quite cool, a coolness that was felt even when sitting by an open window in a thin coat on the west side of the house in the morning, and you naturally sought the sun at that hour. The coolness concentrated your thought, however. As I could not command a sunny window, I went abroad on the morning of the 15th and lay in the sun in the fields in my thin coat, though it was rather cool even there. I feel as if this coolness would do me good. If it only makes my life more pensive! Why should pensiveness be akin to sadness? There is a certain fertile sadness which I would not avoid, but rather earnestly seek. It is positively joyful to me. It saves my life from being trivial. My life flows with a deeper current, no longer as a shallow and brawling stream, parched and shrunken by the summer heats. This coolness comes to condense the dews and clear the atmosphere. The stillness seems more deep and significant. Each sound seems to come from out a greater thoughtfulness in nature, as if nature had acquired some character and mind. The cricket, the gurgling stream, the rushing wind amid the trees, all speak to me soberly, yet encouragingly, of the steady onward progress of the universe. My heart leaps into my mouth at the sound of the wind in the woods. I, whose life was yesterday so desultory and shallow, suddenly recover my spirits, my spirituality, through my hearing. I see a goldfinch go twittering through the still, louring day, and am reminded of the peeping flocks which will soon herald the thoughtful season. Ah! if I could so live that there should be no desultory moment in all my life! that in the trivial season when small fruits are ripe, my fruits might be ripe

also! that I could match nature always with my moods! that in each season when some part of nature especially flourishes, then a corresponding part of me may not fail to flourish! Ah, I would walk, I would sit and sleep, with natural piety! What if I could pray aloud or to myself, as I went along by the brooksides, a cheerful prayer like the birds! For joy I could embrace the earth; I shall delight to be buried in it. And then to think of those I love among men, who will know that I love them, though I tell them not! I sometimes feel as if I were rewarded merely for expecting better hours. I did not despair of worthier moods, and now I have occasion to be grateful for the flood of life that is flowing over me. I am not so poor: I can smell the ripening apples; the very rills are deep; the autumnal flowers, the *Trichostema dichotomum*, — not only its bright blue flower above the sand, but its strong wormwood scent which belongs to the season feeds my spirit, endears the earth to me, makes me value myself and rejoice; the quivering of pigeons' wings reminds me of the tough fibre of the air which they rend. I thank you, God. I do not deserve anything, I am unworthy of the least regard; and yet I am made to rejoice. I am impure and worthless, and yet the world is gilded for my delight, and holidays are prepared for me, and my path is strewn with flowers. But I cannot thank the Giver; I cannot even whisper my thanks to those human friends I have. It seems to me that I am more rewarded for my expectations than for anything I do or can do. Ah, I would not tread on a cricket in whose song is such a revelation, so soothing and cheering to my ear! Oh, keep my senses pure! And why should I speak to my friends? for how rarely is it that I am I; and are they, then, they? We will meet, then, far away. The seeds of the summer are getting dry and falling from a thousand nodding heads. If I did not know you through thick and thin, how should I know you at all? Ah, the very brooks seem fuller of reflections than they were! Ah, such pro-

voking sibylline sentences they are! The shallowest is all at once unfathomable. How can that depth be fathomed where a man may see himself reflected. The rill I stopped to drink at I drink in more than I expected. I satisfy and still provoke the thirst of thirsts. Nut Meadow Brook where it crosses the road beyond Jenny Dugan's that was. I do not drink in vain. I mark that brook as if I had swallowed a water snake that would live in my stomach. I have swallowed something worth the while. The day is not what it was before I stooped to drink. Ah, I shall hear from that draught! It is not in vain that I have drunk. I have drunk an arrowhead. It flows from where all fountains rise.

August 19.

The poet must be continually watching the moods of his mind, as the astronomer watches the aspects of the heavens. What might we not expect from a long life faithfully spent in this wise! The humblest observer would see some stars shoot. A faithful description as by a disinterested person of the thoughts which visited a certain mind in three score years and ten, as when one reports the number and character of the vehicles which pass a particular point. As travelers go round the world and report natural objects and phenomena, so faithfully let another stay at home and report the phenomena of his own life, — catalogue stars, those thoughts whose orbits are as rarely calculated as comets. It matters not whether they visit my mind or yours, — whether the meteor falls in my field or in yours, — only that it comes from heaven. (I am not concerned to express that kind of truth which Nature has expressed. Who knows but I may suggest some things to her? Time was when she was indebted to such suggestions from another quarter, as her present advancement shows. I deal with the truths that recommend themselves to me, — please me, — not those merely which any system has voted to accept.) A meteorological journal of the mind. You shall

observe what occurs in your latitude, I in mine.

Some institutions — most institutions, indeed — have had a divine origin. But of most that we see prevailing in society nothing but the form, the shell, is left, the life is extinct, and there is nothing divine in them. Then the reformer arises inspired to reinstitute life, and whatever he does or causes to be done is a reëstablishment of that same or a similar divineness. But some, who never knew the significance of these instincts, are, by a sort of false instinct, found clinging to the shells. Those who have no knowledge of the divine appoint themselves defenders of the divine, as champions of the Church, etc. I have been astonished to observe how long some audiences can endure to hear a man speak on a subject which he knows nothing about, as religion, for instance, when one who has no ear for music might with the same propriety take up the time of a musical assembly with putting through his opinions on music. This young man who is the main pillar of some divine institution, — does he know what he has undertaken? If the saints were to come again on earth, would they be likely to stay at his house? would they meet with his approbation even? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

They who merely have a talent for affairs are forward to express their opinions. A Roman soldier sits there to decide upon the righteousness of Christ. The world does not long endure such blunders, though they are made every day. The weak-brained and pusillanimous farmers would fain abide by the institutions of their fathers. Their argument is, they have not long to live, and for that little space let them not be disturbed in their slumbers; blessed are the peacemakers; let this cup pass from me, etc.

How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live! Methinks that the moment my legs begin to move, my thoughts begin to flow, as if I had given vent to the stream at the lower end and consequently new fountains flowed

into it at the upper. A thousand rills which have their rise in the sources of thought burst forth and fertilize my brain. You need to increase the draft below, as the owners of meadow on Concord river say of the Billerica Dam. Only while we are in action is the circulation perfect. The writing which consists with habitual sitting is mechanical, wooden, dull to read.

I fear that the character of my knowledge is from year to year becoming more distinct and scientific; that, in exchange for views as wide as heaven's cope, I am being narrowed down to the field of the microscope. I see details, not wholes nor the shadow of the whole. I count some parts, and say, "I know." The cricket's chirp now fills the air in dry fields near pine woods.

August 21.

There is some advantage intellectually and spiritually, in taking wide views with the bodily eye and not pursuing an occupation which holds the body prone. There is some advantage, perhaps, in attending to the general features of the landscape, over studying the particular plants and animals which inhabit it. A man may walk abroad and no more see the sky than if he walked under a shed. The poet is more in the air than the naturalist, though they may walk side by side. Granted that you are out of doors; but what if the outer door *is* open, if the inner door is shut! You must walk sometimes perfectly free, not prying nor inquisitive, not bent upon seeing things. Throw away a whole day for a single expansion, a single inspiration of air.

August 23.

I sometimes reproach myself because I do not find anything attractive in certain mere trivial employments of men, — that I skip men so commonly and their affairs, — the professions and the trades, — do not elevate them at least in my thought and get some material for poetry out of them directly. I will not avoid, then, to

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go by where these men are repairing the Stone Bridge, — see if I cannot see poetry in that, if that will not yield me a reflection. It is narrow to be confined to woods and fields and grand aspects of nature only. The greatest and wisest will still be related to men. Why not see men standing in the sun and casting a shadow, even as trees? May not some light be reflected from them as from the stems of trees? I will try to enjoy them as animals, at least. They are perhaps better animals than men. Do not neglect to speak of men's low life and affairs with sympathy, though you ever so speak as to suggest a contrast between them and the ideal and divine. You may be excused if you are always pathetic, but do not refuse to recognize.

August 26.

A cool and even piercing wind blows to-day, making all shrubs to bow and trees to wave; such as we could not have had in July. I speak not of its coolness, but its strength and steadiness. The wind and the coldness increased as the day advanced, and finally the wind went down with the sun. I was compelled to put on an extra coat for my walk. The ground is strewn with windfalls, and much fruit will consequently be lost.

The wind roars amid the pines like the surf. You can hardly hear the crickets for the din, or the cars; I think the last must be considerably delayed when their course is against it. Indeed it is difficult to enjoy a quiet Thought. You sympathize too much with the commotion and restlessness of the elements. Such a blowing, stirring, bustling day, — what does it mean? All light things decamp; straws and loose leaves change their places. Such a blowing day is no doubt indispensable in the economy of nature. The whole country is a seashore, and the wind is the surf that breaks on it. It shows the white and silvery under sides of the leaves. Do plants and trees need to be thus tried and twisted? Is it a first intimation to the sap to cease to ascend, to thicken their stems?

August 28.

The poet is a man who lives at last by watching his moods. An old poet comes at last to watch his moods as narrowly as a cat does a mouse.

September 7.

We sometimes experience a mere fullness of life, which does not find any channels to flow into. We are stimulated, but to no obvious purpose. I feel myself uncommonly prepared for *some* literary work, but I can select no work. I am prepared not so much for contemplation, as for forceful expression. I am braced both physically and intellectually. It is not so much the music as the marching to the music that I feel. I feel that the juices of the fruits which I have eaten, the melons and apples, have ascended to my brain, and are stimulating it. They give me a heady force. Now I can write nervously. Carlyle's writing is for the most part of this character.

The mind may perchance be persuaded to act, to energize, by the action and energy of the body. Any kind of liquid will fetch the pump.

September 8.

De Quincey and Dickens have not moderation enough. They never stutter; they flow too readily.

September 20.

3 P. M. to Cliffs *via* Bear Hill.

As I go through the fields, endeavoring to recover my tone and sanity, and to perceive things truly and simply again, after having been perambulating the bounds of the town all the week, and dealing with the most commonplace and worldly-minded men, and emphatically *trivial* things, I feel as if I had committed suicide in a sense. I am again forcibly struck with the truth of the fable of Apollo serving King Admetus, its universal applicability. A fatal coarseness is the result of mixing in the trivial affairs of men. Though I have been associating even

with the *select* men of this and the surrounding towns, I feel inexpressibly begrimed. My Pegasus has lost his wings; he has turned a reptile and gone on his belly. Such things are compatible only with a cheap and superficial life.

September 27.¹

We of Massachusetts boast a good deal of what we do for the education of our people, of our district school system; and yet our district schools are, as it were, but infant schools, and we have no system for the education of the great mass who are grown up. I have yet to learn that one cent is spent by this town, this political community called Concord, directly to educate the great mass of its inhabitants who have long since left the district school; for the Lyceum, important as it is comparatively, though absolutely trifling, is supported by individuals. There are certain refining and civilizing influences, as works of art, journals, and books and scientific instruments, which this community is amply rich enough to purchase, which would educate this village, elevate its tone of thought, and, if it alone improved these opportunities, easily make it the centre of civilization in the known world, put us on a level as to opportunities at once with London and Arcadia, and secure us a culture at once superior to both. Yet we spend sixteen thousand dollars on a Town House, a hall for our political meetings mainly, and nothing to educate ourselves who are grown up. Pray is there nothing in the market, no advantages, no intellectual food worth buying? Have Paris and London and New York and Boston nothing to dispose of which this village might try and appropriate to its own use? Might not this great villager adorn his villa with a few

¹ Not only were T.'s lectures and addresses largely made out of material taken from his Journal, but not infrequently the Journal entries themselves take the lecture form, showing that they were written even at that time with a view to an audience. — THE EDITORS.

pictures and statues, enrich himself with a choice library, as available without being cumbrous as any in the world, with scientific instruments for such as have a taste to use them? Yet we are contented to be countrified, to be provincial. I am astonished to find that in this Nineteenth Century, in this land of free schools, we spend absolutely nothing as a town on our own education, cultivation, civilization. Each town, like each individual, has its own character — some more, some less, cultivated. I know many towns so mean-spirited and benighted that it would be a disgrace to belong to them. I believe that some of our New England villages within thirty miles of Boston are as boorish and barbarous communities as there are on the face of the earth. And how much superior are the best of them? If London has any refinement, any information to sell, why should we not buy it? Would not the town of Carlisle do well to spend sixteen thousand dollars on its own education at once, if it could only find a schoolmaster for itself? It has one man, as I hear, who takes the *North American Review*. That will never civilize them, I fear. Why should not the town itself take the London and Edinburgh Reviews and put itself in communication with whatever sources of light and intelligence there are in the world? Yet Carlisle is very little behind Concord in these respects. I do not know but it spends its proportional part on education. How happens it that the only libraries which the towns possess are the district school libraries, —

books for children only, or for readers who must needs be written down to? Why should they not have a library, if not so extensive, yet of the same stamp and more select than the British Museum? It is not that the town cannot well afford to buy these things, but it is unaspiring and ignorant of its own wants. It sells milk, but it only builds larger barns with the money which it gets for its milk. Undoubtedly every New England village is as able to surround itself with as many civilizing influences of this kind [as] the members of the English nobility; and here there need be no peasantry. If the *London Times* is the best newspaper in the world, why does not the village of Concord take it, that its inhabitants may read it, and not the second best? If the South Sea explorers have at length got their story ready, and Congress has neglected to make it accessible to the people, why does not Concord purchase one for its grown-up children?

September 29.

Found Hosmer carting out manure from under his barn to make room for the winter. He said he was tired of farming, he was too old. Quoted Webster as saying that he had never eaten the bread of idleness for a single day, and thought that Lord Brougham might have said as much with truth while he was in the opposition, but he did not know that he could say as much of himself. However, he did not wish to be idle, he merely wished to rest.

(To be continued.)

IN THE WET WOODS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

HERE where the woods are wet,
The blossoms of the dog's-tooth violet
Seem meteors in a miniature firmament
Of wildflowers, where, with rainy sound and scent
Of breeze and blossom, soft the April went:
Their tongue-like leaves of umber-mottled green,
So thickly seen,
Seem dropping words of gold,
The visible syllables of a magic old.
Beside them, near the wahoo-bush and haw,
Blooms the hepatica;
Its slender flowers upon swaying stems
Lifting pale, solitary blooms,
Starry, and twilight-colored, — like frail gems,
That star the diadems
Of sylvan spirits, piercing pale the glooms; —
Or like the wands, the torches of the fays,
That light lone, woodland ways
With slim, uncertain rays: —
(The faery people, whom no eye may see,
Busy, so legend says,
With budding bough and leafing tree,
The blossom's heart o' honey and honey-sack o' the bee,
And all dim thoughts and dreams,
That take the form of flowers, as it seems,
And haunt the banks of greenwood streams,
Showing in every line and curve,
Commensurate with our love, and intimacy,
A smiling confidence or sweet reserve.)

There at that leafy turn
Of trailered rocks, rise fronds of hart's-tongue fern:
Fronds that my fancy names
Uncoiling flames
Of feathering emerald and gold,
That, kindled in the musky mould,
Now, stealthy as the morn, unfold
Their cool green fires that burn
Uneagerly, and spread around
An elfin light above the ground,
Like that green glow,
A spirit, lamped with crystal, makes below
In dripping caves of labyrinthine moss.
And in the underwoods, around them, toss

The white-hearts with their penciled leaves,
That, 'mid the shifting gleams and glooms,
The interchanging shine and shade,
Seem some frail garment made
By unseen hands that weave, that none perceives;
Pale hands that work invisible looms,
Now dropping shreds of light,
Now shadow-shreds, that interbraid,
And form faint colors mixed with wild perfumes.
Or, are they fragments left in flight,
These flowers that scatter every glade
With windy, beckoning white,
And breezy, fluttering blue,
Of her wild gown that shone upon my sight,
A moment, in the woods I wandered through?
April's, whom still I follow,
Whom still my dreams pursue;
Who leads me on by many a tangled clue
Of loveliness, until, in some green hollow,
Born of her fragrance and her melody,
But lovelier than herself and happier, too,
Cradled in blossoms of the dogwood-tree,
My soul shall see —
White as a sunbeam in the heart of day —
The infant, May.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS ON POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

BY WINTHROP MORE DANIELS

A REVIEW of what purports to be the year's output of significant books in English on politics and economics may well begin with some definition of the degree of significance which entitles a book to stand in this category. For our purposes a book may take rank in this class for either of two reasons. It may be significant in itself, by reason of its theme, or because it stands as a type of widespread social sentiment. Books of the latter class may be essentially unsound and in the long run ephemeral. But what may prove ephemeral in the course of a generation is often of sufficient moment in its day to warrant careful scrutiny and criticism.

This double warrant for including in our survey books that will live and books that will perish may at the same time exclude some works of sterling merit, if they traverse only a narrow defile of scientific territory. For the specialist, books of this latter class may well prove most interesting, and even most momentous. The purpose of this review, however, is to mediate to the general reader the leading ideas that motive works which cover the broader and more obvious tracts of social life. In the general domain of political philosophy and history we detect the note of significance first in a little volume which, while technically a study of a great charter of

liberty, sounds faintly the possible revival of a type of political philosophy over which the evolutionary political science of to-day has too frequently been read as a burial service. Thence we shall glance at a group of four representative studies of political problems from the respective standpoints of national psychology, descriptive analysis, practical administration, and international law. These, with a brace of volumes on city government, its needs, and its reform, will comprise our significant works on politics. In the field of economics and sociology four general groups of studies seem to cover the field fairly. The first group deals with social pathology, — the never-failing problem of the social debtor; how he is to be treated, and how the swamp of poverty, crime, pauperism, and social failure is to be drained or its noxious influence abated. No books dealing with present industrial conditions can be more truly significant than those which deal, not with the wealth of nations, but with the poverty of individuals. The second group has to do with industrial organization, the trust, and its menaces, real or imaginary. Third comes a vaticinal group of social prophets, minor and major, hopeful and despondent, some with pseudo-evangels, and others in the rôle of cynical Cassandras, though curiously enough our figure of speech just transposes the sexes of these latter-day prophets. Fourth and last, come two systematic works on political economy, one a classic dating from the eighteenth century, but in a new dress, the other brand-new from the anvil of current economic speculation.

At the risk of being voted a hopeless Bourbon at the outset, I venture to call attention first of all to a most unpretentious little book on the Declaration of Independence.¹ A very good way to effect a revival of true patriotism in this day and age, is to study the history and the philosophy

of what Dr. Friedenwald calls "the least comprehended of all the great documents produced as a result of our political development." It is certainly a singular thing that while innumerable tomes have been devoted by hundreds of learned pundits to the Constitution, its great predecessor is still

... "hedged with alien speech
And lacking all interpreter."

The first is invoked daily, the second is read only on its birthday. The Constitution follows the flag; the Declaration follows the fire-cracker.

The parliamentary history of this great pronunciamiento is a most interesting story. The necessity for substantial unanimity was foreseen long before its adoption. Most curious of all, this substantial unanimity was attained only by a political revolution in each of the colonies where the aristocratic or oligarchic element had control of the legislature. Owing to legislative instructions against coming out with a declaration of independence, many of the delegates to Congress could not originally vote for the adoption of such a measure. "The contest for independence in the later stages, that is, just before July 4, 1776, in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, North and South Carolina, and to almost an equal extent in New York, Delaware, and Maryland, became virtually not less one between the people and the aristocrats for control, than one between the United Colonies and Great Britain." Some may perhaps learn with surprised regret that "the mythical legend of the blue-eyed boy waiting outside the door" of the hall of Congress to carry to his aged grandsire, the sexton bell-ringer, the news of independence, originated in the "fertile imagination of . . . George Lippard," and first appeared in that gentleman's *Legends of the Revolution*. Baseless also is the tradition that connects the ringing of the so-called Liberty Bell with the events of the first glorious Fourth.

But while Dr. Friedenwald will not countenance any of the fungoid sentiments

¹ *The Declaration of Independence; An Interpretation and an Analysis*. By HERBERT FRIEDENWALD, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

tality that has grown like a parasite about the story of the Declaration, he strikes out manfully in defense of the immortal document itself, both as a literary production and as a deposit of political wisdom and experience. He is as hard on the "uncritical awe" of its early worshipers as on the "cultivated distrust" which leads Mr. Barrett Wendell, in his *Literary History of America*, to echo Rufus Choate's verdict that the Declaration is composed "of glittering and sounding generalities of natural right." Professor Tyler's more favorable verdict on the purely literary merit of the Declaration as evinced by its surviving endless iteration in public is found much truer to the facts. "Nothing which has not supreme literary merit has ever triumphantly endured such an ordeal." Choate and Mr. Wendell, it is pointed out, apparently overlooked the concrete character of the detailed historical "Facts Submitted to a Candid World," to whose discussion two chapters in this volume are devoted.

A review is a poor place to break a lance for a discarded theory of politics, but my own conviction that the philosophy of natural rights has been unduly discredited, and that it is still bound to have its innings, and in some measure its substantial justification, leads me to cite the following paragraph of this very suggestive study: "Nor can the evolutionary theory of the origin of government and society, now generally accepted in some form by teachers of political science, be made the basis for any such popular uprisings as have been the outcome of the older philosophy. The latter is instinct with life, and can therefore readily be made to appeal to the emotions of men, through which alone great movements are achieved. The organic philosophy appeals only to man's reason, and as yet only to that of the higher thinkers. Upon such a foundation no great social or political movement ever was nor ever yet can be builded. Future generations will have recourse, in their uprisings, to the old guide, or else will seek a new, as yet not in evidence."

At the farthest possible remove from the philosophy of natural rights which is mirrored in the foregoing study of the Declaration is Émile Boutmy's analysis of the motive force of British politics.¹ M. Boutmy belongs to the Bagehot rather than the Bryce type of political writers. Averse to a detailed analysis of all the parts of a political organism, he is intent on flashing upon a whole system a new light in which its salient features will stand out in sharp relief. He finds, or thinks that he finds, the dominant trait of English character in its passion for activity, in the persistent disquiet in the nerves and muscles of that aggressive race. This accounts, in his judgment, for the characteristic features of the varied activities of the English. To this he ascribes the low flight of their philosophy, which has no real liking for the thin, cold air of metaphysics; to this is due their defiance of the classical unities in their literature, and to this is credited their indifference to a unifying conception of science, so long as they have a half-dozen working hypotheses which organize respectively the phenomena of as many particular fields. To this may also be traced, so M. Boutmy contends, their self-government, which renders a bureaucracy in many spheres unnecessary because the surplus of race energy creates a volunteer magistracy. The life of action, if it has not atrophied their capacity for abstraction and logical generalization, has stunted its exercise. Their political psychology in its lowest terms is thus reduced to an aversion to abstractions. This in turn is attributed mainly to the climatic environment which makes mental reaction slow and its imaginative products scanty and mean. The book is what one would expect of a writer of M. Boutmy's race and temperament. It is piquant, varied, plausible in spots, interesting all over, — and fatally uncon-

¹ *The English People. A Study of their Political Psychology.* Translated from the French by E. ENGLISH. With an Introduction by JOHN EDWARD COURTENAY BODLEY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

vincing. The solution is too neat to be true. "I disbelieve because it is simple." If climate and natural environment are mainly accountable for the political traits of the English, why did not the early Britons develop something of those traits; or why do not the English in the tropics unto the third and fourth generation show some marked variation from the type? The English dress which the work bears is fair on the whole, but the translator's unsure foothold in the region of idiom occasionally reminds one of its Gallic origin.

A rather novel method of portraying political phenomena — differing alike from the impressionist school of Boutmy and the detailed descriptive analysis of Bryce or Ostrogorski — is represented by Professor Macy in his study of party organization in this country.¹ It might be called the Method of Representative Types and consists in the recognition of persistent varieties of political machinery in our different states. It thus supplies a needful corrective to the notion that one is so likely to read into current delineations of our political machines, that they are all exactly alike in structure and working. That a close family resemblance is commonly to be detected is true, but it is equally true that the Machine in Pennsylvania is quite a different mechanism from the Machine even of the same party in Massachusetts. In the South, on the other hand, since the downfall of the régime of government by bayonets, the political organization of the dominant party has, in Professor Macy's words, "resembled rather the Irish Home Rule League than a political party."

So much evil is commonly laid at the doors of our political parties that they are certainly entitled in equity to the defense offered by Professor Macy in their behalf. In some degree it is probably true, as he asserts, that they have served as a vehicle for voicing national aspirations and for promoting national political education. Thus by making the choice of the Presi-

dent practically a popular election, they have knocked out many political bulkheads which the framers of the Constitution imagined would serve as permanent water-tight political compartments. When at the door of the Machine so many evils are laid, it is well to remember that it has at least allowed us to navigate the Ship of State *en famille*.

Quite distinct from the study of national political psychology and from the analysis of party organization is Mr. Cleveland's volume² upon the four most prominent public questions connected with his two administrations. These were the Chicago strike of 1894, the bond issues, the Venezuelan boundary controversy, and the struggle with the Senate in his first term over the President's right to suspend officials from office without interference by the Senate or accountability to that body. Delivered originally, with a single exception, as university addresses, these four papers form a legacy of political wisdom with which the student of our latter-day political history must reckon. The position assumed by Mr. Cleveland in three of these problems has been substantially vindicated by the subsequent trend of events. Thus, after the sharp conflict with the Senate, the repeal of the Tenure of Office Act was confession and judgment in one, that the President had succeeded in maintaining his constitutional prerogatives. So, too, the outcome of the administration's policy in the Chicago strike and in the sale of bonds for the maintenance of the Gold Reserve is by this time manifest to all men — except the incorrigibles. But the explosive approval that followed the Venezuelan Message liberated not only a wide-sweeping breath of patriotic fervor, but also the bloody vaporings of the *miles gloriosus*, and thus induced a condition charged with danger which continued a menace until it was fired into a blaze in 1898.

In varying measure these papers manifest a well-grounded irritation at the

¹ *Party Organization and Machinery*. By JESSE MACY. N. Y.: The Century Co. 1904.

² *Presidential Problems*. By GROVER CLEVELAND. N. Y.: The Century Co. 1904.

Senate's constant tendency to legislative aggrandizement on executive authority. Lapse of time has made for leniency in many of Mr. Cleveland's judgments, more particularly in his verdict upon Governor Altgeld's aberrations in 1894; but age apparently cannot stale nor time wither the ex-President's animosity toward the Senate. In this he is certainly in line with many of his countrymen. It would be hard to find in this country a community so phlegmatic as not readily to respond with emphatic and noisy appreciation to the laudation of the great office of our Chief Executive and of most of its incumbents. But nobody, I suppose, ever heard a cheer given for the Senate as a body. There may be good senators, but there has not been within our recollection a good senate. With most of us it has a bad name. State legislatures gird at its indirect method of election. The press fumes about its secret sessions; public opinion chafes at its overweening presumption that masks under the exasperating title of the Courtesy of the Senate; and if an individual hitherto unknown is brought into prominence in connection with a senatorial vacancy, we are disposed at once, as was Charles Lamb in the case of the old lady's favorite preacher, to "damn him at a venture." Its exclusiveness, its arbitrariness, annoy, irritate, and exasperate us. We feel, with the distinguished author, that its corporate hostility is something to be "contemplated with all possible fortitude." We chuckle when that august body is officially informed that offices created by Act of Congress are "unembarrassed by any obligation to the Senate as the price of their creation." When the Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary reminds his brethren of the toga that a presidential refusal to transmit private papers for their scrutiny vividly reminds him of the communications of King Charles I to Parliament, it is delicious to learn of the President's feeling of assurance that the Senate of the United States was not "a bloodthirsty body, and that the chairman of its Com-

mittee on the Judiciary was one of the most courteous and amiable of men — at least when outside of the Senate." Even when our attention is directed to the fact that the final outcome of the Venezuelan matter was a treaty made directly between Great Britain and Venezuela — "a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as the work accomplished was thus saved from the risk of customary disfigurement at the hands of the United States Senate," we feel that the thrust is well deserved, so accurately does it describe the recent holding-up of the reciprocity and arbitration treaties by that arrogant legislative corporation.

The Venezuelan controversy and the related question of our entire foreign policy afford a ready transition to the discussion of Mr. Edgington's volume¹ on the Monroe Doctrine. It would be a great gain to clear thinking if somebody — perhaps the *Century Dictionary* — would give us a clear-cut definition of the Monroe Doctrine, which thereafter must be observed *ubique, semper, ab omnibus*. Mr. Cleveland apparently considers the Monroe Doctrine synonymous with "the American doctrine which denies to European powers the colonization of any part of the American Continent." He implies also that it would be forfeited by "taking our lot with nations that expand by following un-American ways." The learned author of this work on the Doctrine, after an exposition of over a hundred pages, contends that "the colonization feature of the Monroe message is not in harmony with the Acts of Congress, the decisions of the Supreme Court, and the practice of the Government in its foreign relations." Mr. Edgington tells us that "there can be no doubt but that the American people of all parties are in favor of the Monroe Doctrine or a general foreign policy which has taken that name"! Apparently "the general foreign policy which has taken that name," in Mr. Edgington's apprehension, connects itself with our essaying the

¹ *The Monroe Doctrine*. By T. B. EDGINGTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1904.

rôle of receiver general for the defaulting states of South and Central America, and devising "means for preventing revolutions, internecine strifes and wars" amongst them by "federating" the *soi-disant* republics of that continent into a few great states, where the suffrage shall be placed in the hands of the property owners. At all events, he is sure that we cannot tolerate the laws of those countries which require foreigners there resident to waive their right of appeal to their own governments in case of injustice done them by the aforesaid Latin republics. Whatever one may think of these conclusions, it is certain, if we may judge by the unconstitutional rôle which the Administration recently attempted in San Domingo, that Mr. Edgington's opinion has obtained official approval in high quarters.

In rounding out this survey of significant works on politics it would be improper to omit all mention of the year's contributions in aid of what Bryce calls "our one conspicuous failure," namely, the government of cities. Two volumes¹ upon this theme present themselves for comparison, and claim careful notice, not so much on account of the intrinsic novelty of their contents, as because they typify two representative but radically opposed diagnoses of civic remedies. Professor Goodnow in his previous studies had contrasted the two distinct functions of the city. In this volume he again pits the city as the local agent of the state government over against the city as the minister to the peculiar needs of the urban community. The actual control which the state has commonly exerted over the city has largely been a legislative control engineered by the political Machine of the dominant party for partisan ends. Municipalities have thus largely lost their autonomy,

and their efficiency as servants of urban needs has been fatally impaired. Failure to recognize this fundamental difficulty has led to a long but fruitless search for some kind of machinery for cities which will make for decent government. The various devices that have been tried Professor Goodnow recounts. First the city council was despoiled of its administrative powers, and irremovable administrative boards were created in its stead. The boards, in turn, have been largely replaced by single-headed departments with a commissioner at their head. The commissioners, again, have been made the viceroys of the mayor, and in more than one instance the tendency has manifested itself to find the solution of the vexed problem in a mayor-dictator. The chase thus far has disappointed the reforming pursuers: and Professor Goodnow's tone is that of the baffled but intelligent hunter who refuses, somewhat mechanically, to despair of the brush, but who has a very keen appreciation of the windings of the long run, and of the futility of using the various brands of patent anise-seed, such as the Referendum, which hopeful rustics are sure will run Reynard to his hole. City life is "on the whole, not favorable to the development of good government," and Professor Goodnow has "grave doubts as to the efficacy of any mere change in the legal relation and position of our cities." He concludes, in a somewhat resigned tone, that "there is something the matter with city government in the United States which strikes deeper than mere governmental machinery."

Doctor Wilcox's civic forecast, in contrast to Professor Goodnow's, is very hopeful, and his programme very extensive. Doctor Wilcox thinks that "for people generally salvation depends upon an improved environment." Consequently he espouses a wide-open system of municipal socialism, and welcomes types innumerable of civic machines for perpetual motion.

Of all drawbacks to political reform there is none to compare with the half-

¹ *City Government in the United States.* By FRANK J. GOODNOW, LL. D. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

The American City: a Problem in Democracy. By DELOS F. WILCOX, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

baked reformer. To the intelligent worker for progress he is a scourge, and to the godless spoilsman he is a blessing, a very present help in time of trouble. This type of crude enthusiast always has some cheap-John device to "transmute leaden instincts into golden conduct," some quack remedy that cures all the ills that mortal flesh is heir to, some claptrap notion that is to precipitate the millennium to-morrow. His crotchets repel the hard-headed voter, and confirm the cynic in the belief that evil is a surd in the sum of things that defies elimination. To-day it is the Referendum, or the Initiative. To-morrow it is what is termed the "Recall," — an ingenious device whereby, on the petition of a certain number of electors, any public officer, on penalty of forfeiting his office, must immediately stand for reelection. I have no doubt that Ostracism in Athens was lauded to the skies by this class of nostrum fakirs, and that they sincerely believed that the perpetual oyster shell was the price of liberty. To this class, in my judgment, Doctor Wilcox unmistakably belongs. The significance of his book lies not in its applicability to municipal problems, but in its indication of one of the greatest practical obstacles to a realization of a better day.

At the forefront of significant works on our industrial life come four volumes on social pathology. Dr. Roberts's book ¹ affords the best introduction to the group, although, as its sub-title indicates, it is really a study of all phases of the social life of an important industrial group, and not of its pathological side only. At the same time, inasmuch as the workers in the anthracite fields are largely Slavs, and typify the dominant modern immigrant class, as well as illustrate many, perhaps most, of the acute phases of social distress found everywhere in this country, it is not unfair to make this work the vestibule to

the study of social pathology. It is a volume intensely vital, charged to the brim with reality. It bespeaks the knowledge of the eye-witness. The ever bubbling spring of eternal joyousness even in the hovel and in the midst of need is not overlooked. Unlike many who make a knowledge of the seamy side of life their foible, the author's direct, first-hand, many-sided knowledge of manifold facts is aerated, liberalized, and organized by a sound knowledge of the fundamental facts of social existence. Dr. Roberts does not minimize the necessity of a rising standard of life, but he remembers, what the charity expert too often forgets, that "to attempt to fix the laborer's income by a standard of living, regardless of his productive power, is to attempt the impossible." To the indiscriminating gabble about "race suicide" his bracing conclusion is most refreshing, that — "If the social status of the working classes is to be permanently improved, restriction of natality must have a larger part in their creed." The cheap philosophy now current about immigration also receives some knock-out blows at his hand. He demonstrates that "the English-speaking section of our (that is, the anthracite) population is being forced up by the Slavs." He stoutly combats the notion that in the absence of immigration the labor necessary for the development of our industries would have been supplied by the natural increase of the original stock. "The consensus of opinion among superintendents and foremen in the anthracite coal industry is that the mines could never be operated if they depended upon the native born for the labor supply." Dr. Roberts's volume is generously illustrated, and the judicious selection of scenes reinforces the text. In everything, save only the proof-reading, particularly where citations from other languages than English are made, the book deserves unstinted praise.

With Mr. Hunter's book on *Poverty* ² we come to the more delimited study of so-

¹ *Anthracite Coal Communities: A Study of the Demography, the Social, Educational and Moral Life of the Anthracite Regions.* By PETER ROBERTS, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

² *Poverty.* By ROBERT HUNTER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

social mal-adjustments. To Mr. Hunter poverty means the anxious state of those who may get a bare sustenance, but "are not able to obtain those necessities which will permit them to maintain a state of physical efficiency." Poverty as thus defined is distinct from pauperism. Pauperism implies no mental agony, for there the struggle has been given up and resignation has produced a relatively comfortable state of despair which accepts any chance mitigation of its lot as so much to the good. There is a certain literary quality to Mr. Hunter's book which will insure it a wide vogue. Those who feel vaguely that industrial society is in a bad way will find that this volume strengthens their impressions. Those who like to do their "slumming" by proxy will find in Mr. Hunter an admirable guide. The inferno of the tenements, the misery of the poor and sick, the perplexity of the alien, and the sorrows of the children harnessed to the wheel of toil, are all set forth vividly, and with a certain kind of pathos.

But with all this granted, Mr. Hunter's book is not one that commands our confidence. His eloquent misgivings as to the extent of poverty in this country — he is sure that there are ten millions, and thinks there may be as many as fifteen or twenty millions in poverty as defined above — are based on unsubstantial statistical sallies. When he essays to formulate and apply the well-known laws of population, or to elaborate the economic effects of immigration, he flounders so egregiously that our distrust of the solidity of his judgment is more than confirmed. Worse than all else, for those who value crystal-clear sincerity of thought and utterance, is the recurrence of the more than occasional note of pseudo-pathos and literary falsetto. Self-revelation by carefully motivated indirection, and melodramatically repressed heart-break, suggest something dangerously near the *poseur*.

Dr. Devine's volume ¹ is the most prac-

¹ *The Principles of Relief*. By EDWARD T. DEVINE, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

tical one of the trio specifically devoted to remedying the ills of society. Its object is to inform those desirous of practicing helpful charity, and to equip them for their concrete task. The position which the author holds — he is the General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York city — has furnished him with a large fund of experience, which is clearly and systematically put at the reader's disposal. Part I comprises the general principles on which scientific charity is based, and is most admirably done. There is a finality and rigor about it which betray the practical administrator. And while one may dissent from some of the *obiter dicta*, such as the approval of public school instruction as to the physical effects of alcohol, or the rather slighting tone in which relief systems under church control are characterized, the general programme laid down and the detailed circumstances in which it is worked out command instant respect and ungrudging approval. In Part II almost one hundred pages are devoted to actual cases of typical relief problems. The "case method" is evidently applicable to other sciences than law. The last two parts are given, one to a historical survey of the practice of charity, public and private; and the other to the affording of relief in disasters such as the Chicago and Baltimore fires, or the Slocum disaster. No one who is interested either historically or practically in the subject of charity can afford to neglect this volume.

It is but passing from the individual to the universal to turn from Dr. Devine's treatise to Professor Henderson's encyclopædic compend ² on the same subject. This substantial volume of over seven hundred pages is a comprehensive account, arranged primarily on a geographical basis, of the organization of charity in

² *Modern Methods of Charity*. An Account of the Systems of Relief, Public and Private, in the Principal Countries having Modern Methods. By CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON, assisted by others. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

the most important nations of the modern world. In this work Professor Henderson has had the aid of a competent corps of collaborators.

I question whether any one will ever rise up from the task of reading this volume from cover to cover, without entertaining serious doubts of the psalmist's dictum, — "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Nor would the doubt arise merely from the length of these combined articles, nor from any lack of excellence on the part of their learned authors. The really mournful things that oppress the spirit are the subject-matter itself, the social conditions out of which the ever clamant necessity for charitable assistance arises, the bungling diagnosis of the real needs of the poor, the abortive efforts at helping them, the frequent unwisdom of private benevolence, and the callous roughness of public relief. When one thinks of what charity might ideally be, the gladsome and willing extension of a helping hand to a necessitous fellow mortal, without constraint on the part of the giver or loss of self-respect on the part of the recipient, a mutual service where kindness and gratitude exactly counterbalance one another; and when one thinks of the hideous thing that actual charity so frequently is, it is impossible not to be overwhelmed by the "eternal note of sadness" which suggests

... "the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery."

The widest generalization of a practical character to be drawn from this bulky volume is the well-proved necessity in our public charities for the legally recognized right of visitation on the part of the unofficial benevolent public. The legal power of direction and control over such institutions vests properly in an official board or commissioner. But without the intelligent and sympathetic inspection of unpaid but benevolently inclined private persons, abuses in management are all but certain to arise. There will never be found an automatic administrative substitute for enlightened personal interest and activity

in the work of public benevolence. Without such unofficial coöperation, institutional charity becomes what the cynic has termed "the sterilized milk of human kindness."

The four volumes just passed in review jointly suggest certain wider reflections upon the whole subject of the ills of society. The perennial crop of social tares, such as pauperism, vice, and miscellaneous disability, indicates that such diseases can no longer be regarded as sporadic, but proves them to be universal. There is something rotten, not only in the state of Denmark; but there is everywhere a perennial growth of diseased tissue in the body politic. The old order, it is true, has all but ceased when

... "pity gave 'ere charity began."

The mediæval doctrine that "the poor are with you always and whensoever ye will ye may do them *karm*" — by indiscriminate doles of money or goods — has no longer any standing with the scientific charity worker. It is now recognized that charity of that description "never faileth" — to fail. On the other hand, our public and scientific measures of relief and reformation seem powerless to reach the root of the evil.

The truth of the matter is this, that the attitude of modern governments and peoples toward this whole matter of social distress is in the highest degree anomalous. To reduce the area of such distress to a permanent minimum requires, first, the refraining from the relief that only pauperizes, and second, the aggressive sterilization of the classes which breed the evil. There is no doubt that the matrix of social distress is the almost unlimited freedom of the socially defective classes to multiply their numbers. A stringent policy of extensive institutional detention with the segregation of the sexes would alone extirpate the germs of the evil. The trouble is that society has not, and I much doubt if it ever will have, the nerve to enforce any such policy. In this matter of perpetual social misery we are too intelligent and too sympathetic to be easy in

mind, and not courageous enough to be free. So we potter along with a sop here and a dole there; and the millions that are expended, while they doubtless relieve a vast amount of present misery, are almost like water poured into a rat-hole, so far as permanent betterment is concerned.

The social prophet, like the poor, is with us always, and possibly the most striking Jeremiad of the year comes in the guise of an estimate of our industrial system. *The Theory of Business Enterprise*,¹ by Professor Veblen, is a singular instance of how economic philosophy is sometimes infected by tendencies rife in widely separated fields of thought. Through the transparent veil of this sociological essay one gets many a glimpse of the cosmic irony of Ibsen and the nihilistic doctrine of Nietzsche. A very readable quality is thus imparted to the speculation by the author, but at the cost of a most unenviable frame of mind. Professor Veblen has a preternaturally vivid insight into the pathological side of business and society; and he follows remorselessly the poisoned tract which his critical scalpel has discovered. But his exploratory incision suggests nothing for "the healing of the nations," and from his lips there falls only the thinly disguised irony which mocks the misery of them that perish. The morbid element in economic life has for him so great a fascination that it blinds him to the normal and healthful aspects of industry, and the business world in his apprehension becomes but a congeries of "embossed sores and headed evils."

And yet, despite the fact that the author's attitude renders the highest approval from either the scientific or the ethical standpoint impossible, the book is an uncommonly suggestive one. The penetrating glance into certain broad and seamy aspects of our industrial life prompts to a reflective testing of one's social beliefs and ideals.

The heart of the book centres in the

¹ *The Theory of Business Enterprise*. By THORSTEIN VEBLEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904.

analysis of modern business enterprise. The author contends that it is no longer the making of a livelihood, but the accumulation of profits, which motives the direction of modern enterprise. Industry is carried on for "business," not "business" for industry. Pecuniary gain is, on the whole, frequently associated with industrial disturbance, not with industrial welfare. The old-fashioned Captain of Industry has therefore become a wrecker of trade. The business man of to-day directs his attention, not to the surveillance of processes, but to the "alert redistribution of investments." Only rarely does the entrepreneur cumber himself with "the coördinating of industrial processes with a view to economics (*sic*) of production and heightened serviceability." The loan market is a sphere of pecuniary legerdemain, for "funds of whatever character are a pecuniary fact, not an industrial one;" nor do they "increase the aggregate industrial equipment." The remuneration of business services bears "no determinable relation to the services which the work in question may render the community," but represents only "parasitic income." Hence the "traffic in vendible capital (that is, securities) is the pivotal and dominant factor in the modern situation of business and industry." Business depression is to-day primarily "a malady of the affections" of the business man, not a dearth in the output of consumable goods "except as measured in price." "The persistent defection" in hoped-for profits must become a "chronic depression . . . under the fully developed régime of machine industry." For this "persistent defection" of profits there are but two remedies: "an increase in unproductive consumption," or a curtailed output. "Wasteful expenditure" on war and armaments by governments in their "policy of emulative exhaustion" may help; but, "barring providential intervention (*sic*) the only refuge from chronic depression is thorough-going coalition" of industry (that is, trusts). But even this in the

course of the Great Year is unavailing, for the "cultural incidence of the machine process" has eradicated from the wage-earning class all reverence for "natural rights" and all belief in the philosophy of private property, in both of which modern capitalism is rooted. This cultural growth of the machine-tender is necessarily "of a skeptical, matter-of-fact complexion, materialistic, immoral, unpatriotic, undevout." While "business discipline" therefore tends to conserve "the bourgeois virtues of solvency, thrift, and dissimulation," and tends to maintain among wage-earners the useful sense of "status or fealty involved in the concept of sin," it stands to lose at the last, although for a time, by playing on "the happy knack of clannish fancy," called patriotism, it may prolong its dominion by using the military power of governments to open wider markets in lands now "pecuniarily unregenerate."

The sting of this indictment of the industrial world lies not in its novelty nor in its finality, but in its partial truth. The doctrine that the pursuit of business affords the frequent opportunity of undeserved gain, and that, among a society where mutual service is the rule, a clever scamp may live by his wits, is as old as Aristotle. Retail trade, it may be remembered, was condemned by that philosopher, as an unnatural art of money-making. Professor Veblen would exonerate the retailer, but fears for the social welfare when entrusted to the corporate directorate.

Professor Veblen's wholesale cheapening of the operations of the workaday world, veiled though it be by frequent protestation of conformity to the conventional industrial creed, is bound after all to prove a boomerang. Its paradoxes may awake the reader from dogmatic slumbers, its epigrams may tickle his ears with their mordant cynicism, but neither his heart nor head will respond to its skepticism or its pessimism. "A conscientious person," says Burke, "would rather doubt his own judgment, than con-

demn his species. . . . He will grow wise, not malignant, by his acquaintance with the world. But he that accuses all mankind of corruption, ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one."

If Professor Veblen has erred by making "all the horizon dark," Mrs. Gilman in her prophetic essay has erred by refusing wholly to confine herself to *terra firma*. In Mrs. Gilman's *Human Work*¹ every page is festooned with a meretricious brilliance which is apt to conceal the philosophical shallowness within. Whatever else we shall discover about human work, hard-won experience has settled some things about it for good and all. The first is, that if we totally disregard all remuneration of labor, and look at labor *per se*, whatever zest and pleasure may attach to certain occupations, there is connected with labor, as a whole, an enormous net balance of pain, irksomeness, weariness, suffering, and misery. Ruskin, whose economic philosophy is frequently as eccentric as Mrs. Gilman's, has at least not stumbled over the true nature of labor. "Labor," says he, "is the contest of the life of man with an opposite. Literally, it is the quantity of 'Lapse,' loss, or failure of human life, caused by any effort . . . labor is the *suffering* in effort." In brief, it is "that quantity of our toil which we die in." The second fact that economic experience has made plain is that to induce men to undertake even ordinary labor, the most effective stimulus is the prospect of bettering their individual condition from the standpoint of material welfare. It was one whose plummet had sounded depths more profound than the social shoals which Mrs. Gilman so coquettishly dredges who sagely remarked that "it is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker, that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest. We address ourselves, not to their humanity, but to their self-love, and never talk to them of

¹ *Human Work*. By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

our own necessities, but of their advantages." In the face of these basal facts, to talk glibly as Mrs. Gilman does in this volume about human work becoming intrinsically so enticing that human beings will eventually rush into it with enthusiastic élan is downright folly. And to propound the further doctrine that the altruistic desire to better society is likely to prove a more powerful incentive to industry than self-interest has ever been is to write one's self down a faddist and a dreamer.

With the discussion of trusts we enter upon the more narrowly bounded region of economics proper, and from out of the prodigious output of opinion on this problem two representative volumes deserve especial notice. The first is Mr. Montague's *Trusts of To-Day*,¹ and the other is Mr. Moody's *Truth about the Trusts*.²

Mr. Montague's volume arrays itself in the same class of works as those of Jenks, Meade, and Ely. Like them he has drawn his material largely from the evidence taken before the Industrial Commission. The arrangement of topics is his own, and the argument is rather less suggestive of abrupt transition than Jenks's excellent disquisition on the same theme. The conclusions which Mr. Montague arrives at are not very dissimilar to those of Jenks. In his general attitude toward the trust Mr. Montague has, in our opinion, chosen "the better part." What this attitude is may be inferred from the following citations. "Briefly stated, the trust problem resolves itself into this: If the trust deserves to live, the savings of combination must be found real and legitimate; the first class of evils, flowing from the mere fact of monopoly, must be proved either self-corrective or able to be corrected by statute; the second class of evils, result-

ing from the particular form assumed in the organization of existing combinations, must be shown to be self-corrective or capable of correction by statute." "Politically, the interests of the consumer, of the competitor, of the investor, and of the State overshadow mere perfection in industrial efficiency; unless the present trusts can show that practical monopoly is shorn of its mediæval terrors, they must be destroyed like so many economic Franksteins."

In the matter of capitalization Mr. Montague is less satisfactory. It is a superficial view of the matter to say that "the proper capitalization is that which so adjusts the amount of securities to the earnings as to make the stock sell for its par value." When a corporation is first organized, the amount of its earnings is more or less problematical, not to say conjectural. After a corporation is organized, its earnings will vary from year to year. To make the amount of securities at the outset sell for par is no guarantee that future earnings on that capitalization, or in fact on any capitalization, will ever be realized. How to keep adjusting the amount of securities after organization so as to make them bring par when earnings fluctuate, is a problem to whose solution Mr. Montague contributes nothing.

Mr. Moody's *Truth about the Trusts* has at least the merit of making public some convictions more often held than avowed. The author is the editor of the very useful *Manual of Corporation Securities*,—a repository of information as indispensable to the investor as Poor's annual volume on Railroads to those interested in transportation. But a very extensive knowledge of corporation finance is no guarantee of enlightened views on public policy. Burke and Debrett are doubtless accurate sources of information as to the genealogy of the peerage, but I see no reason for thinking that their opinion would be decisive, or even very valuable, upon the question of reforming or abolishing the House of Lords. Even the gifted compiler

¹ *Trusts of To-Day: Facts relating to their Promotion, Financial Management, and the Attempts at State Control.* By GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE, A. M. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

² *The Truth about the Trusts.* By JOHN MOODY. New York: Moody Publishing Company. 1904.

of *Who's Who* I should not accept as final authority upon the issue, "Who is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Mr. Moody frankly admits that his view of trusts is what may be called the Wall Street view, and he is certainly right in thinking that he offers the reader something in startling contrast to what he terms "the labored treatises of college professors." There is no beating about the bush in such expressions as the following: "The saying that 'monopoly is the mother of trusts' is therefore logically admitted to be true. But so also is it claimed that (*sic*) monopoly is the mother of our entire industrial civilization." While "in the abstract," it is conceded that monopoly "may work injustice and inequality in some ways between man and man, yet it is pointed out that the general benefits to the larger organism of society are generally so great that they must inevitably counterbalance the lesser temporary evils." Mr. Moody's philosophy is the same as that set forth in the *Ballad of the Ichthyosaurus* : —

"We generally dined on each other;
What matter? The fittest survived."

The *naïveté* of Mr. Moody's *apologia* may be inferred from his citing with approval the confidential dictum of the manager of one of our larger trusts. "This talk of the elimination of competition is all nonsense. Competition is keener than ever to-day, but it is of course carried on on a larger plane. Where formerly the small producer competed to reduce his costs and undersell his competitors by the ordinary means of great economy and superior efficiency, he has now gone beyond that point; he has passed the mean level where he can recklessly compete and survive, having found that he must look to other and better methods to obtain advantages over competitors. The advantages he now seeks are not so crude. They consist in going to the root of things, in acquiring and dominating the sources of supply and the raw material; in controlling shipping rights of way; in securing exclusive benefits, rebates on large

shipments, beneficial legislation, etc."

This is delicious. It sounds as though Dick Turpin were explaining that he had got beyond the vulgar delving that attended "the constant service of the antique world," and had found it much more profitable to enforce "a thievish living on the common road." It will not surprise the reader after perusing these "elegant extracts" to learn that Mr. Moody, in his haste to narrate the history of concrete trusts, can devote but three pages to reviewing "So-called Remedies," or to find him predicting that the recently created Department of Commerce and Labor in its scope "will not go beyond that of a mere statistical bureau." Mr. Moody's crass provincialism, — for Wall Street can be as provincial as Botany Bay, — his colossal ignorance of past industrial history and current public opinion, have combined with his courageous utterance of his convictions to create one of the most powerful socialistic documents of our day.

While not exclusively a discussion of the trust problem, Mr. Edward Atkinson's latest volume of statistical essays¹ may best be docketed with the foregoing group. One of Mr. Atkinson's four disquisitions is specifically entitled "The Tendency to Individualism rather than to Collectivism in the Manufacturing and all other Arts." One accustomed to the usual terminology of social economics sits up and rubs his eyes when he finds Mr. Atkinson speaking of "the collective or factory (*sic*) system." Such usage recalls Mr. Edwin Cannan's remark on Ricardo's definition of rent: "Like most people who have not had the advantage of a literary education, Ricardo was apt to think that a word ought to have whatever sense he found convenient to put upon it." Be that as it may, the boundless — one is almost inclined to say, the hopeless — optimism of Mr. Atkinson reveals itself in such a typical conclusion as that,

¹ *Facts and Figures. The Basis of Economic Science.* By EDWARD ATKINSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

"In the end, the individual enterprises must be more effectively managed than the high (*sic*) combinations, and will, within a reasonable period, bring them to a cash basis or displace them wholly;" or in this final *bouleversement* of all economic probability that "the power of consumption is limited, the power of production is unlimited."

Considered in his literary manifestations, I do not know of a more troublesome personality to classify than Mr. Atkinson. He suggests an incredible blend of Pythagoras, who found in abstract number the essence of truth, and of the energetic Sir John Sinclair, who danced one evening in a suit of broadcloth which the same morning had been growing in the shape of wool upon the back of the sheep. His ingenuity in the tabulation of statistics, and his still more ingenious deductions from his figures, suggest Artemus Ward's definition of a crank, — one who can prove four times as much as any other man believes, and who believes four times as much as he can prove. In spite of it all, Mr. Atkinson so frequently figures as a public-spirited protagonist of worthy but unpopular causes, and displays at times such Yankee shrewdness in cornering a fact that the phlegmatic logician and economist had never suspected, that it is impossible not to feel for him a certain high regard. If Mr. Atkinson often makes the judicious grieve, and compels them to quote sadly to themselves *non tali auxilio*, his vivacious pen has certainly added much to the gaiety of nations, and as often increased the stock of harmless pleasures.

By right of age and dignity Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, in what promises to be its definitive form for many years to come, should be set at the head of recent significant publications on economics. The editor, Mr. Edwin Cannan, had an indefeasible title to give the Father of Political Economy an authoritative reintroduction to this generation. More than any other of the hundreds of critics and commentators of Adam Smith,

Mr. Cannan has established beyond peradventure of a doubt the genesis and the filiation of the cardinal doctrines of the *Wealth of Nations*. Indeed, the shrewd surmise which Mr. Cannan originally ventured as to the origin of the various parts of that work, and the way this surmise obtained astoundingly close verification by the fortunate recovery of a student's notes taken upon Smith's earlier lectures, constitute one of the most remarkable episodes in recent literary history. Along with his demonstrated insight into the heart of this classic, Mr. Cannan brought other gifts of a rare order to his task, — tireless scholarship in ferreting out the *ipsissima verba* of the text, and withal an invigorating freshness of vision into the realities of industrial life, a doughty logic, and a dash of cynical humor. I know of no better way of describing Mr. Cannan to those unfortunates who know him not than by saying that he might easily have been the historic individual who, to the hackneyed argument, "a man must live," replied, "I do not see the necessity."

Mr. Cannan in his preface explains that he has printed the text of the last (fifth) edition issued in Smith's lifetime, and has traced in the footnotes the textual variants from the earlier editions. He adds characteristically that he has retained the spelling of the fifth edition and has "steadily refused to attempt to make it consistent with itself." How indefatigable has been his attempt to run down Smith's sources may be gauged from his remark: "That many more references might be given by an editor gifted with omniscience, I know better than any one. To discover a reference has often taken hours of labor, to fail to discover one has often taken days." Mr. Cannan's experience as a college lecturer gave him one invaluable clue to the sources of Smith's writings. This clue is what he has elsewhere called "academic atavism," — the tendency of a young professor to fall back in time of need upon the notes he has taken at the feet of some elder Gamaliel.

The deadly parallel between the order of topics in Smith's early lectures and in the lectures of Smith's former teacher, Dr. Hutcheson, prompts the surmise that "when Smith had hurriedly to prepare his lectures . . . he looked through his notes of his old master's lectures (as hundreds of men in his position have done before and after him)." This, one may protest, is ingenuity pushed too far, — or, as Smith said of a butcher's work, is "a brutal and an odious business." Pray, Mr. Cannan,

"No further seek his merits to disclose
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode."

It is hard to say just what is the proper tone in which to speak of a modern treatise on economics, however excellent, when it is thrust by circumstances into juxtaposition with such a classic as the *Wealth of Nations*. Adam Smith's great work has attained to what Dr. Johnson pronounced literary fame, — namely, outliving a century, — and this it is which makes one cautious and circumspect in heralding prematurely the excellence of a volume damp from the press. Without making any pretension, however, to the supreme literary art of the older work, Professor Fetter's book¹ may challenge comparison, on the ground of its intrinsic excellence, with any systematic treatise on economics that has appeared since the days of John Stuart Mill. It is significant of the degree of specialization that has been attained in economics, that when one takes up the task of elucidating the peculiar merits of this volume, there is an overwhelming temptation to begin by referring to the modern theory of value. To be caught in this snare, however, would mean, in a non-technical review like this, to forfeit all further claim on the general reader's intelligent interest. It seems best, therefore, to begin with a more general contrast between Adam Smith and our

author, to illustrate the changed attitude toward society of the early and the modern economist.

Adam Smith lived in the pre-dismal age of the science. His outlook was by no means cheerless, although he schooled himself to entertain only meagre hopes of industrial improvement. It may be remembered how Smith, despite his convictions on the rights of the matter, said that to look for the eventual realization of free trade in England was Utopian. Thick clouds did not gather over the science of economics until his mantle had descended upon Ricardo. But since Carlyle's damnatory characterization, the economic horizon has grown decidedly more bright. This volume of Professor Fetter's, for example, is typical of the modern economist, who commonly entertains a sane hopefulness untouched by optimistic vagaries. The contrast between the early and the later economist in his attitude toward the laborer is instructive. The classical economists assumed toward the wage-earner a somewhat patronizing tone. This was the price that the worker had to pay for the economist's tolerance of aught which — temporarily or permanently — was supposed to make for the laborer's higher standard of living, whose leveling effects were viewed with apprehension by Squire and Parson. The modern economist, like Professor Fetter, is avowedly democratic in outlook and sympathy. Finally, the classical or orthodox economist was a stickler for *laissez faire*, the simple "system of natural liberty," and a minimum of state interference in trade or industry. The modern economist regards *laissez faire* much as the old-school physician regards the dictum *contraria contrariis*, — a bit of unfounded metaphysics which happens to be identified with the use of many sane medicaments. Here again Professor Fetter is typical of the modern breed.

But while representative of the modern economist in all these respects, Professor Fetter's claim to preëminence among modern systematizers is based on other

¹ *The Principles of Economics, with Application to Practical Problems*. By FRANK A. FETTER, Ph. D. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

considerations. He is the first who, having broken with the old foursquare schematization of economics under the well-known rubrics, — Production, Exchange, Distribution, Consumption, — has built a new and logically compact structure. The intensive study of economics in the last quarter of a century had led many writers to put extensive patches upon the garments of their predecessors, with the frequent result that thereby the rent was made worse. This volume is new woven throughout. The permanent claim to the highest scientific recognition to which Professor Fetter will doubtless be entitled is founded upon his masterly resolving the problem of value into three phases, — the value of goods ready for the consumer, the value of the momentarily accruing income derived from durable agents, and the all-pervading influence of time as a determinant of value, especially — though by no means exclusively — in the

problem of capitalization or estimating at their present worth a series of future incomes seen down the perspective of the future. As a by-product of this inestimable service to the systematization of economic thinking is the gratifying result that intellectual commerce is thereby in large measure restored between the economist and the practical man of affairs. Ever since Ricardo's day economists have had an esoteric doctrine. They have delighted in the most unreal of definitions; they have gloried in propositions needlessly paradoxical. It has thus come about that men of business have often either wholly mistaken their meaning or have been unable to catch the mystic grips and passwords in vogue amongst them. Not the least service of this work is that it breaks away from this mystifying usage,

"And what we mean we say, and what we could, we know."

LETTERS TO LITERARY STATESMEN

BY "ALCIPHRON"

II

TO ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

IT was of philosophers who were merely kings that Plato had his golden dream; but if he could have foreseen the day when a king would only reign, *et ne gouverne pas*, he surely would have hailed a philosopher as prime minister. He would also, it may be surmised, have felt a certain intellectual affinity in you. In one respect, at least, you resemble him, — a fondness for verbal dialectic, and an extraordinary adroitness and resource in its use. Such a style of reasoning as you are often pleased to adopt seems to derive straight from *Gorgias*. Something like it must have been in Jowett's mind when he said in

answer to the question whether logic was a science or an art, "It is neither; it is a dodge."

A philosopher in the hurly-burly of politics is not a thing unknown in English annals. It may be doubted, however, if honest John Bull ever before gave power to one precisely of your type. You could not say of yourself, as Walpole did in writing to Conway: "I am certainly the greatest philosopher in the world without ever having thought of being so." If the Cecils are a great governing family, so they are a great thinking family. You early fleshed your philosophic sword; and if we may

believe that other prime minister, Count von Bülow, you are to-day a statesman who "employs his leisure hours in seeking to fathom the profoundest problems of science." This, of course, would cover the problem of a golf ball's flight, to which, it is known, you devote your ripest powers. But the point is that the hard-headed squires of the Tory party knew what you were when they took you for their leader, — knew that you were no burly Johnson, disproving idealism by one mighty stamp of the foot, but rather of the meticulous order of Berkeley himself. You had published your *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*. And the real doubt, unluckily, seemed to be, from the first, exactly what you meant to say.

You have yourself jested rather pallidly of late about your fate as the Great Misunderstood of English politics. You have said, with a melancholy smile, "My utterances on a certain great question have been received with as many commentaries as if I were a classic, and have been invested with as many different meanings as if they were inspired." But the charge that you are obscure was made before the fiscal controversy was ever heard of, and your retort that you were blindly or willfully misinterpreted was hurled by you at theological or philosophical opponents, before it was at political antagonists. Your persistent complaint of the critics of your book on the *Foundations of Belief* was that they completely failed to catch your drift. It must have been hard for you to forgive Leslie Stephen for saying of that attempt to buttress religion by proving that its postulates were only a trifle more unthinkable than those of science, "the foundations of his[your] edifice are ingeniously supported by the superstructure." But in the preface to your second edition you had to admit that even a well-known professor of theology, versed in all your subtleties, had missed your meaning by worlds away.

It is not strange, then, that when you chose to apply the method of a douche, vaporized words to a burning question

of the day, your blunt and somewhat obtuse countrymen began to wonder if you were not a philosopher moving about in a world not realized. Certainly, you have had, in the last few months, to run the gauntlet of ridicule, which is, in its way as terrible, if not so speedily fatal, on the banks of the Thames as on the Seine. The rough Squire Westerns have been asked what they thought of a prime minister who could not put down malicious wresting of his language by a plain tale; while the wits of the press and of the clubs have had their fling at political leaders who "pronounce themselves vegetarians, but with a strong partiality for mutton chops." Mr. Frederic Harrison's rather cruel characterization of your position on the tariff question was that you are "a Semi - Protectionist - Retaliation-Quasi - Free - Trader, — what the Latin grammar would call a *Paulo-post-futurum* Protectionist." With greater amenity, Mr Morley has depicted your fiscal ambiguities under the guise of an ecclesiastical apologue. There was a great controversy in the Church, and you had mounted the pulpit to expound and enforce your views. The congregation went out in agitated uncertainty, and began to ask one another, "Whom is he for?" The Presbyterian said, "He is for me." "No," said the Independent, "he is for me." The Trinitarian said, "Mr. Balfour is on my side." "I beg pardon," said the Unitarian, "he is on mine." Anglican and Catholic both claimed him. "But whilst this anxious and angry hubbub was going on in the churchyard, Mr. Balfour emerged from the vestry murmuring to himself with sincere complacency, 'I have given them the essence and the outline of my views, so transparent, so simple, so unmistakable, so beautifully clear that no honest man can pretend not to understand them.'" Such darts get under the skin, in the end, in the political world; and it is an ominous sign when even *Punch* assumes the disguise of our own Doctor Subtilis, Henry James, in order to shadow forth your mastery of recondite

and non-committal statement. For there is still truth in Lord Rosebery's remark: "The English love a statesman whom they understand, or at least think that they understand."

But it would be absurd to suppose, in your case, Mr. Balfour, that the jokes of your political opponents argue conclusively that the position which they delight to depict as one of facing both ways, is in reality not shrewdly chosen and maintained with great address. It would be a good rule: Always beware a philosopher in politics when he bewails his inability to express himself more trenchantly than he has done. It proves that he will not be drawn into uttering the unwary word which will thrust his party from office. This astuteness, this immensely clever handling of an immensely difficult situation, your bitterest enemy cannot deny you. If you have carried water on both shoulders, you have at least carried it, not spilled it on the ground. Your assailants should have taken warning from your profuse confessions of ignorance, and your smiling good nature. They had heard you profess so often in the House of Commons, "I am but a child in these matters;" and should have had in mind, as possibly you had, the prophecy, "A little child shall lead them."

You offer to-day, Mr. Balfour, the great paradox of being the public man of England most laughed at, and at the same time most loved. Possibly one explana-

tion lies in the answer which Samuel Johnson's old schoolfellow made, when asked what he had done with his life. "I have tried," he quaintly said, "to be a philosopher, but somehow cheerfulness was always breaking in." So there has broken through your philosophy a great kindness, with a high distinction, a wide humanity, a lettered sanity and ease, which have endeared you to the men of your day in both parties. If fall you must, you will leave office behind, but will always bear your friends with you. And as to-day the political tide seems to be running irresistibly against you, you may at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you yourself marked out with precision ten years ago the process of your own decay.

You then said: "I have never observed in the history of this country that any party or any Government have gained credit from hanging on to office, from hanging on to their places, when they were deprived of all real influence on the course of events and when the general trend of public opinion was against them. Under such circumstances the Government may possibly do good administrative work, it may possibly continue to hold office for one month, two months, six months, or even a year more, but you will never find in the history of this country that this had the result of increasing the credit of a Government with those on whose favor their fortunes ultimately rest."

THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY CHARLES F. DOLE

AMONG the magical words that hypnotize men's minds and keep them from asking intelligent questions, the Monroe Doctrine has a sovereign charm in American politics. Secretary Hay has coupled the mention of this Doctrine with the Gold-Rule. Let us venture to ask a few straight questions, and not be afraid to go wherever the honest answer to our questions may carry us.

First, what was the substance of the original Monroe Doctrine in 1823, when it was promulgated? The Spanish American colonies had then revolted, and we had recognized their independence. There was a boundary question between the United States and Russia. We were a young republic, trying a great experiment in the eyes of a critical and unfriendly world. A "Holy Alliance," organized at the instance of Russia, with a really beautiful programme for the good order of Europe, threatened to be turned into an instrument of mischief and oppression, and even to help Spain recover her possessions in America. It is likely that, as in many other instances of human alarm, nothing dangerous would have happened. But our government naturally felt nervous, and raised its cry of warning in the form of the Monroe Doctrine. This was merely a declaration, made by the President in his message to Congress, to the effect that the United States would hold it unfriendly in the European powers to take any aggressive action in this continent. Important as the subject now seems, it involved no vote in Congress, nor the careful discussion that an actual vote generally involves. It is doubtful whether many Americans who read Monroe's Message gave serious thought to the passages which were destined to give his name

prominence. But Americans would have generally agreed in their disinclination to see monarchies set up in the New World, or to suffer any kind of undemocratic system to be brought over here from Europe.

It is noteworthy that the bare statement of the attitude of the United States, without any show of force or preparation for war, was sufficient to secure respectful treatment from the European powers. President Monroe did not feel called upon to ask appropriations for an increase in the navy in order to "back up" his doctrine. The United States did not possess a formidable navy till it had to build one in the period of the Civil War.

It should also be remarked that England, doubtless for commercial reasons, forwarded our government in its attitude in behalf of the independence of the South American republics. Few would have dreamed at that time that the Monroe Doctrine would ever be used as a menace against England.

See now what enormous political changes have come about within eighty years. Except Russia, there is not an autocratic government left of all the nations who composed the short-lived Holy Alliance. All the others, even Austria and Spain, have adopted constitutional methods. Their people have everywhere been given more or less democratic representation. Spain does not contemplate winning back her colonies. We possess by amicable purchase the very territory over which there was once risk of a boundary dispute with Russia. So far from fearing the extension of autocratic and oppressive governments from Europe to America, the European governments are daily brought to face new demands on the part of their people in the direction of demo-

cratic experiments. Autocratic militarism all over the world stands on the defensive. It is becoming recognized as economically and politically intolerable. A great international court has been established on purpose to put an end to war between the nations. It has begun to be used and respected.

Meanwhile the world has become one in geography and international relations. We are practically nearer to the shores of Europe than we are to South America. We have larger and closer interests with China and Japan than we have with Chili and Guatemala.

Let us try now to find what European power, if any, threatens to bring the methods of oppression and tyranny to our continent, or in any way to menace the welfare of the United States. Russia, as we have observed, is out of the question, having voluntarily withdrawn from this continent. She allowed her proud flag to be hauled down in Alaska without the slightest loss of honor.

England is our best friend in all the world. Let us never admit jealousy or suspicion between us. For three thousand miles our territory and the Dominion of Canada march together. By mutual consent neither of us has a ship of war upon the Great Lakes. Let us see to it that we never put warships there. We are obviously safer without them. Like two strong men, dwelling on adjacent farms, we are mutually safeguarded, not by building suspicious fences against each other and purchasing weapons in view of the possibility of our wishing to fight, but rather by assuming that we shall never be so foolish as to injure each other. If we ever disagree, we do not purpose to degrade ourselves by fighting. So far as England is concerned, we may venture boldly to declare that the United States does not need a fort nor a battleship. We contemplate her time-honored naval station at Halifax as complacently as travelers view the collection of ancient armor in the Tower of London. Moreover, as regards the Monroe Doctrine, the last thing

which England could possibly attempt, with her own popular constitution, would be to abridge the liberties of Americans, either North or South.

Summon now the Republic of France, and interrogate her as to her designs and ambitions touching the affairs of America. Probably few Americans could name her *cis-Atlantic* possessions, so inconspicuous are they. They are costing the French treasury a steady outgo. No intelligent nation would take the gift of them, especially of Martinique, with its tempestuous volcanoes. France has had little experience with American colonies cheerful enough to stir her to desire the risk of a disagreement with the United States for the sake of gaining more territory. Nevertheless, we must admit that we had rather live under the rule of France than in most of the states of South or Central America. From no point of view does France threaten to establish a tyranny over any of the populations in the New World.

We hear of Italians in South America. They have emigrated to the Argentine Republic. Does this fact make the slightest demand upon the United States to build iron ships to guard against the friendly government of Victor Emmanuel? On the contrary, the more Italians in the Argentine Republic the better we like it. They are more enterprising and industrious than either the Spaniards or the natives, and there is plenty of room for all who wish to go there. Is it conceivable that Italy, saddled with ruinous debt and with a fearful burden of European militarism, should undertake a war of conquest in South America? If this were conceivable, does any one suppose that Italian rule down there, supposing it to prevail, would be less enlightened, or less righteous, than Spanish-American rule has been under the delusive name of "republic"? The people of the United States cannot know Italy, or her political conditions, and feel the slightest apprehension that she is capable of extending to our continent methods of government inimical to our peace.

No other nation in Europe remains, about whose designs in our continent the American people have the need to lose a wink of sleep, except Germany. If the plain truth were told by the alarmists, Germany is very nearly the one power in Christendom on whose account we are called upon to pay a naval "insurance fund" of a hundred millions of dollars a year. The talk about a "German peril" would be laughable, if millions of poor people did not need the money which such incendiary talk costs us; or worse yet, if this ceaseless talk about possible war with a great nation were not irritating to every one concerned, and naturally provocative of ill feeling.

Why indeed should we imagine mischief from Germany? To hear certain speakers and writers, one would suppose that Germany — instead of being a land of arts and laws, of universities and free institutions, with a vast network of world-wide trade — was overrun, as of old, by barbarous hordes breathing violence and robbery. Germany, in fact, has no quarrel or enmity against the kindred people of the United States. Germany is richer every day by reason of the prosperity of our country. The export and import trade between the United States and Germany amounted in 1903 to over three hundred and ten millions of dollars, more than double our whole trade with South America in the same year, — a half more than our trade with all Asia. The boasted "open door" into the Chinese Empire only allowed the passage both ways of about forty-five millions of dollars' worth of products, — less than one sixth of our trade with Germany.¹ Does any one think that Germany would lightly quarrel with the source of so much bread and butter? For what possible use? She could not conquer and enslave us, nor does she wish to. We have no boundary lines on the planet to make friction between us. We may say

again stoutly, as in the case of England, we are safer from any possible attack from Germany without a ship or a fort than we are with the largest navy that Captain Mahan could desire. For in the one case we should be sure to avoid needless disputes, and should be more than willing on both sides to put any question that might ever arise between us to arbitration; whereas in the other case, standing with loaded guns as it were, some trifling explosion of an angry man's temper might involve the two nations in strife.

It may be asked whether there is not grave risk that Germany may endeavor to plant colonies in South America, or to interfere in some way with the affairs of the South American people. We hardly need more than to repeat the paragraph touching this kind of contingency on the part of Italy. Germans are doubtless coming in considerable numbers into the temperate countries of South America. They are a most desirable kind of immigrant. Wherever they go a higher civilization goes with them. Life and property are safer. A more efficient type of government is demanded. All this is surely for the interest of the United States. We can only be glad for any influences which will tone up the character of the South and Central American states. If they were all Germanized, the whole world, including the United States, would be permanently richer. In fact, the ties of trade and friendship between us and a possible Germanized state in South America would normally tend to be closer than they seem likely to be with the Spanish-American peoples.

Neither is there the slightest evidence that Germany would ever threaten to introduce tyrannical forms of government into South America, or to oppress the native peoples. Indeed, so far as it is good for the United States to govern the Philippine Islands for the betterment of their people, the same argument holds in favor of any reasonable method, for example, through purchase or by the final consent

¹ The value of the total trade to and from the Philippine Islands in the same year would have been more than used up in building three battleships.

of the people, for the extension of German law and political institutions into ill-governed South American states. I do not care to press this argument, which is only valid for those Americans who believe in our colonial experiment. But the argument is far stronger for possible German colonies than it is for the United States, inasmuch as South America is a natural and legitimate field for German immigration, being largely a wilderness, while no large number of Americans will ever care to settle in the Philippine Islands. The time may naturally come when Germany would have the same kind of interest in the welfare of her people beyond the seas that England has in that of the Englishmen in South Africa. There can be no good reason why the United States should look upon such an interest with jealousy or suspicion. For we are unlikely to have any legitimate colonial interest in the southern half of our continent.

Meanwhile, the whole history of colonial settlements goes to show the futility of holding colonies with which the home government is not bound by the ties of good will. Thus Canada and Australia uphold the British Empire, because they possess practical freedom; while England has to spend hundreds of millions of dollars a year, badly needed by her own poor people, merely in order to keep her hold over India. All precedents go to show that the Empire of Germany would only weaken herself, in case she should endeavor to meddle in South America against the interests and the good will of the people there.

Let us ask another question, hitherto too little considered. On what ground of right is the United States justified in continuing to assert the Monroe Doctrine? We may warn trespassers off our own land. Have we the right to bar our neighbors from lands to which we have no shadow of a title? Suppose that we may do this as the stronger people, for the sake of humanity, to protect weaker people from oppression. It is surely a dangerous concession to permit a single state, however

civilized it deems itself, to assume the right to become a knight-errant, to adjust wrongs in the world, and incidentally to be sheriff, judge, and jury on its own motion. But grant this concession for a moment in favor of the United States. While it may have been true eighty years ago that the American people were filled with sympathy for the republics which revolted from Spain, it would be hypocrisy to claim to-day that our people are seriously concerned over the troubles of their South American neighbors. We are rather apt to say that they are unfit to govern themselves. The United States to-day holds eight millions of people on the other side of the globe, very like the South Americans, on the distinct ground that they are not yet fit for independence. Our own course, therefore, bars us from sensitiveness over the perils which South America suffers from the bare possibility of the interference of European states.

Moreover, we have shown that there is no state in Europe which has a mind to do any wrong to South America. So far as the promise of higher civilization goes, the planting of bona fide colonies in the vast areas of our southern continent signifies good to humanity.

We must fall back upon a totally different line of reasoning in order to find the only legitimate defense of our Monroe Doctrine. The argument is this: that a nation has the right to safeguard herself against the menace of aggression. Concede that this might have been a sound argument when the Monroe Doctrine was first proclaimed. Our government saw a peril in the setting up of a European system of despotism on this continent. We have made it clear, however, that this peril which disturbed our fathers appears to have vanished forever. No one can show what actual danger to our liberties is threatened by any governmental system that European powers can set up in South America. Let us not even imagine that we are in fear of such a chimerical peril. We have no fear that Germany wishes to harm us while she stays at

home in Europe. We have no more ground for fear if Germany were by some magic to fill South America as full of sturdy German people as Canada is now full of friendly English, Scotch, and Frenchmen. The better civilized our neighbors are, the less peril do they threaten to our liberties.

Let us then disabuse our minds of any fear of European aggression, to injure American liberties.

But it may be urged that the European governments, as was shown in the late Venezuelan episode, may prove disagreeable in their efforts to collect debts due to their subjects, or, on occasion, in safeguarding the rights of their colonists in the disorderly South American states. The condition of these states, it is urged, offers points of serious friction between us and our European neighbors. The class of issues here raised stands quite aside from the original intent of the Monroe Doctrine. Here is the need of new international law, of the services of the Hague Tribunal, very likely of the establishment of a permanent Congress of Nations. How far ought any nation to undertake by warships and armies to collect debts for venturesome subjects who have speculated in the tumultuous politics of semi-civilized peoples? How far is the real welfare of the world served by punitive expeditions dispatched in the name of missionaries, travelers, and traders, who have chosen to take their own lives in their hands in the wild regions of the world? There is no call for a Monroe Doctrine on these points. The issue is international, not American. The question is not so much whether France and England may send a fleet to take the customs duties of a dilapidated South American port, as it is, what course ought any government to take when wily promoters ask its assistance in carrying out their schemes in Bogota or Caracas, or Peking; or again (an equally pertinent question), what remedy, if any, international law ought to give when one of our own cities or states defaults its bonds held in Paris or Berlin.

Grant that it is uncomfortable to our

traders in South America to see European sheriffs holding ports where we wish to do business. We evidently have no right to protest against other nations doing whatever we might do in like circumstances. If we can send armored ships to South America, all the others can do so. If we like to keep the perilous right to collect debts, we must concede it to the others. We may not like to see strangers, or even our own neighbors, taking liberties and quarreling in the next field to our own. But who gives us the right forcibly to drive them out of a field which we do not own? The rule here seems to be the same for the nation as for the individual.

In other words, whatever the Monroe Doctrine historically means, it no longer requires us to stand guard with a show of force to maintain it. In its most critical form, when it meant a warning against despotism, it only needed to be proclaimed, and never to be defended by fighting ships. In the face of governments practically like our own, the time has come to inquire whether there remains any reasonable issue under the name of the Monroe Doctrine, over which the American people could have the least justification for a conflict of arms with a European government. The interests of the United States in South America are not different from those of other powers, like England and Germany. They are substantially identical interests; they are all obviously involved together with the improvement of material, political, and moral conditions in the South American states.

We have sought so far such an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as may honorably go in company of the Golden Rule, or, in other words, of international justice. There remains, however, a possible new definition of the Doctrine, which should be fairly faced. There is an idea in the air that the United States holds a certain protectorate or suzerainty over the whole continent of America. A manifest destiny is thought to be working in favor of the dominion or suzerainty of

a single power from the Arctic Ocean to Patagonia. Porto Rico is ours. Cuba is almost ours. Many believe that Canada will some time desire to be with us. No people to the south of us shows stable promise of what we call good government. The new canal at Panama affords additional reasons for our control of the continent. Boundless resources are yet to be developed in the virgin continent. We are the people who can provide the brains, the capital, and the political security requisite for the exploitation of practically a seventh of the surface of the earth.

The new Monroe Doctrine comes thus to mean, frankly, that we want, or at least may some time want, all America for ourselves. We give due notice in advance of our claim of preëmption. What else does the Monroe Doctrine mean, that there should be the pretense of a necessity to fight for it? What else does our President mean by his note of repeated warning to the republics of South and Central America that they must "behave themselves"?

Few persons seriously expect that South Americans are ready to "behave themselves" to order, to pay their foreign debts, and keep their promises punctually, and to make no disturbances to the inconvenience of their neighbors. If Europe must not be suffered to discipline them, must we not give them their lessons? The recent movement to assume a receivership at San Domingo, to collect and pay Dominican taxes for the benefit of bond-holders both at home and abroad, brings the new doctrine into practical effect. Here and nowhere else looms up the need of new battleships and a hundred millions of dollars a year for the navy. It is in regard to South America, and for the extension of the Monroe Doctrine to a control over the continent, that we discover in the political horizon all manner of colossal foreign responsibilities and the possibilities of friction and war.

The new Monroe Doctrine may kindle one's imagination; it may stir the ambition of our people; it may tempt some of

them with a glamour of power and wealth. We may fancy that we would like to be the suzerain power on the continent, with United States officials in authority in every Spanish and Portuguese American capital. The stern ancient question presses: What right has the United States to assume a protectorate, and much less any form of sovereignty, over South America? The South American governments are as independent as our own. There are no traditions common between us to constitute us an acknowledged Lord Protector over them. On the contrary, our conduct toward Colombia and the Philippines, and the extraordinary utterances of some of our public men, seem to have already produced a certain nervousness among our Spanish-American neighbors.

Neither does international law, which has never in the past given the Monroe Doctrine any clearly acknowledged footing, admit the right of the United States to mark off the American continent as its own preserve, and to stand, like a dog in the manger, to warn other friendly peoples from entering it.

Moreover, the millions of the plain American people, who toil and pay the taxes to the tune of about forty dollars a year for every average family, have no valid interests whatever in spending the money or the administrative ability of the country in dubious enterprises beyond the seas, at the behest of ambitious capitalists or politicians, who aim to open markets and run satrapies by the use of national battleships. The people, who need indefinite services for the expansion of their welfare and happiness at home, have never even been asked to consider, much less to approve, a policy which threatens to dissipate the activities of their government over the length of the continent. The new Monroe Doctrine is a menace to the interests of every American workingman. It is the old story. The few usurp the power of the many to work their own ends.

In short, so far as we are good friends of the South American peoples, so far as

we are friends of our kinsmen over the seas on the continent of Europe, so far as our intentions in South America are honestly humane and philanthropic, we have no need whatever of the Monroe Doctrine any longer. On the side of our common humanity all our interests are substantially identical. On the other hand, so far as we purpose to exploit the continent for our own selfish interests, so far as we aim

at the extension of our power, so far as we purpose to force our forms of civilization and our government upon peoples whom we deem our "inferiors," our new Monroe Doctrine rests upon no grounds of justice or right, it has no place with the Golden Rule, it is not synonymous with human freedom, it depends upon might, and it doubtless tends to provoke jealousy, if not hostility and war.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMAN VERSUS WOMEN

WOMAN is undoubtedly one of those good things of which we cannot have too much, but women are anomalous creatures of whom we may certainly have too many.

For it is one of the mysteries of life that whereas an individual woman may combine the fascinations of Cleopatra with the wisdom of Minerva, nevertheless, when she has been sufficiently multiplied, her counterparts form an arid assembly of unrelated units from which all charm and dignity have fled,—a heterogeneous mass of individuals without form and void. Any one who has attended meetings composed exclusively of either sex must have felt the different impressions produced by a body of men, whose personalities all blend into a harmonious whole, and a collection of women,—isolated spots of yellow, green, and blue, which, like the little, many-colored dabs in an impressionistic painting, are supposed to become coherent when viewed in the right perspective.

Undoubtedly the superficial and external attributes of dress and personality are responsible for a share of the half-contemptuous amusement with which assemblies of women are regarded by their unorganized sisters. When we find gowns of varied hue, bonnets of diverse shapes,

garments of every cut, coats of many colors, to say nothing of heads swollen with acute attacks of pompadour, or meek with the lowliness of English buns that never rise, we cannot hope for much dignity, while the voices alone, in all degrees of guttural and nasal, would preclude any impression of harmony.

A hall-full of black-coated brethren, all bareheaded and short-haired, suggests an outward likeness which may have no internal equivalent, yet which affects the onlooker with a sense of oneness. Men look more or less like birds of a feather when flocking together. The individual is lost in the type, it is not Each, but All, that impresses us. Not so with women. The attention of the outsider is perhaps distracted by a strong-minded reformer with spectacles on nose and pouch on side, who, like Jenny Wren, always wears a plain brown gown and never dresses too fine, while by her side sits the studiously frivolous spinster, decorated with crimps and furbelows, and redolent of patchouli and peppermint. Another specimen intrudes itself upon the wandering attention, and invites admiration of its alert intelligence, illustrated by palpably uncomfortable false teeth, the outward and visible sign of innate superiority. When one's eye and mind are constantly distracted by the individual, how can one be impressed by the whole?

There are women who are as eloquent, as logical, as convincing in argument and speech, as their husbands and brothers across the way; but surround them by their parti-colored female followers, and their words become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. The terrible truth is that women — *en masse* — become ludicrous in proportion to their numbers and the earnestness of their purpose, whereas the defects of man are forgotten in the merits of mere men.

For the rights of Woman I am a firm advocate, and loyally I claim that a fine woman is a nobler work of God than an honest man, but for the rights of *Women* I have no sympathy since hearing their wrongs voiced by women themselves. Till women are willing to sacrifice the individuality wherein lies their true power, and are ready to don a uniform undictated by fickle Fashion; till they are ready to yield themselves to the perfect whole, let them not expect their public meetings to have any greater results than the laughter and applause of the unseen audiences from whom they demand respectful and silent attention. But far be it from me to wish to hasten the day when woman will be shorn of her strength by the cutting of her hair and the suppression of her individual taste. It is the unexpectedness, the variety of the type that gives woman her personal power. It is only when she becomes one of an organized body of women that she suggests a futile hen in a roosterless barnyard where female fowls cackle and complain, instead of realizing her ideal self, of the good, the true, the beautiful, which places her a little lower than the angels, and — let my own sex be revealed by the conviction — a little higher than man!

HORTICULTURAL SNOBBISH- NESS

The amateur gardener, of active imagination and a limited garden plot, as he pores over the alluring and misleading seed catalogues in the winter evenings,

annually faces a most perplexing question. How can he make this summer's garden both "look" well and "pick" well? It is a question which few of us have been able to settle satisfactorily, partly because of the total depravity of inanimate seeds which won't come up, partly because of a fondness which some of us have for constantly giving away our flowers to less fortunate neighbors and city friends; but chiefly, perhaps, because we have refused to admit to ourselves the real source of our difficulty. It is true that the dining-room table must be decorated, even at the cost of a barren patch on the sweet pea vine. It is true that if Aunt Rhoda breaks her leg again this year, she shall have jacquemints daily, even though the rose bed is left stripped. But these incidents cause only occasional moments of dreariness in the garden's summer, moments which we do not grudge if the garden has brought pleasure to the family or Aunt Rhoda; and I doubt whether even these moments would exist if there were other attractions in the flower beds to hide these temporary bald spots. Is not the real cause of the trouble the horticultural snobbishness in the heart of the gardener?

For, after all, is the little garden world in which we live so happily, shut in by box and privet hedges, very different from the larger world outside? We are entirely ready to admit that life is made more full of color by dashing cowboys in broad sombreros and gay-colored handkerchiefs, by down-east skippers with their nasal drawls and disregarded *g's*. Traveling drummers with their endless talk of shop, humorous politicians, and picturesque bandanna-ed darkies, all give different touches to our life, with which we would not willingly dispense, though of course it is not from among these that we are apt to choose dinner guests to meet the famous foreign diplomat, or sympathetic critics of our latest monograph on radium. Life, however, is not one long dinner party, either in the garden or in the real world. Dignified hollyhocks and

larkspurs, dainty poppies and harebells, charm us with their refined intellectual bearing while they last, and each in turn gives true pleasure to us and to the diplomat, as they do their share in making our dinner or our garden beautiful for him. But alas, the day of these aristocrats and their kindred spirits is all too short. By the time the larkspurs arrive to make a background, poppies in the foreground have gone to seed. Hollyhocks hasten along to support the bluebells, only to find them faded and the leaves turning yellow. The delicately veined salpiglossis and the feathery love-in-a-mist bloom alone and unprotected, because their lily neighbors blossomed only for a week, leaving behind them nothing but dried stalks.

So in this dilemma, I, true democratic American, have turned to the masses for support. Flaunting salvias, blatant zinnias, plebeian marigolds, well-meaning but hopelessly overdressed fuchsias, even stolid dahlias, though lacking in the graces and refinements, have at least one undeniable merit,—they can always be depended on for both “looking” and “picking.” Though, to be sure, they are never asked to grace the dining-room table, they have few equals for lighting up a corner of the dark hall, or smiling a welcome from a big bowl on the piazza. Pick them as you may, there are always more to-day than there were yesterday, nodding merrily in the garden from July to October, over the graves of their more aristocratic but less sturdy sisters. Truly the garden would have many forlorn and dark stretches without the help of these dependable cowboys and darkies.

Yet after this burst of democratic spirit, I must confess to one hidebound, immovable prejudice. While I have strength to pull them up, petunias shall never live in my garden. I have tried to think I was biased because they invariably live in tubs. Sometimes I have thought it might be because they have so little moral and physical backbone. But no. I have decided it is nothing but a hearty Dr. Fell-

ian dislike which cannot be explained or uprooted from my heart. They have only one excuse for being. Can any one who in his youth has entered such a competition, ever forget the apoplectic excitement of holding one of them to his nose with a long breath, while the little girl by his side, her face looking like a Fourth of July mask, vainly endeavored to hold hers on for a longer time? But when fascinating morning glories in charming summer gowns of pink, white, and lavender, lend themselves equally well to such pastimes and cover the garden wall so invitingly, why should my children even be tempted by the vulgar petunia? Away with it, say I, while there are other democrats to depend upon!

But I would not be charged with being an actual socialist in my feeling about the democrats. Among the dahlias, for instance, I must still protest against the bullet-headed variety, originally intended, I am sure (except for its contradictory colors) as a mourning rosette, and put in a plea for its single cousins, and its *nouveaux-riches* but rather more æsthetic relatives, the cactus dahlias. Zinnias must present a cheery scarlet and yellow mass before I can love them unreservedly, and the solferino kinds somehow or other disappear over the fence. Certainly if Nature would let me arrange it as I thought best, and not as she saw fit, I should prefer to have more sweet-scented roses and sweet peas through the season, and fewer gaudy sunflowers and pungent marigolds. But after all, these are merely reasons of congeniality and sympathy. Surely we are allowed to choose our friends on these lines, and our hearts should be big enough to include also acquaintances of humble origin and less refined exteriors. So why need we be snobs in our gardens, either? Why should we leave them without these reliable though commonplace acquaintances? Let us repudiate the charge next summer by allowing zinnias and salvias to dance their dashing cake-walk beside the more stately minuet of the hollyhocks and lilies.

“THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE”

Within the last ten years impudence has invented a new means of expression: “Thanking you in advance.” These words are attached to every kind of request. At first they appeared only in circulars of second-rate business houses that were seeking your custom; but now even bishops and college presidents use them. Where they came from I can’t imagine. The French gave us the tiresome “It goes without saying,” and the English, I suppose, are to blame for “It is a far cry;” can it be that “Thanking you in advance” is of native origin? Then, blush, America, — if you can.

The phrase, as it is used, is objectionable for two reasons. First, it assumes that you will certainly do the thing asked for. Second, it declares that the petitioner does not want to bother with writing you a letter of thanks in return for your service. Is not that discourteous and outrageous?

What are we coming to? Pretty soon we shall all be using it, and the mails will be filled with such letters as these: —

To his Excellency Governor Higgins.

DEAR SIR, — I have been in prison

three years, and have seven more to stay; but I am tired of this life and desire a change of scene. Please send me a pardon by return mail. Thanking you in advance for this act of merited clemency, I am

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM KIDD.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University.

DEAR SIR, — I am a clergyman of twenty-seven years’ standing. I am devout, scholarly, eloquent, and of untiring zeal. It would help me very much in my business if your university would grant me the degree of D. D. Please get this done for me as soon as you can. Thanking you in advance for this favor, I remain

Truly yours,

THOMAS PEST.

ADORABLE MATILDA, — I, who have long loved you, but could never voice my passion, now take my pen in hand to throw myself at your feet and beg you to be mine. Thanking you in advance for your favorable reply, I am

Your deeply smitten

AUGUSTUS.

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THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES¹

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

I

[The values of so much of our national past as lies before Lee's surrender are fairly well agreed upon. Most educated Americans have, as a part of their intellectual equipment, a reasonably firm grasp of its principal facts and a reasonably clear view of its entire outline. Of the years since the Civil War, this is hardly true. Even historians have not yet arrived at a consensus about them. But the vanguard of the scientific students of history has invaded them; and before long we may hope to have our notions of "the Reconstruction Period" fixed as firmly as are our notions of American life in Jackson's time, or Lincoln's. It is the object of this series of papers to contribute somewhat to that result. They will seek proportion rather than completeness, and try to set in a clearer light the really important events and tendencies and characters of those years in which the Republic, saved from disintegration, entered afresh upon its career of development, growth, and expansion. — THE EDITORS.]

THERE is neither permanence nor utter change in human affairs. There are no periods in history. There are only pauses, never complete; now and then, a lowering of the voices, never hushed; a slower pace; a calmer mood. There was no sharp, clear end of the multitudinous activities, no sudden diversion of the energies, that made up the great Civil War. No court could say when it ceased. Congress held one opinion on the point, the President another. There was, however, a moment of pausing, almost of silence. It was the day of Lincoln's death.

That was also a moment when the people of the United States might be apprehended almost as a single mass and body. They were drawn together in a common experience, though they were still of many minds. All had their silent parts, or helped, at least, to make the background and *ensemble* of a single tableau, wonderfully vivid, which will still arrest the thought and move the sympathy of any but the most bowed down and unregardful of mankind. It was a pause after turmoil. It was not — like that in France

which Burke has caught for us, and Carlyle also, when Mirabeau and the unhappy queen met on the round knoll in the Garden of St. Cloud, under the stars, and there consulted in low tones — the dreadful silence before the tempest. The moment was not charged with the nervous agony of suspense, but the shock and horror of the assassin's deed, the stillness that followed, could awake once more, out of the weariness and satiety which four years of battles had brought them to, the people's dull, spent sense of that great whole of which they all were parts.

Our history is hard and masculine; colored with few purple lights; too little related to our tenderer sentiments and deeper passions. When older peoples have paused as we did then, they have looked upon far different scenes. Fairer companies have stood about more stately figures of triumph or of tragedy than that America and the world now gazed upon. The common chamber, the gaunt, pale President, the strong, bearded counselors at his bedside, — this was unlike the scenes which European peoples have

fixed in their memories. Charles the First and Mary Stuart on their scaffolds, the barons and the king at Runnymede, Maria Theresa appealing to the nobles of Hungary to take up their swords for her child, Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau, and many another pageant of human love and sacrifice, are treasured up by other peoples as we have treasured up this crude, unluckey martyrdom. Even the great personality of Lincoln, now potent in so many individual lives, intimate and familiar of so many of our hidden moods, was not yet fully revealed to his fellows. It was the emancipator only that had fallen; the leader and shepherd of men. Outwardly, at least, his experience was limited as theirs was. Dying in the midst of multitudes, master of armies and of navies, he was still of the frontier; as, indeed, all our American life was still, in a sense, only the frontier and western fringe of European life. True, Lincoln also leads our thoughts back to the princes whose peer he was; but we can pass from his deathbed with no irreverence, no sense of shock or change, to look out, in the plain light of day, upon the whole wide field of work and strife and progress which was always in his thought, and glimpse the attitude and state of the republic when his summons passed, like an angelus, across the continent.

The continent still set bounds to the growth and aspiration of the Republic. Nor were the continental limits in any sense filled out and occupied. There were neither dependencies nor colonies, but only the states, the territories, and the District of Columbia. From the Atlantic to the Mississippi, leaving out, for the moment, the region of undetermined status where the armies were still at work, all was permanently divided into states. One of these, the oldest, had been shorn in twain, its eastern lowlands, which held with the South, keeping the old and famous name, while its western, mountainous parts were irregularly erected into the new, amorphous state of West Virginia.

Beyond the Mississippi, a column of five states, Louisiana, the eldest, at the bottom, Minnesota at the top, bordered the river and the plains. Kansas, midway up the column, and Texas, at its base, stretched out farther still into the waste. Thence to the Rocky Mountains were territories only.

Three of these, Utah, Nebraska, and Colorado, were already demanding statehood. Nebraska, whose population of 50,000 was for the most part agricultural, and might, therefore, be considered as fixed upon her soil, had perhaps the best claim of the three; but there also the restless, migratory impulse continued to appear. Colorado, suddenly invaded by a throng of seekers after gold and silver, the true extent of her mines not yet completely known, could make no guarantee of a sufficient permanent population. These two territories, moreover, had had too little forethought of the trend of public opinion concerning the negro to make, in the constitutions they were framing, such a place for the black man among their citizens as a growing sentiment in the older Northern states was even now beginning to demand for him. Utah's population was, in fact, the greatest of all; and it was also the most compact and homogeneous. Her settlers were already accumulating wealth and building a city by the Great Salt Lake. They were proving that the desert could be made to blossom; the ditches they were digging with their hands were the beginning of the work of irrigation which has redeemed from absolute waste a region greater than New York. But they were also building a temple, now one of the most curious and impressive places of worship in the world; and because of the temple and what it stood for, this industrious and thriving community was under a ban. The Mormons had journeyed to Utah in 1846 from their temporary home in Nauvoo, in Illinois, and now controlled the territory politically and industrially. The Latter Day Saints had entered in where it was by war determined that the slave-holder

should never come; but even Douglas, the champion of "squatter sovereignty," had been unwilling to concede to the Mormons the privileges of self-government. He had proposed in 1857 to strike Utah out of the list of territories. But the only national law concerning Mormonism was the act of 1862, which merely forbade polygamy in the territories, fixed the punishment for the offense at a fine of five thousand dollars, and limited to fifty thousand dollars the amount of real estate which any religious or charitable association might hold. That act was never enforced with any thoroughness. Polygamy continued to be practiced, and Utah had no good prospect of statehood.

In the more southern of the territories, population was sparse; the Indians, the Mexicans, and the people of mixed blood, still far outnumbered the settlers from the states. New Mexico and Arizona had together less than 50,000 white inhabitants, no cities, no important industries, and no hope of immediate statehood. To the northward were the territories of Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Dakota, roamed over by Indians and a few white men. Their mines, their forests, and the fields which are now so productive of wheat and corn, were scarcely touched.

The number of Indians in the whole country was estimated at a little over 300,000; and the great majority had their homes beyond the Mississippi. The principal eastern tribes were gathered together in the Indian Territory. Several of these, having among them a considerable number of negro slaves, had at the outbreak of the war openly espoused the Southern cause. The Cherokees, the Choctaws, the Creeks, and the Seminoles had been represented by delegates in the Confederate congress at Richmond. But before the end of the struggle they were all brought back into that ill-defined allegiance to the Union which they had formerly acknowledged. Apart from this, the largest grouping of Indians anywhere in the country, the more important agencies were the Central, in Missouri, the two

Chippewa agencies, on the Mississippi and on Lake Superior, and the Mackinac and the Northern, both in the far Northwest. There were 50,000 Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, half as many in Dakota, more than 50,000 in California. Besides the income from a trust fund of three million dollars, the government appropriated annually nearly a million to maintain the agencies. The personnel of the agencies, however, was as bad as could be found in any branch of our civil service, and our troubles over the Indians were sure to grow acute again before any better system should be tried. The policy of massing them in reservations was still the approved method of keeping them in order.

No railroad or other highway crossed the vast region between the valley of the Mississippi and the crest of the Rockies. It was the time of the "pony express." The principal pony express route was very nearly identical with the present route of the Union and Central Pacific railroads—across Nebraska, upper Utah, Nevada, and California, to San Francisco. The Santa Fé route, starting from Independence, Missouri, crossed the Indian Territory into New Mexico, but stopped at Santa Fé. The Oregon route diverged northwestward from the central pony express route near Salt Lake. A mail route close to the Mexican line turned northward when it reached California, and ended at San Francisco.

But beyond this region, our true "West" and frontier, there was a still farther West of better realized opportunity. Two states, California and Oregon, looked out upon the Pacific. Political considerations had also induced Congress, in 1864, to grant the powers of statehood to the miners of Nevada, although, as the event proved, they had not so good a case as their fellows of Colorado. The three Pacific states had perhaps 600,000 people, and 223 miles of railroad. Both in California and in Oregon there were natural resources sufficient for large populations. This was true, also,

of the region north of Oregon, whose limits were not yet quite completely defined, because it was not yet finally determined whether the boundary line agreed upon in the treaty of 1846 should run to the north or to the south of certain small islands off the coast of Washington Territory. That was the only serious boundary dispute between the United States and any of their neighbors.

Here, then, in that larger half of the Republic which stretched out beyond the Mississippi, was the ample field awaiting the next great display of national energy; and already men of wealth and enterprise were taking the first step toward a real occupation. Already, two companies were formed to cross with railroads the deserts which divided the Pacific states from the states of the Mississippi Valley. The two lines were soon stretching out blindly in opposite directions, feeling their way, as it were, to some point where they might meet and join. That, in fact, is not a very inaccurate description of the status of the two enterprises. In 1864, after various tentative and ineffective measures, Congress had held out such generous inducements that capitalists were found willing to take up the scheme of a transcontinental line, and the Union Pacific Company was chartered and organized. The Central Pacific, chartered under the laws of California, was an independent company. Neither road was bound to follow the other's choice of a route, but they were bound to make a junction. As yet, however, the territories, ten in all, including the Indian Territory, were without railroads and telegraph lines. In all their immense area there were less than 300,000 people. Millions of square miles, still inaccessible to agriculture, trade, and manufactures, were waiting until the energy so long absorbed in strife between the North and the South should be set to bridging the vast chasm of desert and mountains between the Pacific and the Mississippi. The earlier westward movement had been twofold. Two streams of population, moving along

parallel lines, one below the lakes, the other above the gulf, had carried toward the Pacific the two kindred but diverging civilizations which were now embattled. Until those two columns, at last united, should march one way, the West must wait.

But even before that release could come, the energy of the older group of Eastern states was not completely absorbed in the struggle with the South. The history of the United States during the four years of civil war is far from being a history of warfare only. Interrupted, diminished for a time, and forced into new channels, the industry of the North had never ceased to be effective. Even in the early, gloomy period of the struggle, it was actually, in some fields, pressing forward.

Foreign commerce was, of course, lessened, for there was no Northern staple to take the place of cotton. The total value of our exports fell from 243 million dollars in the fiscal year 1861 to 194 millions in 1865; our imports of all commodities, which in 1861 were 286 millions, were in 1865 but 234 millions. The decline of our merchant marine had been still more rapid, for within a few months of the outbreak of hostilities there were Confederate privateers waiting to waylay our merchantmen at those "crossroads of the seas" which the genius of Commodore Maury had charted out. The tonnage of American vessels employed in foreign commerce had fallen sixty per cent in five years: that is to say, from more than two and one-half million tons in 1860 to but little more than one million tons in 1865. Our domestic commerce, which far exceeded in volume all our trade with foreign countries, was also lessened, possibly in even greater proportion. Southern cotton no longer made its way to New England. The wharves of Boston, the mills of Lawrence and Lowell and Fall River, would not now have persuaded a Southern planter, as they had once persuaded Yancey, that cotton was the basis of the entire wealth of the East.

Neither, on the other hand, could the Eastern manufacturer, the New York merchant, or the Northwestern farmer with his wheat and his bacon, command, during the years of warfare, that peculiarly safe Southern market where local competition was forbidden by the limitations of slavery as an industrial system.

But the growth of the commerce between the East and the West was fast making amends for the temporary stoppage of the old commerce between the North and the South. The railroads west of the Mississippi, including those of the Pacific states, had, indeed, but little more than three thousand miles of track in operation, but of the total of thirty-five thousand miles in the whole country all but nine thousand belonged to the states north of the Potomac and west of the Mississippi. From 1860 to 1865 the gain had been about five thousand miles. There had been a considerable increase in the number of locomotives. The Baldwin works alone had turned out ninety-five in 1862, ninety-six in 1863, one hundred and thirty in 1864. The old West was by this time joined to the East by several lines of railroad, and also by the Erie Canal. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, designed to carry out Washington's plan of connecting the waters of the Potomac and the Ohio, had got no farther than the base of the Alleghenies, which it reached in 1850; and Calhoun's scheme for a railroad to connect Charleston with the West and Northwest had also come to nothing. But by the middle of the century three important railroads, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, and the New York Central, had passed beyond the Appalachian ridges. Chicago had been reached in 1852. In 1859, the Hannibal and St. Joseph touched the Missouri River.

These early east-and-west railroads were, it is true, not to be compared with the great systems of to-day. The rate of speed was far lower than at present. The tracks, with their iron rails, could not sustain such heavy coaches as are now commonly employed. In 1856, Theo-

dore L. Woodruff had patented a night-car with the essential features of the sleeping-cars now in use, but his idea was not yet so thoroughly developed nor so widely adopted as to render night-travel common. The longest trains were of ten or twelve coaches. The charges for passengers were much higher than at present, the freight charges several times as high. It cost 26.2 cents in 1865 to bring a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York. The average charge for carrying one ton of freight one mile was 3.31 cents, as against the fraction of a cent per ton-mile which is now the usual rate. Nevertheless, inadequate as the means of transportation seem, judged by the standards of a later day, they had already, before the war began, diverted to Eastern markets many products of the West, which in the first half of the century had gone mainly down the rivers to the cotton states and the ports of the Gulf of Mexico. During the war, moreover, the soldiers may be said to have taken the place of the Southern planters as customers of the Western farmer. No doubt, the armies themselves absorbed an energy which would otherwise have gone to the production of wealth in both the sections; but in the North the productive energy left behind the armies was stimulated at once by new demands and by new opportunities. There was, too, a constant reënforcement from other countries. Immigration was more than making good the actual losses in the war. The number of immigrants had, indeed, fallen heavily during the first year, but by the third year the stream had regained its old volume. It continued to gain in 1864, and in 1865 it reached the grand total of 287,397. Of these newcomers, the larger proportion was still drawn from northern and central Europe. The United Kingdom alone contributed nearly 45 per cent, and Germany 34 per cent. The countries of Southern Europe furnished only 1.5 per cent; China and other Asiatic countries, less than 3 per cent. Counting the 7.5 per cent from British North

America, more than nine-tenths of the whole was of the stocks to which the mass of our native population belonged. The productive labor of the North, thus constantly increased from foreign sources, was also reinforced by the entrance of women into various fields of industry, where they have held their places ever since.

The figures show that the industry of the North and West was not misapplied or ineffective. Live stock, for example, had decreased, from the extraordinary consumption of the armies in the field; but sheep had grown no fewer, and the wool crop steadily increased to meet the heavier demand caused by the scarcity of cotton. In 1865, it was actually one third greater than in 1860. This might, of course, be taken as a sign of delay in the westward progress of agriculture, since the shepherd is often merely the forerunner of the farmer; but even in agriculture the coming into general use of the mowing machine, the buggy plow, and other labor-saving devices had largely compensated for the withdrawal of men's hands from the plowshare and the pruninghook to take up the sword. At the London Exhibition of 1862, American mowers surpassed all competition. The war had, it is true, seriously delayed the benefits of the generous homestead law of 1862. From January, 1863, when it went into effect, to the end of 1865, less than three and one-half millions of acres had been occupied under its provisions, and it was not until the years of peace that the wise bounty of the government became fully effective. But the regions already won to agriculture increased their output of wheat from 170 million bushels (round numbers) in 1860 to 190 millions in 1863. The crops of the next two years showed a falling off, but this was attributable partly to bad weather and partly to the disturbed condition of industry in the border states. The corn crops, though they did not reach the extraordinary level of 1860, showed, after the first drop, a marked and steady rise, and in 1865, an excep-

tionally good year for corn, there was a gain of 170 million bushels over 1864.

Even in manufactures, there were gains on many lines to set against such heavy losses as befell the cotton mills and other establishments which were left either without their raw material or without a market. The output of pig iron, for example, which dropped nearly two hundred thousand tons in 1861, had risen by 1863 above the total of 1860, and the next year we were making many thousand tons more than when the war began. In the oil country below Lake Erie a new industry had been created. The output of crude petroleum had grown from half a million barrels in 1860 to nearly two and a half millions in 1865. The gain in woollen manufactures was extraordinary; thousands of garments formerly made of cotton must now, of necessity, be made of wool. There was an increase also in the manufacture of watches and jewelry, of malt liquors, of sewing machines, of hempen products, of paper.

There was a still more remarkable gain in the output of our mines. The story of the great Comstock Lode in Nevada, like the trade between the Union and the Confederate lines, illustrates the persistence of the struggle for wealth, even in the midst of warfare. The Comstock miners, who in 1859 had sent back to civilization only thirty thousand dollars in gold, sent three and a half millions in gold and silver during the first year of the war. In 1864, they contributed sixteen millions to the world's stock of the precious metals. The mines of California were far from exhausted, and Colorado's scarcely touched. The output of gold and silver from the principal mines of the whole country was in round numbers forty-three and one third millions in 1861, sixty-three millions in 1864, seventy millions in 1865. In all, nearly three hundred millions in gold and silver had been mined while the armies were in the field.

What was true of the great industries of agriculture, manufacturing, and mining, the main sources of the power of the

North and of the whole Republic, was true also, if we may trust what evidence we possess, of other industrial activities. In all occupations money wages were high after 1862, but when allowance is made for the inflated state of the currency and the high prices of most commodities, it does not appear that the wage-earning classes had any good reason to think themselves better off than they would have been in peace. There were, however, certain trades and occupations that flourished by reason of the war. In the great cities, and even with the armies in the field, caterers to the immediate wants and to the pleasures of their fellows found their services in great demand. As always in such times, the venders of trifles, the purveyors of light amusements, were thriving. The theatres and music halls of New York were crowded nightly. Companies of barnstormers, some of them not without their struggling histrionic geniuses, followed in the wake of the grand divisions. There was an excellent market for novels and other forms of light literature. Panders to worse appetites than these were likewise stimulated to an extraordinary thrift; for wars and pestilences invariably lessen the sense of responsibility in the weaker sorts of men. Gaming, drunkenness, and licentiousness increased. The worse quarters of our cities, fed with the less desirable of the immigrants, were by this time well recognized factors in municipal politics. The draft riots in New York served, for one thing, to exhibit the foulness and danger which already underlay the city's wealth. Beleaguered Richmond, even in the days when, hope abandoned, the men in the Petersburg trenches came to the very climax of their long devotion, was, according to Southern authorities, a resort for the vilest of mankind; humanity, whose noblest, sublimest aspect was exhibited in that last ditch which Lee's gray "misérables" were set to die in, was at its foulest in the city they defended. There, fortunes were snatched from the wreck and débris of the falling Confederacy, as in the North

larger fortunes were filched by contractors and adventurers from the abundant stores which the industry and sacrifice of patriots on the farms and in the workshops provided for the patriots in the field.

Surprising as it seems, the statistics indicate that the total and the per capita wealth of the North had actually increased during the war. The real and personal property in the loyal states in 1863 was estimated by one authority at nearly 14 billions, as against less than ten and three-fourths billions in 1860. The fluctuations of the currency and the meagerness of the data impair the value of the estimate; but the general inference is not improbably correct. The war had retarded, but it had not stopped, the material progress of the North. The pace of our advance was slower, but we did not halt; we did not, on the whole, lose ground.

Nor were the less material activities relinquished. The business of the post office, sometimes taken to gauge the intellectual life of a community, had not declined. The receipts, which were eight and one half millions (round numbers) in 1860, were more than eleven millions in 1863, fourteen and one half millions in 1865. The schools did not close their doors. On the contrary, war, though it loosed the reins to all the viler greeds and appetites, seemed to have stimulated the desire for education among the young. What figures we have concerning the public schools indicate that the number of teachers and scholars in the loyal states had increased, and increased steadily, from 1861 to 1865. As to the colleges their gain was remarkable. Harvard, from whose four hundred and twenty students in 1861 a good proportion had departed for the battle-fields, enrolled almost twice as many in 1864. The other Eastern colleges, for the most part, also grew. The young universities of Michigan and Wisconsin, scarcely started on their careers in 1861, had in 1864 passed Harvard and Princeton, respectively, in their enrollments. Coeducation, the higher training of women, and the training of

men for the professions, particularly the law, had won in these years a consideration denied to them in less harassed times.

The newspaper press, then, perhaps, a better sign of intellectual life than now, although, judging by our present standard of reportorial enterprise, it made but little of the opportunities the battles gave, had continued to widen its range. The number of newspapers had multiplied rapidly, but the greater journals had more than held their own. The New York *Tribune* was still easily the most influential of all. In spite of Greeley's unworldliness and his admirable refusal to imitate the methods of Bennett, whose *Herald* was the forerunner of the merely commercial newspaper enterprises of to-day, the *Tribune* had in 1863 a total circulation, daily, semi-weekly, and weekly, of two hundred and fifteen thousand copies; and of this nearly three fourths belonged to the weekly, always the most important means of moulding public opinion. These figures were bettered in 1865. Meanwhile, however, the *Herald's* circulation had probably grown faster than the *Tribune's*. The interchange of news and of opinion was easier and fuller than ever before. In that sort of intellectual life there had been a steady progress.

But so much could not be said of literature and the arts. The New England Renaissance, to use the phrase of a recent historian of American letters, was practically ended. Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and even Bryant, were still alive, still writing; Lowell, indeed, was still to make, in the *Commemoration Ode*, his best attempt in poetry. But the best work of all these men was, as a rule, finished; and no other writers of comparable gifts succeeded. Lowell's and Whitman's verses, with the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, were, in truth, the only poetry inspired by the war at all worthy of the theme. In the conquered South there were no winged minds that could take refuge, as Goethe and Schiller did when France ruled the land and

England the sea, in the kingdom of the air.¹

There had been, however, a great intellectual gain in America from the bitter but successful struggle; a noble use in our adversity. We had gained a better estimate of ourselves, and a juster view of "abroad." The gain was intangible and hard to define, but none the less real and important. It is perhaps best displayed in the proud and swelling music of Lowell's *Ode*, best explained in his essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." We seemed to have made good somehow, by actual warfare among ourselves, Emerson's earlier declaration of our intellectual independence. It was not merely that we had proved our case as a nation: that Freeman, the English historian, having begun to write a history of Federal government from the formation of the Achaian League "to the disruption of the United States of America," had now to set a different limit to his enterprise. A better sign of our true achievement was the famous retraction of *Punch* at Lincoln's bier. We could no longer seem, to foreigners or to ourselves, a nation of shop-keepers. By courage and endurance, by a high quarrel, recklessly pursued, we had won a right to partake of whatever nobleness and dignity there was in the world. The test of war, by making us surer of ourselves, had enabled us to take a surer tone with older civilizations. It had given us a better mien and poise, and freed us from provincialism as nothing else could. We had never, it is true, ceased entirely to share in the culture of England. Guided by a few students like Cogswell and Everett and Bancroft, our Eastern colleges had also, several decades before the war, come into touch with German scholarship, — doubtless the most potent here of all the intellectual influences that have spread to us from the continent of Europe. But of all these things we were now made free as we had

¹ To this statement the finely detached genius of Sidney Lanier is perhaps the only exception.

not been before, because we were ourselves no longer the untried experiment, the unknown quantity, we had been. Intellectually, as well as diplomatically, we stood upright at last, and faced the world.

And we faced it "with a light scorn." If one should attempt to put into a single phrase the attitude of the Republic toward the Powers, Russia alone excepted, this of Lowell's might be the best. To England and France, especially, we turned as a man that has been hard beset, but has come out victorious, turns to the sarcastic spectator who has aided and encouraged the adversary in every way he dared. France had gone far to wipe out the happier memories of former times; England had well nigh justified the unfortunate teaching of our school historians and our Fourth-of-July orators.

The Emperor of the French had seen in our perplexity, our struggle for national existence, nothing better than an opportunity for a trial of that fantastic scheme of a Central American Empire which he had matured in the years of his wanderings and written out while a prisoner at Ham. It was no fault of his that Maximilian, seated on his heaving throne in Mexico, was not already master of all that lay to the south of us, well-nigh to the equator. Napoleon had not even yet relinquished altogether his dream of a great Central American Metropolis, guarding the entrance of that canal which for three hundred years had fascinated such minds as his, and dominating the commerce of two oceans. Our Department of State had wisely forborne to treat Maximilian's invasion of Mexico as the contemptuous infringement of our Monroe Doctrine which it was, but General Grant had recognized the actual situation when, immediately after the surrender of Lee, he ordered the forces in the Southwest to move down to the borders of Mexico. Thus the end of our civil strife disclosed in the Southwest the same old confrontment of Latin and Teuton which American history had exhibited so many times before.

It also set us free for the debate with our kinsmen of the little isle which had run through so much of our history as a nation. There was the dispute over the Northwestern boundary; there was the old dispute about the fisheries; there was, above all, the gathered resentment of the American people at the ill-will and the sneers of England's ruling class throughout the war, the aid and refuge she had given to our domestic foes, the privateers, highwaymen of the seas, built in her shipyards to prey upon our commerce. The grudge was deep; it was as just as any grudge we ever had against the mother country; and it was aggravated now by a cause that had often set us against our kin. The discontent of Ireland was in one of its periods of intense bitterness. The Fenians, counting, not without their host, upon the sympathy of Americans, were planning violent measures from this country as a base. It was soon known that discharged soldiers from our armies were acting with them, and it was feared that they might at any time pass across the border into Canada and strike there at the power of England. We were no sooner through with our own long quarrel than we were compelled to take account of this persistent old-world feud.

Turning now to the state of our domestic politics at the end of the war, we find it a time of heavy burdens and extraordinary tasks. Great as our energy had been, well-nigh limitless though our material resources had proved to be, the strain of warfare had unquestionably altered, in many grave respects, the working of our government.

The great and rapid increase of expenses had, of course, made it impossible to pay as we went. Expenditures for military purposes had risen steadily from the beginning. At the end, the treasury was paying out not less than five million dollars a day, or, including the interest on the debt, nearly nineteen hundred millions a year. The total money cost of the war, over and above all ordinary charges on the government, is estimated at three and

one fourth billions. That was more than any ten years of warfare had ever cost the people of Great Britain; it was five times as much as ten years of Napoleon's wars had cost the French. To meet a part of these demands, but mainly to pay the interest on the debt incurred in meeting them, our people had been taxed, after 1862, more heavily than ever before. The internal revenue duties had been raised. A direct tax had been apportioned among the states, and collected from the loyal states. Customs duties also had been raised from time to time, until, in 1865, the average rate was forty-seven and one half per cent, as against nineteen and one half per cent in 1860. It must, however, be admitted that revenue had not been the sole object of these changes in the tariff laws. The Republicans had made it plain, before they came into power, that they were in favor of protection. That had doubtless helped them to carry Pennsylvania, which in the election of 1860 was thought to be a pivotal state. The policy had been adhered to, and the changes in the rates after the war began, though intended to increase the revenues, were also made with an eye to the protection of American industries from foreign competition. It should be remembered, too, that eleven states of the Union, formerly supposed by their public men to contribute more than their share of the revenues, particularly through import duties, were for the most part inaccessible to the tax gatherers during these years.

But taxation alone could not nearly supply the needed revenues. Great sums had been borrowed. The bonded debt in July, 1865, was more than one billion dollars. None of the bonds bore less than five per cent interest. The first to mature would be payable in 1871, the last in 1904. But our entire indebtedness was three times our bonded debt. There were more than half a billion of liabilities not entered in the treasurer's books at all; and the bulk of the remainder was in outstanding notes. More than a billion of these were ordinary treasury notes, bearing interest

at 7.3 per cent, and due in the years 1866-1868. During the last few months of the war, most of the government's expenses had been met with half a billion of these "seven-thirties," as they were called. But another half billion of our notes were of another sort — a sort entirely unknown to us before the war. In 1862, the government had assumed the questioned right to make its paper promises to pay a legal tender in payment of debts. The legal tenders bore no interest, and they were, like the other notes, for the time being irredeemable, for the government, as well as the banks, had long since suspended specie payments. Their value in specie was but little more than fifty per cent of their face value.

Coin was for the most part in hiding, or driven out of the country. To take the place of it, and of the old state-bank currency, but more particularly to insure a demand for the bonds, still another form of currency had been devised. Besides the legal tenders and the other forms of treasury paper, there were the notes of the national banks. By July, 1865, fifteen hundred banks had been established under the law of 1862. They had taken, in all, bonds to the face value of 276 million dollars, and on that basis had issued notes to the face value of 171 millions. The total of paper of all descriptions guaranteed by the government was therefore, in round numbers, one and one-half billions, as against a total circulation of 457 millions in 1860, including specie and the notes of the state banks. It is not correct to count all the interest-bearing notes as currency, but many of them were used as a medium of exchange.

The setting up of the banks and the resort to legal tenders were doubtless the most important effects of the war in public finance. It would not be extravagant to say that the debt itself was, if one keeps in mind the country's great resources and the spirit of the people, more important as leading to these two experiments in paper money than it was in its own proper

character as a burden on the taxpayers. To handle the debt, and eventually to pay it, was, no doubt, a great task of peace awaiting the government. But to regulate wisely the two new forms of currency was an infinitely more difficult task; and it was precisely the sort of task in which the government of a democracy is least likely to excel.

The task of military and naval disestablishment, demanding though it did good management and economy, was almost entirely executive; it could be safely entrusted to the same hands that had organized the two arms for service in the war. That done, however, and the hundreds of thousands of soldiers and sailors returned to industry and the walks of peace, there would remain a task not contemplated in our Constitution, and for which no precedent could be found in our history: the task of bringing the region lately in insurrection back into proper and permanent relations with the loyal states and with the national government. The novelty of the problem was heightened by certain other changes that had come about by reason of the war: changes in the character of the Union, in the relations between the states and the government, in the practice and usage of the government itself.

Of these, the simplest and the most far-reaching were the overthrow of slavery as an institution and the downfall of the theory of the sovereignty of states. The first was of a nature to demand also a change in the written Constitution; and a thirteenth amendment, prohibiting slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, and granting Congress the power to enforce the prohibition by appropriate laws, had passed the two houses and been submitted to the states before the death of Lincoln.

Of the second, however, it would be too much to say positively that it was an actual change in our constitution of government. It was rather the decision by force of arms of a controversy about the Constitution, whose merits remained as

they were. It was still a debatable question whether we had all along been a nation, and had maintained our nationality by force of arms, or whether the war had changed us from a league or confederacy of essentially independent and sovereign states into a true nation. But on either theory the practical outcome was the same. In effect, Marshall's and Webster's and Story's and Lincoln's view of the Constitution had prevailed over the view of Davis and Calhoun and Jefferson. We were now for all time a nation and not a league. There was, however, no need to change a single word of the Constitution in order to record the outcome or to make it plain. It was enough that an attempt to assert the sovereignty of states had been made, and that it had been put down. There seems to be no probability, no real danger, that the extreme state-rights theory will ever again control the course of any great number of Americans, or that any dissatisfied state or section will ever again allege the right of secession. The right of revolution is the only ground on which an effort to break up the Union would now be justified; and that right Americans share with the citizens or subjects of other nations.

As to the states which had not attempted secession, it was not at first held, and probably jurists would not now maintain, that they had lost through the war any of those rights and privileges which, even under the national theory, they had possessed before. In practice, however, they had lost something. They had lost prestige. The national government had got in the habit, so to speak, of disregarding certain doubts about its powers which until these years it had never once ignored. In order to set up the national banks, for instance, and to make room for their notes, it had taxed out of existence the notes of the state banks. It had, avowedly, taxed to destroy. It had also gone farther than ever before when it organized a national volunteer force of its own, and when it asserted a practically complete control over the militia of the states.

The assumption of a right to make its notes a legal tender, though not an invasion of any right of the states, to which, indeed, that particular right was expressly denied, was, nevertheless, the taking on of a national and centralized character clearly antagonistic to former contentions of the states.

These changes of usage, though the specific acts were justified on various specific grounds, had all in a general way been based on the plea of necessity in time of war. They were, therefore, now that peace was come, open to question, as the right of a state to secede, or the right of the national government to resist secession, was not. But the student of American politics since the great war must begin with the understanding, not merely that the states were no longer sovereign in the sense in which the Southerners had used that word, but that they had also, in practice, lost to the general government certain important powers and functions which, before the war, it would not lightly have assumed, and they would not have yielded up without a struggle.

Apart from the relation of the Union to the states, other important changes had also come about: changes in the usage of the national government itself, without reference to the states. The relations of the different departments among themselves had been altered. Of this class of changes, much the most important was the increase in the power of the executive. War, of course, demands a strong and single head; and that demand, inconsistent as it might seem with our whole theory of government, had been compelling and effective. The legislature and the courts had been forced into the background. The executive department had profited by the character of the tasks presented by the times. It had profited also by a clear advantage of personnel; for the President, himself the foremost man of his time, had shown a tact and a willingness, not always found in strong men, to bring and keep strong men about him.

Lincoln was, unquestionably, of an opportunist mind; that disposition consorted with his swift and shrewd apprehensions, and with his profound sense of occasions. Seeing, at the outset, the necessity of quick and vigorous measures, he had not waited for authority from Congress or the sanction of the courts. He had begun by calling out the militia on his own sole initiative. Before Congress could formally declare a war, he had proclaimed a blockade of the Southern ports, — a measure whose practical wisdom has been questioned; Congress, if it had been called together and consulted, might very well have preferred a different course. It was the President also who had called out and organized the volunteer army. It was the President who had first suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, and proclaimed martial law. Congress, when it met, indemnified him fully; but the power he had thus assumed was open to question. At any other time, the legislature would, most likely, have disputed it. In practice, it exalted the executive at the expense of the judiciary also; the functions of the military were thus extended to embrace duties which in ordinary times are undertaken only by the courts of law. Even in regions where the civil courts were in full operation, there were arbitrary arrests, followed by military trials. The prisons were crowded, and to the machinery of military government Lincoln added a commission to look into the cases of prisoners awaiting trial, with authority to release whomsoever they thought fit. In the border states, and even in certain quarters of the North, lives and property were thus dependent on the hated processes of military justice. It was the President, too, acting in his sole capacity of military commander, who had done what he himself had held could not be done by any other department of the government, nor by all the departments together, including the executive: he had confiscated the immense property in slaves of those who were in insurrection against the gov-

ernment. Destroying, with a stroke of his pen, values to the extent of two and one half billions of dollars, and overthrowing the industrial system of eleven states, he had thereby given to the war a new character and a new object.

True, Lincoln had in all these things been mindful of public opinion, which he, better than any other of our public men, knew how both to lead and to obey. True, also, Congress had almost uniformly countenanced his assumptions of power, either by silent acquiescence or by positive enactments. The Supreme Court as he found it when he went into office was not so pliant. The aged Taney had taken issue with him when a writ of *habeas corpus* came up to him from a region where the privilege had been suspended. But it was an aged court, as well as an aged chief justice; when Campbell, the Alabamian, the youngest of the justices, resigned in 1861, the average age of the remaining justices was over seventy. In all, there were five vacancies while Lincoln was in office. He had thus an opportunity to carry out that very plan of getting the Dred Scott decision reversed which he had announced so soon as it was handed down. He filled every place with a man of his own way of thinking. The last change he made was to put Secretary Chase, next to himself the ablest assailant of the court's old positions, author of the Legal Tender Act, and founder of the national banks, in Taney's seat. Thus transformed, the court was perhaps more strongly inclined than ever before in its history to a thoroughly national interpretation of the Constitution. It was more disposed than ever before to give, both to the President and to Congress, the benefit of any doubts concerning their rights and powers.

Such, in fact, was the disposition in all three departments of the government; for in all three Republicans controlled. Since the election of 1860, the party had only once felt itself in any real danger of defeat. That was in the early summer of 1864. But the opposition had prompt-

ly thrown away whatever chance it had. The Democratic national convention had declared the war to be a failure, and Sherman at Atlanta, Farragut at Mobile, Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, had answered the charge with victories. The Democrats, going before the people as a party of mere protest, were met and crushed with the plain fact of military success. The Republicans, notwithstanding a moderate reaction in certain quarters, had swept the country. With more than two thirds of both houses of Congress, they had not merely the control of all ordinary legislation; they could also pass and submit to the people amendments to the Constitution. They held, too, all appointive offices of any consequence, for the spoils system prevailed everywhere. In the first few weeks of his first administration, Lincoln had removed from office more men than Andrew Jackson had removed in the entire eight years of his reign. "I am," Lincoln had said, "like a man so busy in letting rooms in one end of his house that he cannot stop to put out the fire that is burning the other." In nearly all the Northern states, also, the Republican party was in power. Only New Jersey had a Democratic governor; only New Jersey and Delaware, Democratic legislatures.

And the Republican party had been in power long enough to acquire a habit of dominance. Its record, almost from the beginning, was a record of practical achievement, not of exile and devotion. Its original opportunist bent was now confirmed by a long practice of expedients, its strong-government creed was strengthened by the logic of events. A time of war is no time for doctrinaires. Hamilton himself, who professed no faith in the people, had never been more masterful in his actual course than Lincoln, the patient student of public opinion. To give more power to the central government was the policy of the Republicans when, under the name of anti-Nebraska men, they first appeared as a party. This they had done; and their work had re-

acted upon them to the strengthening of their first impulse. They were farther advanced toward paternalism than either the Federalists or the Whigs had ever been.

On the other hand, the plight of the Democrats was pitiable. The immigration from Europe of classes naturally in sympathy with their tenets had, it is true, enabled them to keep control of certain cities of the North, but in most other quarters they were not even an effective opposition. In leaders also they were sadly lacking. Since the death of Douglas, no man had arisen among them with any gift of leadership to be compared to his. Vallandigham, of Ohio, who was at least courageous and conspicuous, could never be commended to a majority in the North. Showing plainly his sympathy with the Southerners, he had been sent into exile within the lines of the Confederacy. The two Bayards in Delaware, Pendleton in Ohio, McDonald in Indiana, and Seymour in New York, were all men of character, ability, and training. All were fit for leadership, but none of them seemed to have the instinct and the will to lead. The party was everywhere in an attitude painfully defensive. Not merely defeated, but proved to have been wrong in its contention about the war, the party was left without a policy or an issue. Thousands of Democrats were serving bravely in the armies and on the men-of-war, but the party itself rested under a damning suspicion of lukewarmness, if not of something worse. In many parts of the North, to be a Democrat was to be a Copperhead, and to be a Copperhead was little better than it was to be a Unionist in the South. Unless the Southern states should be reorganized, nothing short of a political revolution in the North could give the party the presidency or a majority in either house of Congress. Not even that, without the aid of time and death, could give it the control of the Supreme Court; and this was sure to be of great importance, for there were many new and difficult Constitutional questions awaiting decision.

But for eight months from the death of Lincoln Congress was not to meet, and no case involving clearly any of the new questions was yet before the court. From the long obsequies of the murdered President, the people, anxious and expectant, turned to his successor. It was he and those about him who had the initiative with the fresh problems of peace. There were many things which the executive must do, and there were many more a strong executive might do.

Assuming now, in a way the least auspicious, the duties of the hardest office in the world, Johnson had the wisdom to keep about him the councilors of Lincoln. The cabinet was not changed. Seward, indeed, was for some weeks absent from its meetings. He was himself helpless from accidental hurts and the wounds which he had taken from his would-be assassin; and a series of domestic tragedies which followed turned the "Red House" into a house of mourning. Nevertheless, Seward is by many supposed to have wielded over Johnson an extraordinary influence; to have found in this administration the opportunity to lead which he had dreamed was his when Lincoln first called him into office. The best politician of all the surviving anti-slavery men, because he was the most of a man of the world, and had the least of the rigidity of the reformer, Seward was, no doubt, of greater service to his chief than any of his fellows; but it does not appear that he was in fact responsible for any policy of Johnson's, apart from foreign affairs. The testimony of the persons closest to Johnson, and a careful study of his own record and utterances, fail to bear out the notion that he began with one Southern policy and that Seward persuaded him into another. What inconsistencies there were in his course were by no means inconsistent with his own character, and they were not unnatural responses to events.

Hugh McCulloch, of Indiana, but recently promoted from his post of comptroller of the currency, where he had or-

ganized the system of national banks, to Chase's place in the Cabinet, which for some months had been held by Fessenden, of Maine, has probably a better claim than Seward to be considered the originator of a domestic policy. The best type of the business man in politics, sagacious, honest, and blessed with a peculiarly amiable temper, he addressed himself to the work of his department with an admirable singleness of purpose. His reports were not political documents, but candid, sound discussions of actual problems in finance. In that character they are not unworthy of comparison with the famous contemporary budget speeches of Gladstone. On one occasion, in fact, the English Chancellor, speaking in the House of Commons, praised the American secretary as an "able and enlightened minister of finance." With unusual simplicity and force McCulloch presented to his countrymen those considerations of duty and expediency which make against the arguments for shifting on, from one generation to another, the burden of a debt. And the people showed at first a good readiness to accept a fair part of the burden. To the secretary's announcement of the purpose to pay the debt in coin or its equivalent there arose at first no strong opposition. Within two years, he could report that the principal was reduced by 250 millions.

On the necessity of an early return to specie payments and a prompt contraction of the currency, the secretary was no less clear. The legal tenders he strongly disliked. Both to them and to those treasury notes which had not the quality of a legal tender he preferred the issue of the national banks. His policy, therefore, was to retire the legal tenders as rapidly as it could be done without disturbing business, to fund the other treasury notes, and to bring about an increase of the bank-notes; for he held, with most economists, that a forced loan is pretty sure to prove in the long run the costliest of all. But the appetite of the masses for cheap money was already aroused. The secre-

tary soon discovered, perhaps to his surprise, that the legal tenders or "greenbacks" were better liked than any other form of currency. Congress at first heartily endorsed his policy. But when it came to the point of actual legislation a dangerous and unsound public opinion began to take hold of the lawmakers. At the end of 1865, the House of Representatives voted almost unanimously in favor of retiring the legal tenders; but the act of April, 1866, instead of giving the secretary full power to carry out this plan, merely authorized him to retire ten millions of the greenbacks within six months, and not more than four millions a month thereafter. In February, 1867, he was directed to discontinue his operations. A decade was to pass, and the money question to go through various phases, before the country could be brought back to the sound policy of Mr. McCulloch.

Besides Seward, there was left in the Cabinet but one other of the more distinguished figures of the Lincoln group. Harlan, of the Interior Department, Denison, the Postmaster-General, and Speed, the Attorney-General, were comparative newcomers. Welles, of the navy department, had served throughout the war, and he was a competent official. His own diary and reminiscences will certainly tend to strengthen his already good reputation. But in the popular estimation he did not rank with Chase and Seward and Stanton. Seward and Chase apart, only Sumner in the Senate and Stevens in the House had rivaled Stanton in the parts they played at Washington while the armies were in the field. It was left for him to hold a place still more conspicuous in the public eye than that he held under Lincoln. But even the light that beat upon him then, fierce as it was, has not made it easy to pronounce a judgment on the man. Judged by his work in war time alone, it is easy to say of him that he was a great war minister,—ardent, energetic, strong. He did well the vast amount of work he had to do. If, however, one seeks to ascertain what sort of a man he was in-

side, Stanton is a baffling character. Subject to the most violent prejudices, swayed by elemental passions, often brutal with anger, sometimes guilty of surprising weakness, now and then exhibiting a religious, even a fanatical fervor, he was, nevertheless, peculiarly secretive. None of his contemporaries has hit upon a phrase to make us understand him. There were particular acts, such as the arrest of Colonel Stone, which puzzled them as they puzzle now a later generation. It seems probable that in his later years he was suffering from the strain and stress of his war-time labors and experiences to such an extent that he was sometimes not altogether himself.

His immediate task of disestablishment was, however, admirably discharged. The last of the Confederate armies, Kirby Smith's, in Texas, was not surrendered until May 28; and even then the general-in-chief seems to have had more fighting in mind, for he had ordered Sheridan with a strong force to the Mexican border. Apparently, Grant thought that war with Maximilian's government was inevitable, and he strongly urged upon his chief the plan of forcing the hands of Maximilian and his imperial backer by a show of force. Quite probably he remembered how we made a beginning of that other war in the Southwest, in which his own spurs had been won. But Seward was firm that diplomacy would be sufficient, and the soldiers turned their faces homeward. Even before the surrender of Kirby Smith, the great armies of the East and the West, Grant's and Sherman's, were united at Washington, and for the first and last time paraded in honor of the Union and in celebration of their victories.

The parade was Stanton's idea. The unfriendly greeting between him and Sherman is perhaps the best-remembered incident of the occasion he had prepared; for when Sherman appeared on the reviewing stand the two men did not shake hands, and the quarrel soon attained a wide celebrity. But a single untoward in-

cident could not mar so great and joyous an occasion. For the spectacle was one of the noblest in all our history, — which is, it must be admitted, somewhat chary of spectacles. On May 23, the army of the Potomac, represented by one hundred and fifty-one regiments of infantry, thirty-six of cavalry, and twenty-two batteries, marched down the spacious avenue leading from the Capitol to the White House, passing there before the President. The next day, the armies of Tennessee and Georgia, Sherman's two wings, followed the same route. An intelligent spectator noted that the men of the East and of the West were quite unlike in certain points of bearing and appearance. But what most impressed him was the youthfulness of the entire mass of soldiery. Grant himself was but forty-three. Many general officers were under thirty. Comparatively few of the men in the ranks were out of their twenties. They were more like college students than the sort of figures one has in mind when one speaks of veterans. It was the youth of the Republic who had saved it.

In a little more than two months three fourths of all the volunteer soldiers of the Union were mustered out. By the middle of November, less than 300,000 were in the service. When the new year began, the number was below 100,000. By the autumn of 1867, all were discharged. Meanwhile, the regular army had been reduced to a peace footing of less than 40,000, and the disbursements for military purchases had fallen from more than half a billion dollars to 42 millions. There were grave fears of the effect upon society of so sudden a disbandment of the armies. Men called to mind the restlessness of the youth of France when Napoleon ceased to provide them wars. There was, it is true, a very slight increase of crime; but none of the direr prophecies came true. The million found their places without disturbance to industry or to social order. Thousands of them turned westward, as did other thousands in the South. A year after the fighting ceased only 127,000 of

the veterans were drawing pensions from the government. The total expenditure for pensions for the fiscal year ending in July, 1866, was less than 12 million dollars. The first post of the Grand Army of the Republic was organized at Decatur, Illinois, in April of 1866, and the order grew very rapidly until, in 1892, it reached its highest enrollment of 406,000. In later years, fewer and fewer recruits have joined its thinning ranks.

The naval establishment was reduced almost as rapidly. At the end of a year there were left in the service only one hundred and fifteen vessels of war, and expenses had been cut down by almost two thirds. At the end of five years the number of vessels was but forty-five, and the annual expenditures for this arm were but a sixth part of the total for 1865. The navy of the Civil War, quickly created, passed as quickly out of existence; and it was several decades before another began to be created.

These were, perhaps, the principal facts of American life at the end of the war, and these the first salient happenings of peace. They pertain, however, wholly to the stronger and now victorious half of the Union. Across the long-contested border, all was sadly different. But thither,—to the beaten, ruined South,—the minds of men turned first from that dread climax of the years of carnage which Booth, the half-crazed murderer, had made. There, as the tidings passed from army to army, subduing into sadness the triumphant soldiers of the Union, they fell too on the listless ears of three hundred thousand men in gray. The army of Northern Virginia was indeed no more. The thinned and weary regiments were forever disbanded. Obedient to the last and wisest order of their great commander, putting aside, as he had put aside, the instant impulse to become guerrillas, Lee's matchless soldiers were wandering back over a dozen states to homes they must build up again from ruins or from ashes. Lee himself, who in that final vic-

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tory over his own spirit had done his conquerors a service hardly less than that he rendered to his followers, had ridden away on Traveller, and disappeared into the stately silence which he never broke. The honor and love of every heart in the South followed him to the end. The passing years, and a calmer mood, have won him the respect of his adversaries and even, for his last wise word, their gratitude.

In central North Carolina, Joseph E. Johnston, with thirty thousand men, still faced Sherman, with three times as many. Jefferson Davis, with the remnants of the Confederate civil establishment, was hurrying farther southward, and still, unlike Lee, doggedly minded to keep up a hopeless resistance. In Alabama, the Union cavalry general, Wilson, having occupied Montgomery, was now pursuing Forrest eastward, and in a direction that must soon bring the fleeing Davis within his lines. The garrison of Mobile was at length surrendered to Canby. Smaller forces of Confederates were scattered over the several military departments from Georgia to Arkansas. Far away in Texas, Kirby Smith, with eighteen thousand, cut off entirely from the eastern armies, was ready either to keep on fighting or to fall back into Mexico. But Lee had spoken not merely for his own army, but for all Confederate soldiers everywhere.

Along the coasts of the dying Confederacy, watching the mouth of all its harbors, making their way up and down its rivers, or searching the seas for the last of its privateers, seven hundred vessels, manned by sixty thousand officers and seamen, floated the colors of the Union. The North Atlantic squadron was in the River James; these, perhaps, were the first of the warships to half-mast their flags. The South Atlantic squadron was off the coast of South Carolina. The Gulf squadron was at Mobile. The Confederate flag was almost entirely vanished from the seas. It still floated, however, from the mast of the Stonewall, somewhere in the West Indies; and on the other side of the continent the Shenan-

doah had borne it into the North Pacific and beyond the Arctic circle. In those far waters the tidings from Appomattox and from Washington could not reach her until the winter should drive her southward to find a harbor, and the little cruiser, faithful to her errand and her lost cause, plied her task of destruction among the whalers while the final scenes of the long drama were enacted; while the armies of the Union marched in bright parade at Washington, and the armies of the South broke ranks and disappeared. The sweet spring, which brought to all the soldiers and sailors of the Union the pride of victory and happy thoughts of rest and homecoming, was, doubtless, to the soldiers in gray, more bitter than the winter of their long sacrifice. With minds too dull and hearts too sore to trust the words of patience and well-wishing that Lincoln was forever speaking while he lived, they

could not know the meaning, to them and theirs, of his mad taking off. Only the wisest of them understood. Some there were who welcomed the news with curses. Many, no doubt, would have been glad to share with the crew of the little Shenandoah their ignorance that the end was come.

A little while the armies paused and rested on their arms. A little while the squadrons rode idly at anchor. A little while the workers in the cities and the fields, the cowboys on the Western plains, the miners of California and Nevada, ceased from their labors. For one brief moment the whole Republic paused in mid career: as a great vessel, shaken with some sudden jar from her deep inward parts, stills her vast machinery and pauses, trembling, in mid ocean; then once again, steadfast, undiverted, holds on in her long course.

NEW VARIETIES OF SIN

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

THE sinful heart is ever the same, but sin changes its quality as society develops. Modern sin takes its character from the mutualism of our time. Under our present manner of living, how many of my vital interests I must entrust to others! Nowadays the water main is my well, the trolley car my carriage, the banker's safe my old stocking, the policeman's billy my fist. My own eyes and nose and judgment defer to the inspector of food, or drugs, or gas, or factories, or tenements, or insurance companies. I rely upon others to look after my drains, invest my savings, nurse my sick, and teach my children. I let the meat trust butcher my pig, the oil trust mould my candles, the sugar trust boil my sorghum, the coal trust chop my wood, the barbed wire company split my rails.

But this spread-out manner of life lays snares for the weak and opens doors to the wicked. Interdependence puts us, as it were, at one another's mercy, and so ushers in a multitude of new forms of wrongdoing. The practice of mutualism has always worked this way. Most sin is preying, and every new social relation begets its cannibalism. No one will "make the ephah small" or "falsify the balances" until there is buying and selling, "withhold the pledge" until there is loaning, "keep back the hire of the laborers" until there is a wage system, "justify the wicked for a reward" until men submit their disputes to a judge. The rise of the state makes possible counterfeiting, smuggling, speculation, and treason. Commerce tempts the pirate, the forger, and the embezzler. Every new fiduciary rela-

tion is a fresh opportunity for breach of trust. To-day the factory system enables children to be worked to death on the double-quick, speculative building gives the jerry-builder his chance, long-range investment spawns the get-rich-quick concern, and the trust movement opens the door to the bubble promoter.

The springs of the older sin seem to be drying up. Our forced-draught pace relieves us of the superabundance of energy that demands an explosive outlet. Spasms of violent feeling go with a sluggish habit of life, and are as out of place to-day as are the hard-drinking habits of our Saxon ancestors. We are too busy to give rein to spite. The stresses and lures of civilized life leave slender margin for the gratification of animosities. In quiet, side-tracked communities there is still much old-fashioned hatred, leading to personal clash, but elsewhere the cherishing of malice is felt to be an expensive luxury. Moreover, brutality, lust, and cruelty are on the wane. In this country, it is true, statistics show a widening torrent of bloody crime, but the cause is the weakening of law rather than an excess of bile. Other civilized peoples seem to be turning away from the sins of passion.

The darling sins that are blackening the face of our time are incidental to the ruthless pursuit of private ends, and hence quite "without prejudice." The victims are used or sacrificed not at all from personal ill-will, but because they can serve as pawns in somebody's little game. Like the wayfarers run down by the automobilist, they are offered up to the God of Speed. The essence of the wrongs that infest our articulated society is betrayal rather than aggression. Having perforce to build men of willow into a social fabric that calls for oak, we see on all hands monstrous treacheries,—adulterators, speculators, boodlers, grafters, violating the trust others have placed in them. The little finger of Chicane has come to be thicker than the loins of Violence.

The sinister opportunities presented in this webbed social life of ours have been

seized, because such treasons have not yet become infamous. The man who picks pockets with a railway rebate, murders with an adulterant instead of a bludgeon, burglarizes with a "rake-off" instead of a jimmy, cheats with a company prospectus instead of a deck of cards, or scuttles his town instead of his ship, does not feel on his brow the brand of a malefactor. The shedder of blood, the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless, long ago became odious; but latter-day treacheries fly no skull-and-crossbones flag at the masthead. The qualities which differentiate them from primitive sin and procure them such indulgence may be clearly defined.

Modern sin is not superficially repulsive.

To-day the sacrifice of life incidental to quick personal success rarely calls for the spilling of blood. How decent are the pale slayings of the quack, the adulterator, and the purveyor of polluted water, compared with the red slayings of the vulgar bandit or assassin! Even if there is blood-letting, the long-range, tentacular nature of modern homicide eliminates all personal collision. What an abyss between the knife-play of brawlers and the law-defying neglect to fence dangerous machinery in a mill, or to furnish cars with safety couplers! The providing of unsuspecting passengers with "cork" life-preservers secretly loaded with bars of iron to make up for their deficiency in weight of cork, is only spiritually akin to the treachery of Joab, who, taking Amasa by the beard "to kiss him," smote Amasa "in the fifth rib." The current methods of annexing the property of others are characterized by an indirectness and refinement very grateful to the natural feelings. The furtive, apprehensive manner of the till-tapper or the porch-climber would jar disagreeably upon the tax-dodger "swearing off" his property, or the city official concealing a "rake-off" in his specifications for a public building. The work of the card-sharp and the thimble-rigger shocks a type of man that will not

stick at the massive "artistic swindling" of the contemporary promoter. A taint of unworthiness, indeed, always attaches to transactions that force the person into humiliating postures. Your petty parasite or your minor delinquent inspires the contempt that used to be felt for the retailer. The confidence man is to the promoter what the small shopkeeper was to the merchant prince.

Modern sin lacks the familiar tokens of guilt.

The stealings and slayings that lurk in the complexities of our social relations are not deeds of the dive, the dark alley, the lonely road, and the midnight hour. They require no nocturnal prowling with muffled step and bated breath, no weapon or offer of violence. Unlike the old-time villain, the latter-day malefactor does not wear a slouch hat and a comforter, breathe forth curses and an odor of gin, go about his nefarious work with clenched teeth and an evil scowl. In the supreme moment his lineaments are not distorted with rage, or lust, or malevolence. One misses the traditional setting, the time-honored insignia of turpitude. Fagin and Bill Sykes and Simon Legree are vanishing types. Gamester, murderer, body-snatcher, and kidnapper may appeal to a Hogarth, but what challenge finds his pencil in the countenance of the boodler, the savings-bank wrecker, or the ballot-box stuffer? Among our criminals of greed, one begins to meet the "grand style" of the great criminals of ambition, Macbeth or Richard III. The modern high-power dealer of woe wears immaculate linen, carries a silk hat and a lighted cigar, sins with a calm countenance and a serene soul, leagues or months from the evil he causes. Upon his gentlemanly presence the eventual blood and tears do not obtrude themselves.

This is why good, kindly men let the wheels of commerce and of industry red-den, rather than pare or lose their dividend. This is why our railroads yearly injure one employee in twenty-six, and we

look in vain for that promised "day of the Lord" that "will make a man more precious than fine gold."

Modern sins are impersonal.

The covenant breaker, the suborned witness, the corrupt judge, the oppressor of the fatherless, — the old-fashioned sinner, in short, — knows his victim, must hearken, perhaps, to bitter upbraidings. But the tropical belt of sin we are sweeping into is largely impersonal. Our iniquity is wireless, and we know not whose withers are wrung by it. The hurt passes into that vague mass, the "public," and is there lost to view. Hence it does not take a Borgia to knead "chalk and alum and plaster" into the loaf, seeing one cannot know just who will eat that loaf, or what gripe it will give him. The purveyor of spurious life-preservers need not be a Cain. The owner of rotten tenement houses, whose "pull" enables him to ignore the orders of the health department, foredooms babies, it is true, but for all that he is no Herod.

Often there are no victims. If the crazy hulk sent out for "just one more trip" meets with fair weather, all is well. If no fire breaks out in the theatre, the sham "emergency exits" are blameless. The corrupt inspector who O. K.'s low-grade kerosene is chancing it, that is all. Many sins, in fact, simply augment risk. Evil does not dog their footsteps with relentless and heart-shaking certainty. When the catastrophe does come, the sinner salves his conscience by blasphemously calling it an "accident" or an "act of God."

Still more impersonal is sin when the immediate harm touches beneficent institutions rather than individuals, when, following his vein of private profit, the sinner drives a gallery under some pillar upholding our civilization. The black-guarding editor is really undermining the freedom of the press. The policy kings and saloon keepers, who get out to the polls the last vote of the vicious and criminal classes, are sapping manhood suf-

frage. Striking engineers who spitefully desert passenger trains in mid-career are jeopardizing the right of a man to work only when he pleases. The real victim of a lynching mob is not the malefactor, but the law-abiding spirit. School-board grafters who blackmail applicants for a teacher's position are stabbing the free public school. The corrupt bosses and "combines" are murdering representative government. The perpetrators of election frauds unwittingly assail the institution of the ballot. Rarely, however, are such transgressions abominated as are offenses against persons.

Because of the special qualities of the Newer Unrighteousness, because these devastating latter-day wrongs, being comely of look, do not advertise their vileness, and are without the ulcerous hag-visage of the primitive sins, it is possible for iniquity to flourish greatly, even while men are getting better. Briber and boodler and grafter are often "good men," judged by the old tests, and would have passed for virtuous in the American community of seventy years ago. Among the chiefest sinners are now enrolled men who are pure and kind-hearted, loving in their families, faithful to their friends, and generous to the needy.

One might suppose that an exasperated public would sternly castigate these modern sins. But the fact is, the same qualities that lull the conscience of the sinner blind the eyes of the onlookers. People are sentimental, and bastinado wrongdoing not according to its harmfulness, but according to the infamy that has come to attach to it. Undiscerning, they chastise with scorpions the old authentic sins, but spare the new. They do not see that boodling is treason, that blackmail is piracy, that embezzlement is theft, that speculation is gambling, that tax-dodging is larceny, that railroad discrimination is treachery, that the factory labor of children is slavery, that deleterious adulteration is murder. It has not come home to them that the fraudulent promoter "deceives widows' houses," that the monopo-

list "grinds the faces of the poor," that mercenary editors and spellbinders "put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." The cloven hoof hides in patent leather; and to-day, as in Hosea's time, the people "are destroyed for lack of knowledge." The mob lynches the red-handed slayer, when it ought to keep a gallows Haman-high for the venal mine inspector, the seller of infected milk, the maintainer of a fire-trap theatre. The child-beater is forever blasted in reputation, but the exploiter of infant toil, or the concocter of a soothing syrup for the drugging of babies, stands a pillar of society. The petty shop-lifter is more abhorred than the stealer of a franchise, and the wife-whipper is out-casted long before the man who sends his over-insured ship to foundry with its crew.

There is a special cause for the condoning of sins committed in the way of business and without personal malice. Business men, as a rule, insist upon a free hand in their dealings, and, since they are conspicuous and influential in the community, they carry with them a considerable part of the non-business world. The leisured, the non-industrial employees, the bulk of professional men, and many public servants, hold to the unmitigated maxim of *caveat emptor*, and accept the chicane of trade as reasonable and legitimate. In England till 1487 any one who knew how to read might commit murder with impunity by claiming "benefit of clergy." There is something like this in the way we have granted quack and fakir and mine operator and railroad company indulgence to commit manslaughter in the name of business.

On the other hand, the active producers, such as farmers and workingmen, think in terms of livelihood rather than of profit, and tend therefore to consider the social bearings of conduct. Intent on well-being rather than pecuniary success, they are shocked at the lenient judgment of the commercial world. Although they have hitherto deferred to the traders, the producers are losing faith in business men's standards, and may yet pluck up

the courage to validate their own ethics against the individualistic, anti-social ethics of commerce.

Still, even if the mass turns vehement, it is not certain the lash of its censure can reach the cuticle of the sinner. A differentiated society abounds in closed doors and curtained recesses. The murmurs of the alley do not penetrate to the boulevard. The shrieks from the blazing excursion steamer do not invade the distant yacht of her owners. If the curses of tricked depositors never rise to the circles of "high finance" that keep the conscience of the savings-bank wrecker, why should the popular hiss stay the commercial buccaneer? All turns on the power of the greater public to astringe the flaccid conscience of business men until they be-

come stern judges of one another. If we have really entered upon the era of jangling classes, it is, of course, idle to hope for a truly public sentiment upon such matters. Nevertheless, in the past, anti-septic currents of opinion have mounted from the healthy base to the yellowing top of the social tree, and they may do so again.

While idealists are dipping their brushes into the sunset for colors bright enough to paint the Utopias that might be if society were quite made over, one may be pardoned for dreaming of what would be possible, even on the plane of existing institutions, if only in this highly articulated society of ours every one were required to act in good faith, and to do what he had deliberately led others to expect of him.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

VIII

On a broad shelf of rock in a great fissure of the cliff sat Frances Wilmot, her hands clasped about her knees, swaying rhythmically to and fro with the rhythm of the waves beneath. Spray dashed on her brown cheek and bare head, and a little wind had blown one damp lock across her face. A line of deep tan showed on either arm outstretched from the white shirt-waist; there were no floating ruffles about her now, only a sturdy white piqué that showed traces of recent climbing over the rocks. She bore small resemblance to the dainty maiden who had alighted at the Emerson Inn three weeks ago, and might have been a sea-born thing that had crawled for a little space out of the limpid water and the tangled weeds of green and brown that grew below. She was crooning softly to herself as she swayed this way and that, for out of

her passionate love she was making a song of the tide, and the rich voice sank to low murmurs, then rose to clear triumph as the little ripple over the rocks got into it, and the joy of the oncoming wave. She listened, as she tried now this note and now that, for the melody of retreating water, and its hidden sound as it sought crevice or tiny cavern that none else knew, while the memory of its least echo on the pebbles of the long beach came back to her, and of its thunder in the sudden storm of two days ago.

"Oh, I can't do you!" she said, shaking back her spray-moistened hair; "you are so free a thing, and yet the great rhythm is there in the veriest ripple that I can hardly hear."

Living the life of the water, she had grown to talk to the sea as to a comrade, and on far headland or at the edge of sheer gray cliff a mighty presence had seemed to meet her, answering word and

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cry. Now she was silent; in the silence, too, the answer came, and the girl listened, with eyelids closed, her dark head leaning against the rock. Paul Warren, coming abruptly upon her retreat, stopped, afraid to move this way or that, lest her eyes should open; and, as he paused, irresolute, he gazed with deepening wonder. That expression, worn by her face and by the whole figure nestling close to the stone, of being one with sun and sea and rock, smote home to the heart of the man who had known close kinship with naught save books. More quick than ever in his heart to-day were those old influences, of morbid theory and of melancholy life, which had worked on the mind of the child with an intensity cruelly disproportionate to their real weight; and wind and sea, bringing a keener sense of aloofness, brought, too, unknown desire. Curiously impersonal at last in his way of taking things, he had grown to stand apart even from himself, not in an attitude of self-absorption, but of self-indifference; one's own personality was an object of such small interest! Now his whole being was full of a sudden yearning to find and claim his world, for the touch of life had come like the flick of a whip on the sensitive flanks of a restive horse. The wide horizon line and the look on Frances Wilmot's face brought home to him a deepened feeling of his isolation, and no sooner was he aware of it than she opened her eyes, causing an expression of genuine annoyance in his. Was it because he was disturbing her or because she was disturbing him, she wondered, as she gave him greeting.

"You really ought not to appear unannounced," she said saucily, unawed by the half frown on his face. "Polite ghosts rap. Don't you realize that the sudden materialization of spirits is trying for mortal nerves?"

He smiled back, quickly touched by her mood.

"May the ghost sit down for a minute, long enough to beg your pardon, — that is, if it is permitted to him to speak?"

"They never wait for permission. It is their own caprice, and not that of the living, that governs them."

"In that case," said Paul Warren, settling himself comfortably, "I feel justified in staying, even at the risk of disturbing the mermaid in her cave."

"I'm not a mermaid," said the girl, her lip curling imperceptibly.

"And I'm not a ghost. But if you set the fashion of calling names, you must expect people to follow."

"There's a difference between calling names and giving names," she retorted, looking at him through merry, half-shut eyes. "And you really are a ghost, you know, only you don't half understand your properties. You ought to appear in diaphanous white, made in the fashion of a trailing robe or toga, and you ought to wear a dim electric light shining somewhere in your hair. I will admit, however, that you have chosen a day quite in keeping with the spirit world."

It was one of the times of veiled beauty, when pine and juniper and sweet-fern on the cliff above wore a deeper and more blended green because of the absent sunlight, and the gray-brown rocks with their crumbling lichens took on a lovelier tone. The low, soft clouds that floated overhead shaded from purple to pale silvery gray which matched the under side of the wings of the gulls, and the water gave back the color hue for hue, out and farther out, where even the horizon line vanished in the mystery of infinite distance. It was late afternoon; cliff swallows, with deep purple wings and breasts that hinted the dim red of the rocks, were circling near; and the air was soft and sweet as the caresses of dear, dead hands.

"Ghost," said Frances Wilmot, turning suddenly to check the mist that came unbidden to her eyes, "I see a book in your pocket. There is a spiritualist lady at the Inn who would be delighted to find out what you read in the place you come from. Perhaps she could make little paragraphs for the papers: 'Books most

in demand during the last week in the Spirit World!"

Paul Warren drew the volume from its hiding-place. "I was merely investigating; it does not represent my taste."

"Nietsche!" cried the girl. "Now I know why you have avoided me so carefully: you were afraid I would talk to you about Nietsche. I assure you I won't; I have n't read him."

"You must be a rather unusual woman if that would prevent you from discussing him! Besides, I have n't avoided you."

"Mr. Paul Hollis Warren," said the girl quickly, "is n't your great-great-great-grandfather Warren about to enter into you and tell a fib?"

It was impossible not to give back her laughter, note for note.!

"Perhaps," he admitted, "but I had not met you."

"That's something of a bull, is n't it: you could not meet me because you had not met me? But to come back to Learned Women: what do you suppose my comrades at the Inn asked me last night?"

"Being a mere man, I have not the wit to suggest."

"What arguments for the immortality of the soul I thought most convincing!"

"And you told them" —

"I told them," she said with a dimple, "to remember that the schools in the South are very poor; it is something they often say to excuse my shortcomings. Then the Lady from Wilmington said that it was a most important question, to which I should give deep thought."

"How did you escape?"

"I said," she answered slowly, "that, whatever it is, it is n't a question, and that any immortality of the soul worth having is beyond the reach of argument; for to say that you believe is to express a doubt. Surely it is present, insistent, throbbing in every nerve! The Lady from Wilmington was deeply shocked."

"Did anything happen?"

The girl answered by a peal of laughter.

"In the words of old romance: 'She shaped herself horse and man by en-

chantment into a great marble stone.' Then she was attacked by the Lady from Cincinnati, who is scientific, and a positivist. She remarked, between two bits of a roll, that our knowledge is strictly limited to the world that we see; that metaphysical assertions are therefore impossible; and then said loudly that there is no immortality of the soul. I am telling you all this because I don't know whether it is the Summer Girl or the Learned Woman that you are afraid of in me, and I am trying to find a golden mean between the two, being neither."

"I suppose it would be useless to assure you that I am not afraid of you in any aspect; I trust that I have the courage of an ordinary man. I am very much interested in what you are saying; please go on."

"There was n't any more," said Frances, "for I insisted that her last remark was a metaphysical assertion, and that she ought not to make it; therefore she said that my logic would improve as I grew older."

Paul Warren looked at the girl curiously: it was hard to tell whether she was merry or sad; in jest or in earnest. The serious glance of his eyes brought mirth quickly to the surface in hers.

"Ghost," she said suddenly, "do you know that the water is all purple-gray, changing every minute with a beauty that takes the heart out of you?"

He looked at it critically.

"No," he admitted; "I did not."

"And the heart of it all is the change, change, change; can't you hear the moments go by with swiftly tripping feet? It is the feeling it come and go that makes the beauty; you will never find through all eternity just the same shade of color, whatever more exquisite tint may come."

"You are a poet," he said deliberately. "Why are n't you writing poetry?"

She spread her brown hands out to the spray.

"Why spoil it by writing it? I want to feel it in my finger tips, and hear it in my ears, with no printed pages between. Do

you know that the waves make an entirely different music on the rocks and in all the clefts and crannies on a shaded day like this, from that which they make when the sun is shining?"

"I am afraid not," he answered, smiling skeptically.

She looked at him with laughing eyes.

"You are just a mind, very thinly embodied, are n't you? You would n't care if the sky were colorless and the sea dumb. You ought n't to be troubled with carrying about the weight of a body, for you don't need even wings."

"I thought you were only a girl," he remarked irrelevantly.

"I'm not!" said Frances. "I'm a woman growed, if you please, sir! But do you mind telling me what it is like in the realm of pure thought?"

"Not if you will tell me what it is like under the sea," he retorted.

"Oh," cried the girl, "I could n't tell you all, for part of it is a mystery. But it is cool and clear and green, and the bed of it is dim with gold and red with coral, and rich colors running all through the scale are there, browns that shade into purples, and blues that fade into greens, and some of the growths are live creatures, and some don't know whether they are living things or not," — here she glanced wickedly at him and tilted her chin a wee bit in the air, — "and" —

"And?" for she had paused.

"You sit in the midst of it, and you bathe in the color that is like living light. You sit way, way down at the centre of the deep, and you know the heart of the great tides, and the way they come and the way they go, and the reason of it all, but you never tell."

"Don't stop," he begged.

"You shall have no more of it," she answered, "until you can see the color and hear the waves. Now tell me how they made you a ghost: I want to know the training in the Spirit Land."

"It goes way, way back," he replied, lightly. "First you have some ancestors who think much about theology" —

"And one who is bad," suggested Frances.

"One who is very bad, and many who are reckless, and in the course of time the race gets rather confused in its mind, the sinners beginning to brood too much over their sins" —

"And about saving their own souls," interrupted the girl.

"Precisely. They read a great deal and they meditate a great deal, and then, possibly because they have found life too much for them, they hand it on, till at last it comes to a youngster made out of all the odds and ends, of broken faiths and shattered ideals. He has a fairly active mind, and, brought up in the shadow of the past, he sets to work to try to think things out. You see, as he grows up, he feels that the powers that be have tossed him a pretty hard nut to crack when they tossed him this world" —

"And a boy who would never have dreamed of trying to crack a nut by thinking about it, but would have gone at it with nerve and muscle, is foolish enough to believe that he can *think* out this world!" cried the girl willfully. "And yet it was n't his fault. They had taught him theories and theologies, and so he turned out to be" —

"A ghost?" said Paul Warren, laughing. It was the first foolish conversation he had ever had in his life, and he was enjoying it.

"A philosopher," said the girl severely.

"You don't object to a man's using what mind he has?" he queried meekly.

"It should be kept in its place, being a good servant, but a bad master."

"Who taught you all this? Siren or mermaid you must be, for no mortal maiden of your years could have this depth of knowledge. It is a combination of the wisdom of four years and of four-score."

"A father and a mother," said the girl, with a sudden shining in her eyes, "who had lived and who knew. The wisdom and the beauty of things I felt when I was a little child at their knees, and it was im-

possible, as I grew older, not to understand."

The purple-winged swallows flew nearer, unafraid, for the voices had ceased, and the two people in the cleft in the rock were suddenly aware that their jesting conversation had led them into the depths; and, with the feeling once more that they were strangers, there was on the part of both a desire to escape. Water and gentle air and cloud floated softly about them, encompassing them with rest. Paul Warren took his leave, stiffly enough. He was half angry with himself for the way in which he had been talking with a woman, having never before ventured so far from under the protecting shell of his reserve; and he was filled with wonder at this girl's poignant sense of things of which in his nine and twenty years he had been but dimly aware. Her eager grasp on all that touched her life stung him with sudden conviction of the futility of his careless way of letting go.

IX

"Paul," asked Uncle Peter sharply, strolling down the piazza steps with a cigar between his teeth, "what is the lawn being clipped for?"

Lifting his eyes from his book, the young man looked with a certain satisfaction down the broad slope, which was being converted into something halfway between a stubble field and velvet turf.

"I thought it would be a good thing to get it into the shape it had when grandfather was alive. We have been a bit careless lately."

Uncle Peter clapped his hands together in delight. He was in high spirits this morning, and evidently in possession, according to his own theories, of the jolliest soul among his forefathers.

"I told you so! I told you so! Ancestral traits coming out as plain as daylight! You laugh at my ideas, yet here you are a living proof of them. So your grandfather Warren is uppermost in you to-day! I am having a touch myself of Peter Finch;

he was a great joker, you know. Wonderful, wonderful that you can't escape from your grandfather, however hard you try."

Here Uncle Peter turned and saw old Andrew Lane standing near with a rake in his hand, and listening with an amused grin on his wrinkled old face. He nodded, but did not touch his battered straw hat, and a flush crept over Uncle Peter's cheeks; this man was always rude to him.

"Take off your hat to your betters, Andrew," he said, not without condescension. The grin spread farther, and, with open mouth, the old man laughed silently.

"So I do," he answered, advancing toward Paul and touching his hat brim. "The's a man here from Porchmouth says you wanted him."

"Bring him here," said the young proprietor. "It is a gardener who, I thought, might be able to give us some suggestions about touching up the old place."

Uncle Peter stood near and listened to the dialogue that followed, a cloud gathering on his brow.

"I do not want things much changed," explained Paul to the Portsmouth man, "I wish to keep it in all essentials as it was in my father's day, but it could be made a little trimmer."

"Yes, sir, yes," assented the man, handling his pruning shears.

"It ought to look more as if it were inhabited by the living as well as by the dead," thought Paul.

When the gardener had gone, Uncle Peter took up again the thread of conversation which he had reluctantly dropped.

"Oh, you want to go on reading, do you? It's always books," he muttered. "Whoever you get that taste from, it is n't from me; it must be somebody on your mother's side; though, to be sure, your father had it. I, for my part, don't believe that great readers think as much as people who use their wits in observation. To a man who is capable of carrying on a sustained train of thought, everything in the natural world contributes something to

his idea. Now to me the very birds on the trees, and Belinda when she scrubs, and the butterflies and the grasshoppers, teach something of heredity."

Here he trotted away, but presently was back again, his early mood of cheerfulness changed to deep gloom, and he inquired suspiciously how much was to be paid a day to this new gardener, and how much to the mason whom he had found mending the wall.

"It's absurd, Paul," he burst out suddenly, "that the management of my property should have gone to you. Why, I can remember when you wore dresses and had a curl on the top of your head."

"It was father's wish," answered Paul, briefly.

"He was foolish, as foolish as his father and mine before him," answered Uncle Peter, irritably tapping the piazza step with his cane. "Why was the bulk of the property left to John, anyway, when I was the oldest son, and only an allowance to me? Why was your father to manage even that?" and the old man glared at his nephew.

"Don't you remember that grandfather had English ideas, and wanted the estate to be inherited by one son? I presume he thought you did not want to be bothered with it all," answered Paul gently. He was sorry for the old man, and the frequent efforts that had to be made to explain to him that which never could be explained were hard for both of them.

"Bothered!" shrieked Uncle Peter; "bothered with a little money of my own!" And he sank down into a chair, rocking furiously to and fro.

It was with a cunning expression that he inquired carelessly after a minute's silence:—

"Where do you get the money for all these improvements, my boy?"

"It does n't take much," was the answer; "there is really very little being done. There happens to be quite a surplus in the bank just now."

"Ah!" cried Uncle Peter, in a tone that spoke volumes.

"You need n't be alarmed," said Paul good-naturedly. "I am not using yours. You get your allowance regularly, don't you?"

"I do, as yet," answered the old man ironically. "I wonder if you know that there is a trace of swindling in the blood? Now your great-great-grandfather Warren"—

"Oh, confusion seize my great-great-grandfather Warren!" cried Paul, too amused to be irritated, and too irritated to be entirely amused. "If there has ever been anything but over-scrupulous honesty in the family, nobody but you knows anything about it. Go to your banker and make inquiries, if you think that I am wronging you."

"I meant nothing, nothing at all," said Uncle Peter, disappearing in the direction of the dining-room and the sideboard. "I only think it is well to be constantly on the alert against temptation. Yes, yes, my allowance came as usual this morning."

He soon came back to his nephew, evidently in better humor.

"I tell you what it is," he said gravely, "when I went in there just now it was as if a hand, my great-great-grandfather Warren's hand, were pushing me toward the sideboard."

"Perhaps I'd better keep it locked," suggested Paul. "What do you say, uncle?"

"No, no, no," answered the old man quickly. "I might come some time and find it shut, and who can tell what spirit would enter in to rend and tear? You cannot trifle, Paul, you cannot trifle with the dead;" and with this solemn warning the conversation was over.

It touched Paul to see his mother's pleasure in the beauty that was coming back to the old home. That slope of the lawn with its great elms looked like Washington, she said one day, now that it was so smooth; only, the far street beyond was but a country road and lacked the gay life of the city. Paul said little, but listened with a certain remorse: why had

they not done this before, his father and he, who had jogged on so comfortably with their own thoughts, forgetful of a woman's needs? With a gratified sense that he was busy with his father's task, the young man went about his work, judging, and rightly, that John Warren would have been glad to see these changes that he had neglected to make. Paul sent to Washington to inquire what was the best time of the year to transplant magnolia trees, ordering some to be sent when the proper season came. Did his mother know, he asked, the place by Morning-kill Brook where dogwood blossomed in the spring? He coaxed her to walk with him there, that she might find the spot and be ready when the flowers came again with their suggestion of the South. A faint little ripple of belated happiness came into Mrs. Warren's heart in those days, as her son began slowly to understand.

For Mrs. Warren's new mood the Virginia girl was partly responsible; she was much with the elder lady, coming often for a luncheon or a drive. Her scrupulous adherence to the compact she had made with Paul Warren amused him as much as it mystified his mother. Unless directly addressed, she did not speak to him, and, when listening, wore the air of one hearkening to a voice that came from far away.

"Did some one speak?" she asked with wickedly twinkling eyes, on one occasion when Paul had made what seemed to his mother a particularly impressive remark. How could it be that they disliked each other so much, even to the verge of rudeness, Mrs. Warren asked herself, when Paul was Paul and this girl was so charming?

"Tell me something about Miss Bevanne," said Frances Wilmot one day at luncheon, when a sudden feeling that her silence was not fair to the people who did not understand the cause made her speak to her host.

"I know nothing of her," he answered, "except that she used to be a little girl"—

"Strange," murmured the guest.

"With two long braids of pale hair, and no color in her face except in her eyes."

"Not color," corrected Frances Wilmot. "Her eyes have no color; it is only light. She looks as if she had some inner source of illumination."

Then she leaned back in her chair, gazing at Paul as if she did not see him, but as if she were looking through a mist at the paneled door behind. This expression of interested amusement that he was wearing always irritated her.

An eager flush came into Mrs. Warren's face as she spoke.

"I hope you may meet Miss Bevanne some time here. The other day at church I invited her to come with her brother. They never were here as children, because of some old trouble, which I should like to have forgotten."

As chance would have it, they came that afternoon, when Mrs. Warren, worn out by a headache, was asleep, and Frances Wilmot, now thoroughly at home in the old house, was reading in a hammock on the piazza. Paul had gone to meet an engagement in the city, and it was left to Uncle Peter to do the honors for the family. He performed his task with a stateliness and garrulity most amusing to the guests, whom he entertained by displaying the old pre-revolutionary Warren house, still standing behind a clump of spruces not far away. Finding interested listeners, he began to harp upon his pet theories, and to Miss Wilmot in particular, whom he had never had so much at his disposal as to-day, he poured out his interpretations of the family history, while Mr. Bevanne and his sister were lingering in the old kitchen. That was an intelligent and charming girl, Uncle Peter thought to himself, as she sat listening to him on the old settle by the huge brick fireplace in the parlor, vainly wishing that fate had let her talk with Alice Bevanne. He told her of his great-grandmother Anne, with her love of beautiful things, and of great-great-grandfather Warren, whose sins lived on

in the family like suppressed volcanic fire.

"It all goes on quietly in the main, Miss Wilmot," he said earnestly. "It's a good family, and all that, but there is something hot down under, and you can never tell when it is going to flame out. Grass green over the lava, you know, and then one day, hiss, comes the eruption! Now these tendencies burst out when you least expect them: certain of them I confess to having myself, and certain others I clearly discern in Paul."

The girl smiled: it would be a delight, she thought, to see any kind of volcanic eruption that could break up the imperceptible self-possession and the reserve of Mr. Paul Hollis Warren. To Uncle Peter the smile meant encouragement, and he left his rocking-chair, coming over to sit at the girl's side that he might talk more freely; but the nearer he came the louder he spoke. His philosophy was in a specially gloomy state to-day, partly because his suspicion that Paul was about to wrong him in money matters was becoming a fixed idea in his mind, partly because he was conscious of being less fastidiously dressed than usual, on an occasion when he naturally wished to appear at his best. Frances Wilmot watched him with eyes in which the look of amusement was giving way to one of distress. How could she let this funny little old man go on saying things that nobody ought to say? How could she stop him?

"Paul's a good boy enough, but I am beginning to have my doubts about — Well, there is no use in talking; ladies are n't usually interested in business matters. He used to have the Warren temper: I remember seeing him as a child of fourteen months try to beat his brains out on the floor because he could not get what he wanted. There have been few indications of that lately, but he has the seeds of melancholia, as anybody can see. However, it is a gifted family; now you did not know, did you, that we have a poetess among our ancestors?

Ellen Wilton, Mary Ellen Wilton. She wrote poems, hymns; at the house I can show you her portrait, and her book, which is bound in red velvet with gilt clasps. Such things never die out in a family, you know, and I sometimes think I have a touch of her in me. I am certainly very susceptible to — to influences;" and Uncle Peter shook his withered little head mysteriously, as if willing to say more if asked.

To Frances Wilmot's great relief the others soon joined them, and the family psychology was for a time forgotten in discussion of interesting objects. The old spinning wheel, the old set of musical glasses, the room where the slaves used to cook their supper, and where the great crane still hung behind the grim fire-dogs, were displayed by Uncle Peter with no less pride than that which he felt in displaying the family faults.

Paul Warren missed it all. Coming home late in the afternoon, very tired, and driving slowly over the grass-grown road past the old house, he caught the sound of Uncle Peter's voice as it came rippling out through the low, old-fashioned windows.

"So I say that Nature sinned against me, for she gave me no personality of my own. She made me merely an empty shell to be tenanted by any bygone creature who chooses to inhabit me. And do you know, I am convinced that it is the same with the others. There's my nephew, Paul, for instance, — you must pardon me if I bring him in often as an illustration, but he is the only one I have left to study now, — I continually observe the same phenomena taking place in him."

Paul had stopped his horse, and he heard the sound of suppressed laughter that followed his uncle's words. Then came the notes of Frances Wilmot's beautiful voice: "But you know, Mr. Warren, that is all nonsense." The young man grasped the whole ironic situation, and touching his horse sharply with the whip, drove on, unobserved by any eyes except those of Alice Bevanne. He caught their look, half halted, then went his way.

being in no mood to play just then the part of host.

"She will not tell them that I am here," he said to himself; and she did not.

"Oh!" exclaimed Frances Wilmot with a little groan of relief, as Uncle Peter, hearing the sound of wheels, hurried away to find his nephew, and left his guests alone.

"It's as interesting as a play," said Mr. Bevanne, with a little burst of smothered laughter. "You do find the most amazing absurdities in human nature up this way."

"It was shameful," said the Southern girl vehemently. "I feel as if the family skeleton had been showing me the closet where he lives."

As Mrs. Warren entered the room the three guests realized that the odd situation in which they had been placed had acted like a sudden flash light in which they could read the expressions of one another's faces with an embarrassing distinctness.

X

"What did you say, Paul?" asked Mrs. Warren, gently swinging to and fro in a great veranda rocker. "You agree with me that it would be better to make up this quarrel with the Bevannes? Oh, I am so glad, so glad!" and she came over, seated herself on the broad arm of her son's chair, and lightly kissed his forehead. "Do, and forget those dreadful words your father said; it is more Christian so. You are a good boy, and always were."

Paul looked at her with thoughtful, non-committal eyes; truth to tell he was a bit ashamed that reconciliation with the family enemy cost him so little. Could he identify himself with nothing, not even a family feud?

"It can't be done!" chirped Uncle Peter from the railing. "What gets into the blood stays there, and you will find that the Warren-Bevanne quarrel is n't over yet."

"We can at least make the experiment," said Paul quietly.

"I was afraid you might not like their coming here the other day; I invited them almost without thinking," said Mrs. Warren.

"It was a matter of perfect indifference to me," responded the young man with a touch of regret. "Would n't it be well to invite them to luncheon? Your friend, Miss Wilmot, would probably find it more pleasant with some young people about. Of course we cannot make it gay for her this summer, nor would she want that."

Mrs. Warren lightly touched her son's hair with her hand.

"Your friend!" she said reproachfully. "Why not yours? Why don't you like her?"

"I don't dislike her," said Paul magnanimously. "But do not try to make a young man out of me, mother; I think I must have had gray hair when I was born."

"Why, you did n't have a single hair Paul," she exclaimed.

"I mean I had gray hair inside."

"Sometimes," remarked Uncle Peter, taking a cigar from his pocket, "sometimes, Paul, I think you are out of your mind. You say the strangest things, with the least sense in them! As for this girl, you must be blind,—but of course you always were that,—or you would see that she is one of the loveliest creatures that ever walked the earth. I declare, I wish I were thirty!"

"I'm afraid that you have made her dislike you, Paul dear," said his mother, her hand upon his shoulder. "I notice that she never speaks to you if she can help it."

"Then it is my duty to provide her with companions whom she does like," said Paul, "and that brings me back to the Bevannes. From some remark she made I imagine she is very much interested in Alice Bevanne."

"That is odd," said Mrs. Warren; "but the brother is a very nice young man. What frank eyes he has, and such

an open manner! It would be sinful, I think, to keep our old grudges there!"

Regarding the luncheon she hesitated, glancing at her gown of black, her fresh sense of recent sorrow causing her to shrink from even so simple a festivity as this; yet it was in behalf of peacemaking, and that gentle thought won the day. Alice Bevanne and her brother were invited to meet Miss Wilmot, and a Southern fever came upon Aunt Belinda as she made preparations.

"Honey," she said to Mrs. Warren, "kin I make beaten biscuit?"

"Of course!" said that lady, wondering at the broad smile upon the black face as the old darkey fingered her lilac apron.

"An' fried chicken, an' a Smithfield ham done wid champagne? I jes' like ter show these No'then folks what a rale supper is, an' I know Miss Frances jes' dyin' fo' some beaten biscuit: I kin tell dat by de looks of her. All de years I bin up yer I ain't seen no young lady like dat. Her hair jes' nach'ally straight, ain't it?"

If any one was bored when the feast of reconciliation came, that person was not Uncle Peter. From grave to gay, he ran the whole gamut of his intellectual charms, laughing merrily at his own jests, and wiping his eyes over his own pathetic tales.

"You don't feel these things as I do, perhaps," he said to Frances Wilmot, to whom he devoted himself. "I am peculiarly sensitive, perhaps foolishly so."

Paul Warren overheard without the quiver of a muscle; after all, one could not bully fate! His mother mournfully remarked that he exchanged not more than a dozen words with Miss Wilmot; but Aunt Belinda, who, in her woman's desire for further knowledge, and her cook's desire to watch the appreciation of the feast she had created, had forced the table maid to feign headache and was waiting with a grace that belied her bulk, chuckled delightedly to herself as she passed to and fro.

"Mas'r Paul, he know every which way dat young lady lookin', for all he ain't sayin' nuffin'; an' her face change ebery time he open his mouf talkin' ter somebody else. I reckon dey act de way a hen an' a snake acts, jes' like dey don't know what to make ob one 'nudder."

Aunt Belinda had spoken truth, for now and then, across the sound of many voices, the Southern girl's eyes glanced toward Paul, and he became aware that there was a shade of meaning, humorous or sad, which none save he and she understood. It was as if she were drawn against her will, by some doom of nature, to share her appreciations with him, and he found himself waiting for those rare interpretations which escaped the others.

If the quiet manner of Alice Bevanne wearied Uncle Peter, when he found himself obliged to talk with her for five minutes after luncheon, her brother charmed his hostess by a slightly exaggerated attention to her wishes, which recalled to her the young men she had known in the days of her youth.

"Mr. Bevanne has acquired the Southern manner," she said to her son when the guests were gone. "But the sister -- Well, she is a lady, but that is all I can say; she is singularly destitute of charm."

Paul said nothing; perhaps his mother was right, yet the glance of the girl's luminous eyes, and the depth of expression in her face, made him wonder if there were not something better than charm in the feminine world. At any rate, he found in her a refuge from her brother, whom he treated with an excess of courtesy that boded dislike on further acquaintance. Searching for a cause for this desire to keep a measured distance between himself and Alec Bevanne, he failed to find it. To the best of his belief it was not the old enmity, which in all earnestness he was trying to end; he could detect no reason save an instinctive difference in taste.

"Five hundred years ago," Paul said to himself as he strolled up and down the walk late in the afternoon, "I suppose I should have killed the man simply and

perhaps devoutly for the sake of the feud, and a hundred years ago I should have fought a duel with him, but now I have no impulse except to be decently polite to him, and to keep out of his way. No family quarrel ought to be intrusted to a man with a sense of humor!"

Truth to tell, Paul Warren was sore over a lack of grievance. Alec Bevanne had not, as he had expected, overwhelmed Miss Wilmot with his attentions, but had had the good taste to spend his engaging efforts on his hostess.

"I declare!" said Paul to himself, stopping abruptly in his walk, "I believe I am sorry that the man is not a cad!"

In the summer days that followed these four people were much together. From the gay life of the few guests at Wahonet, Frances Wilmot was cut off by her sorrow, as the Bevanne's were by their poverty, and Paul by his own desire. The latter, from his apathy in regard to human beings, whose presence usually roused in him a feeling of loneliness unknown in solitude, awakened to a certain interest in his new friends.

One morning there was a prolonged knock upon Mrs. Warren's door, and when permission was given, Aunt Belinda entered, gorgeous in yellow calico, but wearing an expression of alarm that seemed to blanch still further the whites of her eyes and her gleaming teeth against their dusky background.

"Mis' Emily, whar's Mas'r Paul gone wid all dem picks and spades?" she demanded.

"Picks and spades!" repeated Mrs. Warren, looking up from her writing desk with mild surprise upon her face.

"Yes, honey, picks *and* spades," repeated Aunt Belinda tragically. The voice, soft and deep, ran the words together in a long, mournful, cadenced wail which sounded like the expression of an animal's grief.

"I never see no sech goin's on sence I came up yer. Mas'r Paul's paw never touched none of them things; now he bin an' gone an' pruned de laylock bushes,

workin' jes' like any field han'. Look out o' dat winder an' see him now!"

Mrs. Warren rose and looked anxiously out. There, striding across the July fields with a quicker tread than that of his old solitary tramps, was Paul, carrying over one shoulder a bundle of golf clubs. A happy smile crossed the mother's face.

"Why, Belinda!" she exclaimed, "that's not work! It is golf, a game."

"A play game?" asked the colored woman skeptically.

"A play game, yes," answered Mrs. Warren, laughing joyously, "and you must be as glad as I that at last he is getting interested in the things that belong to his years."

A broad smile illuminated Aunt Belinda's dark face.

"Co'se I'se glad," she said heartily, "ef it's a play game, sho 'nuff, but it looks mighty like it was common work to me."

But, as the days went on, the old colored woman watched him with delight.

"Mas'r Paul jes' wakin' up to know he's alive!" she muttered one day. "Jes' readin', thinkin', what's dat for a *man*!"

It was true that Paul Warren found an unwonted charm in things hitherto obnoxious, sharing an occasional drive, on which, through all the talking and the laughter, he heard cadences of one voice sweeter than the rest; or a long tramp over some winding road shaded from the sun by drooping branches, where, between dark tree trunks, they watched the sunlit green on the fields beyond. Whole occasional days were devoted to enjoyment; dust gathered on the library table, and Robin, stealing in unobserved on his old quest, chewed up the second and third heads of an essay on Herbert Spencer. When at last he invited his friends to share with him the one amusement of his old days of solitude, sailing across the waves in his cherished Sea Gull, it seemed to his mother, as well as to himself, that the last wall of his reserve was breaking down. He awakened often in the morning to a wonderful lightness

of heart, which sometimes lingered with him through the long summer hours; and old troubles grew to be at times like half-forgotten stories of childhood, which it was hard to recall. For the first time in his life, Paul Warren made a truce with his soul.

Between him and his mother's friend, the Southern girl, was an armed peace. Upon all about him she had laid her spell. Uncle Peter frankly rendered her the homage of his withered heart; Mrs. Warren was living again in her a girl's life, and one happier than her own had ever been; Aunt Belinda still cherished with devotion the look which had greeted her beaten biscuit; and Alec Bevanne wore his admiration as an open secret in his blue eyes. Only Robin Hood and Paul withstood the enchantress, the former with the expression of accusing grief wherewith he repelled all human-kind, the latter with a rather strict observance of the compact of silence; for certain moments in her presence had brought him a sharp sense of danger, and a more formal courtesy was wont to mark his efforts to keep out a foe who might disturb the little inner quiet he had achieved. Yet their surface intercourse in the presence of others was full of charm for him, and in minor matters he submitted to her management with a meekness which no one had ever before discovered in him. It was she who undertook his education in golf.

"You think too hard about it," she said laughingly one day. "Just go by instinct and strike. You play too intellectual a game, Hamlet!"

In spite of his obedience in the matter of golf playing, of which he knew nothing, and in the matter of riding, which he understood better than she, he left Miss Wilmot usually with a puzzled sense that he was master of the situation.

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Through all the silences, a sense of his splendid gift and his strength was strong upon her, perhaps because of the enigmatic eyes which watched and studied; for the man's mind was hard at work upon this baffling personality which he did not comprehend. It might be because he knew nothing of women that she puzzled him so, yet he half divined the fact that no other woman would puzzle him as this one did. A minute's conversation with her on some rounded height of the green golf course, or under flickering sunlight and shadow at the turning of a woodland way, sometimes came as a flash of light, revealing her sane, sweet, and strong, one who would face loneliness and gayety and pleasure and hurt with the same fearless eyes, winning joy from the heart of pain; the next minute she was her old, elusive self again, escaping.

"I am a problem to which there is n't any answer, Mr. Warren," she said one day, quietly watching him as he watched her. "Don't try to think me out! If you get the answer and put down your analysis correctly under heads one, two, and three, it will not be right!"

So gentle, yet so spirited, so keen in judgment, yet so quickly touched to sensitive feeling, young in many ways, yet at some points older in wisdom than Mother Eve and the serpent together, he said whimsically to himself, — would no one read him the riddle of this woman?

Those rare moments of silent understanding came oftenest when, dancing over the waves in the Sea Gull, with the spray in their faces, the joy of swift motion in the girl's eyes, the rhythm of her body, the sweep of her wind-blown hair, thrilled him with a new sense of the meaning of the words she had spoken half in jest about her living at the heart of the great tides.

(To be continued.)

GEMMA TO DANTE

BY HELEN GRACE SMITH

THOU hast been long in coming through the wide
And distant plain. What vision hast thou seen
Where the late iris stretcheth through the green
Long lines of gold, and where the silent tide
Creeps through the dim salt marsh? Here at my side
The deepening shadows lengthened; I have been
Weary with watching for long hours between
The day and darkness while my task I plied.
What met thy gaze? I hear the people say
Thou art possessed of evil; they have turned
To mock and scorn; again I hear them cry,
"He hath gone down to hell this very day,
And on his countenance the things he learned
Are stamped forever and eternally."

My gaze is sad because my saddened soul
Accustomed is to loneliness and care,
While thou in Heaven dwellest with the fair
New forms of thy creation, and the whole
Wide universe sustains thee. I a dole
Of joy have for my portion, while I bear
Thy poverty with thee, and breathe the air
Of pain for thee, who dost my fate control.
Thou walkest with the shadows of thy dream,
I seek with anxious toil thy children's bread,
And bear the look of scorn thou heedest never;
The waters of thy life in constant stream
Sweep towards a goal the which I fear and dread,
I, bound to thee, yet parted from thee ever.

Thou'st heard the weak complaining of my will,
Thou know'st the joyless pulsing of my heart;
In thy sublimer destiny no part
Have I, yet to thy bidding, who art still
My one desire, I bow me, while I thrill
To thy strange power, thou strong of soul who art
My glory and my pain, whose thought doth dart
From utmost ends of space God's world to fill.
The nightingale may die where Arno floweth,
The flower that Giotto wrought, still poised in air,
May crumble and decay, my name shall fade
In nothingness, but through all time there goeth
Thy word, thy voice, thy love, and thy despair,
The honor of the world before thee laid.

THE SCHILLER ANNIVERSARY

SCHILLER'S MESSAGE TO MODERN LIFE

BY KUNO FRANCKE

HOWEVER widely opinions may differ as to the greatness of Schiller the writer, the thinker, the historian, or even the poet, there can be no difference of opinion as to the greatness of Schiller the apostle of the perfect life. His own life was filled by one central idea. Every line written by him, every deed done by him, proclaim the fact that he felt himself to be the bearer of a sacred message to humanity, and that the consciousness of this high office inspired, ennobled, hallowed his whole existence. It seems proper at the hundredth anniversary of the passing away of this great prophet briefly to define the message to the spreading of which he devoted his earthly career, and to ask ourselves what this message means to us of to-day.

The central idea of Schiller's literary activity is bound up with his conception of the beautiful. Beauty was to him something vastly more significant than the empirical conception of it as a quality exciting pleasurable emotions implies. It was to him a divine essence, intimately allied, if not synonymous, with absolute goodness and absolute truth. It was to him a principle of conduct, an ideal of action, the goal of highest aspiration, the mark of noblest citizenship, the foremost remedy for the evils besetting an age which seemed to him depraved and out of joint. Art was to him a great educational force, a power making for progress, enlightenment, perfection; and the mission of the artist he saw in the uplifting of society, in the endeavor to elevate public standards, in work for the strengthening, deepening, and — if need be — remodeling, of national character.

What was Schiller's attitude toward the great national problems of his own age?

Schiller lived at a time when the very foundations of German political greatness appeared to be crumbling away. Of the ancient glory of the Holy Roman Empire — the pride of former generations — hardly a vestige was left. The civic independence and political power of the German city-republics of the Renaissance had come to be nothing but a shadowy tradition. Public life was hemmed in by a thousand and one varieties of princely despotism and bureaucratic misgovernment, by class monopoly, by territorial jealousies, by local obstructions to trade and industry, by serfdom, by complete political apathy of the ruled as well as the rulers. No wonder that a nation which lacked the most fundamental prerequisites of national consciousness was powerless to withstand foreign aggression, and found itself dismembered, limb by limb, in the furious onslaught of Napoleonic imperialism.

Out of this bondage to external conditions the German spirit freed itself by retreating — so to speak — into the souls of a few great men; men faithful to the legacy of the German past; faithful to the ideal of personality held up by Walther von der Vogelweide, by the Mystics, by Luther, by Leibnitz; faithful to the ineradicable German striving for the deepening and intensifying of the inner life. The greatest of these men — builders from within, as one might call them, or renewers of the national body through reawakening of the national soul — were Kant, Goethe, and Schiller. Kant's appeal is an appeal to the conscience. In this fleeting world of appearances, where everything is subject to doubt and misrepresentation, there stands out one firm

and incontrovertible fact, the fact that we feel ourselves moral beings. The moral law, residing within ourselves, is felt by us instinctively as our innermost essence, and at the same time as the only direct and unmistakable revelation of the divine. In submission to this law, therefore, not in the gratification of our desires, does man's true freedom lie; obedience to the dictates of duty is the only road to the perfect life. If Kant addresses himself to the moral sense, both Goethe and Schiller address themselves to our artistic nature; but while Goethe accentuates the receptive side of our artistic being, Schiller accentuates its creative side. To Goethe, life appeared as an unending opportunity for gathering in impressions, for widening our sympathies, for enriching our imagination, for heightening our sense of the grandeur of all existence; universality of culture was to him the goal of endeavor. To Schiller, life appeared as an unending opportunity for penetrating into the essence of things, for finding the unity lying back of the contrasts of the universe, of matter and spirit, of instinct and reason, and for expressing this unity in the language of art; striving for inner harmony, for oneness with self and the world, was to him the supreme task of man.

It is not surprising that in the actual world about him, in the society of his time, Schiller found little that seemed to him to make for this ideal of inner harmony. Indeed, he felt that this ideal could be attained only in direct opposition to the spirit of his age. The despotic state of the eighteenth century, with its shallow opportunism, its bureaucratic narrowness, its lack of popular energy, seemed to him the sworn enemy of all higher strivings, and fatal to the development of a harmonious, well-rounded inner life. "When the State," he says, in his *Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man*, "when the State makes the office the measure of the man; when it honors in one of its subjects memory alone, in another clerical sagacity, in a third mechanical cleverness; when in one case, indifferent toward

character, it insists only on knowledge, in another condones the most flagrant intellectual obtuseness if accompanied by outward discipline and loyalty, — is it a wonder that in order to cultivate the one talent which brings honor and reward all other gifts of the mind are neglected? To be sure, a genius will rise above the barriers of his profession; but the mass of mediocre talents must of necessity consume their whole strength in their official existence. And thus individual, concrete life is gradually being annihilated in order that the abstract shadow of the whole may drag out its barren existence." In such an age, then, this is Schiller's reasoning, the man who wants to be himself, who strives for inner harmony, must live as a stranger to his surroundings, a stranger to his time, he must remove himself from the distracting and belittling influence of the ambitions of the multitude, he must scorn all participation in the sordid quest for outward success, he must fill himself with the spirit of what the best and the finest of all ages have dreamed and accomplished, he must dwell in the idea of the beautiful.

The striving for the beautiful was to Schiller a call as sacred and solemn as the submission to duty was to Kant; nay, it seemed to him to imply a higher conception of humanity than the moral law. Is it really so, as Kant would have us believe, that reason must be absolute sovereign of the will? that instinct must unconditionally surrender? that it belongs to the essence of the good that it is enforced and brought about against the desires of the instinct? No, says Schiller, this cannot be. For it is impossible to assume that only by suppression of a part of our nature we could achieve its perfection; that only by stifling our inclinations we could live up to our duty. The good consists not in the repression of our instincts, but in ennobling them; not in the mutilation of our nature, but in developing it; not in stagnation, but in the free play of our powers; not in ascetic world-denial, but in manly world-enjoyment, —

in a word, in the creation of the beautiful. Beauty is the perfect union of matter and spirit, of the senses and reason; it is the harmony of the real and the ideal, of the inner world and the outer. As spirit, we are active, determining, masculine; as beings of the senses, we are receptive, determinable, feminine. Our task is to unite these two parts of our being; to reconcile matter and form, instinct and reason; to merge the finite and the infinite. In doing this, nay, even in endeavoring to do this, we create the beautiful, we become ourselves beautiful, we fulfill the worthiest mission of humanity, we reveal the divine in man.

It is clear that from this point of view art comes to be the highest of all human activities. All other activities set only a part of our being in motion; they do not develop our fullest humanity. The pleasures of the senses we enjoy merely as individuals, without the species immanent in us being affected thereby. Nobody but I myself has the slightest part in the fact that I enjoy — let us say oysters on the shell. The pleasures of the senses, therefore, we cannot lift into the sphere of the universal. The functions of reason we fulfill chiefly as species, without our individual self being deeply stirred thereby. If I come to understand some mathematical law, for instance, the thirty-ninth theorem, this is not so much an individual experience as a demonstration of my belonging to the species of *homo sapiens*. Our intellectual pleasures, therefore, cannot fully enter into the sphere of personality. The beautiful alone we enjoy both as individuals and as species, that is, as representatives of the species; and the artist who creates, the public who sympathetically receive the beautiful, thereby lift themselves to the highest plane accessible to man.

I shall not here dwell on the question whether this apotheosis of art does not do injustice to other forms of human activity. What led Schiller to these, we should be inclined to say, over-statements, was probably the absence in the Germany of

his time of a healthy public life which could have taught him the value of any kind of strenuous productive work. It is, however, clear that this very exaggeration of the mission of art carries with it an inspiring force akin to the mountain-removing assurance of religious faith. And there can be no doubt that it was this conception of art as a great public agency, as the great atoner and harmonizer, as the intermediary between the spirit and the senses, as the fulfiller of the ideal of humanity, which has given to German literature of Schiller's time its unique, transcending, and enduring radiance.

No better characterization of this literature could be given than that implied in the following words from Schiller's essay, *On the Use of the Chorus in Tragedy*: "True art has for her object not merely to afford a transient pleasure, to excite to a momentary dream of liberty. Her aim is to make us intrinsically and absolutely free; and this she accomplishes by awakening, exercising, and perfecting in us a power to remove to an objective distance the world of the senses, which otherwise only burdens us as a dead weight, as a blind force, to transform it into the free working of our spirit, and thus to master matter by means of the idea."

Schiller's own poetic activity since the time when he had outgrown the turbulent storm and stress of his youth, was entirely given over to carrying out this ideal. All his ripest productions — the philosophical poems, the ballads, the five great dramas from *Wallenstein* to *William Tell* — bring out the conflict of man with himself and the world, the struggle between his spiritual longings and his earthly desires, and they all point to a reconciliation of these contrasts, to atonement, purification, peace. They all are symbols of the perfect life. Whether we think of such a poem as *The Ideal and Life*, with its brilliant pictures of man's endless striving for mastery over matter; or of such ballads as *The Diver*, *The Fight with the Dragon*, *The Ring of Polycrates*, *The Cranes of Ibycus*, with their wonderful

suggestions of the destiny of man and the workings of Fate; or whether we review the central themes of his principal dramas: in *Wallenstein* the conflict between selfish ambition and moral greatness; in *Mary Stuart* the conflict in a woman's soul between sensual passion and repentant abnegation; in *The Maid of Orleans* the conflict between the human heart and a superhuman task; in *The Bride of Messina* the conflict between human prowess and inexorable Fate; in *William Tell* the conflict between popular right and despotic usurpation,—everywhere we see human nature issue forth from these struggles ennobled, exalted, glorified, even if outwardly defeated; everywhere are we accorded foreboding glimpses, at least, of that higher realm where instinct and reason have become one, where doubts, misgivings, uncertainty, have fled, where beauty, scorning that which is corruptible, has put on her incorruptible body, and shines in transcending, eternal, spiritual radiance.

I have tried briefly to show how the central idea of Schiller's life, his conception of the beautiful, was connected with his view of the society of his time, how it formed part of the inner regeneration of German national life at the end of the eighteenth century. Let me add a few words about the significance which this conception of art seems to have for our own age.

Never before has there been a greater need or a greater opportunity for art to fulfill the mission assigned it by Schiller than there is to-day. Again, as in Schiller's time, the strongest forces of social life tend to alienate man from his own self, to make him part of a huge machine, to prevent a full rounding out of all his faculties. Politically, to be sure, great strides have been made during the last hundred years; the despotic methods of government, in which Schiller saw the most pernicious bar to the full development of personality, have largely been superseded by popular participation in public affairs. But another, and perhaps

graver danger to the cultivation of the best and the finest in human personality confronts us to-day: the overweening, all-overpowering influence of industrialism. The division of labor in every field of activity, brought about by modern methods of industrial production; the fierce competition in every domain of life, made necessary by the industrial struggle for existence; the rapid ascendancy of huge combinations both of capital and labor, demanding complete and unconditional submission of the individual,—in short, all the most characteristic and most fundamental phenomena of modern society militate, every one of them, against the growth of a broad, generous, comprehensive, and thoroughly sound inner life. Again, as in Schiller's time, although for entirely different reasons, men before whose minds there hovers the image of ideal mankind, find themselves inevitably in direct opposition to the ruling tendencies of the age; again they feel strangers in a world whose din and confusion blur and distract the noblest powers of the mind; again they grope about for something which will heal the wounds of humanity, which will pacify the fierce tumult of social strife, which will satisfy the deepest longings of the soul, which will give us at least a symbolic anticipation of man in his fullness and totality.

Is there not, then, a great mission in the world of to-day for Schiller's conception of art to fulfill? More than this, is not Schiller's conception of the beautiful the only artistic ideal capable of becoming a great uplifting public force, a power of redemption from the distracting, distorting, disfiguring influences of modern commercialism, a tower of strength in the struggle for an enlightened, unselfish, elevated national consciousness?

Let us imagine for a moment what the result would be, if Schiller's insistence on the social office of art had come to be generally accepted: how different, for example, the American stage would be, if the managers of all our theatres worked for the elevation of the public taste, instead

of most of them being driven by the desire for private gain; how different our literature would be, if every writer considered himself responsible to the public conscience, if the editors of all our newspapers and magazines considered themselves public educators; how different our whole intellectual atmosphere would be, if the public would scorn books, plays, pictures, or any works of human craft, which did not make for the union of our spiritual and our sensuous strivings; if, in other words, the cultivation of beauty had come to be acknowledged, as Schiller wanted it to be acknowledged, as a duty which we owe not only to ourselves, but also to the community and the country; if it had come to be a regulative force of our whole social life.

We should then be freed from the vain pomp and senseless luxury which hold their baneful sway over so many of our rich, unfitting them for useful activity, poisoning their relation to other classes of society, ever widening the gulf between them and the mass of the people, making their very existence a menace to the republic. We should be saved from the vulgar sensationalism and the vicious voluptuousness which degrade most of our theatres and make them corrupters of morality instead of givers of delight. We should be spared the hideous excrescences of industrial competition which disfigure not only the manufacturing districts of our cities, but even deface our meadows and woods and waterfalls. We should be rid of the whims and fancies of literary fashion which merely please the idle and the thoughtless. We should be relieved from the morbid, pseudo-artistic reveling in the abnormal and the ugly, which appeals only to a superficial curiosity, without stirring or strengthening our deeper self. We should have an art which, while true to life, and by no means palliating its misery and its horrors, would hold before us the task of rising superior to life's woes, of fulfilling our destiny, of rounding out our whole being, of overcoming the inevitable conflict between in-

stinct and duty, between passion and reason, in short, of striving for the perfect life. Such an art would indeed be a great public force for good; such an art, instead of being the servant of the rich, would come to be the spiritual leader of the people; such an art would mature the finest and most precious fruits of democracy.

It does not seem likely that views like these, fundamentally true and self-evident as they are, will ever be generally accepted. In their very nature they are views which appeal only to those to whom the conception of art as a mere opportunity for amusement or display is something utterly repulsive and contemptible. All the more sacred is the obligation of these few, — and that our own time possesses such men, the names of Tolstoi, of Björnson, of Ibsen, of Maeterlinck, of Hauptmann, are a happy reminder, — all the more sacred is the obligation of such men as these steadfastly to adhere to the harmony between the senses and the spirit as the ultimate goal of artistic endeavor.

Far be it from me to underrate what men like those just mentioned have accomplished or what they stand for. These men are undoubtedly worthy followers of Schiller. They once more have opened the eyes of mankind to the fundamental problems of art. They once more have freed art from the slavery of being a mere toy and pastime of the ruling classes; they once more have made it a mouthpiece of suffering, struggling, and aspiring humanity. But has any one of these writers attained to that thoroughly free and thoroughly lawful view of life, that generous comprehension of the rational as well as the emotional forces of man, that measured harmony of form and spirit, which make the very essence of Schiller's art?

Nothing could be more instructive than to compare Schiller's artistic ideal with that of the two greatest of these moderns, and their most characteristic representatives, Leo Tolstoi and Henrik Ibsen. Both these men have as exalted an opinion of the mission of art as had Schiller. To them, as to Schiller, art is essentially

a means for the regeneration of society; to them, as to Schiller, its office is to show the way toward a perfect state of human existence. Both are unrivaled masters in laying bare the perplexing problems, the besetting falsehoods, the secret sins, the tragic conflicts, the woes and horrors, of modern civilization. Both are inspired with an invincible belief in the society of the future, in the coming brotherhood of man, and in their own vocation to bring it about. But must it not be said that this society to come, as conceived by Tolstoi or Ibsen, is an utterly fantastic *jata morgana*, a purely subjective day-dream? Can it be assumed that modern society, with its highly complex and variegated occupations, with its thousand and one gradations of national activity, will revert to the dead level of the stolid, long-suffering, uninitiative Russian peasant, whom Tolstoi would have us consider as the type of the unselfish, loving, truly Christian life of the future? Or, on the other hand, is it possible to imagine that the brotherhood of man can be brought about by the over-individualized, tempestuous, Viking-like race of fighters and visionaries whom Ibsen makes the representatives of his own ideal of human development? And even if either of these conditions were really to come to pass, is it not clear that neither could be brought about

without a violent disruption of the existing order of things; that both Ibsen and Tolstoi, therefore, are fundamentally subversive, and only with regard to possible distant effects of their thought may be called constructive?

What they lack is Schiller's conception of beauty as mediator between the sensuous and the spiritual; what they lack is Schiller's appeal to the best, the most normal, the most human in man: his natural desire for equipoise, for oneness with himself, for totality of character. Schiller's art does not point backward, as Tolstoi's glorification of primitiveness of existence does. It does not point into a dim, shadowy future, as Ibsen's fantastic *Uebermenschen* do. It guides us with firm hand toward a well defined and attainable ideal, the ideal of free, noble, progressive, self-restrained manhood:—

Der Menschheit Würde ist in eure Hand gegeben;

Bewahret sie!

Sie sinkt mit euch! Mit euch wird sie sich heben.

Der freisten Mutter freiste Söhne,

Schwingt euch mit festem Angesicht

Zum Strahlensitz der höchsten Schöne!

Um andre Kronen buhlet nicht.

Erhebet euch mit kühnem Flügel

Hoch über euren Zeitenlauf!

Fern dämmre schon in eurem Spiegel

Das kommende Jahrhundert auf!

SCHILLER'S IDEAL OF LIBERTY

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THE vitality of Schiller's reputation is one of the noblest facts in German literature. It depends not so much on the intrinsic value of his poems and dramas, nor on his excursions into philosophy and history, as on the spirit in which he worked, the spirit which filled his life, and which he has the magic of communicating to his readers. Goethe overtops him in almost every field, and Heine surpasses him in lyric perfection, and yet it is Schiller, and neither Goethe nor Heine,

whom the German people have taken into their hearts, and foreigners have agreed to honor as the spokesman of many of the finest traits in the German nature.

Schiller was an idealist. We speak that word too glibly, seldom stopping to consider what it means to be a true idealist. We usually confound our desires—which range all the way from getting a good dinner to making a fortune—with Ideals. They are as unlike as lust and

love: the dinner is spent in the eating, the fortune may vanish as a bubble bursts, but Ideals endure. Desires tend downward, and are almost necessarily selfish; Ideals look up, and include the welfare of others in their scope. They abide, just as the primal forces of nature abide; and whoever comes under their influence is buoyed up and borne along by them, as by the current of a mighty river.

Among the Ideals by which mankind has been raised out of savagery, three are supreme,—Love of Liberty, Passion for Righteousness, and Zeal for Service. Were society perfect, they would act together in beautiful harmony; but history rarely shows us more than one of them inspiring a given epoch. Zeal for Service launched myriads of mediævals on the Crusades; Passion for Righteousness sent the Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth, and ploughed deep the religious fallows of England; Love of Liberty, manifesting itself as a philosophical principle during the third quarter of the eighteenth century, gained strength rapidly, passed from the philosophical to the dynamic stage, and shattered the Old Régime in Europe.

This Ideal, Love of Liberty, dominated Schiller. He had a cheerless boyhood, but for compensation, being endowed with the idealist's temperament, he saw visions and dreamed dreams. "O Karl," he wrote to a schoolmate, "we have in our hearts a very different world from the real one." And so he grew up, carrying in his heart the Ideals for which life showed him no counterparts, protests against the routine of the military academy which aimed at creating obsequious servants of the Duke of Wurtemberg, without imagination, without volition, without soul, of their own. As he approached manhood and found himself doomed to a profession he abhorred, he saw more clearly that all his ills were due to lack of Liberty. He fed his heart on Rousseau, who persuaded him that Fate had not singled him out to bear an unusual load of wretchedness, but that society was organized so unjust-

ly that only wrong and blight could come from it.

Society must be reformed — but how? At the age of twenty-two Schiller suggested a way in *The Robbers*, a wild play, which holds up brigandage and crime as alternatives to the petrifying routine of the actual social order. Smash first, — then reconstruct, was Schiller's remedy. He himself, gasping for freedom, escaped out of the Duke's bondage, and for several years led a wanderer's life, dependent for the most part on private bounty. He threw off other dramas, seething with protests, yet showing here and there, as through rifts in lurid clouds, gleams of sereener suggestion. He turned to history, he flung himself on philosophy. History hinted to him that mankind advances not by leaps and bounds, but by painful inches; philosophy revealed Liberty to him as the cornerstone of the moral universe.

For it happened that the year 1781, in which *The Robbers* appeared, saw also the publication of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, whose doctrines soon permeated the vanward minds of Germany, and had no more enthusiastic welcomer than Schiller. Rousseau had preached Liberty, involving Equality and the Rights of Man; Kant preached Liberty as a proof of the moral world, and involving the Duties of Man. From these two sources have flowed for over a century the streams of European Liberalism and Revolution — the one seeking its end from without, through politics, the other from within, through social transformation. The philosophers, dreamers, and rebels of the European Continent were strangely indifferent to the concrete examples of Liberty in the American Colonies and of England's constitutional growth. The Germanic and Latin peoples preferred to be guided by Theory rather than by the Experience of the Anglo-Saxons. Now Experience teaches caution and compromise; but Theory, never having been tested by fact, ignores human nature, and too often, in flying at the sun, repeats the tragedy of Icarus.

The intoxication which the new gospel of Liberty produced in Schiller and his contemporaries can hardly be measured. Confident that the true method of life had at last been revealed, they believed that it needed only to be applied in order to cure the evils of society and of every individual. Mankind, by nature good, had been corrupted by adopting through ignorance a wrong system; change the system, and universal health and happiness must ensue.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,

But to be young was very heaven!

The meeting of the French States-General in 1789 confirmed these noble enthusiasts, who watched month by month, with ever-heightening hopes, the realization of their vision. Then came the awful revulsion: instead of Liberty, Terror reigned. While France raged, Europe drew back horrified, and many advocates of Liberty clutched desperately at the old institutions as a last refuge from chaos.

Schiller felt so poignantly the dashing of his expectations, that he could not bear to read the newspapers with their accounts of the French atrocities. He grieved at the setback to progress, at the betrayal of the holiest hopes, at the certainty that, after such a failure, it must be difficult to renew the struggle for Liberty, in whose name the Furies had set up their shambles in France. Still he did not, like his brother poets in England, — Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, — allow himself to be stampeded into the slough of reaction.

In 1793, only a few months after the execution of Louis XVI, he wrote: "This effort of the French people to establish their sacred rights of humanity and to gain political freedom has only brought to light their unworthiness and impotence; and, not this ill-fated nation alone, but with it a considerable part of Europe, and a whole century, have been hurled back into barbarism and servitude. Of movements, this was the most propitious; but it came to a corrupt generation, unworthy to seize it, unworthy to profit by it. The

use which this generation makes and has made of so great a gift of chance incontestably shows that the human race cannot yet dispense with the guardianship of might; that reason steps in too soon where the bondage of brute force has hardly been shaken off; and that he is not yet ripe for *civil* liberty, to the attainment of whose *human* liberty so much is still lacking. . . . Freedom, political and civil, remains ever and always the holiest of all possessions, the worthiest goal of all striving, the great rallying-point of all culture; but this glorious structure can be raised only upon the firm basis of an ennobled character; and, before a citizen can be given a constitution, one must see that the citizen himself be soundly constituted."

I know of no better diagnosis, made at the time, of the degeneration from Liberty to Tyranny. It proves Schiller's sanity; it shows also that he was a true idealist, not a doctrinaire, for doctrinaires are persons whom experience cannot teach. He saw the highroad to political Liberty blocked; very well, — undiscouraged, he would seek another way. He realized now that Liberty is not merely the key to unlock the prison door, but the principle by which alone men can attain their full stature. Deeper than the political, deeper than the industrial or social levels, lies character; he would shape that. And he kept his purpose, for the varied products of his last twelve years all served this end. His genius was, in the largest sense, didactic, devoted not so much to painting men and women as they are, as to show them what they might be. True German to the core, he was a philosopher as well as a poet, and the poet in him never went out of whispering distance of the philosopher.

His friendship with Goethe confirmed him in his resolve to uplift society by means of culture. Goethe, the many-sided and poised artist, had none of Schiller's zeal for correcting abuses; artist-like, he concerned himself chiefly in understanding and describing the world, and he was fully aware that even abuses have their

value to the artist. Toward political Liberty he held the traditional German position, which is that of Feudalism. "If a man has freedom enough to live healthy," he said long afterwards to Eckermann, "and work at his craft, he has enough; and so much all can easily attain. Then all of us are free only under certain conditions, which we must fulfill. The citizen is as free as the nobleman, when he restrains himself within the limits which God has appointed by placing him in that rank. The nobleman is as free as the prince; for, if he will but observe a few ceremonies at court, he may feel himself his equal. Freedom consists not in refusing to recognize anything above us, but in respecting something which is above us; for, by respecting it, we raise ourselves to it, and by our very acknowledgment make manifest that we bear within ourselves what is higher, and are worthy to be on a level with it."

There speaks Feudalism, which was the great contribution of the German race to the methods of government.

But neither Goethe's influence, nor racial tradition, nor the disenchantment wrought by the Reign of Terror, could quench Schiller's enthusiasm. He held that Beauty, to which he more and more devoted himself, was only Liberty made visible, and in his last dramas he either exalted Liberty directly, by setting up shining examples, or indirectly, by revealing the naked ugliness of Tyranny. In *William Tell*, his final message, Liberty has become to him an ecstasy, a religion. The spirit of free-rushing, unpolluted streams, of untrodden Alpine peaks, of chainless winds, sweeps through that play, — the most popular of his works, — and in it he gives specimens of all grades of Liberty, and of her counterfeits.

Schiller died in 1805. The next year came Jena, with the crushing of Prussia and the humbling of Germany by Napoleon. During the dark period that followed, *Tell* was an inspiration to the Germans, who won their liberation in 1813, and at Waterloo dealt Napoleon his death-

stroke. But liberation did not mean Liberty: it meant return to despotic rule. The Germans have been noted since the days of Cæsar for their love of independence, which is indeed equivalent to a staunch patriotism; but this has never checked that feudalizing instinct which has shaped their political and social institutions.

But the great movement toward Liberty, which thrilled Schiller in his youth, had for its political goal the abolition of Feudalism. Although the Reign of Terror checked it, and the genius of Napoleon turned it aside; although after the Restoration all the conservative forces of Church and State rallied to destroy it, still it persisted, and in the next generation it seemed, as in 1789, about to usher in the perfect day. The Revolutions of 1848 were its work, and they accomplished much; the freeing of Italy and the abolition of American slavery accomplished still more; but with them the second wave of Liberalism spent itself.

Since 1870 a tide of reaction has spread through Europe and America. Liberty, the divine impulse which once enabled its disciples to endure all things gladly, — persecution, imprisonment, exile, death, — has fallen under suspicion. We hear much about the failure of republican forms of government. Many observers are skeptical of regeneration through political means. The excellence of mediæval methods is chanted. Militarism has infected the blood. Was Liberty after all only a siren to lure men and nations to destruction on the reefs of Democracy? Ah no! Democracy — which has never yet had a fair trial — must be the ultimate political system, when Liberty comes to her own.

But the ideal of Liberty stops not at the political: it is at work as a solvent in every province, — business, education, philosophy, morals, religion. It rests on the fundamental truth that, since every human will emanates from the Universal Will, its health requires free access to the Universal Will. The moment a ruler or an institution thrusts between them, and

substitutes his own interests for the Universal, tyranny begins. All the highest human manifestations presuppose freedom. *Compulsory* loyalty, *compulsory* love, *compulsory* worship, *compulsory* heroism, — the very terms are a contradiction. Human evolution is a succession of emancipations: first from natural conditions, then from bodily servitude, then from political, ecclesiastical, social, economic, and industrial tyrannies, from vicious habits, from disease, from ignorance. We stand only on the threshold of the new dispensation of Liberty; the old feudalities still control many of our methods and tinge our ideals; but to her, if the world is to grow better, the future belongs.

Because Schiller saw this and bore witness to it, he is the best loved of German

poets. His voice, with its burden of Liberty, finds an echo in every heart; for no human being is too debased to understand that message, which, like an oriole's song of a May morning, needs no interpreter. That Schiller identified himself with this supreme ideal will long keep his name alive. Posterity reveres its emancipators, be they inventors or statesmen, teachers or artists, prophets or poets.

"We are both idealists," Schiller wrote a few weeks before his death to his dear friend, Wilhelm von Humboldt, "we are both idealists, and should be ashamed to have it said of us that we did not form things, but that things formed us." To that utterance every spirit will respond which consecrates itself to the service of Liberty.

THE WHITE LIGHT

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

I

I DID cruel things to him. Once was after he had been up all night typewriting a paper I had been invited to prepare for a particular issue of a medical journal.

When he brought it to me next morning, I said, "Thank you, Dave," and was going to let it go at that. However, some sense of justice constrained me to add, "I've been glad of your help with this."

He did not reply, though he lingered, looking down at the book-littered desk, his eyes childish heavy with fatigue.

As he stood so, my hand, searching out a volume, jostled the manuscript, and part of it slid to the floor.

"Shall I put it in a drawer?" he asked.

"Do."

Several were crammed. He pulled last at a large top one.

"That's locked," I said. Then an idea struck me, and I flung him a key from a

vest pocket. "But you can clear it out for me. A few old records are there, — things I once thought of value."

He drew the drawer out and knelt on the floor, emptying the contents in the seat of a chair close by.

"You might wish to save something," he explained.

"I think not; but you can look over them."

As I spoke, he realized the nature of the contents.

"Yes, father," he said.

He took a few seconds, during which I watched him strip his heart of all that could benumb — of pride — of anger — of indifference. When he looked up, he was visibly defenseless, whatever the hurt.

"Go on."

He lifted some little pictures of a little boy. Beautiful, high-spirited, grave-eyed, he smiled at the men who were so serious over his plaything of Life.

In one his young mother held him, dreamed over him. She had been dead, oh, many years. Had she been living, I think he would presently have crept to her arms and cried.

"Give that one to me," I said, pressing his shoulder. He handed me the little picture, and took up others of an older lad, lovable and charming, with firmly closed lips, and perplexed brows, as if he, too, had begun to take his plaything seriously.

"She died that year," he said involuntarily. Our eyes met with the shock of the thought.

"Go on," I said.

Rousing himself, he rapidly turned over the rest,—pictures of the boy grown older, more careless: class pictures, boating pictures, ball team pictures,—I looked over his shoulder at them all. There were other things,—college medals, treasured by him for a time, then cast aside with meaning outgrown; college magazines with his first verses and stories; clippings from local papers, good-natured notices of his small triumphs,—all the touching, trivial things women are supposed to secrete for cherishing, but which will oftener be found in a man's desk or heart. And under all, so that it had lain on top in the drawer, a photograph of a drunken, boyish group, taken in a drunken, boyish freak, out of which his own face laughed fatuously up into mine.

I felt him start.

"Put it all in the fire," I said, letting go his shoulder and turning to my work.

He obeyed me without a word. Then he carefully arranged the manuscript in the drawer, and replaced it in the desk. But he did not go, as I expected. He stood there looking at me.

I shook my head, without raising my eyes.

"You don't realize, father," he said in a voice that shook a very little. "You can't feel that I really try. But I do, until—Oh," he cried, "until a madness comes, and I don't know what I do."

"I don't mean to be a brute to you,

Dave," I said at length, "but I've got to take you to heart less, else I should soon not have the courage to live and work." I looked at him: "You can see that?"

"Yes," said Dave. His voice broke on the word, and he went away.

II

We who speak are the Time and the Place. Sometimes the man's thoughts are confused—the woman will not confess hers. If the story is to go on, we must take it up.

Reed's veranda was gay with lights when Dave came in sight. It was like a scene staged in the perspective of the oak avenue. Blossoming vines draped the immense white pillars with scenical effect. Two girls occupied the centre of the stage. Men crossed and spoke to the girls, or to one another. Suddenly music started up. Dave had chanced on a birthday fête. One of the girls sprang to her feet, as he paused, halfway up the steps.

"Why, it's you!" she cried luminously.

Slowly a child's dark head and rosy face bloomed beautifully in Dave's memory. Their hands clasped happily.

"It is surely my little cousin Narcissa," he said, with his most lovable smile. She was almost as little as ever, and even sweeter in face and manner.

After a question as to her return from her convent school, and an answer, which delightedly sketched an immediate future of dances, drives, and devotion, including him most innocently as a matter of course, Dave nodded to the men about him, and crossed the porch to meet his father's friend. Reed took him to the library as the place where they could best transact their business, though even there a white shadow and a dark one flitted out of an alcove window as they entered.

"My father meant to ride over earlier," said Dave, producing a Morgan pedigree from an inside pocket, "but a call came, and he sent me with this. He will see you himself in the morning."

Here a second couple looked in, and retired with a disappointed air. Reed laughed.

"I promised Helen this room to-night," he said, leading the way into a smaller apartment fitted up with a chair, a gun, and three sporting magazines.

Outside, Narcissa looked from one to the other, troubled, a little pale.

"Why should n't I speak cordially to my own cousin?" she murmured defiantly. "I'll *kiss* him if I choose." The color flew back to her cheeks. "He was just what my own brother ought to have been to me when I was little."

Her own brother laughed irritatingly.

"We've all grown up since then," he said. "Hear the truth. Dave has grown up to be most abominably dissipated. He has n't the head for it. It does him up. He has cut loose from us, in a way. When he is n't on a spree, he is working like a galley slave to live up to his contracts."

"He used to be a hundred times sweeter than any of you,"—she included in her glance most of her childish comrades,— "and twice as clever."

Her girl companion caught her hand.

"And how much better looking?" she laughed softly.

"*What* has that to do with it?" scornfully cried Narcissa. She surveyed the circle of amused masculine faces. "Though it's perfectly true," she admitted sorrowfully.

Her brother shouted. Her other auditors looked downcast.

"Still you'll have to dance with me, Narcissa," said Bob Carter. "You've already promised. In this instance I find it better to be good than"—

"Hush!" looked the girl.

A silence in the nature of a confession enveloped them, as Dave, passing, smiled toward the group.

"Come to see me, Cousin David," cried Narcissa, clearly, sweetly, imperatively.

He paused, including Narcissa and her companions in a glance of quiet comprehension. Then he advanced to the girl, looking only at her.

"You know that I wish to come," he said, and bowed, and went away, tingling with shame; but too sweet-tempered to be angry with any one else, and too sad to be angry with himself.

"Win," said Narcissa, as they drove home in the dawn, "is Dave any worse than the rest of you?"

"Narcissa," said Winthrop candidly, "he is n't. He is only more conspicuous, because he writes such jolly good yarns. And it's just because he can be better than any of us that it's worse for him to be as bad. He is perfectly honorable, he has more brains than any dozen of us, but he is a fool when he drinks, and he drinks too often. It makes him crazy. He ought n't to touch the stuff, you see. Some fellows are made so. He seems capable of anything but self-control. He worships his father. He always did, you remember; but he is breaking his heart."

"Do you think he will come to see us, Win?" asked the girl, at the end of another mile.

"I am certain he will not," answered Winthrop sleepily. Then he roused to say, "If Dave does n't pull up for Uncle Dolph, he will not for any one else,—don't you think it?"

"Oh!" cried the girl, out of a sudden sickness of heart. She had been two weeks from her convent school, and was finding men but poor creatures.

The next time she saw Dave she was riding alone in the wood road along the ridge overlooking the water. Blue, glorious vistas opened to her now and then, framed fairly in leaves of oak and vine. She sat pillion fashion on her dainty black mare, her reins loose on her pommel. A broad ribbon of black velvet tied her plait of dark hair away from her delicate, fresh little face. She was singing happily and absent-mindedly:—

Lady Anna was buried in the East,
Giles Collins in the West.

There came a lily from Giles Collins
And touched Lady Anna's breast, breast,
And touched Lady Anna's breast.

Beyond the road curve Dave smiled.

He, too, had been sung to sleep with *Lady Anna*. He sat his horse bareheaded, and she started as little as if he had been in her thoughts.

He leaned over and gathered up her bridle reins for her.

"You must n't be so careless."

He said it playfully, as to a child.

"She's a kitten."

"I know, — climb a tree if a scrap of paper blows her way."

Narcissa laughed.

"She does n't. She only jumps across the road."

"Well, you must not," said Dave seriously.

"Well, I won't, to-day. But you have n't changed much, have you?"

"Did I always meddle?"

"No, — but you always gave good advice."

"You did n't always take it."

"No, I have changed, you see."

She turned the mare's head.

"But you are coming with me, are n't you?"

A wave of color swept him, swept her.

"No," he said at length.

Her face had a hurt look, like that of a child thrown back on itself.

"Good-by, then," she said, in a voice like her look. "There's a visiting girl I must go home to."

She did not look back as she cantered off.

III

But sometimes he did cruel things to me. One evening we met at the cross-roads. I had not seen him for two weeks. His horse looked fagged, his face haggard, and his shoulders were drooping, until he saw me. Then he sat straight, and met my eyes with a courage I always wondered at. I ignored his absence. I met him with some careless comment on his horse, and he rode on by me in silence. At length, glancing around, I found him regarding me attentively.

"Yes?" I asked.

"What had you in mind just then?"

"Why, David," I said truthfully, "I was wishing you at least ten years younger."

Again I flicked the whip I carried, just a very little.

He colored violently.

"Well, you can." Then he smiled: "If you can."

I was too exasperated not to carry the thing farther, — too exasperated to see that he was making me carry it farther.

"Shall I show you?" I said. "Unless it is a jest?"

"No," he answered, after a moment's deceptive deliberation, "it is n't."

"Then tie the horses, and come with me."

We dismounted, and he led them aside into the shadow of the wood, and bent boughs to fasten the reins to. Then he turned to me, his hand on his horse's neck.

"I know a place," he said.

I followed him into a sun-spangled hollow sunk in a cedar wood. Here he stopped and pulled off his coat and looked at me.

It was a dare.

"Get down," I said.

He knelt at once, his hands together above him against an old cedar trunk. The late sun struck through on his bare head and his obstinate shoulders. Suddenly I understood that he had brought me to one of those temples created by youth from the beauty of nature and the sadness of life. What piteous yieldings, what hard self-appraisements, had my boy not endured in this quiet place. Touched, softened, I crossed to him quickly and put my hand over his.

"Get up," I said. "You know I can't."

He did not move. I heard his heart beating in the silence as I stooped and put my arm around him.

At that he stirred, his eyes lifted to mine, and I comprehended with a shock, what I had not known before, that Youth could sometimes crave pain, as Hunger craves bread.

I stood thinking. "David," I said, at last, "this — this is not a man's penalty. You have no right to give me the right. And — dear, dear fellow, you have not thought, have you, that it is cowardly to run to brute pain to escape the punishment of your own thoughts?"

A flame of shame wrapped him.

"Father!" he cried out to me.

He flung himself away from me to the ground, and I plunged, stumbling, from the sound that pursued me. It was very low, it was cruelly controlled, but I heard it a long time.

It was dark when he came home. I did not expect him before. I had known that he could not bear the sunlight of that day again.

With the sound of his feet running up the stairs that other sound receded and died.

Within the hour he came down, fresh from a bath, his hands filled with proofs to be corrected for the morning's mail, and sat on the steps at my knees under the red porch lantern. When he had worked a while, he turned to me.

"Why, father," he said. The look, wholly loving, wholly beautiful, deepened in his eyes. He caught my hands in a nervous, cramping grip.

"You can't get hurt all by yourself, Davie," I explained.

His look changed to an entreaty.

"But I can't promise," he said desperately. "I might lie to you."

I do not know what he read in my eyes of bitter helplessness, and hopelessness, and tormented pride, and wounded love, but he turned white under the red light, and dropped his head in his arms on my knee.

After a long time I slid a hand in his.

"I ask nothing, Davie," I said.

IV

Other times she met him. Perhaps she planned to meet him. She will never tell. But this is the truth, that he never planned

to meet her. This chronicles that morning she went trespassing in his father's chestnut wood, and found him filling the pockets of his hunting-coat with the first fallen nuts. He emptied them in her little riding-cap. She was blushing, laughing, protesting. A wavy, brown braid of hair swung to her bending waist. She looked about fourteen, perched on her little English saddle.

"The fence was down," she explained.

"The gates are open," he answered, orientally polite.

"Ours are, too, but" — She waved a hand of negation.

He looked at her stubbornly.

"I've been reading your new book," she said, with a smiling retreat from the *impasse*.

"What did you read in it, Narcissa?"

"The only *you* that makes any difference, Davie," she said.

Then, quite suddenly, with strange unexpectedness to them both, the tears sprang to her brown, laughing eyes, her lips trembled, she hid her face in her little brown gauntlets, and the cap tilted so that her nuts ran pattering to the carpet of dead leaves. Then she blushed. All that he could see of her sweet face and throat turned to scarlet, agonizing and intense. She was shrinking.

"Girl," he said, "I worship you."

It was the unimprisoned star to the man set free. It was the rain to the lilies of the drouth. It was the rippling of freed waters after the half circle of Arctic night. Whatever is most beautiful, whatever the soul would die without — it was this. And it was what he had to do. It makes no difference that he yearned to do it. He never would have done it, if she had not blushed. But he, too, had known an engulfing shame, — had known it helplessly, — had not borne it without crying out. How, then, could he bear this for her? All the chivalry in his heart sprang to her rescue, and turned that blush to a glory. But he did not move, and his hands were shut tight behind him.

When hers fell slowly, she met a gaze so

long, so deep, so humble, that her shame and her shyness fled. She straightened up like a young princess who had found it needful for her soul's content to confer a favor.

"Come here, Davie," she said.

When he stood at her stirrup she swung toward him a little, and put her arm around his neck, and for just a second he felt her soft cheek pressed against his head. His hands slowly unclenched, and lifted, and closed over hers.

"I think I am going to behave myself, Narcissa," he said.

She did not answer. He looked up and caught her eyes, already condoning, forgiving, loving, no matter what he did. Already the mother love, curled full flowered in every woman's heart, had shot up to the sun, — that dear, demoralizing divineness of affection never to be wearied.

Most men impose on it; but to a creature of Dave's temperament it was the one thing that shamed him most perfectly. He had been too young when she died ever to have realized it in his mother; but when mothers die, fathers are sometimes given that love, and once he had surprised it in his own father's eyes. "I ask nothing, Davie," he had said with that look. And now she was bending it on him.

He kissed her little hands in the silence that fell. What words were fit to break it?

When he looked up again she had reddened sweetly.

"Now I am going," she said, "but you must stay."

Before he could reply she was vanishing between the trees, and he was standing alone among the scattered nuts. Smiling a little, he stooped and gathered them back to his pockets. He would give them to her next time.

V

I met papa at the gap. This is not astonishing, as I had left the house with him. Only, when he went to drive a stray colt

from the pasture I ran away to Dave's chestnut wood. Of course I know it is really Uncle Dolph's wood.

Papa was angry. He was even as angry as he ever gets with me.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, without a trace of that courtesy which the sisters say is just as much due your own daughter as a perfect stranger.

"I have been with Davie, papa."

"Does he ask you to meet him in this way?" said papa. He turned Ashcake's head into the gap.

"No," I said. "It's entirely accidental — to Davie — As for me, I did n't know he was there. I only hoped so."

"Then," said papa in an outrageously insulting way, — I was glad the sisters could n't hear him, for they admire him greatly, — "I am to infer that you love a man who does not love you?"

"He adores me," I cried, coloring furiously.

The tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Oh, he has proposed, then?"

"I made him do it. He never would have."

Papa began swearing.

"Papa," I said, "don't you know Davie is a gentleman?"

He would n't answer me.

"And don't you suppose the sisters did their duty by me for ten years?"

"I hope so," he said grimly.

"Then listen to me the right way, and I will tell you everything. It's not much."

He cooled down, and began to look more worried than angry.

"Papa," I said, "we loved each other when we were little, and when we met in May we knew at once that the love had been growing up with us, though we had hardly seen each other for so long. And then Davie would not come to see me, and sometimes I met him when I rode in the morning, and once he happened to come to cousin Aline's when I was there. This morning only makes seven times that I have seen my Davie all summer. He never, never tried to see me. He thought he ought not to. This morning was my

fault, but it all came so unexpectedly. He had to tell me. I would have died if he had not. He is the only man in the world who can make me miserable, and he is the only man in the world who can make me happy, and I do not believe he will ever make me miserable."

"Poor little fool!" said papa.

But I did not mind. Old people always call young ones that, I notice, when they get beyond them in any way, and at least he was not angry any longer. I was glad of that, for just then Davie strolled toward the gap. He set his lips a little when he saw us, but came straight forward, and stood just within his side of the fence by Ashcake's neck.

"Were you coming over, Uncle Miles?" he asked.

"No," said papa, just so. He sat and looked at Davie, and Davie looked at him, and I could have screamed, they made me so nervous. I did n't notice papa's face, but Davie's had two looks in it that fascinated me. He looked heart-breakingly humble, and wickedly proud, and he lifted his dear eyes and let papa probe into them as if he had the right. Once he blushed so that it must have hurt him, and once he got white, but he would not look away until papa was through with him, — my boy, my own boy.

"No," said papa at last, holding out his hand, "but I want you to come home with us, Dave."

Now, I wish the sisters could have heard *that*.

VI

"Hello, Miles," I called. But he was coming toward me, so I stopped.

"Well," he said, with a foot on my wheel. "The children have settled it."

"You don't mean — Dave?"

"But I do."

"You can't want it, Miles," I said. "I could n't bear for my boy to make your girl unhappy. And no matter what he does or is, I shan't change to him."

"I don't know that I should, myself,

Dolph," said Miles with a vexed air. "I love the fellow."

"But you can't want it?"

"No, I do not want it — but what can I do? Could n't we trust him?"

"Frankly, I think that what Dave does not do for me he cannot do for any one."

"He is doing it for you now, is n't he?"

"How long will it last?" Then I said bitterly, "He has lied to me about this."

"Then you knew?"

"Yes. He had taken some little photographs of her as a child — some Lucy used to have — to put on his desk. One day when I was upstairs I noticed them, and he told me he cared — but he did not mean to tell her. He did not hesitate to promise me not to, — under existing conditions, at least."

Miles looked away. I could have sworn he was embarrassed.

"What did you say to them?"

"I told him that if he stayed sober the rest of the year he could have her. She shall go stay with Mona till then. She was going anyway, before this thing came up. If he can't do it, why, she may as well be miserable without him as with him, and it won't last so long."

I looked up at the old red house, lonely in its grove of oak. I wanted Dave's life to be completed, and I loved the little Narcissa, and I knew that two men and a housekeeper do not make a home; but already a vague jealousy tormented me. And then, — I am ashamed that such a thought could ever have given me comfort for the hundredth part of a second, — then it came to me that it was not likely Dave could do it, and I felt better.

Miles took himself off with that last speech, and I was free to drive on with my thoughts. When I left the trap at the stable they were still busy with the fact that Dave had broken his word to me. I frowned involuntarily when I saw him making toward me.

"Make haste," he called, "and we can get a look at the white caps before the rain catches us."

Then I noticed that the day had turned dark, and a storm was blowing in from the water. He caught my shoulder and hurried me along to the shelving bank overhanging the beach.

"Is n't it fine?" he shouted in my ear.

I looked and saw a million white feathers of foam scudding across a sheet of steel forty miles wide. The wind was rocking us on our feet. Dave clutched my arm, and I echoed his thrill of excitement. His brown hair tossed wildly, his eyes were sparkling, his lips curled in a smile of pleasure. He was so absolutely unconscious and happy that my grievance came back to me, and glancing around he surprised it in my face.

He looked a question and I nodded.

"I'm sorry," he said in a lull of the wind, "I meant to tell you, myself."

His look coaxed me. "It is so perfectly different," he said at last.

At that the white wall of rain moving over the water fell on us, and we turned and ran.

Ten minutes later he came in to me, half dressed, and pulled me down by him on the side of my bed.

"Father," he said, "don't think that I shan't always love you better than any one in the world."

For the first time in many years I saw his eyes fill with tears.

"No, you must love her best, Davie," I said, ashamed of myself at last.

"I worship my girl," he cried with an irradiating glow. "I must, to have lied to you for her." But he did not look ashamed. "Only, my love for you is quite different. It means all my life to me. It means the love I would have given my mother if she had not died. It means," he said, with his slow flush, "that you have forgiven me a thousand times."

A week later Narcissa took away my last hurt.

She had ridden over to say good-by.

"Davie wanted to bring me with him yesterday," she said, "but I meant to see you alone, Uncle Dolph, — to explain something."

She looked at me timidly. I took her hand, and made her sit down on the porch bench by me.

"Papa told me that you were hurt because Davie broke his word to you — about me. I came to tell you that — I made him. I did n't mean to; but I knew he loved me, and he could n't help seeing that I was miserable because he would n't tell me so. He had to do it," she whispered, blushing piteously.

"And a good thing he did," I said, though I did n't know yet whether it was or not. Then I kissed her, and she grew confiding, and put me to confusion by begging for some photographs of Dave when he was a little boy.

"You have n't any?" she said incredulously. "Why, I've seen them myself" —

"They were burned — accidentally," I explained quickly, with a half truth to offset the half lie.

"Oh, and I've been thinking about them all week! He has mine, on his desk."

Then she rose to go.

"I wish I did n't have to go away," she said wistfully. "Do you think I must?"

"Yes," I said, blushing for my own. "It's best."

"You know how sweet he is," she said, as I lifted her to her saddle, "I could n't help loving him, could I?"

Just then Dave rode around the corner of the lawn, and we started guiltily.

He stopped beside Narcissa, and handed her her neglected reins with the air of performing an established ceremony.

"I was just on my way to you. You said nine."

"But I meant eight," she declared gravely. She looked at me smilingly.

"Oh, if it's a secret," said Dave.

"Yes, it is," said Narcissa. She leaned down, kissed me, and they rode off together.

VII

Coming in, I found Dave lying on the floor under the fireplace window, scrib-

bling on his eternal little square tablet with a stubby fountain pen.

I dropped in a chair. "Perhaps I'll get an evening at home," I said. "I hope so — I've some cases to look up. Well, Dave — any flattering things this week?"

He indicated a medley of letters and reviews on my desk, — I drew the letters over to me. Some I read with a smile of pleasure, others with a busy man's irony. Two were from rather silly women who wrote, one from a much older writer of stories, the others from editors, enclosing checks, or asking contributions.

Presently I pushed them away, and contemplated Dave with a luxurious sense of wonder. That a fellow of twenty-six should get famous, almost rich, in two years, by doing what he would have been miserable not to do, while all around him men worked like dogs, and died poor and unsatisfied, was too much of a fairy tale to fit in with life as I had found it for fifty years.

"Pretty good," I said, tapping a letter from a big editor.

"But I like this best."

"Yes," I assented without enthusiasm.

I had, in truth, somewhat resented the paternal tone adopted by its middle-aged author. I began on my own letters, and Dave went back to his pad.

The autumn fire had been replenished, and the lamps lighted, and no call had come.

"This is the real thing," I said, getting up to pull over my books. "I wish I had more such evenings. Dave, stop ruining your eyes. Go to the light."

He stood up, stretching his cramped arms.

"Can't I read something to you — take notes or something? You said you had cases to look up."

"Can't collaborate — I wish I could. No, go back to your stuff."

"That's a disrespectful way to speak of epoch-making fiction," he observed, with a sparkle in his eye.

I laughed. "Dave," I said, "it can never be anything but absurd to me. It's

perfectly true about the prophets, old fellow, and you're on your own hearthrug."

Dave laughed this time.

"What a fraud you are, dad," he said, falling to work. "What becomes of my reviews? Answer me that."

I smiled, and came back to him.

"I suppose *you* hoard them up," I said barefacedly.

It was midnight when I pushed my chair back and thought of bed. Dave was moving restlessly about the room, taking out a book here and there, or drumming on the doors of the cases. After watching him a minute, I called, "Don't fidget. You worry me."

"I beg your pardon, father," he said with a start. He came over and lay on the rug in the shadow of the desk, with an arm thrown above his head, his hand holding to the rung of my old hickory arm chair.

"Again, Dave?" I asked downheartedly; "but why?"

He hesitated a little. "I sound like a baby," he said at last. "Well, my horse came down with me Saturday in a post-hole some fool had left. I was stunned for the moment, and old Bob Carter got scared, and emptied a brandy flask down my throat."

"Well, he was another fool. Don't you be a third." Then I said presently, in the interests of science, "Why is it so hard for you not to be?"

"Father," said Dave, carefully selecting a figure of speech, "when it gets so you *are* one, it's like being without water in an alkali desert."

I had no other question to ask. After a silent half hour, I rose, and stood looking down on him.

"Well, I'll get some sleep. See that the fire is safe when you come up."

"I'll go now."

At the door of my room he hesitated, after he had said good-night.

"You can come in," I said, smiling in spite of myself.

Two hours later I woke with a start, and reached out my hand. It touched his

poor, clenched fist. I rose to my elbow and lit the lamp on the table. He lay flat on his back, staring up with unseeing eyes.

The sweat of the battle drenched him. His hands were clenched, and his teeth were clenched, and he drew breath dumbly.

"Don't you sleep, Davie?" I asked, sick at heart. He shook his head.

"Since when?"

"This is three nights," he said, speaking softly. "Don't bother, father, I'll go to my own room now."

"No, stay." I left him a moment. When I came back, I took his hand and began rolling up his sleeve. "You must n't get this way, you know," I said, in my most professional tone.

He looked at me, and drew his arm away.

The movement was so absolute in its negation that I dared not dispute it.

"Oh, I know I should n't," I said, putting up the needle, "but it might tide you over. Then I can do nothing?"

"You've done everything," he said, "only it's up to me, now. I must know what I'm about, must n't I?"

"Yes, dear fellow," I said, as I had said it before.

He turned over and covered his face with his arm, and I lowered the light.

As I did so, the office 'phone clanged startlingly through the house.

When I returned from answering it, he was sitting up.

"Yes, I'll have to go," I said. "It's an accident. Dress quickly, — I'll need you."

Not until we were driving rapidly across the country did he ask, "What is it?"

"A washout. Number 3 rolled down a bank into a creek. People are killed."

He began to speak, then stopped, took the reins, and we went faster than before.

There is not much difference in bad night wrecks. Darkness, pain, and death, and a bewilderment of horror among the living, all in one black confusion, lit here and there by a train lantern.

Twenty were dead, half a hundred injured. I was glad to have Dave along, for he had sense enough to do the best thing

without being told. Nothing of the sort had ever come his way before, and I saw that he looked pretty white over it, but he did not fail me, and I soon forgot about him.

After we had worked among the ruins some hours, but before all had been rescued, I felt a touch on my arm.

"Is Davie here?" whispered a little ghost in a gray kimono.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "where did you come from, child?"

"I was coming home for Thanksgiving. I think I have been fainting in the sleeper. I can't remember."

"Did Dave know you were coming?"

"Of course. Where is he?"

"He is helping somewhere," I answered, peering around in the confusing dawn light.

At length I saw him stooping over a man who had been carried up on a nearby bank. As I looked, he placed his hat over the man's face, and turned away.

"Dave," I called.

He came to me quickly, looking like a ghost himself.

"We can spare you now," I said. "I see the nurses and doctors from town are over there. You must get Narcissa home."

He took her in his arms as she stood trembling.

"I thought you were dead," he said.

She clung to him in a dazed silence, and he lifted her into the trap.

"But you?" he asked.

"Come back for me. Don't wait. The child's sick with it all."

He sprang up by her, and put his coat around her shoulders.

At that she looked questioningly at her queer silk robe and half-bare arms.

"I am cold," she said, "but it is n't really cold, is it?"

"No, dear," said Dave.

"Then I'll keep your coat, Davie."

She sat quite silent a moment, then she looked at us.

"When I came to you, Uncle Dolph, I passed some women holding a little girl. She was screaming — she was dying. She

was calling her mother. And her mother lay dead in her dead husband's arms ten feet away. I—I don't hear her now," she said.

She hid her face in her hands. "The children, Davie," she sobbed aloud, "*the poor little children!*"

Dave looked at me blindly. Then he put his free arm around her, and the horse started off.

He was back long before I could leave. Night had fallen again as we drove home, having done our best. The past night seemed so remote when my mind reverted to it that it was difficult to think of it as affecting the present, yet I said, —

"You'll sleep to-night, Dave."

"Yes," he answered absently. Then he turned to me in the darkness.

"Father," he said, with a backward

gesture, "when you see *that* for the first time — women like those you love — men like yourself — children even" — he stopped short that he might not cry out, like Narcissa. "When you've been in the glare of death for fourteen hours, if it does n't make you blind, why, you don't grope any longer. Your way of life lies plain without any coward's alternative, — the way you've got to go." He paused. "Even love has n't been illuminating enough," he said slowly. "It took death to make me understand that I must not hurt love — *that I must not*. . . I could die of shame."

I found his hand in the dark, and it clung to mine.

"I may want to," he said, "I want to now — but I shan't. Don't you ever waste a thought on it again, father."

THE DECORATIVE USE OF WILD FLOWERS

BY CANDACE WHEELER

Not every one has a flower garden, but every one who spends even a part of the summer in the country has the freedom of the roadsides, pastures, meadow, and woods; the wild gardens which belong to every man and to no man, where every one is free to gather, and there is no one to forbid. Of course it is by courtesy and custom that this freedom extends to the fields and woods, and it may be that the unacknowledged obligation enhances the privilege of leaving the long, narrow roadside flower beds, and looking for rarer and more effective things along fences and hedges, and in shadowed and solitary places.

If one has acquired the habit of wild-flower gathering, and the knowledge of what to gather and how to bring her gleanings safely home; and the still further knowledge of the best decorative effect to be gotten from them, she has

reached a possibility of great satisfaction and everyday happiness.

The first important thing is to know which of them have friendly and social characteristics and are willing to exchange outdoor for indoor air, and a diet of good solid earth for thin water; and will neither pine nor remonstrate at the change. Of course, the wonder is that any of these smiles of nature will bear the exchange, and continue to smile; but we find among them those that will behave like fortunate and well-placed adopted children, believing in the ability, power, and devotion of all "grown-ups," and quite willing to trust themselves in their hands.

Yet in spite of general complaisance, nearly every species has its inherent likes and dislikes to surroundings or happenings, and will behave well or ill according to them. For this reason, successful flower decoration demands a perfect understand-

ing of flower idiosyncracies, none the less interesting because the majority are amiable and insensitive. We all know that some of the friendliest and most domestic of plants — those which will allow us to trample them under our very feet, as long as they grow in earth and breathe in open air — will be satisfied with nothing less; while others of the shyest natures, choosing to live in retired and lonely places, will bear themselves with courage and beauty when brought into the companionship of the house.

Some, indeed, seem absolutely to expand and rejoice in the artificial atmosphere of human habitations, while others would literally rather die than live under the same conditions.

The dandelion, which might, if it would, be the crown and glory of wild-flower decoration, refuses to exist except in soil, and will succumb almost before it has touched water. The long, hollow stem, which looks and is a veritable vegetable hose, will not condescend to carry liquid food to the queen blossom. One could reconcile oneself to the immediate closing up of the disk of the vegetable gold, if a bud would open in its place, but this it seems disinclined to authorize. I have discovered, however, more than a compensation for this reluctance of the flower to accept human companionship, in the fact that the perfect seed-globe may be plucked with impunity. Nothing in plant nature is more beautiful, more ethereal, more delicately suggestive of spiritual existence in the blossom world, than a fully developed seed-globe of the dandelion flower. One thinks of it as a plant aspiration, a floating flower-thought, something that stands beyond the vanishing point of matter. If these tender manifestations are carefully transported to the house and placed in water, they will continue for days, waiting for the delayed air current which should waft them to some sheltered bit of earth where they may lie until time and golden weather combine to start them upon a new stage of existence. Ten or twenty of these winged things gathered

into a tall Venetian glass, surrounded by newly-grown maiden-hair ferns, will give one a new ideal of refinement in flower-arrangement. Of course, the ferns are sure to shrivel and curl before many hours are over, and will require several renewals, but the dandelion ghosts will stand bravely on until their lengthened days are numbered.

Another almost domestic flower which shares a reluctance to human intimacy is the great white elder. An elder bush in full flower is not only one of the most beautiful, but one most eminently suggestive of decorative use, and yet this great flat expanse of bloom will not bear breakage from the parent stem, and has apparently a rooted objection to house air. It quietly collapses just when we have accomplished our most perfect effects; its circle of thousands of little individual blossoms withering almost as soon as the stems are placed in water. There is a way of circumventing even this positive negative of the elder for decorative use. If we will cut brown, woody branches, where the green stems of the flower bunches are short and closely connected with last year's growth of wood, the flower will continue to blossom, and even remain fresh until every tiny flower circle falls, and only the beautiful and minute branching of the hundreds of blossom stems remains. These often take on a purple tint with the green, as a foretaste of the color of the berries they should bear, and are in themselves a beautiful decoration.

Those who are unacquainted with its disappointing habits are always tempted by the entrancing color of the orange-red hawkweed, and will continue to gather it until taught by experience that it utterly refuses to live in water. This is also true of the white and lemon-colored roadside varieties, and approximately so of the tall and eminently effective fireweed or purple rocket.

This should by all appearance and reasoning be an amenable and lasting flower, the stem having a robust, independent look which indicates fortitude. The color

of the flower stems is even more beautiful than that of the flower, and its want of human liking is a yearly disappointment to the wild-flower lover.

In the case of the fireweed and other reluctant wild blooms, I have found that sudden and immediate change will seem to pass unnoticed, shock being apparently less fatal to them than suspense. If one carries a water jar on his flower gathering, and plunges the stems in water as soon as separated from the plant, they will often go on blossoming in the house without knowing that they have been transplanted.

It is flattering to some human quality in us, some pride of species, to accomplish the adoption of reluctant flowers successfully, but it does not change the nature or disposition of the flowers. This sudden treatment holds good in case of the jewelweed, which hangs its yellow and orange amphora-shaped blossoms along the edges of water courses, but can only be cheated into standing in the water.

All this is very interesting to one who knows what to expect, but disappointing to one absorbed in pursuit of color and effect.

If we prefer easy classification to individual study, it is safe to say that, with the exception of the thistle tribe, the flowers which end their days in winged seeds do not take kindly to captivity. Whether or not there is a protest against it in the heart of a thing which feels its own vagrant and aspiring destiny, we do not know, but the fact remains that flowers which send out their seeds on floating silken filaments cower and collapse when separated from the parent stem.

"Except the thistle," I have said, and this is truly a noble exception. When one has succeeded in getting together a hundred or more of these great, honey-scented, pinkish purple disks in a corner of the sitting-room, it becomes a haunt for humming-birds; and the out-of-door thoughts which hover around it are quite as much to be welcomed. Yet even this noble blossom will do better in proportion to the length of stem allowed, although it must

be added that the stems and leaves wither long before the blossom. Beautiful as it is, it is a very Ishmael of flowers, with its "hand against every man, and every man's hand against" it, — yet I hardly know a sweeter blossom, or one which better repays gathering.

For house decoration it is convenient to class wild flowers under two heads, those which fade and those which last. The list of quickly fading wild flowers is not long, if they are properly gathered, but it is as well to know, at first, those which have a rooted objection to domestic parade. Having named a few which will *not* bear capture, it is pleasant to talk of certain families which seem capable of almost enthusiastic friendship for houses and people.

The wild forget-me-not, which we find in Adirondack streams, if gathered in the budded stage and laid in a shallow dish of water, will make haste to expand itself into a heaven of celestial blue, spotted with the starry gold of its small centres. Little children in German watering-places bring them to market tied in wreaths or crowns, which they call *Kränzchen*, and which will grow in water as long as their season lasts.

The blue gentian will perfect its seeds in water, going through all its successive duties, beginning its functions of reproduction, under your very eyes, with apparently as quiet a mind as in its home in the meadow. And this pleasant fact is also true of the wild azalea.

The *staying* qualities of the mountain laurel are not to be questioned. It will carry its wonderfully shaped and textured blossoms and jewels of buds for a full fortnight in undiminished beauty, tempting one to use it in such abundance as to make a laurel season of it in the house; and the same thing is true of its great sister rhododendron.

In the arrangement of these lavish blossoms, *form* need hardly be attempted, balance being all that is imperative, but a strong blue should be the color of the jar which holds rhododendrons. Something in the blue-pink of its tint is in perfect ac-

cord with the deepest, most solid blue of pottery. In a less degree I have found the same thing true of lilacs. This can easily be tested by placing two arrangements of lilac flowers side by side, one in a jar of dark blue, and one in any other color. The blue and lilac will be a distinct harmony, a glass jar with stems and leaves showing through will be a monochrome; any other positive color, — unless it should be purple, — any broken color, or jar of flowered porcelain showing white, will be a positive discord.

Laurel demands *pale* blue, and the wild pink azalea is never more effective than in a pale blue Japanese or Indian jar, while pink-tipped apple blossoms show their full tenderness of color in contrast with gray or green pottery.

Among wild-growing shrubs, nothing is more decorative than the blackberry blossom at its best. How wonderfully beautiful the seven-foot lengths of bramble, literally crowded with white blossom sprays, can be — overarching a chimney-piece in June! These arches of what is known as the "tall blackberry" are among the most purely decorative effects possible to colorless flowers, and, indeed, counting in stems and leafage, they can hardly be reckoned among colorless blooms. They need neither contrast nor accentuation in holders, glass jars, hidden behind sprays, being competent and unobjectionable.

All fruit-blooms are lasting, and so, indeed, are most shrub blossoms and early flowers, but after June their lavishness will dwindle, and we must look for substitutes in longer seasoned and perhaps less beautiful and effective ones.

There is too little decorative use made of the various flowers of the clover family: the tall and fully odored sweet and king clovers of the roadside; the big-headed cattle clover; the honey-sweet rose-colored clover, and the small white bee clover. One might say that none of these are decorative flowers for house use, but that depends upon massing and arrangement. I have an old purplish-pink lustre pitcher which becomes a distinguished piece of

decoration when surrounded by a cloud of the great pink heads of cattle clover. In truth, the beauty of most of our common flowers depends upon the manner of their use. Few flower arrangements are more satisfactory than a jar filled with branches of tall, roadside "sweet clover," stretching its spikes of small green-white blossoms half way up the wall of the room, and sending forth from every bit of a blossom a breath of flower-incense. This particular variety does not feel at home in gardens or in the immediate neighborhood of houses, but elects to swarm over abandoned brickyards, and along bare processions of railroad ties. It is more beautiful in growth than in flower, yet there is in it enough of beauty to add greatly to the decoration of the home.

The appointed flower decorator of the family will know that many things that grow are comparatively ineffective in single specimens; and yet, if a single specimen has force enough to catch the eye where it stands among grasses, it will be multiplied an hundred fold by bringing a hundred stalks together into a *mass*, instead of a dot or mere line of color.

Does any casual flower-gatherer know the blue vervain? One branching stalk of it, showing from purple to blue, among swamp grasses is hardly noticeable, but I have a tall, deep-violet colored glass, which I keep through June for fleur-de-lis, and through July and early August for blue vervain. Truly the long elegance of its growth, the poise of its steeples of purple buds, broken here and there by a ruffle of tiny blue blossom, make of it a fine and aristocratic rival of the kingly fleur-de-lis.

Who has ever experienced a multitudinous jumble of round-headed spikes of loose-strife in a curving bowl of yellow pottery, without an added joy in life? or brought together the flat disks of the pink and white mallow in the generous bulk of a glass punch-bowl, without devout thankfulness for roadside sacrifice?

But with all these things, much depends upon their holders; upon the judgment

with which the shape and bulk of bloom is made to conform to the shape of the vase; and above all upon this,—that the color shall not only harmonize, but carry a deeper tint than that of the flowers. If massing and harmony of color are taken into consideration, or rather if they are so well understood as to have come under the regularly organized decoration of the house, many previously unthought-of effects are achieved, and become a constant source of delight.

The wild mustard is a growth which will well repay gathering. Indeed, when branching in a yellow cloud from a large, globe-shaped, yellow jar, it is capable of making a spot of sunshine in the darkest room. The spikes of seeded dock blossom, changing through many variations from green to crimson, banked upon its long red-veined leaves, are more than simply beautiful, placed in a large-mouthed, bottle-shaped Japanese jar.

There are many wild things which we have never regarded from the point of view of their decorative qualities, or considered their aptitude for decorative use, simply because they grow under our very feet. Yet some of them are capable of very artistic effect. Few conservatory plants are so effective as the great-leaved burdock. Even when growing by the roadside, covered with the brown dust scattered by wagon wheels, it has a sculptural quality which is quite remarkable. A row of terra cotta vases on the broad guard of the piazza, filled with alternate plants of burdock and long-leaved yellow dock, can be quite as architectural in effect as if they were century plants or palmettos.

One of the most beautiful features of a palace studio in Florence is a great plaster

group of a burdock plant, taken just before the branching or flower stage, and while the broad leaves were springing one over the other, enlarged to their utmost limit of growth. These had been cast singly and built up in the shape in which they had grown, showing veining and curve, the beauty of which might easily be overlooked in the growing plant, but was strikingly apparent in the plaster.

I have seen groups of mullein growing on carefully tended English lawns, among plants gathered from the ends of the earth, which were really conspicuous for beauty of form, texture, and color.

A magnificent midsummer effect on a seaside lawn could be produced by a border of marsh-mallow growing in front of the hedge which so often takes the place of a fence. As a rule, all these decorative plants are at their best in the second year of their growth, and would need to be transplanted as yearlings, with a shortening of the long principal root. All of them are semi-architectural, indeed, they might be almost called classical in effect, and therefore are appropriate to houses of some pretensions.

Nearly every one knows that for rustic cottages an excellent effect for outdoor planting can be had by using clumps of the gigantic fern or brake which grows in wild and swampy places, but it is not as well known that the great tufts of swamp grasses which one finds along the same places are as decorative as the flowering pampas grass. It is a great gain to learn the beauty of common things, and it is surprising how soon it is recognized by every one when they are lifted from the roadside or pasture into a place of honor beside the dwelling-house.

THE WARFARE OF HUMANITY WITH UNREASON¹

CHRISTIAN THOMASIUS

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

As we have seen, Thomasius had been driven, under a capital charge, from a leading chair in a renowned university to seek whatever chance might offer in a little town comparatively unknown.

To his contemporaries, clearly viewing the whole field, the future of his reforms, as well as his own personal prospects, must have seemed poor indeed. And yet, to us, looking along that lengthened chain of cause and effect which spans the abyss separating the American civilization of the twentieth century from the German civilization of the seventeenth, it is now clear that this catastrophe was but the necessary prelude to that great series of victories for justice, right reason, and mercy, which brought vast blessings to his country and to humanity.

There was at Halle what was known as a "Ritter-schule:" an intermediate academy for young nobles. It seemed but a dull centre of thought as compared with that which Thomasius had left, but he took a situation in it, and began a new career even more strenuous than the old. Discouraging prophecies were many, but all were soon brought to naught; the best of his old Leipsic students followed him; others flocked in from other parts of Germany, and soon he was more influential than ever: speaking to larger audiences and taking stronger hold.

The sovereign under whom he had thus taken refuge was the Elector Frederick III, of Brandenburg, who afterward made himself the first king of Prussia:

thus beginning that line of monarchs which has since won the sovereignty of the present German Empire.

The Elector saw his opportunity. True to those sane instincts which have made the Hohenzollerns the ruling family in Europe, true to the policy which led King Frederick William III, after his defeat by the first Napoleon, to establish the University of Berlin, and the Emperor William I, after his victory over the third Napoleon, to reestablish the University of Strasburg, Frederick III, in 1694, made the Academy of Halle a university, gave it a strong faculty, named Thomasius a full professor in it, and a few years later placed him at its head.

The new institution was at once attacked from all sides, and especially by its elder sisters. Intrigues were set on foot to induce the Emperor at Vienna to thwart the purpose of the Elector. Every attempt was made to arouse sectarian hate. A favorite reference to it among its enemies was a play upon words: naming it the University of Hell (Hölle), and alluding to it as "ein höllisches Institut."²

But these attacks helped Thomasius's work rather than hurt it. To understand the causes and results of such attacks an American in these days has only to recall the articles in very many sectarian newspapers and the sermons in numberless sectarian pulpits during the middle years of the nineteenth century against Cornell University and the State Universities of our Western commonwealths; very good examples may also be seen to-day in simi-

¹ Previous papers in this series have been devoted to Fra Paolo Sarpi, Hugo Grotius, and, in the preceding number, to Thomasius.

² See Dernburg, pp. 23 *et seq.*; also Guericke and others cited by Klemperer.

lar diatribes upholding the sectarian colleges of various Southern states against their state universities. But in that, as in more recent cases, the Darwinian theory seemed to apply: for while these diatribes kept many sons of timid parents away from Halle, there seemed a survival of the fittest: the more independent and thoughtful youth flocking to Thomasius's lecture-room in ever increasing numbers. Ere long, his university rivaled Leipsic and Wittenberg, and became a leading centre of German thought. It became almost what Wittenberg had been in the days of Luther. Well has Thomasius been called by an eminent authority "the corner-stone of the new university," for during forty years his spirit was its main inspiration.

The basis of all his teaching was his development of the ideas of Grotius and Pufendorf: making law an evolution of right reason as against that survival of mediæval ideas which mainly promoted conformity with the sacred books and especially with the laws of Moses. But this was by no means all. More and more he strove to bring order out of chaos. The main material of law as then presented in Germany was an incoherent mass drawn not only from the Bible, but from the Roman Law, the Canon Law, and from decisions, glosses, notions, whimsies, — of authorities here, there, and everywhere, — often irreconcilable; — the breeding-ground of pedantry and the happy hunting-ground of venal ingenuity.

The spirit which permeated the teaching of Thomasius gave him a special power. The foremost purpose of his predecessors and rivals was the maintenance of dogma, their principal means hairsplitting definitions, distinctions, subtleties, and pedantries. Through all these the young professor broke boldly. His evident ambition was to distinguish himself, not by buttressing outworn beliefs, but by infusing into the younger generation a love for truth; — a straightforward use of right reason in seeking it and a manly courage in defending it. His clear purpose was to give his country deeper founda-

tions of justice, and to begin on these a better superstructure of law. He was by no means contemptuous of ancient sources. If right reason was embodied in an Old or New Testament declaration, or in a Roman code, or in the decision of a mediæval court, or in the better thought of a contemporary pedant, he was glad to make use of it; but he was, of all things and in the highest sense, practical: anxious to set men, not at spinning new theories to cover old abuses, but at thinking out better theories and working out better practice.¹

The main result of all this was soon seen in the new sort of professional men who went forth from Halle. That University became, under his direction, the training school for the state officials of Prussia. Instead of pedants discoursing endlessly in wretched Latin on the weight of the grapes of Eshcol, or on the meaning of this or that word in Aristotle, or on the sin of "syncretism" and the like, we find men under his guidance learning to think upon municipal and international law, on public economy, on state administration, and, none the less for all this, on a new and nobler literature.

As the years went on, increasing numbers of young men were sent out from this seat of learning to lay foundations for Prussian administration, and thus to prepare the ground for the House of Hohenzollern, and for the present German Empire.²

Nor did science, literature, or theology suffer. Better progress was made in each of these. Into every one of these fields great men went forth from the new university, especially into theology. Such men in our own day, from Tholuck and Julius Müller to Harnack and Pfleiderer, — who have been and are leaders of religious thought in Germany, and indeed

¹ See Dernburg, *passim*.

² For an excellent summary of the services rendered by Thomasius to German literature and to the House of Hohenzollern, see Julian Schmidt, *Bilder aus dem Geistigen Leben*, Leipzig, 1870, vol. i, pp. 42, *et seq.*

throughout Christendom,—are the legitimate results of 'Thomasius' influence: without him, so far as we can now see, they would have been impossible.

But while thus building up his department and the University, he did not forget his duty to the German people at large. He ceased, indeed, to publish his literary journal, but this was only that he might give all his time to works of greater importance. He never forgot that his main effort must be to lay better foundations of principle, to bring in better modes of thought, and to stimulate a more practical performance of duty. In 1691 was published his *Doctrine of Common Sense*; in 1692, his *Doctrine of Morals*; and, after a number of other treatises designed to uplift the character and conduct of the whole nation, appeared, in 1705, his work on *Natural and International Law*.

Yet all this was but a part of his activity. While doing university work, and writing treatises, learned and popular, he plunged more and more into great living questions,—the greatest on which any man of his time could be engaged, and in which he rendered more direct service to mankind than did any other German between Luther and Lessing.

First of these was Witchcraft. To understand the work of Thomasius in finally destroying a growth so widespread, so noxious, and so tenacious of life, we must look back over its history.

Its roots ran deep into the earlier strata of human civilization, and especially into the mythologies and theologies of Babylonia, Persia, Judea, Rome, and the rude tribes of early Europe. In the early days of Christianity a rank growth had come from sundry passages in our own sacred books; above all from the command in the Old Testament, "Ye shall not suffer a witch to live," and from the declaration in the New Testament that "The Gods of the heathen are devils."

Various great fathers and doctors of the church, with St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, and St. Thomas Aquinas at their head, strengthened this growth, and

it was more and more bound on the consciences of the faithful by the edicts of various popes and councils.

Typical among these may be noted the bull *Spondent Pariter*, issued in 1317 by Pope John XXII. In this solemn utterance to the universal church, under guarantee of his infallibility in all teachings relating to faith and morals, he complained that he and many of the faithful were in danger of their lives from the arts of sorcerers; that such sorcerers could send devils into mirrors and finger-rings; could kill men by magic words; that they had tried to kill him by piercing a waxen image of him with needles, and he therefore increased the powers of inquisitors, and called on all rulers to hunt down those guilty of these things.

Still another effort in the same direction was made by Pope Eugene IV. Bringing *his* infallibility to bear on the subject, he exhorted inquisitors, especially in his bulls of 1437 and 1445, to seek out and punish the witches who caused bad weather. This and other edicts, universally supposed to be issued under direct guidance of the Holy Spirit, led to new carnivals of judicial murder in various parts of Europe; but the great stroke of all came later, when Pope Innocent VIII used *his* infallibility to yet more serious purpose. For in 1484 he issued his famous bull *Summis Desiderantes*, which, of all edicts ever sent forth under Paganism or Christianity, caused the most unlimited cruelty and the most profuse shedding of innocent blood. Inspired especially by the Scripture command, he exhorted the clergy of Germany to wage war on sorcerers, and especially on those who, by producing evil weather, destroyed vineyards, gardens, and growing crops.

But this was not the worst. As his apostles, there were sent out two inquisitors, Institor and Sprenger. To increase their authority they were furnished, not only with the Papal bull, but with an Imperial patent and certificates of sundry theological faculties; while to complete their effectiveness they were provided

with a special manual: the *Witch Hammer*: the *Malleus Maleficarum*.

This work was received as almost divinely inspired, and its teachings soon became fruitful in horrors throughout Germany, and indeed throughout Christendom. Its doctrines were preached in thousands of pulpits, spread by myriads of traveling friars, and soon through central Germany came wide and systematic spying, torture, strangling, and burning. The victims were numbered by thousands. They included many men and children, but the overwhelming majority were women. Typical of the reasoning in the *Witch Hammer* may be noted a most cogent argument for seeking the main culprits among women: a rare bit of philology. It asserted that the word *femina* (woman) was a compound of *fe* (faith) and *minus* (less);—therefore that women had less faith than men; hence that they were especially prone to alliances with Satan.

From the bishops in the great cities the witchcraft procedure spread more and more, and the torture chambers were soon in full operation everywhere. The victims writhing under torture, anxious only for death to end their suffering, confessed to anything and everything. All that was needed was that the inquisitors should hint at the answers desired, and, there being no limit to the torture, there was no limit to the folly of the confessions. The agonized victims confessed readily to raising storms, spreading epidemics and cattle pests, riding on broomsticks to the Blocksberg, doing homage to Satan, signing Satanic compacts in their own blood, taking part in every sort of vile rite which the imagination of the inquisitors could conceive, and especially to bearing children to Satan. Confessions of this latter sort were forced by torture from the lips not only of women, but of children; and then, for this preposterous crime, thus absurdly proven, they were strangled and burned.

The main agents in carrying on this sacred work in Germany were, first, the Do-

minicans, and, at a later period, the Jesuits. They did it thoroughly. Especially throughout the seventeenth century we find them pushing it everywhere. Of much influence was the fact that people suspected of heresy could be very conveniently brought to the stake by means of trial for witchcraft. In this way war was waged against the new religious ideas to such effect that whole districts were thereby turned back into the older faith.

Leaders of a forlorn hope against this folly and cruelty arose in Teutonic lands as elsewhere,—especially such as Mollitor, Cornelius Agrippa, John Wier, Balthazar Becker, Cornelius Loos, and above all, Dietrich Flade. All were persecuted and silenced, and the two last were judicially murdered. Loos, indeed, escaped capital punishment by dying in prison, but Flade, though Chief Justice of the province and Rector of the University of Treves, was put on trial by the Archbishop, tortured until he confessed everything suggested to him, and was then strangled and burned.¹

To maintain this system, there continued a stream of infallible teachings from Rome: notably the bulls against witchcraft of Julius II, Adrian VI, and various successors;—and to deepen and extend it new treatises were written by strong men in various parts of the world—one of the most cruel being a new manual for witch finders and witch murderers by the Jesuit Del Rio.

Despite all this pressure, opposition continued. Even from the Jesuits themselves, who had become leading agents in all these atrocities and follies, there arose three young men who sought to open the eyes of their brethren. Two of these, Tanner and Laymann, were soon silenced with ignominy and cruelty: the third, Father Spee, had a different fate. Appointed to hear the final confessions of witches at Würzburg before their execu-

¹ The original trial papers in Flade's case, including the questions by the inquisition and his answers while on the rack, are now in the library of Cornell University.

tion, he learned from them that, without exception, they had made their previous confessions to the inquisitors simply because they could no longer resist the torture, and they besought him to let them die without a lie in their mouths. To this he finally consented, and, thenceforth, was obliged to see hundreds of men, women, and children whom he absolutely knew to be innocent, consigned to torture and death. The strain of this fearful revelation made him prematurely old and gray; and, escaping from his frightful duty after about a year of service, he prepared a most eloquent treatise against the whole delusion, the *Cautio Criminalis*; — and this, in order that his authorship might not be tracked through the confessional, he published at the Protestant town of Rinteln. In spite of its convincing statement of facts and its eloquent arraignment of the whole procedure, it had little immediate effect. The persecutions raged much as before. He also imparted his secret to a young student, — von Schönborn, — who afterward rose to be Primate and Prince Archbishop of Mainz; but though von Schönborn told the secret to Leibnitz, and stopped witchcraft procedure in his diocese during his term of office, he dared not take open ground against the superstition, and after his death the trials went on in his diocese as before.

Nor did the Protestant Reformation bring in any alleviation of these follies and cruelties. The leading reformers, both Lutheran and Calvinist, accepted the whole monstrous system. The great body of Protestant theologians and ecclesiastics, as soon as they obtained power, exerted themselves to prove their orthodoxy by making their procedure even more searching and cruel than that in the Catholic states.

In small towns, both Catholic and Protestant, more executions then took place in a single year for this imaginary crime than are now allowed in the whole German Empire for capital crimes during many decades of years. It is a statement

abundantly proved that in the century previous to the birth of Thomasius, — the hundred years between the middle of the sixteenth and the middle of the seventeenth century, — more than one hundred thousand persons were put to death in Germany alone for witchcraft; and though there had gradually come some diminutions in the number of victims, it remained a fearful curse even in Thomasius's time — accepted largely by the best of men, and among these by Thomasius himself.¹

But in 1694 he was called, as professor of law, to take part in trying an alleged witch. Basing his decision upon the doctrines and methods of the great theologians and jurists of Germany, and indeed of the world, he gave his views against the supposed criminal. Happily the accused was saved by the verdict of the majority of Thomasius's associates, and among others by the vote of Professor Stryck, his principal rival in the Halle Faculty of Law. Had Thomasius been a mere dogmatist, or a logical gladiator, or a sensation-monger, or simply opinionated or selfish or conceited, he would have plunged into the fray, and, with pen and tongue, shown himself right and his opponents wrong. It was a fine opportunity for noise, for popularity, and for victory over Stryck, his great rival. But he spurned all such temptations; put aside all hostile feeling toward Stryck; bore his mor-

¹ For a more complete array of facts see Klemperer; Soldan, *Geschichte der Hexen Prozesse in Deutschland*; Scherr, *Kulturgeschichte Deutschlands*, chap. v; Henne-am-Rhyn, *Kulturgeschichte der neuern Zeit*, etc. For profound and at the same time interesting discussions based on the results of the superstition, see Wächter, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Deutschen Strafrechts*; and in English, the admirable summary given in the first volume of Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe*. For exact statistics and details, see, in either edition of Soldan, chapters giving the lists of the condemned, with their ages, at Würzburg, Bamberg, Salzburg, and elsewhere; also Horst's *Zauber-Bibliothek*, and a mass of other authorities cited by the present writer in his *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology*.

tification without complaining; began studying the whole subject more thoroughly; examined with the utmost care all the cases he could hear of; and the result was that he not only acknowledged himself wrong, but, having begun by declaring against witchcraft persecution, he soon took a step further, for which the whole world is to-day his debtor: he declared his disbelief in the whole system, and especially in a devil—hoofed, horned, and tailed—who whisks wretches through the air, assembles them upon the Blocksberg, accepts their homage, and makes those compacts with them which formed the foundation of the witchcraft trials.¹

Thomasius's position was now full of peril. Indeed, he seems himself to have felt this, and he was careful to define it. He stated, no doubt with perfect honesty, that as the Bible, both in the Old and New Testament, declares the existence of witches and sorcerers, and also declares, "Ye shall not suffer a witch to live," he did not presume to deny the existence of witches or their criminality; but what he protested against was the usual mode of action attributed to Satan, and especially the existence of Satanic compacts and that mass of unreason which the great theologians and ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages and the Reformation period, Catholic and Protestant, had for so many generations developed and defended.

This disclaimer helped him little. Catholic writers denounced it as only one more example of the skeptical tendencies of Protestantism; Protestants denounced it as bringing disgrace upon their Church. Both the old theologians and the new pointed out the fact that he impugned not only the judgments of the most learned and pious authorities, Catholic and Protestant, but that he defied the clear statements of Holy Writ, the beliefs of the primitive Church, the assertions of the Fathers, the decisions of Councils dictated

by the Holy Spirit, the solemn decrees of a long line of Popes, the whole mass of theological wisdom, past and present, and therefore the voice of the Holy Church Universal as uttered "always, everywhere, and by all."

Remembrances of the fate of many who had made a similar fight might well haunt him, and especially of the trial of Dietrich Flade, who, like him, had at first believed in witchcraft, like him had then discovered its folly, like him had said so, and then, though like him an eminent jurist and university professor, had been tortured and put to death.

Since that judicial murder a century had passed, and a series of champions had won various strong positions for humanity; but though the defenders of the superstition could no longer send their enemies to the scaffold, they had fallen back into strong entrenchments, and were well armed.

The first of his main attacks on the whole witchcraft position were made by Thomasius during the opening years of the eighteenth century, and the earlier of these were curious in that they appeared as the theses of students under his presidency: notable among them being one by Johann Reiche in 1701 and another by Paul Ipsen in 1712. Thomasius freely acknowledged his controlling part in these, and during the remainder of his life followed them up with lectures, treatises, tracts, discussions of trials, translations of foreign works,—all in the same direction against this theological and judicial monstrosity.²

The air was thick with missiles, theological and judicial. In the Protestant church, there was cited against him that

¹ For Thomasius's own account of this episode in his life, see his *Juristischer Handel* (Halle, 1720, 1er Theil, xviii).

² In the library of the Cornell University are not only copies of the original theses of Reiche and Ipsen, but a mass of publications and manuscripts of all sorts relating to the whole struggle. One of the most interesting among these is what appears to be a collection of notes from which Thomasius read one of his courses of lectures. For a good detailed statement, see Luden, *Christian Thomasius*, p. 274 and note.

colossus of theology and ecclesiastical law, Benedict Carpzov: — the man who boasted that he had read the Bible through fifty-three times; that he took the Holy Communion at least once a month; that he had sentenced, or caused to be sentenced to death over twenty thousand persons; that he had devoted his life to strengthening the foundations of witchcraft procedure, and to increasing the severity of torture. In the older church, at the head of Thomasius's innumerable adversaries, as regarded theory, sat a multitude of the most eminent theological writers; and, as regarded practice, such prelates as the Archbishop of Salzburg, and the Bishops of Würzburg and Bamberg, who quietly ignored all argument, and went on torturing and burning as of old.

But the work of so many heroic champions and martyrs, now crowned by the efforts of Thomasius, began to bear abundant fruit. When the Archbishop of Salzburg sent at one time to the stake ninety-seven persons, mainly for witchcraft, he ended the series of greater burnings; when the Bishop of Würzburg brought Maria Renata to the scaffold and stake in 1749, he ended judicial executions for witchcraft in Germany; and when Anna Göldi was executed at Glarus, Switzerland, in 1782, the whole series was ended in civilized Europe.

But, perhaps, even greater were Thomasius's services in another field. Closely allied with the witchcraft superstition was the system of Procedure by Torture then prevalent throughout the Continent. The connection between torture and witchcraft was logical. In England, where torture was rarely used, witchcraft never produced any such long series of judicial murders as on the Continent; but in Scotland and Continental Europe, wherever torture was applied it came to be an axiom that a person charged with witchcraft who once entered the torture chamber was lost.¹

¹ For a most masterly essay, by a great jurist, on the connection between wholesale witchcraft convictions and procedure by torture, see Wächter, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Strafrechts*, especially in the appendices.

The system of procedure by torture in securing testimony regarding crime had lingered along with more or less vitality ever since the days of the Roman Republic. One of the strongest arguments against it had been made by Cicero, though it is only fair to state that, on another occasion, Cicero, after the fashion of men like him, argued on the other side. In the later days of the Roman Empire, largely under the influence of the Stoics, it had nearly died out. Successive Pagan emperors had ameliorated it; had, indeed, abolished its worst features, and its destruction seemed certain. The barbarians of Europe, with few exceptions, disclaimed it in their codes; from the Vehmgericht it was absolutely excluded.

The Christian Church, too, in its days of comparative weakness, seemed to pronounce against it. In the fifth century St. Augustine, in the sixth St. Gregory, and in the ninth Pope Nicholas I, were among great church leaders who denounced it, and during the early Middle Ages it fell comparatively into abeyance.

But the great misfortune was that the Church, after arriving at power, abjured the mild policy which it had supported during its weakness, gave torture new vitality, found cogent reasons for it, and introduced it in a far more cruel form and to a far greater extent than had ever before been known under Greeks, Romans, or barbarians.

For, under the Greeks and Romans, and in the ancient world generally, the cruelties of torture were *limited*. It was from this fact, indeed, that Cicero drew one of his strongest arguments, namely, that a criminal, if robust, could resist torture and avoid confession, but that an innocent man, if physically weak, might be forced to confess crimes which he had never committed.

But in the Christian Church, during the Middle Ages, there was developed the theory of "excepted cases." Under the belief that heresy and witchcraft were crimes especially favored by Satan, and that Satan would help his own, the old Roman

procedure by torture was not only revived, but at last made unlimited. It was held that no torture could be too severe in suppressing these crimes. Every plea against the most extreme torture was met by the argument that Satan would of course strengthen heretics and witches to resist ordinary torture. The restraints of the earlier Pagan civilization were therefore cast aside. In trials for heresy and witchcraft there was absolutely no limit to torture. This new evolution of cruelty received the highest infallible sanction when in 1252 Innocent IV issued his directions to the Inquisition in Tuscany and Lombardy that confession should be extorted from heretics by torture, and this sacred precedent was followed for centuries by new and even more cruel decrees of Popes, Councils, and Bishops, regarding procedure against both heretics and witches throughout Europe.

This procedure by torture naturally passed into the courts under lay control, and all the more so because ecclesiastics had so much to do with the administration of justice in them: a method which was considered reasonable in one court seemed reasonable in another.

From time to time noble voices were raised in the Church against it, and among these that of Geiler of Kaisersberg,—the most popular of mediæval preachers at the beginning of the sixteenth century,—whose warnings against it resounded under the arches of Strasbourg Cathedral, and along the upper Rhine.

But all in vain. During generation after generation procedure by torture was extended and systematized. In the sixteenth century the great "Caroline Code" of Charles V gave it new life in Germany, Italy, and Spain. In the seventeenth century the codes of Louis XIV gave it new life in France. In the eighteenth century the Code of Maria Theresa gave it new sanction in Germany.

In Great Britain, it long flourished noxiously in Scotland, and especially during the reign of James VI. Fortunately Eng-

land remained comparatively free from it, the main exceptions to the milder English practice, strange to say, having occurred under Lord Coke and Lord Bacon.

Strong thinkers, indeed, arose from first to last against it. But when such philosophers as Montaigne and Bayle and Voltaire, and such jurists as Pussort and Sonnenfels and Beccaria, would have abolished torture, the whole church influence, as well as the vast conservative authority in the legal profession, was against such an innovation, and this procedure steadily maintained its hold upon the world.¹

It was widely argued that, since the Almighty punishes the greater part of mankind with tortures infinite in severity and eternal in duration, men might imitate the divine example by administering tortures, which at the worst can only be feeble and brief, as compared with the divine pattern. It was also held, as a purely practical view, by the great body of the ecclesiastics and lay lawyers that torture was the only effective method of eliciting testimony. Among the monuments of this vast superstition which exist to this day, the traveler sees the "witch towers," the torture chambers, and the collections of instruments of torture in various towns on the Continent: notably at Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Munich, and The Hague; but perhaps nothing brings the system more vividly before us than the executioner's tariffs still preserved. Four of these may be seen in the library of Cornell University, and, among them, especially that issued by the Archbishop Elector of Co-

¹ For a general statement of the history and development of torture, especially on the Continent, see Wächter, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Römischen Strafrechts*, as already cited. For an excellent statement of its general development, see Lea, *Superstition and Force*, edition of 1892, pp. 477, 478, also 575, 576. For a special history of procedure by torture in Great Britain, see Pike, *History of Crime in England*, chap. 10, and for means of tracing out the historical development of English and Scotch ideas regarding it, see Howell, *Index of the State Trials*, under the word "Torture."

logne in 1757. On four printed folio pages, it enumerates in fifty-five paragraphs every sort of hideous cruelty which an executioner could commit upon a prisoner, with the sum allowed him for each, and for the instruments therein required. Typical examples from this tariff are the following:—

	Thalers.	Ulb.
1. For tearing asunder with four horses	5	26
2. For quartering	4	
5. For beheading and burning	5	26
7. For strangling and burning	4	
8. For heaping the pile of wood and kindling		12
9. For burning alive	4	
11. For breaking a man alive on the wheel	4	
13. For setting up the wheel with the body twisted in it	2	52
19. For cutting off a hand or sundry fingers, and for beheading, — altogether	3	26
20. For burning with a hot iron	1	26
22. For beheading and placing the head upon a pike	3	26
24. For beheading, twisting the body in the wheel, and placing the head upon a pike, — altogether	5	
28. For tearing a criminal before his execution with red-hot pin-cers, — each tearing of the flesh		26
31. For nailing a tongue or hand to the gallows	1	26
42. For the first grade of torture	1	26
44. For the second grade of torture, including setting the limbs afterward, with salve for same	2	26

and so on through fifty-five items and specifications.

On this whole system, also, thus widespread, thus entrenched, thus defended, Thomasius declared war. He carried on the contest with his usual earnestness; yet at one time he faltered. The weight of authority against him seems to have aroused his suspicion that he might, after all, be wrong. In his justification it should be noted that many of his friends who were inclined to adopt his other ideas could not see any efficient means of eliciting true testimony save by the rack. Even

at the beginning of the nineteenth century, one of his greatest admirers, his biographer, Luden, while praising all his other work, expressed grave doubts as to the wisdom of his opposition to torture.¹

But Thomasius brought to bear on this subject his old strength and keenness; his doubts gradually faded; his convictions grew firm. His enemies kept him well occupied. The disciples of Carpzov were active in showing the godless and atheistic character of Thomasius's views upon torture, as well as upon witchcraft, and even Leibnitz — in many ways the greatest thinker of his time — sided mildly against him.

But Thomasius pressed on, and was at last victorious. The sovereigns of Prussia and of other German states gradually, under the influence of the new thought, allowed torture to fall into disuse. There were some rare exceptions, but at the close of Frederick the Great's reign it had virtually ended.²

The influence of Thomasius soon spread throughout other parts of Europe. Though torture lingered in France, and was only fully swept from the statute books by the Revolution of 1789, and though it prevailed in various other parts of Continental Europe until even a later period, it had mainly vanished before the end of the eighteenth century, under the antagonism of Thomasius in Germany, Voltaire in France, and Beccaria in Italy.

In still another great struggle Thomasius did heroic work. While in the thick of this war against witchcraft and torture, he fought no less bravely against intolerance.

Very early in his career he laid down

¹ For the letter in which Thomasius expressed his doubts, see Biedermann, as above.

² As a curious and painful monument of the occasional use of torture in Prussia, even at a late period, see, in the Cornell University library, the contemporary account of the trial and punishment of sundry servants who robbed the royal palace at Berlin. It contains illustrations representing various administrations of torture. See, also, in the same library the trial of the "Anointers" at Milan, — the *Processo dei Untori*, — with even more fearful illustrations.

certain fundamental ideas on the subject, and these frequently reappear in his writings. He declared against all state interference with religious convictions; he formulated the theory that human law deals with men's wills, and not with their consciences; and from these germs there bloomed forth essays, dialogues, satires, every form of attack upon every form of intolerance, culminating in 1722 in his *History of the Struggle between the Empire and Church in the Middle Ages*. From the first word of this book he goes straight to the mark. He points out errors of the Fathers of the Church, displays the futility of persecution, and makes clear the necessity of proclaiming religious liberty. All this gave great offense, and especially were his enemies shocked by one pungent expression: "The duty of Princes is not to save souls, but to preserve peace." This was denounced as rank heresy, and even as blasphemy. The idea of toleration had hardly begun to dawn. Persecution had, indeed, been discouraged in the early Church, but, as a rule, only while the Church was herself persecuted. The one good example in this respect was set by Lactantius, — but it had no appreciable effect on the Church at large. When she became able to persecute, she changed her view. Nothing could be more tolerant than the pleas made against persecution by Tertullian and Hilary of Poitiers when the Church was weak; nothing more provocative to cruelty than the arguments for persecution by Eusebius, St. Augustine, and the great mass of other leaders, when the Church had become strong. The same must be said of Protestantism. In its period of weakness it was tolerant; in its period of power it was intolerant.¹ When at last toleration was forced upon Europe as a result of the terrible religious wars of Germany, it was in a form which to us now seems incredible. The religious peace of Passau in 1552 established a toleration

expressed in the maxim, — "To whom the territory belongs, the religion belongs:" *Cujus est regio ejus est religio*. Toleration virtually extended only to allowing subjects who dissented from the religious ideas of their ruler to emigrate from his dominions. Even into minds blessed with the largest and most liberal instincts, — minds like those of Luther and Melancthon, — no full ideas of toleration, much less of religious liberty, had really entered. But Thomasius followed out his principle logically. He stood not merely for toleration, but for religious liberty. Whoever was oppressed for conscience' sake found in him a defender. Spener and his disciples were glad to avail themselves of his aid against oppression, and he stood by them firmly, receiving more than his share of the epithets hurled at them; and it should also be said to his honor that when the followers of Spener, at last, in their turn, became powerful, and therefore intolerant, he left them forever.

All along in Thomasius's career we see him putting forth ideas of vast use to the world: germ ideas, some of which have been obliged to wait for centuries before coming to full bloom and fruitage in institutions and laws. He did not hesitate to declare in Germany — groaning under Princes by the grace of God — that men were created naturally equal. He asserted the rights of women to a higher education and to the individual possession of property. His impartiality was judicial, and to the last he continued his various methods of work. In 1720–21 he published a book of *Thoughts and Reminiscences* of his legal life, an admirable mixture of statements profound and comical, grave and gay; but all pervaded with love of truth and hatred of tyranny.

His old enemies remained bitter; but a new generation was coming on, and the strongest men in it were his friends. Supporters came when least expected. The University of Leipsic, from which he had been forced to flee by night to save his life, finally made amends by calling him to

¹ On this whole subject, see the admirable chapter on Persecution in vol. ii of Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe*.

one of its most honored professorships. This he declined, and was soon afterward made Director of the University of Halle, and first Professor of Jurisprudence. His work ended only with his life. His manner of attack in his later years became less unsparing than in his youth; but what he lost in vigor he gained in authority.

As we look back over his life, so full of blessings to mankind, we can now see clearly one result of his activity to which no reference has hitherto been made, yet which was in some respects the most permanent of all; — a result so fruitful that it has acted and is still acting powerfully in our own time, and above all in France, Great Britain, and the United States.

This was his general influence on the higher education in favor of freedom from sectarian interference or control. Down to the time of his work at Halle, German universities had been mainly sectarian, and their sectarian character, whether frankly brutal and tyrannical, or exercised deftly and through intrigue, held back science and better modes of thought during many generations.

Theology, as the so-called "queen of the sciences," insisted on shaping all teaching in the alleged interest of "saving souls." Innumerable examples of this in the dealings of the older universities might be cited. But Thomasius's work at the University of Halle began the end of it. By him, more than by any other, was that institution brought out of the old sectarian system. In the environment of right reason which he there promoted, and which was spread throughout his fatherland, was evolved that freedom of research and instruction which has made the German universities the foremost in the world, and has given to Germany a main source of strength, — and not less in theology than in other fields.

His effort against witchcraft, torture, persecution, and various cruelties and pedantries, was triumphant long ago, but his work against sectarian control of instruction still continues, and nowhere more steadily than in the United States.

Evidences of it in Great Britain are the liberalizing of her great universities, and the election of laymen to so many positions in the higher instruction to which only ecclesiastics were formerly eligible. Evidences of it in France are the successful efforts now making to wrest the control of primary education from various monkish orders. In our own country it is seen in the escape of various older universities from sectarian control, and in the establishment of new universities, especially in our Western states, freed from this incubus, — and all, whether East or West, more and more under management of laymen rather than of ecclesiastics. The clauses in various state constitutions, notably that recently inserted in the constitution of the state of New York, forbidding appropriations to institutions under sectarian management, testify to the continuance of this movement. Sectarian hostility is, indeed, still strong in some parts of our country. It keeps back somewhat the proper development of the state universities of the North, and thus far absolutely prevents proper legislative appropriations to the state universities of the South. It has also been a main source of opposition to the establishment of a university at the city of Washington, which, though proposed by Washington himself, and supported by nearly every president since his time, still remains in abeyance. But the ideas of Thomasius will yet bear fruits in these fields as in others.¹

His death came in 1728. He had looked forward to it without fear. All that the Church, with the dogmas then in vogue, could do to increase the terrors of death failed to daunt him. Striking was his selection of a text for his own funeral sermon. It began with the words of St. Paul before Felix: "Neither can they prove whereof they now accuse me; but this I confess unto thee, that after the way

¹ For a brief but excellent treatment of Thomasius's work in emancipating the higher instruction in the German universities generally from ecclesiasticism and theology, see Dernburg, pp. 16 *et seq.*

which they call heresy so worship I the God of my fathers."¹

So ended a life precious not merely to Germany, but to universal humanity. Many have thought it unlovely. We naturally expect little kindliness or serenity of temper in a man so continually belligerent. As we hear of struggle after struggle, fight after fight, — of war perpetual, — we begin to suspect him as a dyspeptic, or an Ishmaelite. To the present writer, standing before his portrait in the great hall of the University of Halle, and before his bust in the University of Leipsic, the falsity of this theory was revealed. The face is large, kindly, — even jovial: it is the face of a man keen enough to see far into the unreason of his time, and bold enough to fight it; not dyspeptic, never vexed, never peevish, never snappish; but large, fearless, strong, determined, persistent.²

From first to last he was a warrior.

¹ Acts xxiv, 13, 14.

² An excellent copy of the Halle portrait, painted by Charles Burleigh, hangs in the law library at Cornell, — between the portraits of Grotius and Lord Mansfield.

Many have thought his methods too drastic. But his was a period when, as a rule, only drastic methods could avail; — a time like that when Luther began his work; when Richelieu and Mirabeau grappled with the enemies of France; when Cromwell took the helm in England; when Washington led in establishing our republic and Lincoln led in saving it. At such times measures apparently the most humane are often in reality the most cruel. When Christian Thomasius began his work, "sweet reasonableness" was absurd; mild methods futile. Only a man who could fling himself, and all that he was, and all that he hoped to be, into the fight, — who could venture everything and continue venturing everything until the last, could be really of use. He had, doubtless, the defects of his qualities; but he did his work for Germany and for mankind. He was the second of the three great reformers in Germany; and, at his death, there seemed to come a transmigration of his soul to the third; for, a few months later, in that same part of Germany in which he died, was born Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

MEMORIAL DAY

BY McLANDBURGH WILSON

FROM out our crowded calendar
One day we pluck to give;
It is the day the Dying pause
To honor those who live.

WHAT SHOULD COLLEGE PROFESSORS BE PAID?

BY G. H. M.

A GREAT deal has been written of late, especially in the annual reports of college presidents, regarding the inadequacy of the compensation received by university teachers. The writer, to whom the question is one of vital importance, has seen many of these general statements, but has failed to find any which has taken up the matter in conclusive form. This he hopes to do here concisely.

Primarily the question is one of standard of living. If a grocery clerk can maintain his family in a suitable degree of decency and comfort on seventy-five dollars a month, have we a right to expect that a college instructor can do the same? The answer to this involves the demands which society makes upon the respective individuals.

To get at this point the writer analyzed the itemized household accounts which his wife has kept for the past nine years, during which time he has been connected with one of our large and wealthy universities. Two years were spent as instructor, two as assistant professor, and the next five as associate professor.

Summing up his total expenditures for these nine years, and in like manner his salary for the same period, he finds his expenditures have been to his salary in the ratio of 2.1 to 1.

His average annual expenditure has been \$2794.27.

His average salary has been \$1328.15.

For the *privilege of teaching* he has paid the difference, or \$1466.12 annually, from private means.

Even the unbusinesslike professor must pause before such a state of affairs, and try to fathom the reason for this discrepancy, when his firm belief is that he is living on as low a scale of economy as is possible for him in his position.

In order to find out where the bad management might be, — if bad management there was, — he divided his expenditure account into thirty-one separate items, arranged in tabular form under the following heads: —

1. Household Furnishing and Repairs.
2. Groceries, Meat, Fruit, Vegetables, etc.
3. Servants.
4. Fuel.
5. Light and Water.
6. Gardener and Grounds.
7. Laundry.
8. Taxes.
9. Life Insurance.
10. Fire Insurance.
11. Rent, or Interest on House and Lot.
12. Bicycles and repairs.
Horse, care and feed.
13. Doctors and Dentists.
14. Hospitals, Nurses, Drugs.
15. Death Expenses.
16. Legal Services.
17. Interest on Borrowed Money, for running expenses.
18. P. O. Box, Postage, Stationery, Telegrams, Telephone, Express, etc.
19. Newspapers, Books, and Periodicals.
20. Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, etc.
21. Learned Societies and Social Clubs.
22. University Gifts and Supplies.
Typewriting, Printing and Mimeographing.
23. Children's Tuition and Pocket Money.
24. Subscriptions and Charity.
25. Theatre, Concerts, Athletic Sports.
26. Christmas and other Gifts.
Entertainment of Friends.
27. Wine, Beer, Tobacco, Candy, and other Luxuries.
28. Personal and Toilet Supplies.
29. Business and Recreation Trips, Hotels, R.R. Fare, Carfare, etc.
30. Family Obligations, or Payment of Education Debt.
31. Savings, other than Life Insurance, looking toward old age.

He believes that, assuming that a college professor has the right to marry and

have two or three children, there is not a single one of these items which may be omitted from a consideration of expenses to cover a period of years. The whole question, then, resolves itself into this: how much per year is it reasonable to allow for each of these items?

In the community in which he lives, with a family of two adults, two children, and one servant, at the present high prices of the necessities of life, he believes that the sums he mentions are the *very least* upon which his household can be conducted. And he bases this belief upon a most accurate analysis of fully itemized accounts.

Taking up the items in detail:—

1. Household furnishing and repairs.

This item must cover, for a period of years, the original cost of household furniture of all descriptions. In addition, it must look after natural wear, tear, and breakage of furniture, glass, dishes, kitchen utensils, rugs, curtains, bedding, etc., as well as carpentry, plumbing, and the like. It must also provide for pictures, "works of art," and household adornments in general.

Does \$75 a year seem excessive for this? Say \$6 a month.

2. For five persons a grocery bill of \$25 per month, a meat bill of \$15, milk, \$5, fruit, vegetables, butter and eggs, \$10, or a total of \$55 (\$11 per person), should not seem unreasonable.

3. We must pay \$25 a month for even a passable servant. Shall we expect our wives to bear and rear children, do all of the housework, sustain their social duties, and remain well and strong?

4. Kitchen, fireplace, and furnace fuel will aggregate \$120 per year, or \$10 a month.

5. Light and water average with us just \$5 a month.

6. The labor of a gardener one day a month is \$2.

7. Our laundry averages just \$10 monthly. Our servants will do no laundry work.

8. An investment of \$5000 in house

and lot, together with personal property and poll tax, makes this \$10 a month.

If there were no house owned, the rent item (11) would have to be increased.

9. To protect the family of a man who is not in a position to save, \$5000 life insurance is not too much. The monthly premium on this amount, assuming a twenty-payment ordinary life policy, will be \$10.

10. \$3000 insurance on house, and \$2000 on personal property, makes \$18 per year, or \$1.50 a month.

11. Six per cent on \$5000 invested in house and lot is \$300 annually, or \$25 a month. This does not provide for depreciation, maintenance, and repairs. No desirable house on the campus can be rented for less than \$35.

12. Not caring to pay so large a rent, we live off the campus and use bicycles. Their depreciation and repairs average \$2 a month. Keeping a horse would cost \$8 a month.

13. An experience of ten years shows us that not less than \$10 a month may be set down for doctors and dentists for the family. A single attack of appendicitis in ten years will take the whole of this.

14. Hospitals, nurses, and drugs average \$5 a month.

15. Since the average duration of life is about forty years, in a family of four individuals one death is to be expected every ten years. This item may be set down at \$2 a month.

16. Occasional notary and minor legal services average \$1 a month.

17. Certain expenses, like life insurance and taxes, being payable in large amounts, necessitate loans from the bank, which are gradually repaid. This item may be set down at fifty cents monthly.

18. For a live family with connections, postage, stationery, telegrams, telephones, express, freight, cartage, and allied items, will aggregate \$3 a month.

19. Newspapers, books, and periodicals. A college professor is supposed to revel in this sort of thing. Suppose we allow him \$5 a month.

20. To clothe four individuals neatly and completely cannot cost less than \$180 a year, can it?

This is \$15 a month.

21. Learned society and social club initiation fees and dues must amount to at least \$2 monthly.

22. University gifts and supplies, type-writing, etc. We are constantly going into our pockets for small items which the university will not or cannot furnish without unbearable delay; or we may be working on lines of investigation which call for outlay. Say \$1 a month.

23. In our case, our children are of the kindergarten and primary school age, so this item is only \$9 a month.

Older colleagues, whose children have advanced to the music lesson and preparatory school age, say they must allow \$50 to \$60 monthly.

24. Some families belong to a church. We all have charitable instincts, we are of that class to which the call of needy or suffering humanity appeals.

May we allow \$2 a month?

25. Our education has given us a refined appreciation of the drama, and we have a knowledge of and love for the best music. The annual foot-ball game is a social event which every loyal member of the college community is supposed to attend. We cut this out long ago. Grand opera exists for us only in the memory of our German days.

Let us keep the spark alive by taking our wives once a month to a cheap concert; say \$1.

26. We have children and friends; there are birthdays and anniversaries, as well as Christmas. Is \$50 a year too much? This is \$4 a month. Dinners, receptions, and the like, are not for us.

27. Occasionally a man is jaded; he has a wild desire to "blow himself." May he have \$1 a month pocket money, to share with his wife?

28. Most of us can shave ourselves, but we cannot cut our own hair, although we may invert a bowl over the heads of our youngsters, and trim around the edges.

Here is another \$1.

29. When summer comes, a teacher is pretty nearly always exhausted. His work is trying and confining. His family requires an occasional change of air.

His professional needs may call for a long journey to attend an important meeting of fellow workers, etc. For an average geographical location \$100 a year, or \$8.50 a month, is not too much to cover these items. For an exceptional location, like the extreme Pacific coast, this item should be trebled.

30. The writer has known many colleagues whose education expenses had put them under obligations which they were pledged to repay. In most cases it takes ten years to wipe out these obligations. Sometimes at the end of this period not even the beginning of discharging the debt has been made. Our college professors often come from families whose means are small. The support of aged parents or other relatives may have to be borne by them in common with their brothers and sisters. Every man is apt to have some such claim on himself or his wife.

To cover these items let us allow him \$10 a month.

31. A few, a *very few*, of our colleges pay pensions to their old and worn-out teachers. In such cases perhaps there is no need for a man to lay aside something for his old age, or to make provision for his children's start in life.

Perhaps he owes a duty to his children, to give them as good an education and chance as he himself received. If so, he must begin to lay aside for it.

Where there is no pension, should he not aim, after thirty years of faithful service, to have \$10,000 laid aside? He is not in a position to know of places where he can get large returns on his small investments.

Shall we allow him \$250 a year to put aside (providing there are no "exceptional and unusual" expenses that year, *as there always are*)?

Let us say \$20 per month.

SUMMARY

These are certainly not great demands. Yet, summing them up, taking the smaller of the two when two sums are mentioned, we have \$262.50 monthly, or \$3150¹ per year. Let us talk no more of bad management, — we and our wives face an impossible problem.

CONCLUSION

If this seems extravagant to those who have to determine upon the proper *minimum* compensation for a man of long training, education, and refinement, we must ask them to look over these items carefully, one by one, and put down what they think a fair sum for each item for a family of the college professor's social status. Then let them foot up the total. The average college professor's salary, in the United States, is about \$2000.² The inevitable deduction from the table of

¹ The difference between this sum and the writer's average of \$2,794.27 is accounted for by the fact that he has saved nothing, and that his accounts begin with his first year of married life, when both his wife and he were well supplied with clothing, books, pictures, and certain items of household furnishings. No children and no servant for the first two years. Owning our own home since the second year, we have not included anything for rent or interest.

² This includes not merely full professors, but the other ranks as well.

analyzed expenses, borne out by the experience of the writer and of all of his colleagues whom he has consulted, is that this must be increased sixty per cent, — the increase to be uniform in all grades, from instructor to head professor.

If the profession of teaching is to attract the highest type of efficient manhood, a *living salary* must be paid. A man who devotes his life to the cause of the advancement of education must feel a "call" to it. He should be of a type which joyfully relinquishes all desire to accumulate worldly wealth or to live in luxury. Large salaries, commensurate with what equal ability would bring in other lines of work (\$10,000 to \$50,000), might be just, but would be undesirable, as they would tend to serve as bait to attract mercenary and lower types of men.

But a man fit to occupy a chair in a university should be paid enough to enable him to live in decency and comfort, rearing and educating his children, and retiring in his old age to something other than absolute penury.

The writer would commend a careful study of his table to all college trustees.

Can a man, whose energies are spent in so unequal and impossible a struggle to make both ends meet, maintain freshness and vigor in his work, be an inspiration to his students, and fulfill in scholarship the promise of his early years? The alternative demanded by the conditions is celibacy.

THE CENTENARY OF SAINTE-BEUVE

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

It is a hundred years since Sainte-Beuve was born in the Norman city that looks over toward England, and more than a generation has passed since his death just before the war with Germany. Yesterday three countries — France, Belgium, and Switzerland — were celebrating his centenary with speeches and essays and dinners, and the singing of hymns. At Lausanne, where he had given his lectures on *Port-Royal*, and had undergone not a little chagrin for his pains, the University unveiled a bronze medallion of his head, — a Sainte-Beuve disillusioned and complex, writes a Parisian journalist, with immoderate forehead radiating a cold serenity, while the lips are contracted into a smile at once voluptuous and sarcastic, as it were an Erasmus grown fat, with a reminiscence of Baudelaire in the ironic mask of the face. It is evidently the "Père Beuve" as we know him in the portraits, and it is not hard to imagine the lips curling a little more sardonically at the thought of the change that has come since he was a poverty-driven hack and his foibles were the ridicule of Paris.

Yet through all these honors I cannot help observing a strain of reluctance, as so often happens with a critic who has made himself feared by the rectitude of his opinions. There has, for one thing, been a good deal of rather foolish scandal-mongering and raking up of old anecdotes about his gross habits. Well, Sainte-Beuve was sensual. "Je suis du peuple ainsi que mes amours," he was wont to hum over his work; and when that work was finished, his secretary tells us how he used to draw a hat down over his face (that face *dont le front démesurément haut rayonne de sérénité froide*), and go out on the street for any chance liaison. There is something too much of these stories in what is writ-

ten of Sainte-Beuve to-day; and in the estimate of his intellectual career too little emphasis is laid on what was stable in his judgment, and too much emphasis on the changes of his religious and literary creed. To be sure, these mutations of belief are commonly cited as his preparation for the art of critic, and in a certain sense this is right. But even then, if by critic is meant one who merely decides the value of this or that book, the essential word is left unsaid. He was a critic, and something more; he was, if any man may claim such a title, the *maître universel* of the century, as, indeed, he has been called.

And the time of his life contributed as much to this position of Doctor Universalis as did his own intelligence. France, during those years from the Revolution of 1830 to the fall of the Second Empire, was the seething-pot of modern ideas, and the impression left by the history of the period is not unlike that of watching the witch scenes in *Macbeth*. The eighteenth century had been earnest, mad in part, but its intention was comparatively single, — to tear down the fabric of authority, whether political or religious, and allow human nature, which was fundamentally good, though depraved by custom, to assert itself. And human nature did assert itself pretty vigorously in the French Revolution, proving, one might suppose, if it proved anything, that its foundation, like its origin, is with the beasts. To the men who came afterward that tremendous event stood like a great prism between themselves and the preceding age; the pillar of light toward which they looked for guidance was distorted by it, and shattered into a thousand colored rays. For many of them, as for Sainte-Beuve, it meant that the old humanitarian passion remained side by side with a pro-

found distrust of the popular heart; for all, the path of reform took the direction of some individual caprice or ideal. There were democrats and monarchists and imperialists; there was the rigid Catholic reaction led by Bonald and de Maistre, and the liberal Catholicism of Lamennais; there was the socialism of Saint-Simon, mixed with notions of a religious hierarchy, and other schemes of socialism innumerable; while skepticism took every form of condescension or antagonism. Literature also had its serious mission, and the battle of the romanticists shook Paris almost as violently as a political revolution. Through it all science was marching with steady gaze, waiting for the hour when it should lay its cold hand on the heart of society.

And with all these movements Sainte-Beuve was more or less intimately concerned. As a boy he brought with him to Paris the pietistic sentiments of his mother and an aunt on whom, his father being dead, his training had devolved. Upon these sentiments he soon imposed the philosophy of the eighteenth century, followed by a close study of the Revolution. It is noteworthy that his first journalistic work on the *Globe* was a literary description of the places in Greece to which the war for independence was calling attention, and the reviewing of various memoirs of the French Revolution. From these influences he passed to the *cénacle* of Victor Hugo, and became one of the champions of the new romantic school. Meanwhile literature was mingled with romance of another sort, and the story of the critic's friendship for the haughty poet and his love for the poet's wife was of a kind almost incomprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon mind. It may be said in passing that the letters of Sainte-Beuve to M. and Mme. Hugo, which have only to-day been recovered and published in the *Revue de Paris*, throw rather a new light on this whole affair. They do not exculpate Sainte-Beuve, but they at least free him from ridicule. His successful passion for Mme. Hugo, with its abrupt close

when Mme. Hugo's daughter came to her first confession, and his tormented courtship of Mme. d'Arbouville in later years, were the chief elements in that *éducation sentimentale* which made him so cunning in the secrets of the feminine breast.

But this is a digression. Personal and critical causes carried him out of the camp of Victor Hugo into the ranks of the Saint-Simonians, whom he followed for a while with a kind of half-detached enthusiasm. Probably he was less attracted by the hopes of a mystically regenerated society with Enfantin as its supreme pontiff, than by the desire of finding some rest for the imagination in this religion of universal love. At least he perceived in the new brotherhood a relief from the strained individualism of the romantic poets, and the same instinct, no doubt, followed him from Saint-Simonism into the fold of Lamennais. There at last he thought to see united the ideals of religion and democracy, and some of the bitterest words he ever wrote were in memory of the final defalcation of Lamennais, who, as Sainte-Beuve said, saved himself but left his disciples stranded in the mire. Meanwhile this particular disciple had met new friends in Switzerland, and through their aid was brought at a critical moment to Lausanne to lecture on *Port-Royal*. There he learned to know and respect Vinet, the Protestant theologian and critic, who, with the help of his good friends, the Oliviers, undertook to convert the wily Parisian to Calvinism. Sainte-Beuve himself seems to have gone into the discussion quite earnestly, but for one who knows the past experiences of that subtle twister there is something almost ludicrous in the way these anxious missionaries reported each accession and retrogression of his faith. He came back to Paris a confirmed and satisfied doubter, willing to sacrifice to the goddess Chance as the blind deity of this world, convinced of materialism and of the essential baseness of human nature, yet equally convinced that within man there rules some ultimate principle of genius or individual authority which no ra-

tionalism can explain, and above all things determined to keep his mind open to whatever currents of truth may blow through our murky human atmosphere. He ended where he began, in what may be called a subtilized and refined philosophy of the eighteenth century, with a strain of melancholy quite peculiar to the baffled experience of the nineteenth. His aim henceforth was to apply to the study of mankind the analytical precision of science, with a scientific method of grouping men into spiritual families.

Much has been made of these varied twistings of Sainte-Beuve's, both for his honor and dishonor. Certainly they enabled him to insinuate himself into almost every kind of intelligence, and report of each author as if he were writing out a phase of his own character; they made him in the end the spokesman of that eager and troubled age whose ferment is to-day just reaching America. France scarcely holds the place of intellectual supremacy once universally accorded her, yet to her glory be it said that, if we look anywhere for a single man who summed up within himself the life of the nineteenth century, we instinctively turn to that country. And more and more it appears that to Sainte-Beuve in particular that honor must accrue. His understanding was more comprehensive than Taine's or Renan's, more subtle than that of the former, more upright than that of the latter, more single toward the truth and more accurate than that of either. He never, as did Taine, allowed a preconceived idea to warp his arrangement of facts, nor did he ever, at least in his mature years, allow his sentimentality, as did Renan, to take the place of judgment. Both the past and the present are reflected in his essays with equal clearness.

On the other hand, this versatility of experience has not seldom been laid to lightness and inconsistency of character. I cannot see that the charge holds good, unless it be directed also against the whole age through which he passed. If any one thing has been made clear by the pub-

lishing of Sainte-Beuve's letters and by the closer investigation of his life, it is that he was in these earlier years a sincere seeker after religion, and was only held back at the last moment by some invincible impotence of faith from joining himself finally with this or that sect. And he was thus an image of the times. What else is the meaning of all those abortive attempts to amalgamate religion with the humanitarianism left over from the eighteenth century, but a searching for faith where the spiritual eye had been blinded? I should suppose that Sainte-Beuve's refusal in the end to speak the irrevocable word of adhesion indicated rather the clearness of his self-knowledge than any lightness of procedure. Nor is his inconsistency, whether religious or literary, quite so great as it is sometimes held up to be. The inheritance of the eighteenth century was strong upon him, while at the same time he had a craving for the inner life of the spirit. Naturally he felt a powerful attraction in the preaching of such men as Saint-Simon and Lamennais, who boasted to combine these two tendencies; but the mummery of Saint-Simonism and the instability of Mennaisianism, when it came to the test, too soon exposed the lack of spiritual substance in both. With this revelation came a growing distrust of human nature, caused by the political degeneracy of France, and by a kind of revulsion he threw himself upon the Jansenism which contained the spirituality the other creeds missed, and which based itself frankly on the total depravity of mankind. He was too much a child of the age to breathe in that thin air, and fell back on all that remained to him,—inquisitive doubt and a scientific demand for positive truth. It is the history of the century.

And in literature I find the same inconsistency on the surface, while at heart he suffered little change. Only here his experience ran counter to the times, and most of the opprobrium that has been cast on him is due to the fact that he never allowed the clamor of popular taste and the

warmth of his sympathy with present modes to drown that inner critical voice of doubt. As a standard-bearer of Victor Hugo and the romanticists he still maintained his reserves, and, on the other hand, long after he had turned renegade from that camp he still spoke of himself as only *demi-converti*. The proportion changed with his development, but from beginning to end he was at bottom classical in his love of clarity and self-restraint, while intensely interested in the life and aspirations of his own day. There is in one of the recently published letters to Victor Hugo a noteworthy illustration of this steadfastness. It was, in fact, the second letter he wrote to the poet, and goes back to 1827, the year of *Cromwell*. On the twelfth of February, Hugo read his new tragi-comedy aloud, and Sainte-Beuve was evidently warm in expressions of praise. But in the seclusion of his own room the critical instinct reawoke in him, and he wrote the next day a long letter to the dramatist, not retracting what he had said, but adding certain reservations and insinuating certain admonitions. "Toutes ces critiques rentrent dans une seule que je m'étais déjà permis d'adresser à votre talent, l'excès, l'abus de la force, et passez-moi le mot, la charge." Is not the whole of his critical attitude toward the men of his age practically contained in this rebuke of excess, and over-emphasis, and self-indulgence? And Sainte-Beuve when he wrote the words was just twenty-three, was in the first ardor of his attachment to the giant — the Cyclops, he seemed to Sainte-Beuve later — of the century.

But after all, it is not the elusive seeker of these years that we think of when Sainte-Beuve is named, nor the author of those many volumes, — the *Portraits*, the *Chateaubriand*, even the *Port-Royal*, — but the writer of the incomparable *Lundis*. In 1849 he had returned from Liège after lecturing for a year at the University, and found himself abounding in ideas, keen for work, and without regular employment. He was asked to contribute a crit-

ical essay to the *Constitutionnel* each Monday, and accepted the offer eagerly. "It is now twenty-five years," he said, "since I started in this career; it is the third form in which I have been brought to give out my impressions and literary judgments." These first *Causeries* continued until 1860, and are published in fourteen solid volumes. There was a brief respite then, and in 1861 he began the *Nouveaux Lundis*, which continued in the *Moniteur* and the *Temps* until his last illness in 1869, filling thirteen similar volumes. Meanwhile his mother had died, leaving him a house in Paris and a small income, and in 1865 he had been created a senator by Napoleon III at the instigation of the Princesse Mathilde.

In his earlier years he had been poor and anxious, living in a student's room, and toiling indefatigably to keep the wolf from the door. At the end he was rich, and had command of his time, yet the story of his labors while writing the latest *Lundis* is one of the heroic examples of literature. "Every Tuesday morning," he once wrote to a friend, "I go down to the bottom of a pit, not to reascend until Friday evening at some unknown hour." Those were the days of preparation and plotting. From his friend, M. Chéron, who was librarian of the Bibliothèque Impériale, came memoirs and histories and manuscripts, — whatever might serve him in getting up his subject. Late in the week he wrote a rough draft of the essay, commonly about six thousand words long, in a hand which no one but himself could decipher. This task was ordinarily finished in a single day, and the essay was then dictated off rapidly to a secretary to take down in a fair copy. That must have been a strenuous season for the copyist, for Sainte-Beuve read at a prodigious rate, showing impatience at any delay, and still greater impatience at any proposed alteration. Indeed, during the whole week of preparation he was so absorbed in his theme as to ruffle up at the slightest opposition. In the evening he would eat a hearty dinner, and then walk out with

his secretary to the outer Boulevards, the Luxembourg, or the Place Saint-Sulpice, for his digestion, talking all the while on the coming *Lundi* with intense absorption. And woe to the poor companion if he expressed any contradiction, or hinted that the subject was trivial, — as indeed it often was, until the critic had clothed it with the life of his own thought. “In a word,” Sainte-Beuve would cry out savagely, “you wish to hinder me in writing my article. The subject has not the honor of your sympathy. Really it is too bad.” Whereupon he would turn angrily on his heel and stride home. The story explains the nature of Sainte-Beuve’s criticism. For a week he lived with his author; “he belonged body and soul to his model! He embraced it, espoused it, exalted it!” — with the result that some of this enthusiasm is transmitted to the reader, and the essays are instinct with life as no other critic’s work has ever been. The strain of living thus passionately in a new subject week after week was tremendous, and it is not strange that his letters are filled with complaints of fatigue, and that his health suffered in spite of his robust constitution. Nor was the task ended with the dictation late Friday night. Most of Saturday and Sunday was given up to proofreading, and at this time he invited every suggestion, even contradiction, often practically rewriting an essay before it reached the press. Monday he was free, and it was on that day occurred the famous Magny dinners, when Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Renan, the Goncourts, and a few other chosen spirits, met and talked as only Frenchmen can talk. Every conceivable subject was passed under the fire of criticism; nothing was held sacred. Only one day a luckless guest, after faith in religion and politics and morals had been laughed away, ventured to intimate that Homer as a canon of taste was merely a superstition like another; whereupon such a hubbub arose as threatened to bring the dinners to an end once and for all. The story is told in the *Journal* of the Goncourts, and it was one of the brothers, I believe,

who made the perilous insinuation. Imagine, if you can, a party of Englishmen taking Homer, or any other question of literary faith, with tragic seriousness. Such an incident explains many things; it explains why English literature has never been, like the French, an integral part of the national life.

And the integrity of mind displayed in the *Lundis* is as notable as the industry. From the beginning Sainte-Beuve had possessed that inquisitive passion for the truth, without which all other critical gifts are as brass and tinkling cymbals. Nevertheless, it is evident that he did not always in his earlier writings find it expedient to express his whole thought. He was, for example, at one time the recognized herald of the romantic revolt, and naturally, while writing about Victor Hugo he did not feel it necessary to make in public such frank reservations as his letters to that poet contain. His whole thought is there, perhaps, but one has to read between the lines to get it. And so it was with the other men and movements with which he for a while allied himself. With the *Lundis* came a change; he was free of all entanglements, and could make the precise truth his single aim. No doubt a remnant of personal jealousy toward those who had passed him in the race of popularity embittered the critical reservations which he felt, but which might otherwise have been uttered more genially. But quite as often this seeming rancor was due to the feeling that he had hitherto been compelled to suppress his full convictions, to a genuine regret for the corrupt ways into which French literature was deviating. How nearly the exigencies of a hack writer had touched him is shown by a passage in a letter to the Oliviers written in 1838. His Swiss friend was debating whether he should try his fortunes in Paris as a contributor to the magazines, and had asked for advice. “But where to write? what to write?” replied Sainte-Beuve; “if one could only choose for himself! You must wait on opportunity, and in the long run this becomes a transaction in which

conscience may be saved, but every ideal perishes," — *dans laquelle la conscience peut toujours être sauvée mais où tout idéal périt*. Just about this time he was thinking seriously of migrating with the Oliviers to this country. It would be curious to hear what he might have written from New York to one who contemplated coming there as a hack writer. As for the loss of ideals, his meaning, if it needs any elucidation, may be gathered from a well-known passage in one of his books: —

"The condition of man ordinarily is no more than a succession of servitudes, and the only liberty that remains is now and then to effect a change. Labor presses, necessity commands, circumstances sweep us along: at the risk of seeming to contradict ourselves or give ourselves the lie, we must go on and forever recommence; we must accept whatever employments are offered, and even though we fill them with all conscientiousness and zeal we raise a dust on the way, we obscure the images of the past, we soil and mar our own selves. And so it is that before the goal of old age is reached, we have passed through so many lives that scarcely, as we go back in memory, can we tell which was our true life, that for which we were made and of which we were worthy, the life which we would have chosen."

Those were the words with which he had closed his chapters on *Chateaubriand*; yet through all his deviations he had borne steadily toward one point. In after years he could write without presumption to a friend: "If I had a device, it would be the *true*, the *true* alone; and the beautiful and the good might come out as best they could." There are a number of anecdotes which show how precious he held this integrity of mind. The best known is the fact that, in the days before he was appointed senator, and despite the pressure that was brought to bear on him, he still refused to write a review of the Emperor's *History of Cæsar*.

Both the sense of disillusion which was really inherent in him from his youth, and the passion for truth, hindered him in his

"creative" work, while they increased his powers as a critic. He grew up, it must be remembered, in the midst of the full romantic tide, and as a writer of verse there was really no path of great achievement open to him save that of Victor Hugo and Lamartine and the others of whose glory he was so jealous. Whatever may have been the differences of those poets, in one respect they were alike: they all disregarded the subtle *nuance* wherein the truth resides, and based their emotions on some grandiose conception, half true and half false; nor was this mingling of the false and true any less predominant in one of Hugo's political odes than in Lamartine's personal and religious meditations. Now, the whole bent of Sainte-Beuve's intellect was toward the subtle drawing of distinctions, and even to-day a reader somewhat romantically and emotionally inclined resents the manner in which his scalpel cuts into the work of these poets and severs what is sound from what is morbid. That is criticism; but it may easily be seen that such a habit of mind when carried to excess would paralyze the poetic impulse. The finest poetry, perhaps, is written when this discriminating principle works in the writer strongly but unconsciously; when a certain critical atmosphere about him controls his taste, while not compelling him to dull the edge of impulse by too much deliberation. Boileau had created such an atmosphere about Molière and Racine; Sainte-Beuve had attempted, but unsuccessfully, to do the same for the poets of the romantic renaissance. His failure was due in part to a certain lack of impressiveness in his own personality, but still more to the notions of individual license which lay at the very foundation of that movement. There is a touch of real pathos in his superb tribute to Boileau: —

"Let us salute and acknowledge to-day the noble and mighty harmony of the *grand siècle*. Without Boileau, and without Louis XIV, who recognized Boileau as his Superintendent of Parnassus, what would have happened? Would even the

most talented have produced in the same degree what forms their surest heritage of glory? Racine, I fear, would have made more plays like *Bérénice*; La Fontaine fewer *Fables* and more *Contes*; Molière himself would have run more to Scapins, and might not have attained to the austere eminence of *Le Misanthrope*. In a word, each of these fair geniuses would have abounded in his natural defects. Boileau, that is to say, the common sense of the poet-critic authorized and confirmed by that of a great king, constrained them and kept them, by the respect for his presence, to their better and graver tasks. And do you know what, in our days, has failed our poets, so strong at their beginning in native ability, so filled with promise and happy inspiration? There failed them a Boileau and an enlightened monarch, the twain supporting and consecrating each other. So it is these men of talent, seeing themselves in an age of anarchy and without discipline, have not hesitated to behave accordingly; they have behaved, to be perfectly frank, not like exalted geniuses, or even like men, but like schoolboys out of school. We have seen the result."

Nobler tribute to a great predecessor has not often been uttered, and in contrast one remembers the outrage that has been poured on Boileau's name by the later poets of France and England. One recalls the scorn of the young Keats, in those days when he took license upon himself to abuse the King's English as only a willful genius can:—

Ill-fated, impious race!

That blasphemed the bright Lyrist face to face,
And did not know it,—no, they went about,
Holding a poor decrepit standard out
Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Boileau!

I am not one to fling abuse on the school of Dryden and Pope, yet the eighteenth century may to some minds justify the charge of Keats and the romanticists. Certainly the critical restraint of French rules, passing to England at a time when the tide of inspiration had run low, in-

duced a certain aridity of manner. But consider for a moment what might have been the result in English letters if the court of Elizabeth had harbored a man of authority such as Boileau, or, to put it the other way, if the large inspiration of those poets and playwrights had not come before the critical sense of the land was out of its swaddling clothes. What might it have been for us if a Boileau and an Elizabeth together had taught Shakespeare to prune his redundancies, to disentangle his language at times, to eliminate the relics of barbarism in his dénouements; if they had compelled the lesser dramatists to simplify their plots and render their characters conceivable moral agents; if they had instructed the sonneteers in common sense and in the laws of the sonnet; if they had constrained Spenser to tell a story,—consider what this might have meant, not only to the writers of that day, but to the tradition they formed for those that were to come after. We should have had our own classics, and not been forced to turn to Athens for our canons of taste. There would not have been for our confusion the miserable contrast between the "correctness" of Queen Anne's day and the creative genius of Elizabeth's, but the two together would have made a literature incomparable for richness and judgment. It is not too much to say that the absence of such a controlling influence at the great expansive moment of England is a loss for which nothing can ever entirely compensate in our literature.

Such was the office which Sainte-Beuve sought to fulfill in the France of his own day. That conscious principle of restraint might, he thought, when applied to his own poetical work, introduce into French literature a style like that of Cowper's or Wordsworth's in England; and to a certain extent he was successful in this attempt. But in the end he found the Democratican maxim too strong for him: *Excludit sanos Helicone poetas*; and, indeed, the difference between the poet and the critic may scarcely be better defined than in this, that in the former the princi-

ple of restraint works unconsciously and from without, whereas in the latter it proceeds consciously and from within. And finding himself debarred from Helicon (not by impotence, as some would say, but by excess of self-knowledge), he deliberately undertook to introduce a little more sanity into the notions of his contemporaries. I have shown how at the very beginning of his career he took upon himself privately such a task with Hugo. It might almost be said that the history of his intellect is summed up in his growth toward the sane and the simple; that, like Goethe, from whom so much of his critical method derives, his life was a long endeavor to supplant the romantic elements of his taste by the classical. What else is the meaning of his attack on the excesses of Balzac? or his defense of Erasmus (*le droit, je ne dis des tièdes, mais des neutres*), and of all those others who sought for themselves a governance in the law of proportion? In one of his latest volumes he took the occasion of Taine's *History of English Literature* to speak out strongly for the admirable qualities of Pope:—

"I insist on this because the danger to-day is in the sacrifice of the writers and poets whom I will call the moderate. For a long time they had all the honors: one pleaded for Shakespeare, for Milton, for Dante, even for Homer; no one thought it necessary to plead for Virgil, for Horace, for Boileau, Racine, Voltaire, Pope, Tasso, — these were accepted and recognized by all. To-day the first have completely gained their cause, and matters are quite the other way about: the great and primitive geniuses reign and triumph; even those who come after them in invention, but are still naïve and original in thought and expression, poets such as Regnier and Lucretius, are raised to their proper rank; while the moderate, the cultured, the polished, those who were the classics to our fathers, we tend to make subordinate, and, if we are not careful, to treat a little too cavalierly. Something like disdain and contempt (relatively speaking) will soon be their portion. It seems to me that there is

room for all, and that none need be sacrificed. Let us render full homage and complete reverence to those great human forces which are like the powers of nature, and which like them burst forth with something of strangeness and harshness; but still let us not cease to honor those other forces which are more restrained, and which, in their less explosive expression, clothe themselves with elegance and sweetness."

And this love of the golden mean, joined with the long wanderings of his heart and his loneliness, produced in him a preference for scenes near at hand and for the quiet joys of the hearth. So it was that the idyllic tales of George Sand touched him quickly with their strange romance of the familiar. Chateaubriand and the others of that school had sought out the nature of India, the savannahs of America, the forests of Canada. "Here," he says, "are discoveries for you, — deserts, mountains, the large horizons of Italy; what remained to discover? That which was nearest to us, here in the centre of our own France. As happens always, what is most simple comes at the last." In the same way he praised the refined charm of a poet like Cowper, and sought to throw into relief the purer and more homely verses of a Parny: "If a little knowledge removes us, yet greater knowledge brings us back to the sentiment of the beauties and graces of the hearth." Indeed, there is something almost pathetic in the contrast between the life of this laborious recluse, with his sinister distrust of human nature, and the way in which he fondles this image of a sheltered and affectionate home.

But the nineteenth century was not the seventeenth, neither was Sainte-Beuve a Boileau, to stem the current of exaggeration and egotism. His innate sense of proportion brought him to see the dangerous tendencies of the day, and, failing to correct them, he sank deeper into that disillusion from which his weekly task was a long and vain labor of deliverance. He took to himself the saying of the Abbé

Galiani: "Continue your works; it is a proof of attachment to life to compose books." Yet it may be that this very disillusion was one of the elements of his success; for after all, the real passion of literature, that perfect flower of the contemplative intellect, hardly comes to a man until the allurements of life have been dispelled by many experiences, each bringing its share of disappointment. Only, perhaps, when the hope of love (the *spes animi credula mutui*) and the visions of ambition, the belief in pleasure and the luxury of grief, have lost their sting, do we turn to books with the contented understanding that the shadow is the reality, and the seeming reality of things is the shadow. At least for the critic, however it may be for the "creative" writer, this final deliverance from self-deception would seem to be necessary. Nor do I mean any invidious distinction when I separate the critic from the creative writer in this respect. I know there is a kind of hostility between the two classes. The poet feels that the critic by the very possession of this self-knowledge sets himself above the writer who accepts the inspiration of his emotions unquestioningly, while the critic resents the fact that the world at large looks upon his work as subordinate, if not superfluous. And yet, in the case of criticism such as Sainte-Beuve conceived it, this distinction almost ceases to exist. No stigma attaches to the work of the historian who recreates the political activities of an age, to a Gibbon who raises a vast bridge between the past and the present. Yet, certainly, the best and most durable acts of mankind are the ideals and emotions that go to make up its books, and to describe and judge the literature of a country, to pass under review a thousand systems and reveries, to point out the meaning of each, and so write the annals of the human spirit, to pluck out the heart of each man's mystery and set it before the mind's eye quivering with life, — if this be not a labor of immense creative energy the world has no sense to my ears. We read and enjoy, and the past slips un-

ceasingly from our memory. We are like the foolish peasant: the river of history rolls at our feet, and forever will roll, while we stand and wait. And then comes this magician, who speaks a word, and suddenly the current is stopped; who has power like the wizards of old to bid the tide turn back upon itself, and the past becomes to us as the present, and we are made the lords of time. I do not know how it affects others, but for me, as I look at the long row of volumes which hold the interpretation of French literature, I am almost overwhelmed at the magnitude of this man's achievement.

Nor is it to be supposed that Sainte-Beuve, because he was primarily a critic, drew his knowledge of life from books only, and wrote, as it were, at second hand. The very contrary is true. As a younger man, he had mixed much with society, and even in his later years, when, as he says, he lived at the bottom of a well, he still, through his friendship with the Princesse Mathilde and others of the great world, kept in close touch with the active forces of the Empire. As a matter of fact, every one knows, who has read at all in his essays, that he was first of all a psychologist, and that his knowledge of the human breast was quite as sure as his acquaintance with libraries. He might almost be accused of slighting the written word in order to get at the secret of the writer. What attracted him chiefly was that middle ground where life and literature meet, where life becomes self-conscious through expression, and literature retains the reality of association with facts. "A little poesy," he thought, "separates us from history and the reality of things; much of poesy brings us back." Literature to him was one of the arts of society. Hence he was never more at his ease, his touch was never surer and his eloquence more communicable, than when he was dealing with the great ladies who guided the society of the eighteenth century and retold its events in their letters and memoirs, — Mme. du Deffand, Mme. de Graffigny, Mlle. de Lespinasse,

and those who preceded and followed. Nowhere does one get closer to the critic's own disappointment than when he says with a sigh, thinking of those irrecoverable days: "Happy time! all of life then was turned to sociability." And he was describing his own method as a critic, no less than the character of Mlle. de Lespinasse, when he wrote: "Her great art in society, one of the secrets of her success, was to feel the intelligence (*l'esprit*) of others, to make it prevail, and to seem to forget her own. Her conversation was never either above or below those with whom she spoke; she possessed measure, proportion, rightness of mind. She reflected so well the impressions of others, and received so visibly the influence of their intelligence, that they loved her for the success she helped them to attain. She raised this disposition to an art. 'Ah!' she cried one day, 'how I long to know the foible of every one!'" And this love of the social side of literature, this hankering after *la bella scuola* when men wrote under the sway of some central governance, explains Sainte-Beuve's feeling of desolation amidst the scattered, individualistic tendencies of his own day.

There lie the springs of Sainte-Beuve's critical art, — his treatment of literature as a function of social life, and his search in all things for the golden mean. There we find his strength, and there, too, his limitation. If he fails anywhere, it is when he comes into the presence of those great and imperious souls who stand apart from the common concerns of men, and who rise above our homely mediocrities, not by extravagance or egotism, but by the lifting wings of inspiration. It is a common charge against him that he was cold to the sublime, and he himself was aware of this defect, and sought to justify it. "Il ne faut donner dans le sublime," he said, "qu'à la dernière extrémité et à son corps défendant." Something of this, too, must be held to account for the haunting melancholy that he could forget, but never overcome. He might have lived with a kind of content in the society of

those refined and worldly women of the eighteenth century, but, missing the solace of that support, he was unable amid the dissipated energies of his own age to rise to that surer peace that needs no communion with others for its fulfillment. Like the royal friend of Voltaire, he still lacked the highest degree of culture, which is religion. He strove for that during many years, but alone he could not attain to it. As early as 1839 he wrote, while staying at Aigues-Mortes: "My soul is like this beach, where it is said Saint Louis embarked: the sea and faith, alas! have long since drawn away." One may excuse these limitations as the "defect of his quality," as indeed they are. But more than that, they belong to him as a French critic, as they are to a certain degree inherent in French literature. That literature and language, we have been told by no less an authority than M. Brunetière, are preëminently social in their strength and their weakness. And Sainte-Beuve was indirectly justifying his own method when he pointed to the example of Voltaire, Molière, La Fontaine, and Rabelais, and Villon, the great ancestors. "They have all," he said, "a corner from which they mock at the sublime." I am even inclined to think that these qualities explain why England has never had, and may possibly never have, a critic in any way comparable to Sainte-Beuve; for the chief glory of English literature lies in the very field where French is weakest, in the lonely and unsociable life of the spirit, just as the faults of English are due to its lack of discipline and uncertainty of taste. And after all, the critical temperament consists primarily in just this linking together of literature and life, and in the leveling application of common sense.

Yet if Sainte-Beuve is essentially French, indeed almost inconceivable in English, he is still immensely valuable, perhaps even more valuable, to us for that very reason. There is nothing more wholesome than to dip into this strong and steady current of wise judgment. It is good for us to catch the glow of his mas-

terful knowledge of letters and his faith in their supreme interest. His long row of volumes are the scholar's *Summa Theologiæ*. As John Cotton loved to sweeten

his mouth with a piece of Calvin before he went to sleep, so the scholar may turn to Sainte-Beuve, sure of his never-failing abundance and his ripe intelligence.

A QUESTION OF EQUITY

BY HELEN STERLING THOMAS

"YOU will have that copy ready on Monday morning, please, Miss Grant."

The head of the firm spoke with quiet insistence; without waiting for a reply he took his hat and, hurriedly glancing at a time-table, rang for the elevator.

"Click, click, click," sang the typewriter; "folio No. 209," printed Elza; then the machine caught, and she stopped to adjust it. It was very warm in the office; through the open windows the jangle of street noises below floated up to her; a spiritless hurdy-gurdy tried to make itself heard, there seemed something human in its pathetic effort. Elza wondered dully why it kept on playing, contending against the clash and roar of the city with only its wheezing melody. Nobody wanted to hear it. Then she began again on a fresh sheet of paper, "folio No. 209."

When she finally left the office that afternoon, there was a tired droop to her shoulders. She had kept Allen waiting some time after he came for her.

"There was extra work to be finished," she explained. "I shall have to come down Sunday morning."

He marked the jaded accent, and looked at her anxiously; his eyes followed lovingly as she passed out of the elevator before him. Something struck him as inexpressibly touching in the short brown jacket and wrinkled corduroy skirt; he noticed for the first time how shabby the familiar garments were. To-day they seemed to have assumed all their owner's weariness, and hung about her figure in sympathetic dejection. She caught his look of distress

and tried to smile, but the corner of her mouth twitched instead, and for a moment they stood despondently on the street corner, while the great tide surged by.

"There is n't anything of our Saturday afternoon left now." Elza spoke slowly without looking up.

"Oh, time for the Staten Island boat, or we might take the stage up to the Park," he suggested.

But the stage passed, and there were no places outside, so instead they sat on the upper deck of the ferry and watched the summer twilight fade into night, and the lights pricking through the mist down on the Long Island shore. A soft sea wind blew in their faces. Elza took off her hat, and as she put it down on the seat next, her hand fell on Allen's coat. She felt a package in the pocket, looked up anxiously:—

"It is n't! oh, it is n't?"

He nodded. "Yes, it came back this afternoon. Three publishers have refused it now. I don't believe I shall send it again." He laughed rather mirthlessly. "It is n't being refused which one minds, of course. I know I could do something really good in time, — if one only had the time. But what is a man's brain good for at night after balancing books all day in a brass factory!"

"Suppose it never were any different for either of us." Elza's voice was even and expressionless.

He pulled himself together, and spoke brightly: "Oh, one day I shall do some-

thing that will make a sensation, and all the publishers will be after my work. Fancy, — fancy that we had a thousand dollars, Elza, to-night, right now!"

She looked at him, smiling a little wistfully.

"We could get married," — he continued gayly.

"I sometimes think we never shall," said Elza, "and you will just go on with the account books, and write stories that nobody will ever read; and I shall grow old and gray-haired sitting at a typewriter, and you will come Saturday afternoons to take me out, and it will always be too late to go anywhere."

"Not at all," answered Allen in an injured tone, "some day we will have a thousand dollars, and we won't save and be prudent, but you shall have a good time for once; no work for you, just play all day long."

"We'll go to Europe," laughed the girl, "to London, Paris; think of the pictures in the National Gallery, the Louvre!"

"We will make our obeisance to the Mona Liza and speak to Titian's Lady Laura, won't we? And they will welcome us across three centuries because we've loved them and waited all our lives to see them. But they will be so jealous when they see you, Elza," — he bent nearer her, — "they will come down out of their frames and drive you out of the gallery, and then we will go away and dine. And you shall wear white camelias every night, and be dressed like a princess."

She looked down and pinched the wilted ribbon on her hat, but Allen continued heedlessly: —

"And at night the most interesting people in the world will come to our salon, artists, poets, musicians; they will sigh for a word from you, and they will carry away my signature as a priceless treasure."

She met his eyes, laughing.

"I assure you they will, Elza, and we will find some poor young people who have n't money enough to be married; and we will introduce them because they

have talent, only no one discovered it."

"Just like us," murmured Elza.

"No, not at all; we are already established, remember. I have a secretary, and my fifth novel is all sold out before publication."

"And when the money is all gone?"

"What an unpleasant thought! But then we should at least be married," he added quickly, "and nothing could undo that."

The boat bumped suddenly into the slip, and they went quietly uptown and dined at an inexpensive restaurant within sound of the elevated. Afterwards, when they came out into the street again, Allen stopped at the corner to buy her a bunch of sweet peas. They had gone a half block before he discovered that the boy had given him too much in change. He turned and dashed down the street, and returned a moment later, breathless and satisfied.

"You might have paid my fare home with that," said Elza, laughing a little.

"You are not qualified to acquire riches, my friend, you simply dream about having them. I wonder if you would refuse a chance of real importance for fear of injustice to some vague personality, for instance, like this boy with the flowers, when some one as near you as I might be benefited? Your conscience is most absurd."

"My forefathers were Puritans," he answered briefly.

"But you are really an artist, Allen," — she looked at him proudly, — "yet the Puritan in you keeps you from ever letting go of yourself like some of your brethren, and losing the moral sense. You would n't find it worth while to make an effect or to take a pleasure at the expense of any one else."

"Are the genuine effects ever made that way? Does some one have to suffer for every bit of success and joy that comes in the world?"

"It is just the other side of the stage, don't you see?" insisted the girl. "Some one pulls the ropes and the scenery, and makes the nice, merry comedy possible."

"Is some one hurt now because we are happy in being together?" He drew her hand in his arm, speaking gently.

"Oh, I dare say."

"I don't like to think it," he responded gravely; and added, "to live honestly and to hurt no one is about all most of us can try to accomplish."

After he left Elza on the doorstep of a shabby boarding-house, he turned slowly homeward. The girl's dejection of the afternoon had entered into his own mood, and now that the necessity of a show of courage was gone, he was too weary to resist the despair in his heart. Her words, "If it never should be any different for either of us," seemed printed in large type on his mental horizon. What hope was there that it ever would be otherwise! How many like themselves were there here in the city with nothing but their dreams and the optimism of youth and health to stay them in a routine of uncongenial labor! There welled in his heart an unutterable tenderness for the toiling, suffering mass of humanity around him. The thought of the "Weltschmerz," his own inability to lessen it, hurt him at times more than his personal disappointment and pain. A painting by a great Spaniard, which he had chanced to see in one of the shops of late, had moved him strangely, and the remembrance of it flashed before him now. Some crippled children were bathing in the sea, aided by a priest; the canvas had seemed to him like a symbol, as though the misery of the whole world were concentrated in those painfully deformed little nude bodies. Infinite commiseration was written in the face of the priest, which looked down, helpless and pitiful, on this heritage of sorrow. He had found the picture almost unbearable at the time, and gladly turned away from it back to the sunshine of the street.

He was still young enough not to have altogether renounced the idea that disagreeable tasks should bring agreeable rewards, and often he rebelled, not so much for himself as for Elza. It was impossible not to imagine what their life spent to-

gether might mean; now they met after long business hours almost too weary to take each other's hands. They would ask so little, oh, so little, of the gods! Why should simple joys be denied her for lack of time to enjoy them? Why should she spend day after day over a typewriter, printing legal documents for a brute of a man who took an early train out of town every afternoon? He recalled the stoop of her shoulders as she passed out of the elevator before him, and the few threads of gray in her dark hair. He had never noticed them until to-day. He shook himself fiercely, and went up the avenue with long strides. If he had been anything of a man he ought to have freed her; her love had been the supreme inspiration for work, and what had he accomplished? Some men worked their way through college, through a profession, into practice and position. His old boyish contempt of those who fail arose and confronted his thirty-eight years of unsuccess. Was there, after all, some flaw in his moral fibre? The great novel he had dreamed of remained unwritten. Had he hesitated at some crucial cross-road and missed the path to good fortune, or did he lack that invincible courage that wins? He knew he could succeed with his work some day, and for a moment the consciousness of power uplifted him. It did not matter about this tale which the publishers refused; he could write a better one,—more simple, more human. That motif he had been thinking of for the past month was the motif he would arrive with. He knew the idea was original, he was sure it would succeed. How often he had been sure before! but this time it was different. Oh, but for the opportunity to write the story! It would take deliberate adjustment, delicate workmanship; he could not give that in the hours snatched from sleep after his day in the office; and again arose the old murmur that echoed through all the fairy tales he told to Elza: "Now fancy,—fancy we had a thousand dollars! If I could borrow it," he thought, "just for a year — for six months; Jove! I see

how some poor chaps get in trouble!"

He was still thinking of the story as he stumbled up his stairs that evening, and ran into Gervase on the dark landing.

"Hello! did n't see you, come in," said Allen, unlocking his door.

Gervase stepped inside, glanced about. The meagre furnishings were relieved by the shelf of worn volumes and the Velasquez photograph pinned on the faded wall paper. He stood a moment, quickened with a definite and exquisite pleasure in the suggestion of his friend's personality which the modest little room always gave him on entering. On leaving he always had the conviction that Allen was an even better fellow than he realized, and wondered why fate never did him a good turn.

"Don't stand, sit down," said Allen. "Here is your pipe, just as you left it, full of last week's ashes. Glad you came to-night; I remember I've something I want to show you. I wandered into an auction on my way uptown the other day; I could n't help bidding just to see the things go, — and like a fool got saddled with a rug. I paid almost nothing for it, but I could n't afford it, and did n't want it anyhow."

He unrolled it on the back of a chair. "Here it is. Nice texture, don't you think?"

Gervase turned up the gas and bent over the rug eagerly.

"Where did you get this?" he inquired sharply.

"Why, at that sale, — Mignonette Marble's effects, — the old gayety singer, you know, — a lot of tawdry stuff, old costumes" —

"And how much did you pay for?" —

"Is it any good?" interrupted Allen. "I had a vague notion it might be worth something."

Gervase sat staring at his companion, his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"Man, don't you know? You have a Ghiordes," he said solemnly.

"Oh, I say! that's unusual, is n't it?"

"Worth twelve hundred; a thousand easy; it is hundreds of years old, and is

one of the rarest Turkish in existence. Got anything to drink?"

"Are you sure?" stammered Allen.

"Sure! of course. Any one who knows will tell you the same unless they try to swindle you."

"Swindle me! I had n't thought of that." Allen let his cigarette die out in his hand. "But they could n't have realized when the rug was sold?"

Gervase shook his head. "No, no; such luck happens once in a lifetime, and I am glad it's come to you," — he laid his hand affectionately on his friend's arm. "Now let me take it. I know some of the dealers, and I will see you get all it is worth."

Allen's eyes sparkled.

"We could go away for the summer, Elza and I; and I could write the story, — my story, the best one of all, and we would be free ever after," — he stretched his arms above his head.

"Of course, of course," nodded Gervase, "this will give you your chance, and you will do something mighty fine, too."

"I have an idea for a novel," cried Allen, bending forward, his thin face flushed, "my head has been full of it for weeks. I see it all so clearly; it will be the best thing done in years. I know I can make my name with it."

"When you are once established, it will be easy. All you need is the time to write, and this will give you a summer, or a year, if you manage right." Gervase turned his attention again to the rug.

"But they say she was found almost starving in a third-class boarding-house." Allen spoke slowly, the light gradually dying out of his countenance. "She is old, poor; I used to know her."

"Who?" demanded Gervase.

"Why, Mignonette Marble. Her effects were sold as a sort of charity by some of the profession. There is a question of equity, don't you see? a fine point, but it makes the good luck all wrong."

"You bought the rug at public sale; it's yours."

"I am not altogether sure of that."

"Now see here," persisted Gervase,

"you are a sensible fellow, but it is quite possible that your imagination would ruin you in certain situations. I'll dispose of the rug before you conjure up any more visions of poor old actresses. Elza shall take charge of the funds; she is a responsible young woman."

Allen turned away, and, raising the window, leaned out into the soft, warm night. Here was the hour come in which to make something of his life. It would be for Elza as well as himself. Why should not he take this chance as most men would? Then there flashed before him a vision of Mignonette Marble as he had first seen her in variety years before. He remembered now the lithe figure, the slender legs in pink tights, the piquant face with its short upper lip, and her dances, which had for him the charm of youth and abandonment without vulgarity. She had taken possession of his pliable, boyish affections for some time, and he had watched her performances in an intoxication of delight. He had seen her exalted and spiritualized by his own youthful ardor, and on the nights when he made his way to her dressing-room, even at close range his imagination had been sufficient to sustain its idol. He had not thought of her for years, and now he realized that she must have been something between the circus tumbler and the comic opera singer, ordinary, — vulgar, — and with all the cheap allurements of her kind; yet she had possessed something more, — a kind heart, — and he had at least one recollection in the experience to be profoundly grateful to her for. It was her own frankness and honesty which at last revealed to him what she was, and made him see his own folly; without vanity and with a rough, yet almost maternal tenderness, she had finally answered his passionate entreaties to marry him.

"I ain't your sort, young chap, can't you see? You never met up with my kind before, and I'll be blowed if I take any more of your money or let you follow me round any longer."

And with a persistent and almost bru-

tal determination she had forced him from her. Her last words lingered in his memory: —

"Always steer straight, and keep clear of my kind."

Of course he would have avoided her kind. The one ordeal had been sufficient, and it was but a foolish temptation which he had had in common with other boys. It might have ended disastrously, however, had she been otherwise. She had been generous to him, and saved him from a great indiscretion. Now she was old, poor, cast off to die. But, necessity aside, in moral justice did not this money belong to her rather than to himself or to Elza? The silence in the room deepened. Allen's figure grew tense and straight, somewhere a clock, deliberate and measured, told the hour.

"Well?" said Gervase finally.

Allen started, spoke hurriedly. "Don't say anything yet to Elza; it might all fall through, you know, be some mistake."

"I'll take the rug, anyway," responded Gervase, "and you shall have the money before long."

"No, no, not to-night. You could n't do anything before Monday. I'll keep it here to look at over Sunday."

"As you like," and Gervase went out with a dissatisfied shrug, closing the door rather more sharply than necessary.

"I will decide in the morning," thought Allen, as he tossed sleeplessly through that night. But the next day, after a long walk alone, he found himself still rehearsing, point by point, the details of the situation, and no nearer a decision. Try as he would, he could not persuade himself to take this money; yet when he thought of giving it up, that became equally impossible. He struggled to shut out the thought of Elza, but he found her in every view he took of the circumstance. His story, by some trick of his excited nerves, forced itself upon his thought. He saw it from beginning to end, — brave and gay, musically written, carefully constructed. Without mental effort he looked at its pictures and heard its language. It was in his mind

so vividly that it would write itself when he once had the time. And the time was now. Elza and he could go away together, live in some Devon village through the summer. He could work and be happy. He thought of the English country, the white roads and winding hedges, the primroses and cowslips; he saw Elza in the fields among them, the tired stoop gone from her figure, the lines faded out of her face. Afterwards they could come back, when the book was finished; he felt certain that he could make a success of it financially, which would set him on his feet for the future. He could find out then about this Mignonette Marble, and do something generous for her. A few months now, probably, would make no difference to her. She was an old woman, the possibilities of life were past for her, — only just beginning for them. Oh, he needed the money; he wanted it; he could not let it go!

He had reached this point by afternoon, as he sat in the drawing-room of the boarding-house where Elza lived.

"Allen, what is the matter? You have not heard one word I have said."

"I beg your pardon," and again he made an unsuccessful attempt to respond to Elza.

"Are n't you well?"

"Quite; but there was something I wanted to tell you, — no, not now. I have an engagement."

"We were going out to dine, but of course if you don't wish to" —

With the unpleasant sensation that she had found him disappointing and abrupt, he hurried away, and taking a crumpled bit of paper from his waistcoat, read an address in the fading light on the street.

An hour later he stood, far down town, at the top of a cheap apartment house, almost a tenement. The wish was in his heart, unadmitted even to himself, that this visit would prove the vague rumors untrue regarding Mignonette Marble.

"Well, now, to think you heard I was down in luck, and came to see!"

He remembered the voice of Mignon-

ette Marble. It seemed like a hideous echo of a sound he had once vibrated to. She came near him, put her hand familiarly on his arm. He stepped back a little, and looked down at her. The old face appeared more shocking by the traces of brilliant rouge, rubbed off on the cheeks, but still lodging in the deep furrows of the wrinkles. He glanced about the room, and recognized the evidences of extreme poverty and illness: the little oil stove was piled with unwashed dishes; the medicine bottle stood uncorked on the window-sill; a pair of soiled dancing-slippers lay in the middle of the floor; and two or three old play-bills with Madame Mignonette Marble's name in large letters were pinned on the wall.

"Remember you, well, I guess!" She pulled the dingy, tattered kimono over her thin arms. "Come here, and we'll have a chat." She took Allen's hand, and they sat down side by side.

"You're the young chap got so gone on me the year I was doing the high kicking at Murray's. Here, I've got just a drop of cocktail left, — drink to me; here's to you, — but you were n't the only one; that manager would have done anything for me, and there were a couple of swells that took a box every night for the season. I tell you I drew! There ain't one in the profession drawn the swells I have nor had the presents. All gone now, though, — and you the only one ever looked me up. Well, I've had my day! It was a good one, too." She stopped to cough, and then sucked the dregs of the cocktail in Allen's glass.

"I've been sold up," she went on, "three times. If I had known you were coming, I would have curled my hair, but I don't have much company nowadays. You see, I've been out of a job."

"I heard," murmured Allen, with a sickening desire to escape.

"You don't know of anything in my line? I've always kept up my practice. Put on your hat and see me send it off."

She set his derby on his head, made a hideous and feeble attempt to kick it off,

failed, tried again, and fell panting into his arms.

"I've had a cold; don't let on you saw me like this," she gasped, "it might hurt me with the managers."

"I saw some things of yours sold," began Allen bravely.

"Oh, I say! now did you? I did n't get anything, though. There was a rug Lord Downs gave me for my room when I was in London; thought I might get twenty-five for it. Did you see it go?"

"Yes," answered Allen, wincing and edging toward the door.

"You ain't going!" She caught hold of him. "There's a place round the corner; they know me. I play the piano there sometimes. You're good for a dinner, ain't you? just for old times?"

He went and paid for the dinner, only half hearing her vulgar chatter meanwhile, and seeing through the blurred, smoky atmosphere of the little restaurant the seamed, hard old face opposite, insisting to himself that it was not pathetic, and still going over and over in his mind the question, — Will the next three months matter more to her than to Elza and to me? What will she do with the money, compared with what I will? I shall spend it honestly for a good woman, and be able to do my work. — Then he saw the weakness of the hand lifting the wineglass, and looked into the face, which seemed all the older now, because it had struggled so long to appear young. As they came out into the street again she whispered hoarsely: —

"You could n't lend me, just till I get an engagement?"

He thrust what money he had into her hands, and tore himself away, breathing quickly.

"I must do something. It's not at all the thing; it's not right," he thought, as he walked home. "I could sell the rug and divide with her; that's more than most men would do."

Then he told himself that this was sneaking, temporizing. There was no room for doubt now. Before, he had been uncer-

tain; it was not possible to believe a newspaper story without investigation, but he had investigated. His responsibility was increased. The woman was plainly ill, and in want. She ought to be placed in a home, perhaps he could interest some of the profession in her, — a benefit or some charity could be given. There must be some other way beside using this money, his money; there must be some devious yet honorable passage of escape for him. He must have the time to write this book, for it was of vital importance not only to himself, but to the public. The motif was finer, stronger than anything which had ever before presented itself. Again, almost against his desire, he saw the story as a finished performance. The characters moved, they walked with him, and their voices rang in his ears. He went forward rapidly, unconscious of the hour, the place, the noise and confusion in the streets around, the vague, unpleasant odor of the stifling atmosphere. He was lifted out of himself, beyond himself, into a rare mood of inspiration. His imagination revealed not only the idea, but the form as well; the mechanical work would do itself when he had the time, and the time was now. He would write to Gervase to-night to stop for the rug in the morning. It had been folly not to let him take it on Saturday. He strode on in feverish haste, trying to wear himself out physically, and so dull the acuteness of his mental process. He assured himself repeatedly, but without conviction, that he would be justified if he took this money.

At last, late that night, he sank on a bench amid the thick foliage of the park, and it seemed to him as though he had lost the control of his thoughts, and mechanically they repeated the old arguments, wearing on the same channels of his brain like the ceaseless dropping of water. I shall tell Elza, let her help me, he thought; but he knew in advance the result of thus shifting the responsibility. Yet if others would not hesitate, why should he be more scrupulous? Then

there rose before him from out the dark shadows and the dancing electric lights of the quiet park, an old face, vulgar, coarse, — yet with hollow cheeks and pinched lips. Every page of his book would bear this impression, and the beauty of the style would be poisoned by his own dishonesty. The temptation came once more and gripped him, and he pulled himself together and put it down fiercely, and trampled on it. If he could not do his work honestly and hurt no one, he would never do it at all, but would remain an obscure accountant in a huge corporation. Elza should have no pleasures he could not win for her by his own efforts. If he could not succeed despite the difficulties in his way, he could not with those difficulties removed; and if he were mean and small enough to take advantage of another, how could he cheat himself with the supposition that he could write a book which would be masterful? It would be but the reflection of his own soul, and doomed to failure. A great work of art never bore the imprint of a petty personality.

He entered his room at last, his face set and determined, and calmly wrote his decision to Gervase. To-morrow he would go to Mignonette Marble, tell her the truth, help her to advertise the rug, and procure its proper price. Why had he agonized over the situation for twenty-four hours? After all, it was simpler than he had supposed. Once admitted, the right action always was simple, if not easy; and with a sense of great relief he sealed his letter and laid it aside to be mailed.

He had a desire to see this thing which had caused him such annoyance and brought him nothing in return. He rose and opened his closet door, went back, lit another gas jet, looked again. The rug was gone.

Where could it be? He had intended to lock it in his trunk, but he could not remember having done so. It must be safe somewhere. He had made his decision — thank God! That was enough. It was late, he was wearied to death, and would now sleep.

From a tranquil and dreamless rest he arose Monday morning light of heart and with a feeling of freedom from responsibility. With every moment filled during the particularly busy day which followed, he had no time to inquire, even of himself, concerning the disappearance of the rug, and gladly pushed into the uncertainty of the future further thought concerning it. Executing the mechanical tasks before him became a grateful respite from the conflict which had torn him mentally.

When he left the office late in the afternoon, he hurried to Elza in response to a note which had made him uneasy, for in a few blurred and hastily written lines she had requested his immediate presence. He ran up the steps of the shabby boarding-house and violently pulled the bell. He swept the servant aside with a word, and made his way up to Elza's little hall room.

"Oh, Allen, Allen! I know all about it. Mr. Gervase has been so kind! He brought me the money this noon at the office so I could give it you myself, so I could tell you instead of any one else."

"What? I don't understand," murmured Allen. "I asked him not to let you know."

"Yes, of course, because you thought it might all fall through, he said, and I be disappointed. But it has n't fallen through; he made a splendid sale, — and we can go to Europe, do all the things we've talked of. It is just like the fairy tale, our fairy tale, come true!"

"But the rug! Where did he get it?"

"How slow you are, dear goose! He went three times yesterday and could n't find you, then finally took it because he met a collector, a friend of his, who was in town just over night, and who made an offer, cash, for it at once." She reached up and put her hands on Allen's shoulders. "Just think, we can go away together now, can't we? Only we must never forget to be grateful to Mr. Gervase all our lives. He has arranged it."

"Yes," said Allen, rather coldly, "he most certainly has arranged it."

"I don't think," she murmured, without looking up, "I could have held out much longer. I hear the typewriter all night long. I am so tired, Allen, so tired; but it does n't matter now. Let's take the first steamer, — a slow one."

He did not speak for a moment, but held the little frail figure firmly. Then, like the breaking of an uncertain dam before a great tide, something in his soul gave way, whether of strength or of weakness he did not analyze, as he answered:

"Yes, dear, yes, the first steamer."

And while he kissed her in the fading twilight, she did not see how white his lips were.

A week later they stood on the deck of a transatlantic liner steaming slowly down the bay. Allen leaned on the railing opening his mail; a letter from Gervase he had

purposely kept until the last. He had not seen his friend nor communicated with him in the past busy days; he read quickly through the pages, his eye falling on the last sentences.

" . . . So sorry not to get down to see you off; remembrances to Mrs. Allen. Use my name at the 'Black Boy,' Cobham, and don't forget 'The Crab and Lobster,' Clovelly. Here's for your further contentment," and there fell out of the letter a newspaper clipping: "Died in want. Once a popular gayety singer: Mignonette Marble."

The bit of paper flew out of his hand in the strong wind and fluttered off to sea.

"What's that?" asked Elza.

"Oh, nothing," he murmured, turning away. "I think, if you don't mind, I will go and fetch my pipe."

NEWMAN AND CARLYLE

AN UNRECOGNIZED AFFINITY

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

THE dominant idea of nineteenth century thinking is summed in the phrase, — Life is growth. Whatever lives is born, not made; and being born, lives and expands its being spontaneously. In the lower forms of life this vital spontaneity is merely automatic; in the higher it is, or seems to be, self-directive. As a moral being, man prides himself on his ability to control his spontaneous nature. Whether he can or not is the great question; but in any case, he is coming more and more to realize that there are large tracts in his makeup quite outside of his self-conscious jurisdiction, which are yet centres of potent influence upon his whole life. More than that: recognizing spontaneous growth everywhere, he is coming to realize the impossibility of holding in subjection even the constituents of his own self-

consciousness itself, his own ideas. For they, too, born in his mind, grow there, and growing, change, it may be, beyond his own recognition.

Our usual habit of speech, indeed, misleads us here. We speak ordinarily of storing away an idea in the memory as we might check a parcel in a baggage room, and as if, presenting the proper check, we might naturally expect to receive back the self-same parcel in its original package. If the phrase "the storeroom of the mind" is current, the analogy upon which it was built is obsolete. This analogy goes back to the mechanical psychology of Locke. For nineteenth century psychology, to put an idea into the mind is rather like planting a seed in the ground. If the idea falls upon good soil, and has life in it, — has interest, that is, for the recipient

mind,—it will at once throw out roots and grow, feeding itself upon whatever is assimilable thereabout, until it may cease to be a mere seedling, and has become a flower, or a weed, or maybe a tree overshadowing the whole of that mind. Or, one may compare the receiving mind to an incubator, into which to-day an egg is put, and which to-morrow renders a chicken; and that chicken may in due time become a hen; and that hen lay a second egg; and that egg become a second chicken,—and so on through generations. Furthermore, in any incubating mind, there is, in fact, more than one egg, or one kind of egg, to hatch. There may well be bantam eggs and cochin eggs and dorking eggs, duck eggs maybe, and usually some goose eggs and bad eggs, not to say a china egg or so, which, though itself sterile, may induce laying in other fowl.

Suppose now that the farmer who owns this mental poultry-farm (I perceive that my “incubator” idea has spontaneously grown into such in my own mind), suppose, I say, that the farmer, self-consciousness, passes through to take account of stock. When last there he had left a few mute eggs. Now he is greeted by a chorus of cacklings, crowings, cooings, gobblings, quackings, chuckings, cluckings, clackings, squawking, hissings. He may have various business: maybe to catch a fat pullet for some feast of reason he is setting out—like myself now; he pursues her desperately round the enclosure, only to trip over a lean, sprawling gander . . . *absit omen!*

Whatever the owner’s business there, he cannot fail, if he be at all observant, to take note how greatly, all independent of his own volition, his brood has grown, changed, multiplied, or mayhap died off.

Now, indeed, man’s realization of this spontaneous, and as it were independent, growth of his thought, is no new thing in these latter days. The divine madness of Pythian priestesses; the ejaculations of demon-obsessed boys; the dæmonic inspiration of a Socrates,—such phenomena, however superstitiously explained,

have brought home to men the possibility of the mind working independently of its owner’s will. But such phenomena were regarded as abnormal, even miraculous; the normal man believed himself to be literally—and the phrase itself connotes normality, sanity—in full possession of his faculties. They were his; and with them, as with tools, he shaped and ordered his ideas at his own sweet will, subject only to the rules of his craft, Logic. What the nineteenth century has done, is to point out that this extra-volitional process of thought, this “unconscious cerebration” or “subliminal activity,” while it may be abnormal, even seemingly miraculous, in degree, is yet normal and universal in kind. Our conscious thinking is indeed a sphere of influence upon our lives; but, circumscribing this, spreads out a vague, unlighted land, whereof we have or can have no chart, but whence continually steal in, while our attention sleeps, ghostly visitants to blight or bless, deform or transform the subjects of our sovereign consciousness.

To trace the history of the recognition of this subliminal factor in mental life would be to run too far afield. There are hints of it in the doctrines of Rousseau; it is fundamental in the systems of Hegel and Schopenhauer; Coleridge probably was the first to insist upon it in England; but Carlyle was the first Englishman to feel and to reveal its vital and moral significance. Thus John Stuart Mill, who certainly was competent to speak with authority in such matters, speaks in his *Autobiography* of Carlyle’s “Doctrine of the Unconscious.”

Carlyle not merely insisted upon the reality of “unconscious” thinking, upon the spontaneous growth of living ideas; he owes to this idea itself, spontaneously developing in his own mind, all that is consistent, and much that seems to be inconsistent, in his whole teaching; so that following the course in his teaching of that seed-idea of the “unconscious” may serve at once to see that teaching in a new light, and also to illustrate in action the

principle of the spontaneous growth of ideas itself.

The principle itself first appears definitely formulated in one of Carlyle's earliest publications, the *Characteristics*, which came out in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1831. In this too-little-known early review he put his case, not only first, but best. The vastly more famous *Sartor Resartus*, although it really implies as a foundation the same principle, nowhere definitely expounds it. In the argument of *Sartor*, the major premiss is suppressed. To this fact, as much as to the thick crust of picturesque verbiage, is due the bewilderment of the uninitiate reader.

Characteristics opens with a significant enunciation: "The healthy know not of their health, but only the sick: this is the Physician's aphorism; and applicable in a far wider sense than he gives it. We may say, it holds no less in moral, intellectual, political, poetical, than in merely corporeal therapeutics; that wherever, or in what shape soever, powers of the sort which can be named *vital* are at work, herein lies the test of their working right or working wrong." Thus at the very outset not only is there asserted for every phase of our living an "unconscious" activity, but further this "unconscious" activity is pronounced the only right and normal living. Before speaking of this further pronouncement, I may quote a passage from the body of the essay, which is the clearest that Carlyle ever wrote in declaration of his first principle. It is as follows: "... we observe, with confidence enough, that the truly strong mind, view it as Intellect, as Morality, or under any other aspect, is wise the mind acquainted with its strength; that here as before the sign of health is unconsciousness. In our inward, as in our outward, world, what is mechanical lies open to us: not what is dynamical and has vitality. Of our Thinking, we might say, it is but the mere upper surface that we shape into articulate Thoughts; — underneath the region of argument and conscious discourse lies the region of meditation; here,

in its quiet mysterious depths, dwells what vital force is in us; here, if aught is to be created, and not merely manufactured and communicated, must the work go on. Manufacture is intelligible, but trivial; Creation is great, and cannot be understood. Thus if the Debater and Demonstrator, whom we may rank as the lowest of true thinkers, knows what he has done, and how he did it, the Artist, whom we rank as the highest, knows not; must speak of Inspiration, and in one or the other dialect, call his work the gift of a divinity."

In this pregnant passage Carlyle's recognition of "subliminal" activities of thought is clear enough. Nor need the twentieth century psychologist quarrel, I conceive, with that further recognition that "creative" thought, original thought, is at least more often the resultant of ideas gradually shaping, developing, and uniting spontaneously, than the product of self-conscious "argument about it and about." To the consciousness, into which this ^{resultant} of silently growing ideas may at length rise, ^{evoked} by some pertinent questioning, it may well seem to be what we call a happy thought, implying thereby a fortuitousness which is so only for the self-consciousness which knows not how or whence it came. Hence we shall have no difficulty in going with Carlyle as he continues: "... on the whole, 'genius is ever a secret to itself;' of this old truth we have, on all sides, daily evidence. The Shakespeare takes no airs for writing *Hamlet*, and the *Tempest*, understands not that it is anything surprising; Milton, again, is more conscious of his faculty, which accordingly is an inferior one." And yet again, Carlyle is strictly logical in the corollary which he elsewhere draws in *Sartor Resartus*, thus: "A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us, which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself*; till it be translated into this par-

tially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at.*"

This, I take it, is the deeper justification of Carlyle's panacea of silent work. Critics have not rarely assumed that he recommended it on grounds somewhat like those on which David Harum justified fleas for dogs, — "to keep 'em from broodin' on bein' a dog." Work for man has the converse value, — namely, to educate true and articulate self-knowledge out of his 'broodin' on bein' a — *man*.' "Only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible" that "inarticulate self-consciousness" dwelling "dimly in us," which is our "soul." For, as Carlyle elsewhere exclaims, "... it cannot be too often repeated, where it continues still unknown or forgotten, that man has a soul as certainly as he has a body; nay, much more certainly; that properly it is the course of his unseen, spiritual life, which informs and rules his external visible life."

Probably here, indeed, Carlyle makes the logical saltum common to transcendentalists generally, in hypostatizing into a spiritual, immortal entity man's *unseen* "moral activities." Quietly to transform these at work "*underneath* the region of argument and conscious discourse" into a divine something raying down into that region its influences from *above*, to transfigure the "subliminal" into the "supraliminal," — this is an act not of reason, but of faith. It is to bridge the gap between science and religion by projecting across it the shadow of human desire.

But if thus reading out of his principle of the "unconscious," or into it, intimations of immortality, of a divine soul, Carlyle runs the principle into the *air*, none the less his recognition that work, the putting of our whole selves to the revealing test, is the sole means of genuine self-knowledge, this corollary is not only logical, but in the spirit of science itself. It is the laboratory method applied to that composition of known and unknown forces which we call ourselves. By their fruits we shall know them.

By work we come bit by bit to know our true selves; by self-knowledge we come to be better workmen. To recognize this as Carlyle's circle of aspiration, his "Everlasting Yea," is to recognize how imperfect was Matthew Arnold's understanding when he labeled Carlyle, in contradistinction to Emerson, "pessimist." Carlyle was frequently despondent, dyspeptically and splenetically despondent; but in refusing to admit happiness as the deliberate goal of human quest he is at one with all idealistic optimists. He never said that happiness is impossible; but that selfish satisfaction was an unworthy end in itself; and that in any case the right way to catch is not to chase it. Happiness partakes of the feminine contrariness, from which it follows that

... court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.

Whereas, the self-knowledge which is power is a masculine ideal: to win it, we must sweat after it, and for it; until in degree as we shall subdue it to our will, and our will to it, we at the last may

... work for an age at a sitting and never be
tired at all,
and

... each for the joy of the working, and each,
in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God
of Things as They Are!

But is this consummation, however devoutly to be wished, more than a wish? Through our works we may light up gradually that one dark other-world in us which lies "*underneath* the region of argument and conscious discourse;" so by working might we also light up that other still darker region which we dream of as lying beyond the grave, but what assurance has Carlyle to give that *we* shall be there to work?

His answer, the one possible answer this side revelation, is the same which William James has given us in his doctrine of the Will to Believe. The state of man is like the state of the ass between the two wisps of hay, so placed as to make equal appeal. Being a wholly logical ass,

the creature of the fable must to all seeming inevitably have starved. Yet, could he but have known, there was a way out: he might have shut one eye! So man before the issue of Doubt and Faith. And there is this advantage in his position over that of the ass. Only to the pure reason is the balance of doubt and faith an even one. To the practical reason, to the conscience, and to the heart, choice is easy. To return to our ass, it is as if while he *saw* both hay-wisps equally alluring, he *smelt* one musty. He might well have said to himself, modifying Pascal: the nose has its reasons as well as the eyes. So Carlyle: "The special, sole, and deepest theme of the World's and Man's History," says the Thinker of our time, "whereto all other themes are subordinated, remains the Conflict of *Unbelief* and *Belief*. All epochs wherein *Belief* prevails, under what form it may, are splendid, heart-elevating, fruitful for contemporaries and posterity. All epochs, on the contrary, wherein *Unbelief*, under what form soever, maintains its sorry victory, should they even for a moment glitter with a sham splendour, vanish from the eyes of posterity; because no one chooses to burden himself with study of the unfruitful." For Carlyle, as for James, it is the practical reason that breaks the deadlock of the pure reason. We must not merely wish to believe, we must will to believe. The right attitude is not one of sentimental yearning, but one of heroic strenuousness. "Here on Earth we are as Soldiers," he says finely, "fighting in a foreign land; that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like Soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy."

But there are on earth soldiers and soldiers: privates in the ranks, and staff-officers of God. Submission is due from those to these; but how to distinguish them? Again in his answer Carlyle builds upon faith in the "unconscious." The natural leader, the hero, the king by divine right, is he who dares to act spontane-

ously, from the convictions which rise up in him and dominate him. In other words, the conviction by which a man has power is the conviction in whose power he is. To such men, will we nill we, we must submit ourselves; "must speak of inspiration, and in one or the other dialect, call his work the gift of a divinity." Whether, in a particular case, this "divinity" be angel or devil is again determinable only after the fact by its works.

These, then, are the main tenets of Carlyle's "doctrine of the Unconscious:" faith in the spontaneous, the unperceived, part of us; courage to let that spontaneous self work itself out freely and fully; worshipful submission to those in whom the spontaneous part has proved itself by its works potent. How nearly the three tenets are also the bases of Newman's theory of belief, I wish now to show.

Extremes meet; and certainly Carlyle and Newman were temperamental extremes, — the one so without understanding of the other that their practical differences excluded any possible recognition of their theoretical affinity. "John Henry Newman," once remarked Carlyle, "has not the intellect of an average rabbit." And the remark, if "somewhat untunable," has yet some "matter" in it. Newman certainly had not the intellect of any rabbit, average or other; nor had, in fact, an intellect, a concrete intellect, at all like Carlyle's. For which very reason the same dominating idea, planted in his very unlike mental soil, budded, blossomed, and bore fruits as unlike the Carlylean variety as sour and sweet.

It were needless, even if space permitted, to detail the unlikeness of the two men, — of the rugged, irascible, hirsute Scots farmer's son, and the subtle, delicate, low-voiced English priest, English, but with overtones French and Jewish, whom Matthew Arnold remembered as a "spiritual apparition . . . gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then in the most entrancing of voices break-

ing the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, — subtle, sweet, mournful." Carlyle and Newman in conjunction would seem to be like a mastiff and a serpent in one harness. And no two conclusions could be more utterly at variance than his whose *Sartor* led Thomas Huxley "to know that a deep sense of religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology," and his for whom a religion without theology were as a lamp without oil.

Of course, the conclusion's the thing. No argument, other than sophistical, could harmonize two such discordant conclusions as these. It is the premisses, to these conclusions, however, that I wish to bring into conjunction; or, better, I wish to follow down the stems of the two doctrines to their vital roots, which, I conceive, will be found to mingle and become one in the original seed-idea. There are analogies in nature: Japanese gardeners have a way of dwarfing the growth from an acorn so that the forest oak is transformed into a drawing-room ornament.

Carlyle's doctrine, ramifications, knot-tinèsses, and all, grew from his belief of and in the "unconscious" as against the conscious. The unconscious does our really vital business; it is the man behind the counter; the conscious is but the cash register. As Carlyle most luminously expounds this theorem in almost the earliest of his published works, the *Characteristics*, so Newman says the same thing less highly colored in one among the earliest of his works, the Oxford Sermon on *Explicit and Implicit Reason*, printed in 1840, nine years after *Characteristics*. By explicit reason Newman means what Carlyle calls "argument and conscious discourse," by implicit reason what Carlyle calls "unconscious meditation." Forty years after his volume of Sermons, Newman in his latest and ripest theoretical work, the *Grammar of Assent*, again expounds the idea now declared to have grown to be the basis of his Catholic faith, and the guiding clue also for him through the mazes of the development of Catholic

Christianity. It is interesting, and ought to be edifying, to hear this man, with hardly "the intellect of an average rabbit," according to Carlyle, insisting upon Carlyle's pet notion in words that sound themselves like an unconscious echo. Carlyle had said, and had builded upon his saying: "In our inward, as in our outward, world, what is mechanical lies open to us; not what is dynamical and has vitality;" and "The healthy Understanding, we should say, is not the Logical, argumentative, but the Intuitive." Newman, in his shorter, neater, more transparent way, sums it in the *Grammar* thus: Man's "progress is a living growth, not a mechanism; and its instruments are mental acts, not the formulas and contrivances of language."

This identity of belief in the first ground of belief cannot but lead all along the line to phases of agreement between the doctrines of the two Victorians; and the easily demonstrable existence of such justifies the remark of Newman himself in a larger connection, that no number of books "would comprise a delineation of all possible forms which a divine message will assume when submitted to a multitude of minds;" justifies also a second remark of his, that "the more claims an idea has to be considered living, the more various will be its aspects;" and also still another, that "it is probable that a given opinion, as held by several individuals, even when of the most congenial views, is as distinct from itself as are their faces."

Pursuing the common premiss that mental, like all vital, "progress is a living growth, not a mechanism," Carlyle and Newman arrive both at one highly practical conclusion, that all real conviction is through personal influence and example, not by any "syllogistic compulsion." Accordingly, each of the twain, seeking to win over his fellows to his way of thinking, writes not an argument, but a self-confession, — *Sartor Resartus*, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. It is the one way, both think, in all live issues, especially in that livest and deepest-going of all issues, a

man's religion. "In these provinces of enquiry egotism is true modesty. In religious enquiry each of us can speak only for himself, and for himself he has a right to speak. His own experiences are enough for himself, but he cannot speak for others: he cannot lay down the law; he can only bring his own experiences to the common stock of psychological facts. He knows what has satisfied and satisfies himself; if it satisfies him, it is likely to satisfy others; if, as he believes and is sure, it is true, it will approve itself to others also, for there is but one truth." So Cardinal Newman, theological dogmatist! anticipating the latest tolerant attitude of science, whereby, for example, Professor James in his *Varieties of Religious Belief* contents himself with bringing, as editor, to the common stock of psychological facts the self-confessed experiences of many.

There is still deeper justification of this true modesty of egotism, this method of the confessional, than that which arises from the difficulty of convincing men against their wills. It follows from the fact of the unconscious growth of ideas in individual minds that these ideas are but partially communicable in speech; and this communicable part is but the dead schema of the living thought. Or, to use the symbolism of *Sartor* itself, the words by which we intercommunicate are but the old clothes which our ideas have for a while worn, but continually outgrow, and in any case, loaned to another mind, may seem to fit a live idea quite alien. Therefore it is a true paradox that the idol of the eighteenth century, Common Sense, is, literally considered, no organon of conviction at all; since, precisely in so far as sense is common, it fails to reach the real springs of action in any individual, which are not precisely the same for any two individuals in the world. "Je ne suis fait comme aucun de ceux que j'ai vus; j'ose croire n'être fait comme aucun de ceux qui existent." This famous protestation of Rousseau is true in degree of every being; and in so far as the thought of every

being is modified by the whole of the temperament in which it grows, and by which it is nourished, so far that thought is unique and incommunicable. Whenever one attempts to pass a thought from mind to mind, one puts it in danger of undergoing that defiguration which happened to the unfortunate baby which the Duchess flung to Alice, and Alice found to have turned in her arms to a pig. "It will be our wisdom," says Newman, "to avail ourselves of language, as far as it will go, but to aim mainly by means of it to stimulate, in those to whom we address ourselves, a mode of thinking and trains of thought similar to our own, leading them on by their own independent action, not by any syllogistic compulsion." We may not safely fling our ideas at people's heads, but we may fling ourselves on people's hearts: if we can persuade them to accept ourselves, there is good chance of their accepting understandingly our real ideas also. The probable reason why the Duchess's baby seemed a pig to Alice was a lack of sympathy between Alice and the Duchess.

"Personal Influence the Means of Propagating the Truth," is the title of a sermon by Newman. Its maxim is a corollary of his principle of the supremacy of the implicit reason — Carlyle's unconscious self; and this maxim itself, for both men, is the justification of hero-worship. For both men, genius is, to use the quaint jargon of some recent psychology, a "manifestation of subliminal activity intruding upon the primary consciousness." In point of fact, Mr. Myers, whose words I have just now quoted, like Carlyle and Newman both, actually proceeds to treat this "subliminal" inspiration as rather "supraliminal," as an activity not lower, but higher, than that we consciously exert. The mysterious power, not our conscious selves, which moves in us, and makes us from moment to moment what we really are, is deified by an act of faith; and justified as such by the wonderfulness of the works of genius. So Carlyle comes to say of the Genius: "The 'inspiration of the Almighty giveth him

understanding: 'we must listen before all to him.' And Newman endows his "living present authority," which every man instinctively and rightly takes as his "immediate guide," be it "himself or another," — endows this authority with the "illative sense," that is, immediate, not discursive or ratiocinative, insight

Home, to the instant need of things.

1- Faith in one's own nature, then, is the first great moral agreement of Carlyle and Newman, — in one's own nature, so far as that is spontaneous and sincere, not cut to fit a consciously adopted pose. To one's own self may with safety be given the license *Candida* gives to the enamored Poet in Shaw's play: ". . . you may say anything you really and truly feel. Anything at all, no matter what it is. I am not afraid, so long as it is your real self that speaks, and not a mere attitude, — a gallant attitude, or a wicked attitude, or even a poetic attitude. I put you on your honor and truth. Now say whatever you want to." That is the ultimate moral authority. "There is," says Carlyle, "no uniform of excellence, either in physical or spiritual nature: all genuine things are what they ought to be;" wherefore "let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth; resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign, especially all noxious, adhesions; and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may." And Newman: ". . . in him who is faithful to his own divinely implanted nature, the faint light of Truth dawns continually brighter; the shadows which at first troubled it, the unreal shapes created by its own twilight-state, vanish; what was uncertain as mere feeling, and could not be distinguished from a fancy except by the commanding urgency of its voice, becomes fixed and definite, and strengthening into principle, it at the same time develops into habit. As fresh and fresh duties arise, or fresh and fresh faculties are brought into action, they are at once absorbed into the existing inward system, and take their

appropriate place in it." The passage is a precise commentary on Carlyle's intention in the injunction, which has seemed to many either commonplace or cryptic: "Do the Duty which lies nearest, which thou knowest to be a Duty. Thy second Duty will already have become clearer."

There is a second moral agreement: faith in other elect persons and spontaneous submission to their edicts. I say spontaneous submission. The cool, calculated submission of the judgment to the expert is not "hero-worship." It is not submitting to him, but submitting him to one's own use. Worship and love are so far identical that each is a spontaneous surrender of the self-will, the conscious will, to the will of another. It is the massing of dedicated spirits behind the great man that through him makes and marks epochs. "Universal history," says Carlyle, "the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked there." And Newman unwittingly completes Carlyle's thought: "A few highly endowed men will redeem the world for centuries to come."

Now this apparent blending into harmony of two such manifestly opposed doctrines may seem merely plausible, and at bottom sophistical. It may be said the balance-sheet shows up even only because the accounts are doctored. And there certainly is no harmony between the conclusions of the twain in their own minds. That is the point: to show the diverse growth in diverse minds of identical principles. They themselves, and too many of their critics, seem to have been aware only of the final diversity, not at all of the initial identity. Above all, in religious theory they were enigmas each to the other. Yet here, too, they stand upon a theoretic basis in common.

For Carlyle, God is the hero of heroes. His divinity is recognizable, provable, in the precise way the half-divinity of human heroes is recognizable and provable, — in His works. And the most intimate for us of His works is the human con-

science, that mysterious something, *not* our *conscious* selves, making for righteousness. Carlyle's *faith* is that God speaks and moves in conscience, just as conscience speaks and moves in us. Such faith, justified of its works, is his sufficient creed. For him, the rest is silence — and work — worshipful and obedient.

Thus far Newman by Carlyle's side. For him also is God revealed only in His works, especially in the conscience. We may know God, at least at first, not as He is in Himself, but in what He can do, — just as we may know our real selves at first not in themselves, but only in what they can do. "Christianity is a history supernatural, and almost scenic: it tells us what its Author is, by telling us what He has done." Carlyle himself might have penned these words of Newman's.

Well, perhaps we may ask Carlyle and Newman separately: "What do you find God *has* done? It is all very well to point us to history; but history is the sphinx; she asks, not answers, riddles. History reveals, doubtless, mighty forces at work among men and things, but why necessarily one force, and that divine rather than diabolical? How do you know that this 'subliminal self,' this spontaneous, unconscious activity in us, before which you bow down, is no Messiah, but even Moloch? Why may not the Schopenhauers and the Nietzsches be right in evoking no Over-soul, but the Under-soul?"

Answering these root-questions, "the Calvinist without a theology" and the Catholic priest reveal their true disparity.

In effect, Carlyle's answer is simply: I don't know; I have faith; I will to believe. At times, indeed, he makes a lame appeal to fact, as when in *Characteristics* he declares that "... in all, even the rudest communities, man never yields himself wholly to brute force, but always to moral greatness." But unfortunately, Carlyle himself blurs the distinction, and yields himself, or at least his heart, to what has been called, not with excessive exaggeration, "Big-Devil-Worship." He loves effectiveness, the path-breaking

manner of man, and so heartily that he does not always stop to look if the way is being cleared by his hero in a chariot of Elijah or a car of Juggernaut.

The courage of one's own convictions, faith in one's intimate self, is indeed a tremendous force for good or evil. The alternative Carlyle seems sometimes to forget. Newman does not forget it. Such courage, such faith has created, he says, "as the case may be, heroes and saints, great leaders, statesmen, preachers, and reformers, the pioneers of discovery in science, visionaries, fanatics, knight-errants, demagogues, and adventurers," etc. Newman would assuredly agree with Carlyle that "... it is the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise; to be guided in the right path by those who know it better than they. This is the first 'right of man,' compared with which all other rights are as nothing." But how are the foolish in their foolishness to know the wise when they see them? God may be on the side of the bigger battalion, but the bigger battalion is by no means certain to be on God's side. Mere sincerity no more makes wisdom than mere might makes right. Newman, therefore, while entirely acquiescing in Carlyle's hero-worship, asks shrewder questions about the testimonials of these "heroes."

He notes in the first place that the genius which makes "heroes" in the Carlylean sense is special, not general, in its operations. "How a man reasons is as much a mystery as how he remembers. He remembers better and worse on different subject-matters, and he reasons better and worse. Some men's reason becomes genius in particular subjects, and is less than ordinary in others." Wherefore concludes Newman, "*Cuique in arte sua credendum est:*" each is to be trusted in his own specialty, and therein only. A Napoleon might well be trustworthy "in arte sua," the specialty of military strategy; at the same time his judgment might be worse than fallacious in other specialties, such as the fine arts or morals. Carlyle,

therefore, unwisely hails Napoleon as "our last great man." He might fairly enough have hailed him as "our last great military genius." *Ne sutor supra crepidam.*

In the specialty of theology the same principle holds. There may be theological geniuses, as well as military geniuses. Assured of their "special gift," we may trust them in their specialty, however deficient they may prove to be in other respects. It is not their conscious reason that we listen to, but their unconscious, spontaneous reason, — their "illative sense," as Newman prefers to call it. And their justification is precisely what the justification of all spontaneous activity is, — their success. "It is not too much to say," declares Newman, "that the stepping by which great geniuses scale the mountains of truth is as unsafe and precarious to men in general, as the ascent of a skilful mountaineer up a literal crag. It is a way which they alone can take; and its justification lies in their success."

The specialty of theological geniuses is revelation of divine truth. But in what sense can a revelation be said to be justified by success? Manifestly, in a different way from the justification by success of, say, Napoleon's strategy. That beat the enemy, which was all that could be asked of it. Revelation is asked to reveal God; it professes to do so; but we cannot collate its reading of Him with the true text; if we could, we might well enough dispense with the interpreter altogether. No, the "success" of a divine revelation is, humanly speaking, its instant and constant appeal to men, not "to their mere unstable reason," but to that in them which responds spontaneously — despite themselves, as it were. And the measure of such success is in ratio to the universality of such appeal. Would all the world respond concordantly to one revelation, that revelation would indeed be perfectly justified. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*" There would remain the logical possibility of an universal delusion. Doubt is always possible. "There is no act on God's

part," Newman admits, "no truth of religion, to which a captious Reason may not find objections." Practically, there is no present basis of truth except consensus of belief.

Newman therefore is driven back to the appeal to history. Can history, recorded fact, show any such revelation accepted *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*? Newman's answer is the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, in which he endeavors to prove that the revelation of Christ is progressively such an one. I cannot here enter into his argument; but I note its dependence upon the principle, common to himself and Carlyle, of the unconscious growth in the human mind of a living idea once therein implanted. He states the principle at the outset: "When an idea, whether real or not, is of the nature to arrest and possess the mind, it may be said to have life, that is, to live in the mind which is its recipient," that is, to develop organically, like all living things. The revelation of Christ is supremely such a live idea; but precisely because it is so, it is more or less transformed by every mind, every church, every age, in which it has been planted. In the imperfect conscious understanding of an individual, it may not only undergo transformation in identity, organic growth; it may rather suffer deformation, — just as at "the call of the wild," — if the profane analogy be permitted, — a dog may revert to the wolf-type. Spontaneous transformation is the principle of all living growth; but when the mere conscious human understanding attempts to transform, it only succeeds in deforming. If it were true that ideas could be passed on from mind to mind unaltered, then the original Word, the Gospel, might be sufficient for the faithful. In fact, there are as many gospels as there are readers and generations of readers. How, then, distinguish spontaneous, organic growth, natural development, from willful logical alterations? How distinguish that transforming process in all live things, which preserve their constant identity through continual

change, absorbing what is assimilable, rejecting what is deleterious or unfit, from the mechanical simulacrum of that process, mere piecing together of the *dissecta membra* of the thing, and galvanizing the product into a lifelike, but really lifeless, automaton. Such is the problem which Newman sets himself; and his solution is at least consistent with his major premiss. This premiss is, to repeat once again, that there is no spontaneous, organic growth of ideas, except in the living mind, and not in its conscious, reasoning, mechanical activity, but in its spontaneous, unconscious, dynamical activity, — or in modern parlance, not in the primary consciousness, but in the subliminal. The living, growing depositum of Christian faith is in the succession of saints and martyrs, church-fathers and doctors, not in the dead incommunicable writings of them, but in their living thought communicated, each to his own living generation, by "personal influence." The handing on of the credenda by such as these constitutes a process of development by interpretation by a "living organon," which, in Newman's words, "is a personal gift, and not a mere method or calculus." Hence the Catholic position, that the Word is to be interpreted to the many by the fit few, and not left open to the blind judgment of the unfit.

In other words, Newman reasserts the mediæval *aurea catena*, but verifies it by the nineteenth century biological principle of spontaneous or unconscious development. And the justification of the special 'golden chain' which constitutes the credenda of Catholic Christianity now reveals itself in accord with the further nineteenth century evolutionary test, — that of "the survival of the fittest." The Catholic idea alone has in it the principle of survival, that is, capacity for vital growth toward universality, whereas all other religions, including Protestantism, are mechanical products of the conscious

reason, made, not born, therefore local and temporary. Catholicism, alone surviving through change, is therefore fittest to survive change.

Whether Newman makes good his case for the supremacy of Catholicism is a story by itself, into which the present essay cannot enter. The queer thing is that Newman should base his apology upon the same principle as that which, growing in Carlyle's mind, led Huxley to the opposite pole of belief from Newman's dogmatic theology, namely, to the belief that "a deep sense of religion was compatible with an entire absence of theology."

This essay began with the declaration that the biological principle of growth was characteristic of nineteenth century thought at large. Consequently, we might expect to find the corollary of the principle, spontaneous variation in growth, the mastering tenet of other Victorians than Newman and Carlyle, and in other departments of thought than moral or religious. It is so, I think. It may be that I am prey to a fixed idea, but I seem to meet this ghostly other self — under-self or over-self as you please — everywhere in Victorian literature: in Arnold's criticism by trained tact, in Dickens's "hallucinative imagination," in Tennyson's vision on the lawn in *In Memoriam*, in J. S. Mill's "unconscious" transmogrification of hedonism into virtually idealistic ethics. A friend, who happened to hear me speak of the theory of the unconscious in Victorian literature, remarked pleasantly: "Why don't you call it an unconscious theory of Victorian literature?" Perhaps it is. Perhaps my own unconscious self, my subliminal self, comes poking me whenever I read these Victorians, and cries, "Tag!" At least, according to the theory itself, if my theory be truly "unconscious," spontaneous, it ought to be right, and I possessed of at least the essential attribute of genius. But that idea is doubtless one of the "incommunicable" ones!

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Friday, November 14.

SOME of my friends make singular blunders. They go out of their way to talk with certain young women of whom they think or have heard that they are pretty, and take pains to introduce me to them. That may be a reason why they should look at them, but it is not a reason why they should talk with them. I confess that I am lacking a sense, perchance, in this respect, and I derive no pleasure from talking with a young woman half an hour simply because she has regular features. The society of young women is the most unprofitable I have ever tried. They are so light and flighty that you can never be sure whether they are there or not there. I prefer to talk with the more staid and settled, — *settled for life* in every sense.

November 15.

I think it would be good discipline for Channing, who writes poetry in a sublimoslipshod style, to write Latin, for then he would be compelled to say something always, and frequently have recourse to his grammar and dictionary. Methinks that what a man might write in a dead language could be more surely translated into good sense in his own language, than his own language could be translated into good Latin or the dead language.

1852

Sunday, April 4.

I have got to that pass with my friend that our words do not pass with each other for what they are worth. We speak in vain; there is none to hear. He finds fault with me that I walk alone, when I pine for want of a companion; that I commit my thoughts to a diary even on my walks, instead of seeking to share them

generously with a friend; curses my practice even. Awful as it is to contemplate, I pray that, if I am the cold intellectual skeptic whom he rebukes, his curse may take effect, and wither and dry up those sources of my life, and my journal no longer yield me pleasure nor life.

April 16.

How many there are who advise you to print! how few who advise you to lead a more interior life! In the one case there is all the world to advise you; in the other there is none to advise you but yourself. Nobody ever advised me not to print but myself. The public persuade the author to print, as the meadow invites the brook to fall into it. Only he can be trusted with gifts who can present a face of bronze to expectations.

April 17.

When I was young and compelled to pass my Sunday in the house without the aid of interesting books, I used to spend many an hour till the wished-for sundown watching the martins soar, from an attic window; and fortunate indeed did I deem myself when a hawk appeared in the heavens, though far toward the horizon against a downy cloud, and I searched for hours until I had found its mate. They at least took my thoughts from earthly things.

April 18.

2 P. M. to river.

Going through Dennis's field with C., saw a flock of geese on east side of river near willows, — twelve great birds on the troubled surface of the meadow delayed by the storm. We lay on the ground behind an oak and our umbrella, eighty rods off, and watched them. Soon we heard a gun go off but could see no smoke in the mist and rain; and the whole flock

rose, spreading their great wings, and flew with clangor a few rods and lit in the water again, then swam swiftly toward our shore with outstretched necks. I knew them first from ducks by their long necks. Soon appeared the man running toward the shore in vain in his great coat; but he soon retired in vain. We remained close under our umbrella by the tree, ever and anon looking through a peep-hole between the umbrella and the tree at the birds. On they came, sometimes in two, sometimes in three, squads, warily, till we could see the steel-blue and green reflections from their necks.¹ We held the dog close the while, — C., lying on his back in the rain, had him in his arms, — and thus we gradually edged round on the ground in this cold, wet, windy storm, keeping our feet to the tree, and the great wet calf of a dog with his eyes shut so meekly in our arms. We laughed well at our adventure. They swam fast and warily, seeing our umbrellas. Occasionally one expanded a gray wing. They showed white on breasts. And not until after half an hour, sitting cramped and cold and wet on the ground, did we leave them.

April 19.

That oak by Derby's is a grand object seen from any side. It stands like an athlete and defies the tempests in every direction. It has not a weak point. It is an agony of strength. Its branches look like stereotyped gray lightning on the sky. But I fear a price is set upon its sturdy trunk and roots, for ship timber, for knees to make stiff the sides of ships against the Atlantic billows. Like an athlete it shows its well developed muscles.

Scared up three blue herons in the little pond close by, quite near us. It was a grand sight to see them rise, — so slow and stately, so long and limber, with an undulating motion from head to foot, undulating also their large wings, undulating in two directions, and looking warily

¹ Thoreau queries this passage in pencil.

about them. With this graceful, limber, undulating motion they arose, as if so they got under way, their two legs trailing parallel far behind like an earthy residuum to be left behind. They are large, like birds of Syrian lands, and seemed to oppress the earth and hush the hillside to silence, as they winged their way over it looking back toward us. It would affect our thoughts, deepen and perchance darken our reflections, if such huge birds flew in numbers in our sky, — have the effect of magnetic passes. They are few and rare.

To see the larger and wilder birds you must go forth in the great storms like this. At such times they frequent our neighborhood and trust themselves in our midst. A life of fair-weather walks *might* never show you the goose sailing on our waters, or the great heron feeding here. When the storm increases, then these great birds that carry the mail of the seasons lay to. To see wild life you must go forth at a wild season. When it rains and blows, keeping men indoors, then the lover of Nature must forth. Then returns Nature to her wild estate. In pleasant, sunny weather you may catch butterflies, but only when the storm rages that lays prostrate the forest and wrecks the mariner, do you come upon the feeding grounds of wildest fowl, of heron and geese.

July 26.

By my intimacy with nature I find myself withdrawn from man. My interest in the sun and the moon, in the morning and the evening, compels me to solitude.

The grandest picture in the world is the sunset sky. In your higher moods what man is there to meet? You are of necessity isolated. The mind that perceives clearly any natural beauty is in that instant withdrawn from human society. My desire for society is infinitely increased, my fitness for any actual society is diminished.

Went to Cambridge and Boston to-day. Dr. Harris says that my great moth is the

Attacus luna ; may be regarded as one of several emperor moths. They are rarely seen, being very liable to be snapped up by birds. Once, as he was crossing the college yard, he saw the wings of one coming down, which reached the ground just at his feet. What a tragedy! The wings came down as the only evidence that such a creature had soared, wings large and splendid which were designed to bear a precious burthen through the upper air. So most poems, even epics, are like the wings come down to earth while the poet whose adventurous flight they evidence has been snapped up [by] the ravenous vulture of this world. If this moth ventures abroad by day, some bird will pick out the precious cargo and let the sails and rigging drift, as when the sailor meets with a floating spar and sail and reports a wreck seen in a certain latitude and longitude. For what were such tender and defenceless organizations made? The one I had, being put into a large box, beat itself — its wings, etc. — all to pieces in the night in its efforts to get out, depositing its eggs, nevertheless, on the sides of its prison. Perchance the entomologist never saw an entire specimen, but as he walked one day, the wings of a larger species than he had ever seen came fluttering down. The wreck of an argosy in the air.

August 7.

When I think of the thorough drilling to which young men are subjected in the English universities, acquiring a minute knowledge of Latin prosody and of Greek particles and accents, so that they can not only turn a passage of Homer into English prose or verse but readily a passage of Shakespeare into Latin hexameter or elegiacs, — that this and the like of this is to be liberally educated, — I am reminded how different was the education of the actual Homer and Shakespeare. The worthies of the world and liberally educated have always in this sense got along with little Latin and less Greek.

If I were to choose a time for a friend to make a passing visit to this world for the first time, in the full possession of all his faculties, perchance it would be at a moment when the sun was setting with splendor in the west, his light reflected far and wide through the clarified air after a rain, and a brilliant rainbow, as now, o'erarching the eastern sky. Would he be likely to think this a vulgar place to live, where one would weary of existence and be compelled to devote his life to frivolity and dissipation? If a man travelling from world to world were to pass through this world at such a moment, would he not be tempted to take up his abode here?

Wednesday, August 11.

Alcott here the 9th and 10th. He, the spiritual philosopher, is, and has been for some months, devoted to the study of his own genealogy, — he whom only the genealogy of humanity, the descent of man from God should concern! He has been to his native town of Wolcott, Ct., on this errand, has faithfully perused the records of some fifteen towns, has read the epitaphs in as many churchyards, and wherever he found the name Alcock, excerpted it and all connected with it; for he is delighted to discover that the original name was *All-cock* and meant something, that some grandfather or great-grandfather bore it, — Philip Alcock, — (though his son wisely enough changed it to Alcott). He who wrote of Human Culture, he who conducted the Conversations on the Gospels, he who discoursed of Sleep, Health, Worship, Friendship, etc., last winter, now reading the wills and the epitaphs of the Alcocks with the zeal of a professed antiquarian and genealogist! He has discovered that one George Alcock (afterwards Deacon George) came over with Winthrop in 1630 and settled in Roxbury. Has read Eliot's account of him in the Church records and been caught by a passage in which [his] character is described by Eliot as being of "good savor," I think it

is. But he has by no means made out his descent from him. Only knows that that family owned lands in Woodstock, Connecticut. Nevertheless the similarity of name is enough and he pursues the least trace of it. Has visited a crockery dealer in Boston who trades with Alcocks of Staffordshire (?), England, *great* potters, who took a prize at the World's Fair. Has, through him, obtained a cup or so with the name of the maker, Alcock, on it. Has it at his house. Has got the dealer to describe the persons of those Staffordshire Alcocks, and finds them to be of the right type, even to their noses. He knew they must be so. Has visited the tomb of Dr. John Alcock in the Granary Burying Ground, read and copied it. Has visited also the only bearer of the name in Boston, a sail-maker perchance, — though there is no evidence of the slightest connection except through Adam, — and communicated with him. He says I should survey Concord and put down every house exactly as it stands with the name. Admires the manuscript of the old records, — more pleasing than print. Has some design to collect and print epitaphs. Thinks they should be collected and printed *verbatim et literatim*, every one in every yard, with a perfect index added, so that persons engaged in such pursuits as himself might be absolutely sure when they turned to the name Alcock, for instance, to find it, if it was there, and not have to look over the whole yard. Talks of going to England — says it would be in his way — to visit the Alcocks of Staffordshire. Has gone now to find where lie the three thousand acres granted to the Roxbury family in 16—, “on the Assabett,” and has talked with a lawyer about the possibility of breaking the title, etc., etc.; from time to time pulling out a long note book from his bosom, with epitaphs and the like copied into it. Had copied into it the epitaph of my grandmother-in-law, which he came across in some graveyard (in Charlestown?), thinking “it would interest me”!

Sunday, August 22.

The ways by which men express themselves are infinite, — the literary through their writings, and often they do not mind with what air they walk the streets, being sufficiently reported otherwise. But some express themselves chiefly by their gait and carriage, with swelling breasts or elephantine roll and elevated brows making themselves moving and adequate signs of themselves, having no other outlet. If their greatness had signalized itself sufficiently in some other way, though it were only in picking locks, they could afford to dispense with the swagger.

September 13.

I must walk more with free senses. It is as bad to *study* stars and clouds as flowers and stones. I must let my senses wander as my thoughts, my eyes see without looking. Carlyle said that how to observe was to look, but I say that it is rather to see, and the more you look the less you will observe. I have the habit of attention to such excess that my senses get no rest, but suffer from a constant strain. Be not preoccupied with looking. Go not to the object; let it come to you. When I have found myself ever looking down and confining my gaze to the flowers, I have thought it might be well to get into the habit of observing the clouds as a corrective; but no, that study would be just as bad. What I need is not to look at all, but a true sauntering of the eye.

December 15.

Saw a small flock of geese go over. One's *life*, the enterprise he is here upon, should certainly be a grand fact to consider, not a mean or insignificant one. A man should not live without a purpose, and that purpose must surely be a grand one. But is this fact of “our life” commonly but a puff of air, a flash in the pan, a smoke, a nothing? It does not afford arena for a tragedy.

1853

August 18.

What means this sense of lateness that so comes over one now, as if the rest of the year were downhill, and if we had not performed anything before, we should not now? The season of flowers or of promise may be said to be over, and now is the season of fruits; but where is our fruit? The night of the year is approaching. What have we done with our talent? All nature prompts and reproves us. How early in the year it begins to be late! The sound of the crickets even in the spring makes our hearts beat with its awful reproof, while it encourages with its seasonable warning. It matters not by how little we have fallen behind; it seems irretrievably late. The year is full of warnings of its shortness, as is life. The sound of so many insects and the sight of so many flowers affect us so, the creak of the cricket and the sight of the prunella and autumnal dandelion. They say, For the night cometh in which no man may work.

October 12.

To-day I have had the experience of borrowing money for a poor Irishman who wishes to get his family to this country. One will never know his neighbors till he has carried a subscription paper among them. Ah, it reveals many and sad facts to stand in this relation to them. To hear the selfish and cowardly excuses some make, that *if* they help any they must help the Irishman who lives with them! And him they are sure never to help. Others, with whom public opinion weighs, will think of it, trusting you never will raise the sum and so they will not be called on again, who give stingily after all. What a satire in the fact that you are much more inclined to call on a certain slighted and so-called crazy woman in moderate circumstances rather than on the president of the bank! But some are generous and save the town from the distinction which threatened it, and *some*,

even, who do not lend, plainly would if they could.

November 2.

What is nature unless there is an eventful human life passing within her? Many joys and many sorrows are the lights and shadows in which she shows most beautiful.

November 9.

P. M. to Fair Haven Hill by boat with W. E. C.

We rowed against a very powerful wind, sometimes scarcely making any headway. It was with difficulty often that we moved our paddles through the air for a new stroke. As C. said, it seemed to blow out of a hole. We had to turn our oars edgewise to it. . . . Landed and walked over Conant's Indian rye-field, and I picked up two good arrowheads. The river with its waves has a very wild look southward, and I see the white caps of the waves in Fair Haven Bay. Went into the woods by Holden Swamp and sat down to hear the wind roar amid the tree-tops. What an incessant straining of the trees! It is a music that wears better than the opera, methinks. This reminds me how the telegraph wire hummed coarsely in the tempest as we passed under it.

Hitherto it had only rained a little from time to time, but now it began suddenly in earnest. We hastily rowed across to the firm ground of Fair Haven Hill side, drew up our boat and turned it over in a twinkling on to a clump of alders covered with cat-briars which kept up the lee side, and crawled under it. There we lay half an hour on the damp ground and cat-briars, hardly able to see out to the storm, which we heard on our roof through the thick alder stems, much pleased with the tightness of our roof, which we frequently remarked upon. We took immense satisfaction in the thoroughness of our protection against the rain which it afforded. Remembered that such was the origin of the Numidian architecture and, as some think, of the nave (ship) in Gothic archi-

lecture, and if we had had a dry bed beneath us, and an ugly gap under the windward side of the boat through [which] the wind drew had been stopped, we should have lain there longer.

At length, as it threatened to be an all-night storm, we crawled out again and set sail homeward. It now began to rain harder than ever, and the wind was so strong and gusty and blew so nearly at right angles with the river that we found it impossible to keep the stream long at a time with our sail set, sitting on one side till the water came in plentifully that the side might act as a keel, but were repeatedly driven ashore amid the button-bushes, and then had to work our way to the other side slowly and start again. What with water in the boat and in our clothes we were now indifferent to wet. At length it began to rain so much harder than before, the great drops seeming to flat down the waves and suppress the wind and feeling like hail on our hands and faces, that as we remembered it had only sprinkled before. By this time, of course, we were wet quite through and through, and C. began to inquire and jest about the condition of our money — a singular prudence methought — and buried his wallet in his pocket handkerchief and returned it to his pocket again. He thought that bank-bills would be spoiled. It had never occurred to me if a man got completely wet through how it might affect the bank-bills in his wallet, it is so rare a thing for me to have any there. At length we both took to rowing vigorously to keep ourselves warm, and so got home, just after candle-light.

November 14.

P. M. to Anursnack.

From this hill I am struck with the smoothness and washed appearance of all the landscape. All these russet fields and swells look as if the withered grass had been combed by the flowing water; not merely the sandy roads but the fields are swept. All waters — the rivers and ponds

and swollen brooks — and many new ones are now seen through the leafless trees — are blue as indigo, reservoirs of dark indigo amid the general russet and reddish-brown and gray. October answers to that period in the life of man when he is no longer dependent on his transient moods, when all his experience ripens into wisdom; but every root, branch, and leaf of him glows with maturity. What he has been and done in his spring and summer appears. He bears his fruit.

December 8.

I was amused by R. W. E.'s telling me that he drove his own calf out of the yard as it was coming in with the cow, not knowing it to be his own, a drove going by at the time.

December 22.

Surveying the last three days. They have not yielded much that I am aware of. All I find is the old bound-marks, and the slowness and dullness of farmers reconfirmed. They even complain that I walk too fast for them. Their legs have become stiff from toil. This coarse and hurried outdoor work compels me to live grossly or be inattentive to my diet, — that is the worst of it. Like work, like diet; that, I find, is the rule. Left to my chosen pursuits, I should never drink tea nor coffee, nor eat meat. The diet of any class or generation is the natural result of its employment and locality. It is remarkable how unprofitable it is for the most part to talk with farmers. They commonly stand on their good behavior and attempt to moralize or philosophize in a serious conversation. Sportsmen and loafers are better company. For society a man must not be too *good* or well disposed, to spoil his natural disposition. The bad are frequently good enough to let you see how bad they are, but the good as frequently endeavor [to] get between you and themselves.

I have dined out five times and tea'd once within a week. Four times there was tea on the dinner-table, always meat, but

once baked beans, always pie but no puddings. I suspect tea has taken the place of cider with farmers. I am reminded of Haydon the painter's experience when he went about painting the nobility. I go about to the houses of the farmers and squires in like manner. This is my portrait-painting, when I would fain be employed on higher subjects. I have offered myself much more earnestly as a lecturer than a surveyor; yet I do not get any employment as a lecturer, was not invited to lecture once last winter and only once (without pay) this winter, but I can get surveying enough, which a hundred others

in this county can do as well as I, though it is not boasting much to say that a hundred others in New England cannot lecture as well as I on my themes. But they who do not make the highest demand on you shall rue it. It is because they make a low demand on themselves. All the while that they use only your humbler faculties, your higher, unemployed faculties like an invisible cimeter are cutting them in twain. Woe be to the generation that lets any higher faculty in its midst go unemployed! That is to deny God and know him not, and he accordingly will know not of them.

(To be continued)

AT TABLE-SETTING

BY EVANGELINE METHENY

For the table-setting
Fewer are the places,
Fewer round the table
Grow the children's faces.

Changes, changes, changes
Life and Death are bringing;
Sore my soul misgives me,
Fears my heart are wringing.

Otherwise I fancied
As I hushed their weeping;
Otherwise I fancied
As I watched them sleeping.

Small, we kept them near us,
Thou and I together;
Hard the task without thee,
Lonely the endeavor.

Round the board so crowded
Wider grow the spaces,
For the table-setting
Fewer are the places.

VISION

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THERE comes a day when, although winter's signs are still flaunted abroad; though the hollows are filled with snow, the sky streaked gray and yellow, the trees bare and bent to the wind; though the air is nipping for all your brisk walking; yet that day is a day of spring and not of winter. You come in flushed and bright-eyed to announce it to the group huddled before the comfortable fire. But your herald tidings are received with a sniff of contempt, a telling glance at the window, a silent scorn. Nevertheless, it is the truth — you know it! Somewhere out there you saw her, the Spring. You felt her breath, her fingers clasped yours a moment, for an instant you met her eyes. "Spring has come," you said, and the moment which yields the first flower, the first song, cannot equal this for rapture. It is so intimate, so sacred, so sweet, this discovery of yours. Should they ask, those who have not seen, how you know, — by what signs you found her, — you cannot reply. The vision has blessed you and departed. There are no terms of description for her. But you know.

Perhaps these unnamable convictions are the strongest our hearts experience. They cannot be shaken. There is in them a force quite unknown to reason, a certainty heaped-up proofs could never supply.

We have tried to ticket this power, and, thus labeled, to put it away as done with. Intuition, perception, — there are various words for it. That it is real remains beyond peradventure true. That we do not understand it is true again.

Is it something of our own that we might strengthen and control? Is it an angel who walks beside us, and through whose deep-seeing eyes we may occasionally glance? Is it something we have

passed, or something to which we are attaining? We cannot answer.

That it should be trusted is beside the mark. One cannot help trusting it. The painter knows it. It has snatched the brush from his hand and painted his best pictures, as it has given its own words to the singer. The child holding out his arms to the gruff old customer the rest of us avoid knows it. Do you think it is her narrow creed that has given yonder poor woman the strength to smile at her misfortune, the sublimity of sacrifice she has attained? It is the sweet vision, the mystery she cannot name, which has sustained her. "I have seen the Spring," says her every act. But the onlooker gazing at the snowdrifts and barren landscape has no response save an incredulous smile.

The fairy tales tell of talking animals and trees, of men for whom the silent things are vocal. We all live in a fairy tale far more than in what we are pleased to call the real world, and our happiness depends largely upon our power to comprehend the fairy things that are happening to us. If we listen when the oak commands us to turn to the right, and not to the left, all goes well. But if we perversely refuse to believe that the oak has any means of addressing us, we run counter to the fairy laws, and the secret help fails us. If the vision has vanished, of what use is the reality? If the spirit of Spring abide not within you, shall all the flowers and sweet scents and lovely harmonies of May stir you to happiness? It may not be. Of what use is the beauty of a child to one who has killed the fairy child that once walked beside him? Such an one is deaf and blind, for the wicked enchanter has possession of him. But for him who has cherished the vision there lives something of beauty in every child. The spirit of

childhood has met him and smiled upon him, and he sees it and draws it forth again to meet him in each child he encounters.

Be this spirit within or without us, it is assuredly only by heeding that we can possess it. If you fare not with open eyes, you will not see the vision. It is a truism that the tramp trudging the dusty highway may be thrice happy, when the plutocrat in his automobile has wretchedness for his companion. It is not what you see and touch that has power to give you happiness. It is the vision that you carry within you that has power. This vision does undoubtedly make what is lovely lovelier, and the beauty of an Italian lake fairer than a city backyard. Yet, were it not for the vision, think you the lake would glimmer in so mysterious a way? And but for the vision the dingy strip of flagging would throw a mortal coldness over your heart. It is still the vision that is the reality, and lake and tenement are plastic to its fairy touch.

When this power beckons, it is wise to follow; where it forbids, wiser still to hesitate. Though one may not always find reasons in words for obeying, one can always find them in the region beyond words. And it is this region to which we do ultimately belong. Its boundaries are indeterminate, and most of the territory unknown, yet who can deny its imminence? Many, perhaps. But to those who know and have seen, it were as though a crowd of blind men should vehemently deny, to one who saw, that the sun was bright and the earth beautiful.

It is, and must forever be, the unheard melodies which are sweetest, the unseen beauty which is fairest. Not because they are in reality unseen and unheard, but because they are the most truly heard and seen of all. When these fail, it is time to mourn, rather than when material glories fade. You may lose much and recover. But lose the vision, and you cannot recover. Your hold on outside matters should not relax because mysterious arms are held out to you beyond. These evanescent realities are necessary, for the vis-

ion must make use of them as materials for incarnation. It is because you have seen the spirit of Spring that the following blossoms and green grass are peculiarly dear. And it is only he who hears the skylark as Shelley heard it who knows the real song of the bird.

In most of us there is a quality that fears or dislikes this strange power. Some among us seem wholly to scorn or hate it. But this is doubtless only seeming, and even the most misprising of us has somewhere a secret recognition of the invisible angel. Is not this terror born of the fear of unreality before reality, of the impermanent before the permanent, of that which dies before that which lives? And if you see what I cannot see, I may laugh at you, but there will be somewhat of envy mingled with my laughter.

Who can do his best work unless the vision be his? If what seems real were the only reality, there would be little courage in our hearts. It is because we see what is apparently not there that we struggle with the misery of the tenements; that we grapple the prison problem, that we fight the sin in our own hearts. Spring would probably arrive and embellish the earth whether or no any seer lingering in the frozen woods were aware of her impalpable spirit. But there is another spring that would never bloom were it not for this same seer. It is on him that the future of the world depends. On him, who, looking out on the barren land, perceives the subtle change lying so near the surface, catches a glimmer from a light too keen to be visible, hearkens to those vital words which transcend human speech. He tills his fields, he buys and sells, he votes, he works like other men. But, be he millionaire or pauper, President or Socialist, his work and thought are based on broader foundations, have a deeper meaning and more far-reaching effect. The Spring has whispered to him, and he has come in to us with eyes shining at a vision that lends strength to his least effort. We may not believe, but we must follow him, until, some sudden day, the flowering

trees and green grass thrust the accomplished fact on our dull senses. The millennium beacons the souls of such men, and they will not let us despair. We must

all march onward, keeping time to fairy music whether we hear it or not. For so long as even one among us sees and hears we are safe.

SIGNIFICANT TENDENCIES IN CURRENT FICTION

BY MARY MOSS

To come in touch with the tendency of new novels, both English and American, I have lately read with care no less than sixty volumes fresh from the press, chosen without regard to previous conviction or personal prejudice. A diary of this — I am tempted to say — exploit, containing notes and comments, now affords a hint of something which these novels may collectively indicate, suggestions of a certain definable motion where, at a glance, all seemed cross-current, eddy, and purposeless back-water, defying orderly classification.

The first self-evident division is purely geographical, England from America. America again presents infinite subdivisions, East, West, North, South, with a fragment of unadulterated New England left over from a brilliant past. This speciously simple arrangement, however, is rendered highly complex by so mechanical a factor as, to state it baldly, cheap flats in New York. Yet we must no more suppose that paying a poll-tax in Manhattan transforms your Western man into a New Yorker, than that myriads of Southern romancers are changed into Yankees by living in the vicinity of Washington Square. Nevertheless there is one significant effect from this steady tide of immigration, namely the tendency of many young Eastern writers to detach themselves from their own geographical group, and drift over to the larger and livelier body now crystallizing into a recognizable Western school. This, needless to say, does not apply to those

men hailing from the East who choose Western subjects. Mr. Owen Wister, treating of cowboys and biscuit-shooters, frankly does so from his own point of view as a sympathetic and impressionable outsider, who no more belongs in the West than Mr. Thompson-Seton in a menagerie. The influence lies far deeper, so deep that much contemporary fiction bearing every hall-mark of the Western school, proves on inquiry to be written in the East, by an Easterner. It is an unexpected phase of assimilation! The Southern school, on the contrary, like the Jewish faith, preserves its own characteristics but makes no converts, leaving the West to absorb into its ranks many waverers whose tendencies and convictions do not bind them firmly to another standard.

Here we at once come upon a vital difference between England and America. The average colonial writer, moving to London, is apt to keep his own flavor but seldom acquires an influence over accepted standards. The average! Genius here as ever defies all rules, but it is hard to imagine a body of Australians or Afrikanders wielding such power as now belongs to companies of able young Westerners pitching their tents in New York. Of course the cause is not far to seek, it may even be a by-product of our famous national humor. Having achieved no definite standard of our own, the majority of us are open to every passing impression. This has its good side. We are highly alive, inapt to fall into ruts. It is

not conceivable that an American should print so paltry and hackneyed an ineptitude as *The Little Vanities of Mrs Whittaker*.¹ Such books have always existed in England, therefore they will always find toleration, being inferior along time-honored lines. On the other hand, that very conservatism which makes it possible to be stupid a thousand times in the same way, also goes to enforce the demand that in books a certain medium shall be respected, a language used not altogether that of the street and the market-place. It is because we have not aimed at establishing such a standard, because there was more sense of it in Hawthorne's day than now, that the Hoosier actually exerts more influence upon New York than New York upon the Hoosier. Lacking vigor and conviction, the representatives of conservatism lie at the mercy of every untrammelled young free lance who comes out of the West, to rescue American fiction from the unpopular and un-American superstition that literature should strive to be literary.

Consequently, while geographical classification may be necessary, superficially it presents inconsistencies. And these inconsistencies are intensified by another division, choice of theme. Here we come to easily recognizable classes. The historical novel obviously needs neither definition nor illustration, since, being always coexistent with certain other forms of fiction, it holds a peculiar place as the direct offspring of intensely personal taste or gift. Sir Walter wrote his great romances simply because he could not have done otherwise. He straightway set a fashion followed by the entire world for more than a generation, waning with his imitators, falling into disrepute, practically vanishing till Mr. Stevenson chanced one day to find how much at ease he felt in his ancestors' small-clothes. Then again the mode flourished, with what results, excellent and deplorable, we have lately wit-

nessed. The historical novel therefore need not be considered here as an influence, because it is at all times a side issue, in fact represents rather a mode than a tendency; also because it, like the Wetterhorn in *Tartarin*, "périlclitait depuis quelque temps."

Next to be examined and dismissed as lacking positive significance (negatively it means much) is the specialized sketch. This applies to Miss Kelly's admirable East Side stories, to Mr. John Fox's depressing mountaineers,² or to any of the countless thumb-nail portraits, co-related short stories, or lengthy volumes describing special coteries of thieves, policemen, expatriated Greeks and Syrians, railroad men and journalists, with which our magazines abound. As a mere form, however, the co-related short story undoubtedly does exercise a new influence, and one, in spite of its charm, rather to be guarded against than honored. Not forgetting Bret Harte or Kipling, we may still doubt if this facile compromise between the short story and the novel be not more of a snare than a benefit. Take, for example, *The Search for the Unknown*.³ Mr. Chambers here shows a real comedy gift, a clever invention and style of unusual excellence. He is also the victim of his own cleverness and of the co-related habit. No one could fail to smile over one of his extravaganzas, over his mild satire upon other ingenious writers who take their own ingenuity a trifle seriously, over his trim turn of phrase and pleasantly irresponsible vein. But a book of such stories reveals his method, wearies you with that trim turn of phrase. To go back to the co-related form, an author has in mind a set of characters, a series of scenes. By giving these episodically he is spared any effort of elimination and does away with tiresome explanations, with all the handicaps of a long novel. A vertebrate plot

² *Christmas Eve on Lonesome*. By JOHN FOX. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

³ *The Search for the Unknown*. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1904.

¹ *The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker*. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1904.

becomes unnecessary. Any large composition worked out, balanced, harmonized, is a far more arduous task than so stringing together a number of episodes that each, in a measure, prepares for the next. Also there need be none of the concentration and finish called for by a complete short story. Having already met your hero, your reader feels pleased to come across an old acquaintance without making the mental exertion of realizing a new personage. All this is tempting, it sometimes produces results as flawless as Miss Kelly's *Little Citizens*.¹ Yet this form has the drawbacks of every quick and easy method. It does not force a writer to develop the skill essential to sustained creative work; it is also a potent factor in minimizing to atrophy the general reader's power of attention.

Having disposed of this form, we may consider the special local story in its many aspects. Tales of wild life, whether by land or sea, afford now as ever an outlet for the literary gift lodged in men of certain tastes and experiences. These tales differ little from generation to generation, always incarnating a few decided types, seldom giving us a new picture of a new man. Special in another fashion are innumerable stories, long and short, depending largely for interest upon dialect, local characteristics, and picturesque setting. However useful these may prove in time to come (not as literature, but as such records as those Babylonian bricks from which we learn how vanished peoples conducted daily life), relying upon oddity and staging rather than upon profound sympathy with human nature, they have exactly the value of a cleverly snapped kodak, so much, no more! To be convinced of this, one need only recall Mr. Edwards's inimitable *Two Runaways*. There you have your old plantation house, your humorous, predatory, devoted darkey, your hog and hominy, clear as a kodak. But likewise you have, in the negro's master, that universal longing for youth, spring and

holiday, that temporary suspension of conscience and responsibility, for which the most prosaic of us must occasionally yearn. It is not merely a picture of two blissful deserters from life reveling in hoecakes and freedom. It is you and I, or our matter-of-fact neighbor, as we may never be, alas! but as even the dullest mortals have sometimes pictured themselves, sloughing all trouble and for a brief moment living idly in the sun. That story might have been told in a thousand fashions, it is a real story revealed in the setting with which its writer chanced to be familiar. Although in criticism no mechanical device can be invariably trusted, a fair test for distinguishing the special story of permanent human interest from a clever ephemeral sketch is to imagine plot and people in other surroundings. We may safely assume that situation and characters hardy enough to survive transplanting are probably truer to universal human nature than equally brilliant pictures depending entirely upon one special environment. Huckleberry Finn, itching in "upwards of a thousand places" while old Jim hunts for him everywhere but behind the door, is elemental boy, a universal creation. So is Ariadne. She happened to be a Princess of Crete, but her whole adventure could occur in Fall River to-day, with Minos for the mill owner and Theseus as a triumphant labor leader. The special vein then may be dismissed as an influence, not because its exponents lack ability, but because, being superficial, their tendency seems rather negative than active.

For the same reason the Southern school, in spite of its occasional fine quality, will scarcely deflect the course of literature. Here for illustration I will quote bodily my notes upon *The House of Fulfilment*.² Theme the power of love, so heralded by advertisements, rather appetizing after sixteen stories in which this agent is hardly allowed any authority.

² *The House of Fulfilment*. By GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

¹ *Little Citizens*. By MYRA KELLY. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

The advertisements may be right, but I should never have recognized that power in the warm, bland fluid, sweetish and penetrating everywhere (except into the *treizième arrondissement*, a locality practically unexploited by American fiction). A domestic tale, beneficent, clean, — my adjectives clamor to be heard. Not very dull. It contains edifying recipes for perfect happiness. Not real, not unpleasant. Then it is common, so hopelessly steeped in commonness as to lie outside the pale of criticism. But then again, why should it not be common? (This question appears in almost every previous set of notes.) What has commonness to do with literature? Nothing, less than nothing! Neither has *The House of Fulfilment*. Only, glancing over the past, it may be coincidence, but no fiction tainted with commonness has survived its own generation.

The Law of the Land,¹ however, contains such ornamental writing in chapters one and two that, till oriented by a backward reference to the Civil War, I mistook it for a colonial romance. This is a novel of plot rather than character, and by some malign influence the plot unfolds with such rapidity that the page you are reading always explains what you have entirely learned for yourself in the preceding chapter. The villains make their entrance carefully hall-marked, all business and properties needed for later development are introduced like labeled exhibits. Also, as in most Southern books, genuine emotion arises from one cause only, the old historic quarrel. Emotional quality as understood by Rousseau is no more frequent here than in that Northern school devoted to social research, whose ablest exponents are Mrs. Edith Wharton and Judge Grant. Not that this pair should be classed together, except as presenting pictures of contemporary society from the angle of mature experience. Judge Grant makes his at-

tack with broad grasp, fearlessness, and syntax. Mrs. Wharton dwells upon the same conditions with delightful finish and subtlety, a cultivated style; above all, she sees through the medium of a supremely literary temperament. Likewise this pair differ in yet another item from three dozen preceding writers upon my list. Both write from the standpoint of their own sex so definitely as to leave no doubt which is the man's and which the woman's hand. Mrs. Wharton may be read for pleasure as well as instruction, Judge Grant for instruction and for the bitter comfort of seeing ratified your own least hopeful observations.

*The Undercurrent*² is a valuable human document, a contribution to the world's records, a real study of motive, incentive, existing conditions. From beginning to end no note rings false. Why then is this not a great book? Solely because you realize that with all his knowledge, insight, and appreciation, Judge Grant has merely collected precious evidence for some future novelist or satirist to digest and use. The author resembles a perfectly intelligent talker who should step to the footlights and go through an interesting scene exactly as such a scene might take place in a drawing-room. Literalness, in other words, is mistaken for realism. To prove the difference, compare the *Undercurrent* with the late Mr. Harold Frederic's *Damnation of Theron Ware*. Mr. Frederic laid his story in a setting, if anything, cruder than Judge Grant's, but he could not introduce a scene or passing character without impressing your imagination. His way of telling enabled you at once to visualize his people in their surroundings. Judge Grant, on the other hand, is obliged to inform you laboriously of everything. You know that he represents truly, your intelligence is entirely satisfied, as it would also be in reading a census report or any clear, unpretending record of facts. He conjures up no vision. It is, in fact,

¹ *The Law of the Land*. By EMERSON HOUGH. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1904.

² *The Undercurrent*. By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

less a story than a masterly abstract by an able scientist, with nothing cheap or trivial, no compromises. Yet with all the respect due him, in company with countless chroniclers of rustic life, worthy inland villages and vicious big cities, Judge Grant does not reach that combination of craft, vigor, and imagination which goes to make staying power.

Miss Sedgwick narrowly misses it, since she writes in the tongue of civilization, with charm, and above all, with feeling. Noting this quality for the first time in all my weary search through acres of arid cleverness, I am tempted to rate her book too high, in sheer gratitude for the pleasure of reading it. Neither treatment nor matter shows a taint of the second-rate. A little stronger vitality, a greater sturdiness, and *Paths of Judgment*¹ would do far more than perform the important function of keeping alive faith and hope that good fiction may still lie in the lap of a somewhat discouraging future.

If any such promise exist in the array of financial novels, which I have purposefully kept to the last, as collectively the most significant, its fulfillment can come about only through the troubled waters of reaction. These books of the marketplace signal the opening of new territory to fiction. Finance, the personal finance of heroes and heroines, has of course always been a legitimate and popular theme. Dick Whittington, dear Amelia and her Fletcher, Martin Chuzzlewit, the victim of *Ten Thousand a Year*, Mr. Gissing's people, the people in *The Way we Live Now*, all have to do with money. But money formerly, even in Balzac, occupied a place in relation to character and event, not itself coming to the front and monopolizing the stage. We have heard the expression, but never before have we actually heard "money talk"! In *The Common Lot*² Mr. Herrick, while dealing with this factor, yet manages to keep some

balance between it and his people. Also he is obviously aware of their vulgarity and writes of them in a tongue which places him in the sparse ranks of the civilized.

As a rule, however, the whole "output" of this school is as typically American, as speciously and negatively virtuous, as chewing gum! This vulgar word ill becomes these pages, but no other so precisely condenses an atmosphere reeking of hotel lobbies, office buildings, parlor cars, distracting with tickers, typewriters, telephones, all the paraphernalia of modern luxury as interpreted by successful bagmen. Undeniably, these volumes carry conviction of being written from "the ground floor," bewilderingly so, in fact, since it is true that no man standing chin high in grain can ripely paint a wheat-field. It must be seen from some elevation, or at least from a distance. Failing that, distance must be artificially created, not by the Lady of Shalott's mirror, morbidly, unreally, but with the cheerful truth and accuracy of a Claude Lorraine glass. Now the entire group of which Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis is representative has lost, or let us hope only mislaid, its Lorraine glass. *The President*³ is full of talent. To its credit lay superficial observation, considerable vitality, and a clear stroke in describing politics and finance as expressed in deals, also a brisk, cheap imagination for incident. Beyond this, there is lack of depth; no inner picture has been drawn of men and minds; and as for frank melodrama! Imagine the result of collaboration between Judge Grant and Henry Seton Merriman, with finishing touches by Colonel Archibald Claverling Gunter, and a style compounded of George Ade and an old-fashioned romantic shilling shocker. To make this more exasperating, Mr. Lewis occasionally lapses into sound sense and wise epigram in clear, manly language. It is these pithy bits which prevent your being able simply to ignore him. Who could describe a

³ *The President*. By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS. New York: A. S. Barnes Co. 1904.

¹ *Paths of Judgment*. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

² *The Common Lot*. By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

certain type more neatly than this? "Indeed he had as an individual, the best characteristics of a canal. He was even, currentless, with a mental fall of two feet to the mile." And again, "There are men reckoned shrewd in business whose shrewdness can be overcome by ciphers. It is as though they were wise up to seven figures." Mr. Lewis abounds in passages so good that you would cheerfully concede certain homelinesses of diction naturally pertaining to this homely American wit. But toleration is strained when he, in narrative, states that "Mrs. Hanway Harley would have Storri to the library" (the italics are mine), also when "Storri *was* every day to see her." A large amount of native wit will hardly atone for these eccentricities, but such slips become hanging matter when the author changes his key with never a modulation, and goes on shortly, "Thus did Storri rear his sinful castles in the air, and as he brooded his black designs," . . . Or when the hero with the "Piet arms" (bodily, not heraldic arms) remarks to the friend with whom he is playfully employed in "trust-busting," "Thus was I demon-haunted of my gold, I was galled of money." And then, the commonness! Not the conscious commonness of his classic onslaught upon Kansas, but the innocent, elegant commonness of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. When Count Storri *was* to the drawing-room, only wings of angels and archangels could palliate that horror. Poor Mr. Lewis! No choir invisible has taken him in charge. No higher guardianship protects him from himself than a shrewd and knowing printer's devil.

This whole aspect of contemporary fiction can be found in essence in Mr. Lorimer's *Old Gorgon Graham*,¹ a series of letters blending the wisdom of those two great ethical teachers, Benjamin Franklin and Lord Chesterfield. A Chicago Chesterfield, in the pork trade! Could

any advice be sounder? That honesty is the best policy stands proved on every page, through the illumining medium of hog. In fact, it is impossible to imagine an atmosphere more thoroughly basted with clean, wholesome, American lard. Old Graham uses a direct style, his anecdotes are apt and laughter-provoking. He represents the fine flower of our honest American merchant with his own wit, his own standards, and his own fathoming of heaven, earth, and hell by the length of his own pocket foot-rule. You read every letter with zest, respecting the ability with which it has been conceived and carried out, to feel in the end infinitely debased by tolerance of an odious and unreverent materialism. The young man who follows old Graham's advice will live cleanly, work indomitably, will avoid all pretense, and be a just, appreciative master. But if this world be only as old Graham sees it, why should our young man take such pains to deny himself? True, that advice will make him richer, but might he not reasonably prefer a few millions less and—a good time? Perhaps, after all, the old-fashioned wallowing sty pig had quite as much comfort as the prophylactic article of modern commerce. If all of life be mere balancing profit and loss, why not count so many points of the game to the pleasures of self-indulgence? Such a book forms an inestimable piece of evidence in the history of second generations, and these are at present a dominant note in our national life. Apparently without intention, Mr. Lorimer exposes the source of their unspeakable, contagious vulgarity and materialism. A taste for frenzied application is rarely transmitted, and Graham's philosophy, leaving the soul without guidance or nourishment, produces complete atrophy of a member grown useless, and therefore cumbersome. This philosophy is all the more dangerous, since old Graham has every domestic virtue and a set of morals entirely tallying with the police code and the ten commandments.

¹ *Old Gorgon Graham*. By GEORGE HORACE LORIMER. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

Such criticism, it may be objected, is purely ethical, but Mr. Lorimer's ethics suggest a plausible theory as to why, in spite of their talents, many of our younger writers continually fail to produce books of serious, lasting worth. May it not be that we have reached a new plane? Does not all this point to a really new drift, an elimination of the personal element from fiction, and a substituting of aspects of human life illustrated by clever marionettes? Do not all these fields, — the historical, animal, fisher folk, horticultural romance, the stock market, — which are undoubtedly absorbing our best writers, at bottom form part of a tremendous scramble of an entire generation to escape from fundamental emotion — not merely an aversion to any manifestation, but from the smallest harboring of so alien and unallowed a sensation? Whether this hostility will eventually become a national trait, or whether it be a temporary phase, time alone can show. At present, undeniably, our novels as a whole truthfully depict a condition of which we hardly realize the force, until, thrown suddenly among people and literature of another race, we see with how much freer rein they treat their emotions. Hence, when our young writers dwell upon situation rather than people, instead of empirically classing this predilection as the sequela of too much Zola, should we not believe it the result neither of direct influence nor similar conditions, but a queer outcome of our national life, with an occasional and confusing likeness to the French realists? If Mr. Georg Brandes be right in saying "Knowledge of the manner in which it" (the emotion of love) "is apprehended and represented by any age is an important factor in any real understanding of the spirit of an age," then the significance of this tendency to conventionalize or ignore can hardly be overrated. Are we perhaps drifting towards an almost Japanese standard of impersonality, without even a glimpse at Japan's standard of finish, in which as a guide to behavior, sheer exquisiteness

supplants primary human impulse? A crude Japanese is inconceivable, would be intolerable. Crudeness can be excused only by the presence of purifying heat and passion. As music calls for instruments and the plastic arts can find substance only through certain mechanical devices, so fiction has hitherto been held to rely upon intense realization of people in the most intimately personal sense. Consequently, apart from style, a less fundamental question, the most striking feature of our fiction to-day proves to be an almost universal avoidance of personal quality (even to the point that one man's work frequently cannot be distinguished from another's) and a steady ignoring of that discredited element in human affairs, purely human and personal emotion. That this avoidance leaves on the whole meagre sustenance for ordinary appetites is constantly suggested by the disproportioned popularity of such cheap appeals to sentimentality as David Harum, Mrs. Wiggs, and Emmy Lou.

At this juncture my geographical classification halted at four writers whimsically joined by the one tie of severed citizenship. Mrs. Craigie has to all intents become British. She might be Mrs. Clifford, with a hint of that manner which Mr. Mallock now humorously reserves for first chapters (one could wish for space to treat this tantalizing gentleman as a practical joker, writing such engaging beginnings as the ball scene in *The Veil of the Temple*,¹ only to plunge his reader into abysmal, fruitless controversies, usually abutting upon a well-informed young lady in a flowing cloak). Mr. Marion Crawford has long since become the accomplished, cosmopolitan manufacturer, with a bias towards Italy. No one could attribute any influence to *Whosoever Shall Offend*,² except as a

¹ *The Veil of the Temple*. By W. H. MALLOCK. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1904.

² *Whosoever Shall Offend*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

shining instance of moderate, sustained industry. Mr. Henry Harland is too exotic upon any portion of this globe to be rated as other than an amiable lavender orchid; and as for Mr. Henry James! Here we come upon one more proof of the peril of dogmatizing. As a rule it is the personal quality which makes for influence, but in Mr. James this quality has grown so exclusive as to be available only for Mr. James (and with him even one sometimes suspects auto-infection). *The Golden Bowl*,¹ then, should be read, savored, reread. Indeed, this advice is superfluous. Once taken up, it pursues you. Mr. Verver with his horrible little convex waistcoat, the impeccable Maggie, her Prince, the Principino, poor peccant Charlotte—you think of nothing else for days. They even grow more alive after you flatter yourself you have done with them than while you are officially in their company. Bob and Fanny, the bric-à-brac dealers, the complaisant hostess of Matcham, forget them if you can! With all this, nevertheless, Mr. James is a marvelous hermit on a lonely isle; you must row out of the current to visit him. He is less cosmopolitan than utterly denationalized. More, even! He has deserted the earth and hovers in a wonderful, labyrinthine dimension of his own. He is a precious, morbid phenomenon, too exceptional for healthy discipleship.

Turning to England, we at once come upon a sharp contrast. Notwithstanding the occasional vogue of second-rate books, the ideas of the few do lead the many. (Have not Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith more legitimate followers than either Mr. Hall Caine or Miss Marie Corelli?) Thus there is no enlightenment in dwelling upon numbers of more or less readable novels, since they merely carry on a respectable circulating-library standard, fairly workmanlike, but of no special promise or significance. Such is *The Truants*,² with its

piquant opening and subsequent collapse; also *The Reaper*,³ an excellent example of narrative pitched in a key harmonizing with dialect, but not unduly affected by it. Even Mrs. Thurston's brilliant story *The Masqueraders*⁴ belongs here, likewise *Olive Latham*,⁵ with its poignant object lesson of how ineffective the most stirring fact may be in fiction, and *Baccarat*,⁶ which only embodies what many British hearts conceive to be the French novel. One runs through many of these rapidly; they mean little except that a steady, accepted fashion of making books still prevails in England. Mrs. Humphry Ward likewise cannot be discussed here since, with all her ripeness and capacity to fill (if not animate) a large canvas, her place seems already fixed as an invaluable link in keeping the chain of fine traditions unbroken and ready to be adorned with gems by more spontaneous spirits.

Differing from all of these come two men in process of development, but still in that borderland between excellence and mediocrity. Mr. Houseman undoubtedly recalls Thomas Hardy, but rather as a mind built upon somewhat the same pattern than as an imitator. *Sabrina Warham*⁷ distinctly belongs to the class of books which may be read without drug-ging three fourths of an average intelligence, in order to keep the fourth quarter comfortably busy.

*Rachel Marr*⁸ shows positive advance over Mr. Morley Roberts's former work. There is repetition, Anthony is impossible, most of the characters are, to say the least, highly improbable. Granted this!

³ *The Reaper*. By EDITH RICKERT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

⁴ *The Masqueraders*. By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1904.

⁵ *Olive Latham*. By E. L. VOYNICH. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

⁶ *Baccarat*. By FRANK DANBY. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

⁷ *Sabrina Warham*. By LAURENCE HOUSEMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

⁸ *Rachel Marr*. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Boston: L. C. Page. 1904.

¹ *The Golden Bowl*. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

² *The Truants*. By A. E. W. MASON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1904.

Granted too much philosophizing, too much insistence upon a remarkably premature philoprogenitiveness in the heroine, nevertheless, on laying down the book, you retain a vivid impression. The style fits the theme, highly colored, exalted, keyed to cracking point. Passion and emotion are reckoned prime factors; men and women may be more to each other than a set of bridge partners. The senses in their fundamental relation to life are not denied. Only because, seriously and without coarseness, this is recognized, *Rachel Marr* comes as a blessed relief, lifting the sordidness from ordinary existence, pointing out that some natures derive flame from life, that tears scald, that blood is red. You see the gloomy old house, the scented nights, the wood, the gardens, that road along which passion and fear come riding. There are faults in plenty, but you feel lenient towards them, being taken up by sensations, and one ounce of sensation is worth a library of arid, journalistic truth. Yet it is well to remember that the power to express these things implies at least a certain measure of literary craft.

With all Mr. Hope's undoubted mastery of craft, however, *Double Harness*¹ suggests that, like apple orchards, the author of *Father Stafford* and *Tristram of Blent* must be allowed an occasional off year. It resembles a lamentable quadrille of discontented husbands and wives (with understudies) who, while lacking any marked preference for other people's partners, still manage to dislocate their ladies' chain till it almost reaches the divorce court. Upon this, in every case but one, while there is yet time, they all experience a change of heart, and the book ends in a tidal wave of connubial bliss. *Double Harness* painfully suggests a French novel trimmed for traditional British tea tables; as if, after choosing a distinctly modern theme, when it came to breaking the eggs for his omelette, Mr. Hope had fallen into a very panic of dis-

cretion. Being therefore forced to modify every high light, to meet every climax without sincerity, for all his skill, he cannot make *Double Harness* either convincing or pleasant.

Lack of sincerity can never be laid to Mr. Kipling's score. *Traffics and Discoveries*² is even distressingly free with smells, dirt, and recondite slang. Here we have the co-related story at its rankest (the saga of Mr. Pyecroft repels dainty adjectives), with one passable tale, *The Sahib's War*, in the author's early manner, and one of surpassing excellence. *They* simply comes as one of those flashes of genius by which this extraordinary man routs criticism. Suddenly he is all reverent sense of beauty, restrained and poignant emotion. Lumbering along the very brink of bathos, his big motor car sweeps you into a region of untold grace and tenderness. You can only draw breath and reflect that his genius is chained to his energy, and that his energy frequently lacks discretion. His genius wakes up occasionally, his energy works double shifts. But *They* contains the supreme expression of that high emotion which pierces the heart without clumsy bruising, which almost reveals, even to the childless, the quality of a parent's bereavement.

If Mr. Hichens' latest book, *The Garden of Allah*,³ in brilliancy falls short of *The Woman with the Fan*, on the other hand, the intensity with which he reproduces an atmosphere of beauty creates an almost physical sense of well-being. To be quite frank, his story hardly "comes off." You are by no means ready to accept Androvsky, or the girl with the queer name. For all her gypsy ancestress, even under the sun of Africa, would Domini Enfielden, either before or after, have acted — as she did? To betray what happens would be all the baser, as Mr. Hitchens has

² *Traffics and Discoveries*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

³ *The Garden of Allah*. By ROBERT HICHENS. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. 1904.

¹ *Double Harness*. By ANTHONY HOPE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

been entirely successful in baffling forecast. You do not see until he is willing that you should, and this probably comes about because, in addition to a very genuine gift of imagination, he has learned how to tell his story. Also, in telling he is never hampered with inappropriate timidity. Having chosen his road, he travels it, neither grossly nor indecorously, but deliberately taking any risk demanded by his choice. He even risks gratifying his invincible taste for the fantastic, a danger also faced in *The Grey World*,¹ by Evelyn Underhill. This lady embarks upon her story with a device which may easily bar lukewarm readers from an unusually interesting study of double consciousness. After an admirable sketch of a street Arab in a London hospital, the child dies, and you are asked not only to accompany his terrified spirit on a doleful trip through space, but to countenance its reincarnation as well. The pity is that by chapter three Miss Underhill has her method well in hand. The struggles of a half-conscious soul in comfortably bourgeois surroundings are treated with sympathy and undeniable imagination. Her style has crispness with an agreeably tart flavor, she is full of observation. My copy of *The Grey World* bears many marks at apt description of scene and character. The descriptions, moreover, are not merely external; even minor personages have been thoroughly realized. Although he appears only in business hours, I am quite sure that Evelyn Underhill knows how her old book-binder spent his leisure, and that she could point out the restaurant where Mr. Hopkinson, senior, lunched in the city, and tell of what dishes that carefully chosen meal consisted. She also knows beyond doubt how either of them will feel towards the next change of ministry. Her book, then, is not only readable, but gives rise to that intelligent form of gratitude which has been defined as a lively sense of favors to come.

By some unaccountable mental freak,

¹ *The Grey World*. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

the title *Broke of Covenden*² filled me with forebodings of a tale laid in some grim period preceding the Restoration. I looked for a repellent mixture of physical discomfort and fanaticism. It opens, on the contrary, at a late nineteenth-century breakfast table in an English hunting shire. From the first moment Mr. Snaith makes your attention his willing slave. You read with that rare vacillation which urges you to hurry forward for the story, and to linger for the detail. No one has done fuller justice to that class so perennially amazing to outsiders, the ugly, shabby, stupid, yet indomitably thoroughbred English sisters of one beautiful English brother. Mr. Snaith's portrait of the six little Miss Brokes, "the chestnut fillies," is as oddly charming as some quaint family group by Ramsey. They may be a little hard and stiff, but there is the same sense of race, of training, and of dim potentialities restrained by cumulative weight of tradition. How deftly he uses the six as chorus, never boring you to learn them apart, yet incidentally making sufficient impression to enable you to identify each one as her rôle demands it. The story contains a text, points a moral, but only as all tales must which face life and mirror it. While reading, you think neither of method nor conception, of what Mr. Snaith has done nor how he may be doing it. You are aware of nothing but a disinclination to lay down the book. It is not in the least original, but, for that matter, has originality ever been an essential to good fiction? The essential trait which we often mistake for originality is spontaneousness, and with this Mr. Snaith is abundantly supplied. The whimsicalities of life, its pain and laughter, he sees personally and freshly, at times with an almost eighteenth-century freshness. These things may have been in the world a million eons or so, but never before have they struck the retina of this particular young Englishman.

After *Broke of Covenden* I chanced upon

² *Broke of Covenden*. By J. C. SNAITH. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 1904.

one more story highly encouraging to optimism. Chanced, because any mortal reviewer must feel prickings of reluctance in facing six hundred closely printed pages, a strange name, a title not without pretense, poor type, poor paper, and an absent-minded proofreader. On the other hand, there can be no more grateful mortal than the reviewer who unexpectedly finds dogged plodding changed to interested approval, finally merging in unqualified satisfaction. *The Divine Fire*¹ has an acceptable style, in all ways suited to the matter it embodies, a style with flexibility and humor, employing a large vocabulary, cultivated and agreeable. The story is not remarkably original, merely telling of a cockney poet with syncopated aitches and inordinate capacity for response to developing influences. The point is that our author has the light touch, the seeing eye. She succeeds beyond belief with her poet. She means him to be charming, aitches and all. You are not only charmed, but ready to accept his poetic gift. You love him, you grieve for his errors. The affection with which he inspires his varied milieu is comprehensible. His perverse poetic sense of honor, his moments of folly, his impatience, are established beyond doubt or question. You see why the dreary boarding-house parlor (every boarder a clear vignette, no uncertain lines, no blurs) grew delightful with his presence, sordidly dull when he abandoned its inmates to their own dreariness. It is a really successful study of the temperament of genius, not the cheap would-be bohemianism of Mürger's imitators, but the true quality, with its underlying austerity, force, and the occasional ruthlessness without which there can be no accomplishment. You feel the throbbing of Rickman's nerves, you understand his equally untoward reticence and frankness. Although his figure dominates, all the characters are solid, you see the air behind them as they move in skillfully ar-

ranged perspective. The five contrasted women, the Junior Journalists, a world of shopmen, the scholar, old Rickman, the magazine men, all these crowd the canvas without confusing the composition. Such description as there is could hardly be better; it is always structural, never padding. Long after reading, scenes rise to your mind's eye, clear and lovely, as if you had lately walked on Hampstead Heath, fingered Elzivirs in the dim, rich library of Court House, or stumbled through mists along the path up Muttersmoor. Miss Sinclair has but one drawback. The word is harsh; how can that be a drawback which only gives too many good pages to linger over? As yet, she lacks that final touch of mastery by which a line condenses the whole result of ingenious mental processes. You accompany her through certain paths and byways, instead of leaving her the toil and meeting your guide where the path joins the road. Personally, I found the byways well worth while, since, though undeniably long, they were never dull, never led through ugly, common scenes; and these scenes are neither ugly nor common, simply because of the color of Miss Sinclair's mind. She does not keep you to heaths or old country houses. You follow her through dirt, smells, fumes of whiskey and tobacco, through sorrow, disappointment, poverty, pettiness, and vice, but she is kind, human, without rancor. Above all, Miss Sinclair is perfectly unafraid. Where Mr. Hope fumbles a risky situation, she firmly grasps it with entire delicacy. Only later, ruminating upon *The Divine Fire*, you realize that she has stated one of the universal problems of youth. You cannot even be sure that she has meant to state it, that her version of *L'Éducation Sentimentale* is conscious, that the turmoil of young blood in general at all concerns her. She may be solely moved by the case of one Savage Keith Rickman. That his physiological experiences should fit those of a whole class is, after all, only the key to prove her sum correct. Neither key nor

¹ *The Divine Fire*. By MAY SINCLAIR. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1904.

calculation has to do with your excitement over the fate of Mr. Rickman of Rickman's. Miss Sinclair probably paints even truer than she knows. That comes from an odd faculty called intuition, the faculty which distinguishes creative gift from clever observation.

To sum up, I can do no better than steal from Mr. Chesterton a quotation which in one respect exactly defines another quality that Miss Sinclair possesses, in addition to her keen and solacing sense of humor. Speaking of *Jane Eyre*, Mr. Chesterton says, "Its essential truth to life sometimes makes one catch one's breath. For it is not true to manners which are constantly false, or to facts which are almost always so; it is true to the only existing thing which is true, emotion, the irreducible medium, the indestructible germ." Not that Miss Sinclair, except in that one point, resembles Charlotte Brontë. Our young lady, so far from being morbid, has a very joyous tolerance of life. Intensity with her forms only a part. There is laughter, both kindly and malicious, and her observation of manners is that of a cultivated mondaine with eyes, not of a fanciful country woman evolving *naïfs viveurs* and fine ladies from the depths of a lonely parsonage.

Here then at last, in spite of rampant commercialism (one hears that money is also valued in England), the whole gamut of unfavorable conditions which might lead us to fear that the halcyon days of fiction have gone by, we suddenly come upon both promise and fulfillment. Here are pockets of that which in the past we did not hesitate to call genius, that curious and unexplained phenomenon which follows no rule. It neither increases nor decreases in ratio to population; it may thrive upon discouragement, or perish for lack of recognition. The critic can no more predict where it will flash out than a fisherman can tell in what quarter to look for ambergris. Your skiff may bump into it, almost in harbor, or you may vainly search the whole Pacific for an

ounce. At the present hour, we have seen that whatever the cause, this irresponsible will-o'-the-wisp tends rather to alight across the sea than here. This cannot be due to our newness. Surely we are older than those Boston magnates who first commissioned W. W. Story to model a life-size statue of his father and then sent him abroad to learn sculpture. We have had time to ripen since the days when Mrs. Bancroft sadly discovered the inadequacy of her best high black silk to the demands of court life in England. Yet that same unsophisticated society gave birth to the perfection of Hawthorne, also fostered the undisciplined genius of Mrs. Stoddard, forever kept from her rightful place by a deficient sense of form, but even so leaving three fragmentary books of priceless worth.

Whether it be that among us the most vigorous creative imagination now seeks outlet in commerce, and that such poetic gifts as Mr. Nikola Tesla's are absorbed by "the fairy tales of science," certain it is that in all our new fiction I have found nothing worthy to compare with *The Divine Fire*, nothing even remotely approaching the same class. We have, no one can dispute it, brains, education (of sorts), industry, observation, enterprise in opening up new territory to fiction. Can it be that, beside not happening to produce a genius, which is chance, we are also deficient in something like character? That our literature is simply suffering from a distaste to leisurely contemplating, to quiet exploration in those long-traveled and never-illuminated regions, the heart and soul of man? While our restless, optimistic fiction is racing over the globe, digging mines, projecting deals, promoting railroads, ferreting out quaint localities, shadowing the divorce court, does it not perhaps merely need chastening at the hands of inquisitors, savages, or pirates, to grasp the futility of these external, peripatetic methods, and after all, wiser for experience to discover, with Candide, that "Cela est bien, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin"?

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT

BY GEORGE HODGES

WHEN Auguste Sabatier declared that he had work enough planned out ahead to occupy him for two hundred years, he spoke the mind of the modern scholar. The impression which one gets from the serious books of the day is that the writers feel that they have just arrived in the promised land. They have seen new sights already, of which they give us a description; but these are as nothing in comparison with the wonders which lie beyond the mountains. This is true not only of the student of science, but of the student of theology. The time is long past when one could fairly say of any divinity school, "One professor is milking the barren heifer, and the other is holding the sieve."

The contemporary student is in an attitude of expectation. His face is towards the future. The note of finality has no music for him. He feels that he stands not at the end, but at the beginning of the way of truth, and he goes on into it with the eagerness of an explorer. He perceives about him a new heavens and a new earth. If he is a scientist, he is making journeys of discovery in the new earth. If he is a theologian, he is watching the stars of the new heavens. The world is "mighty interesting," and he is mightily interested in it.

Of course, the newness is neither in the earth nor in the heavens. They have both been in plain sight for a long time. The newness is in the heart of the student. For the first time in history, he is free to study. He used to be punished for studying. If he studied so hard that he learned something which nobody had ever thought of before, he was punished very severely. The student was under such bonds as were laid upon the Spanish explorers of this country, who knew very well that no

exploration would be acceptable to the authorities at home unless, with their other discoveries, they discovered gold. That was their proper errand. They might find a new continent or a new planet, but unless the new continent had a gold lining and the new planet a gold equator, the discovery would result, not in the reward, but in the punishment of the discoverers. Likewise the student knew that he was expected to contribute to the store of current intellectual coin. Strange money, or strange metals which could not be conveniently stamped with the image and superscription of Cæsar, had no value. His business was to enrich the treasury of conventional opinion.

The student used to have his picture taken in the midst of folios, to show that all his ideas were decently derived from large old books. The disappearance of the folio is significant. Those great volumes, with their substantial covers, stood for permanent conclusions. They were made to last for centuries, outside and in. For many years now, not a writer of science or of theology has found a publisher willing to present his works in folio. Folio science and folio theology can be bought only in second-hand bookstores.

The difference between the old writing and the new is mainly a difference in the method of the writers. The argument from authority has been superseded by the argument from experience. The change amounts to an emancipation. The student of theology, who was for many centuries in bondage to the Church, and who escaped from that captivity only to be brought under bondage to the Bible, is now free both to think and to declare his thought, having no master but the truth.

The story of this emancipation is told in Sabatier's posthumous book, *Religions*

of Authority.¹ He shows how gradually the idea of authority entered into the Christian religion. Christ had set Himself in sharp opposition to the Church, and had been put to death in consequence by churchmen. The apostles in their first recorded conference at Jerusalem had debated whether or not they were bound to obey the Bible, and had solemnly decided that they were not bound to obey it in the details of the ritual law. These great examples, however, were in time overborne by an appeal to human nature. Men began to appreciate the administrative convenience of infallibility. The next step was the natural conviction that a provision so convenient must be divinely ordered. The question was not, What has God actually done for the determining of human conduct and belief? but What would God properly do? And it was agreed that properly God would somehow speak with an infallible voice. In the Middle Ages men thought that they heard that voice from the lips of the head of the Church, and that opinion has culminated in our own time in the dogma of papal infallibility. In the era of the reformation men thought that they heard the words of inerrant authority when they read the Bible.

Against these two historic endeavors to bring men's minds into captivity, M. Sabatier opposes the method of experience, the process of research, the question, not What could God do? but What has He actually done? the freedom of the reason, leading to the religion of the spirit. Let us trust man and the truth: that is what it means. Let us belong, with the apostles, to the Church of the Holy Ghost and Us, putting a self-respecting emphasis upon the pronoun. Let us believe that devout and honest men, earnestly and freely studying the revelation of God in the Church, in the Bible, and in the general life, will find what is essentially right. Let truth and error grapple.

¹ *Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit*. By AUGUSTE SABATIER. Translated by LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

Anyhow, whether we like it or not, the religion of the spirit is in all the new religious books. If the output of the publishers is a fair indication of the tendency of thought, then it is plain that thought is all that way. The men who are contributing to current theological literature do not speak for the religions of authority; or, if they do, they make no use of the argument which is characteristic of such religion. The universal appeal of the contemporary books is to the free mind. They express the religion of the spirit.

"The transformation of the Christian consciousness and its liberation from all exterior servitude began," says Sabatier, "on the day when piety and science first met. They will be completed and the religion of the spirit will reign, all systems of authority having been done away, on the day when piety and science shall have become so mutually interpenetrated as to be thoroughly united into a single entity; inward piety the conscience of science, and science the legitimate expression of piety." For the furtherance of this common understanding, the editor of *Ideals of Science and Faith*² has made a book of essays written at his request by men engaged in various intellectual pursuits, writing from very different points of view. He foresees a mitigation, if not an abolition, of the old feud between the priest and the physicist in the possession of a store of common ideals. He agrees with Sabatier that the most serious difference between men is not in doctrine, but in method. Men of various beliefs may preserve a profitable friendship in the face of continuing contradiction, but men of radically different method cannot come into cordial understanding. In the nature of things, they will not have that initial respect, one for the other, which is essential to any frank discussion. He who seeks truth by the way of authority cannot approve of his bold neighbor who seeks it by the way of his own reason. On the other

² *Ideals of Science and Faith*. Essays by various authors. Edited by Rev. J. E. HAND. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

hand, he who is not satisfied until he has worked a problem out has a poor opinion of his fellow student who is contented to copy the answer from the book. Francis Newman told Moncure Conway that he found it impossible to carry a conversation with his brother John Henry beyond the condition of the weather.

Mr. Hands has assembled in his book students of biology, of psychology, of sociology, of ethics, and of education, with a Presbyterian, an Anglican, and a Roman Catholic clergyman. The voices of this mixed company are naturally somewhat confused, but an admirable spokesman for them all appears in the writer of the initial chapter, Sir Oliver Lodge. He finds the reconciling element neither in religion itself nor in science itself, but in philosophy or poetry. The prosaic, literal mind, entangled among details, cannot climb high enough to get an extended view. But the philosopher and the poet, who know that facts are the body of which the heart is truth, are able to appreciate and understand the true identity of meaning which is contained in very different statements. "By aid of philosophy, or by aid of poetry, a great deal can be accomplished. Mind and matter may then be no longer two, but one! This material universe may then become the living garment of God: gross matter may be regarded as an idealistic cosmic reality in which we live and move and have our being; the whole of existence can become infused and suffused with immanent Deity." Sir Oliver goes so far, in a notable passage, as to question whether the Christian believer is wise in his present tendency to substitute the prayer of communion for the prayer of petition. He finds in modern scientific disclosures of the action of mind on mind, even at a distance, a sanction for the prayer which desires of the Eternal a definite and concrete avower.

Sir Oliver's idea is that plain common sense, even in the form of scientific accuracy, goes astray unless it walks in the company of the imagination. What is

seen with the eyes and touched with the hand is but the lesser part of life. He who dismisses philosophy and poetry, and accepts only that which comes within the range of experience, misses the truth. Nevertheless, the literal mind serves as a salutary check upon the exuberance of poets and the speculation of philosophers. The religion of the spirit needs that sober criticism of the religion of authority which is the expression of a conservative judgment. Wilfrid Ward, discussing the service which the Church of Rome renders in the reconciliation of science with theology, holds that the interests of truth are best guarded by an institution which acts as a drag on the over-free adoption of theories. Professor Genung, in the *Words of Koheleth*,² finds in the author of the book commonly called Ecclesiastes, a man of the literal, conservative type, rendering to his generation just this kind of service. One comes to Mr. Genung's new book, remembering his illumination of the epic of Job, with a sure expectation of interest and profit which is not disappointed. He combats the theory that Koheleth's other name was Arthur Schopenhauer. He maintains that the book of Ecclesiastes, while it does undoubtedly take a grim view of life, teaches a high ideal of duty. The people of Koheleth's time were being carried off their feet by the discovery of the world beyond the grave. Compared with this, the explorations of Copernicus and of Columbus were of hardly more importance than the adventures of a pedestrian along a country road. Suddenly, as it seems, into a Hebrew world which was bounded by the cemetery wall, out of which the soul went, as it says in the psalm, into the place where all things are forgotten, came the conception of the future as a time of great light, and comfort,

¹ *Words of Koheleth*, Son of David, King in Jerusalem. Translated anew, divided according to their logical cleavage, and accompanied with a study of their literary and spiritual values and a running commentary. By JOHN FRANKLIN GENUNG. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

and happiness, awaiting the faithful believer. The effect was to give men a new idea of the meaning of this present life. The world in which they lived appeared as no more than a way station on the road to heaven, to be lived, to be endured, but to be got through as soon as possible. It was a hard world, with oppressors and robbers busy in it, and death lurking always in the corners of the streets. Never mind, men were now saying, these evils will not last for long.

But the new doctrine did not convince Koheleth. He did not believe it. He maintained bluntly that nobody really knew anything about it. He was neither philosopher nor poet. He did not see how personal immortality could be proved, and he declined all consolation whose source was in the land of dreams rather than in the land of facts. He despised the books of apocalyptic visions which his neighbors wrote and read. No, he said, the only certainty is this daily life, and the only thing to do is to face the worst of it, and make the best of it. Professor Gennung has no sympathy with the opinion that some good orthodox folk took Koheleth's bad book and sprinkled over it the holy water of a subsequent piety. He believes that the author himself wrote it all, the positive with the negative. All is vanity; but the sum of the matter in the midst of vanity is, Fear God and keep his commandments. That, at least, is man's sure duty.

Koheleth represented the religion of the spirit only in his intellectual integrity, in his refusal to accept at the hands of authority a creed which he did not believe. The hero of Professor Bacon's book, *The Story of St. Paul*,¹ represented the religion of the spirit in its fullness and perfection. He was the apostle of religious liberty; following the Master whose teachings, we may say, he rescued out of the hands of the servants of authority. When he

withstood his brethren to their face, these two conceptions of religion, these two methods of approaching truth in religion, met in sturdy conflict. The beginning of St. Paul's watchword, as Dr. Bacon says, is not "Whatsoever things are scriptural," but "Whatsoever things are true." This watchword the present interpreter carries with him through his excellent book. He is not afraid to take even the position of Max Müller, who in reply to a quotation from one of the epistles said, "But I do not agree with Paul!" That is, he brings to his study of the apostle that disposition of perfectly free inquiry which is characteristic of the religion of the spirit.

This appears notably in Dr. Bacon's dealing with differences. He is engaged in comparing the Acts with the Epistles. The older commentators, undertaking such a task as this, devoted themselves to the minimizing of the differences. What they wished was "harmony," in order that authority might speak with a clear voice. One time, in the early centuries, they went so far as to write out the four gospels in a single consecutive narrative in which the variations disappeared from sight. To the newer commentators, however, the differences are of eminent interest. They assure us of the presence of various witnesses, and contribute to our knowledge of events and persons. Thus from the two extant sources, the Acts and the Epistles, Dr. Bacon retells the great story of the life of the missionary apostles, and of the teachings of the father of Christian theology. The letters are interpreted in part by the life of the writer, and in part by the general life of the time, of "that marvelous time when the national religions of the world had broken down, and out of the confusion that supreme type of personal religion which we call 'the Gospel' was drawing to itself the elements of truth from Jewish and Gentile sources, infusing and quickening them with the Spirit of Jesus."

The endeavors of the Gentile teachers to develop a true type of personality, and

¹ *The Story of St. Paul, a Comparison of Acts and Epistles.* By BENJAMIN WISNER BACON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

the inclusion and completion of them in Christianity are considered very simply and effectively in President Hyde's *From Epicurus to Christ*.¹ Here the Epicureans and the Stoics, who appear for a moment in the Athenian audience of St. Paul, come forward into clear light and speak our modern speech. With them are Plato and Aristotle. Each of these four philosophers produced a principle of personality: "The Epicurean pursuit of pleasure, genial but ungenerous; the Stoic law of self-control, strenuous but forbidding; the Platonic plan of subordination, sublime but ascetic; the Aristotelian sense of proportion, practical but uninspiring." Each of these great teachings is treated with respect and sympathy, on the positive side, with illustrations in contemporary life and thought, and with a constant bearing on present conduct. Dr. Hyde seems to have his college world in mind, and to be writing for young men who are preparing for the future, and shaping the ideals which are to lead them to success or failure. He knows what such young men have in their souls, and addresses them in the strong and scholarly way which wins an irresistible assent. The undergraduate who feels that the ordinary parson has been out of college too long to understand him finds here what the parson is doing his best to say, said in college language.

It is all summed up in the closing chapter in which the essential truth and good of the old philosophies are found in the Christian ideal of divine and human love. Here the heart of the book appears. He who would be a complete man is taught to find his perfect example in Jesus, the source and perfection of the best life. "The time is ripe," says Dr. Hyde, "for a Christianity which shall have room for all the innocent joys of sense and flesh, of mind and heart, which Epicurus taught us to prize aright; yet shall have the Stoic

strength to make whatever sacrifice of them the universal good requires; which shall purge the heart of pride and pretense by questionings of motive as searching as those of Plato, and at the same time shall hold up to as strict accountability for practical usefulness and social progress as Aristotle's doctrines of the end and of the means require. It is by some such world-wide, historical approach, and the inclusion of whatever elements of truth and worth other systems have separately emphasized, that we shall reach a Christianity that is really catholic."

What are the preachers doing to bring this large religion of the spirit into the lives of the great congregation? An encouraging answer is found in four books of sermons, one by an archbishop, one by a college president, one by a college pastor, one by the minister of a city parish.² These sermons are all directly practical in the best sense, getting down to

"The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen which touch our peace."

The Archbishop of Canterbury impressed all who met him during his visit to this country with the simplicity of his manner and the helpful directness of his speech. The impression is confirmed by the sermons and addresses of his American journey, assembled in this book. Whatever the occasion and whatever the congregation, the archbishop maintains that the mission of the Church is not to exalt itself but to increase the happiness and goodness of human life. He preaches in Trin-

² *The Christian Opportunity*, being Sermons and Speeches delivered in America. By RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, Archbishop of Canterbury. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Religion and the Higher Life. Talks to Students. By WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER, President of the University of Chicago. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1904.

The Christian Philosophy of Life. Sermons preached in the Dartmouth College Church. By SAMUEL PENNIMAN LEEDS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Where Does the Sky Begin? By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

¹ *From Epicurus to Christ*. A Study in the Principles of Personality. By WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

ity Church, Boston, on the words, "Ye shall receive power," but the power of which he speaks is not that which strengthens authority, but which enriches and extends service.

President Harper, addressing a company of young persons engaged in study, has much to say of the difficulties which bar the way of faith. He finds one of these difficulties in that very transition from the argument of authority to the argument of reason which seems to Sabatier the beginning of the millennium. The student comes to college from an environment of authority, having been taught to believe what he is told. In the college he finds a totally different mind. The acceptance of truth on the basis of another person's authority is superseded by the scientific attitude of mind. The student is now instructed to question everything. "He is brought into contact with men who are investigating problems in every department of thought, — problems supposed by the rank and file of humanity to be settled, or else of the very existence of which the ordinary man is quite ignorant." The result in many cases is a temporary disturbance in the believing soul. Dr. Harper, in his place of convenient observation, finds that this is commonly no more than a transient phase, out of which the earnest and clear-minded student passes to a surer faith. The whole series of addresses is in this spirit of understanding, of sympathy, and of assurance.

The college pastorate of Dr. Leeds at Dartmouth covered forty years, during which time he addressed two generations of students. At the end of that long period, the spirit of his ministry was expressed by his congregation in these words: "In a church and community marked by very divergent opinions, strongly held and openly expressed, on religious, social, and political subjects, he maintained his independence without compromise and without offense; and bringing no reproach upon the cross of Christ, he exhibited to all an unselfish gentleness." The justice of this commendation is made evident

in the book. Beginning with 1860 and closing with 1900, including the political questionings raised by the civil war, the theological discussions started by the doctrine of evolution, and the social dangers accompanying a time of great material prosperity, these sermons go quietly on, dealing with the eternal matters which are the ultimate solution of all controversy. The spirit and the message of them all is in the words of the book of Job, which the preacher quotes with deep appreciation, "Acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace."

In the sermons of Dr. Gladden, the religion of the spirit finds free and high expression. The sky, he reminds us, begins at the surface of the earth. The old idea was that the sky began at the utmost summits of the highest hills, and that God had his residence beyond the sky, where He sat in celestial state upon a great white throne. But Dr. Gladden and his brother preachers teach that we are all in the sky with God, that the sky is the common air, and that God is in all life, in whom we live and move and have our being. "Just as sure as the sky is round about us, as eternity is our habitation, as heaven is a present reality more than a future hope, so sure is it that He whose days are from everlasting to everlasting, and whose love is the light and law of heaven, must be the one ever-present, inclusive, all-pervading fact of the life of every man." In this book the doctrine of the immanence of God is brought out of the difficult pages of theology into common life. Dr. Gladden is here continuing his characteristic and valuable service to contemporary thought and conduct, in taking the great new thoughts of the great books and giving them to the plain man.

Nine notable men are considered in Professor Brastow's *Representative Modern Preachers*:¹ five broad churchmen, Schleiermacher, Robertson, Beecher, Bushnell, and Brooks; two high church-

¹ *Representative Modern Preachers*. By LEWIS O. BRASTOW. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

men, Newman and Mozley; two low churchmen, Guthrie and Spurgeon. The book is the result of repeated studies of these men with classes of students in the Yale Divinity School. The estimates of these various masters are made with deep sympathy and substantial justice. Newman, in the nature of things, presented the greatest difficulty, his dogmatic method making no appeal to the distinctly modern mind of the critic; but Newman's true message, and the earnestness with which he gave it, and the sanctity of life with which he accompanied it, are all brought out abundantly. Indeed, the nine preachers were all selected as likely to afford suggestion and inspiration to the preacher of the present day. Professor Brastow has so dealt with them as to bring out their personal as well as their homiletical qualities, making a book which is of interest to those who care not only for sermons, but still more for men.

With the *Dynamic of Christianity*¹ we return again to the clear note which we have found with more or less distinctness in all of these recent dealings with religion. Mr. Chapman has written an exposition of the religion of the spirit. Passing

¹ *The Dynamic of Christianity*. A Study of the Vital and Permanent Elements in the Christian Religion. By EDWARD MORTIMER CHAPMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

rapidly over the regions of controversy, recalling the assertions of authority as illustrative of a fashion in theology now past, he emphasizes the argument from experience. In the midst of much confusion of popular thought, he finds a general agreement that Christianity rightly understood and applied would solve all problems and meet all needs. He looks, therefore, into the teachings of Christ for "some central principle vital enough to be the resident force in a permanent and ever-developing influence upon life." And this he finds in Christ's doctrine of the Spirit. The Dynamic of Christianity is the Spirit of God. It is the revelation of God as the resident or immanent force of the world. "The ultimate force of the philosopher, and the resident force of the physicist and biologist, and the immanent Spirit of the theologian, are but different names, representing different glimpses, of one God." He who has thus seen God is at home in the present, has no fear of the enmity of reason or criticism, and has entered into the freedom of faith. Such a believer appreciates the value of authority, finding it in the Church, which comprehends the Christian experience of nearly twenty centuries, and in the Bible, which opens the way of salvation. "No great doctrine which has moulded life is valueless or without vital meaning." But the heart of Christianity is the religion of the spirit.

A QUESTION OF LOCAL COLOR

BY BENJAMIN H. RIDGELY

It is not the purpose of this sketch to be critical, only truthful. Perhaps some of those superficial American observers and writers, who in bemoaning the dullness of the United States grow hysterically enthusiastic over the alleged *couleur locale* of Europe, particularly of Continental Europe, will find in my paper a disposition to shatter their favorite idols, but the fact is that I have no such design. I am as much disappointed as they can possibly be that the world is growing commonplace, but I see no necessity for concealing the fact any longer; nor shall any of them say truthfully that I am a dyspeptic, writing out of a disordered spleen, for I have the appetite of a roaring lion, the digestion of an Egyptian donkey boy, and I have just walked from Alicante to Almeria. Thus I am a healthy man with a well-ordered imagination and a horrible determination to tell the truth in spite of the poets.

Very recently the following paragraph in a brilliantly written article published in a fashionable American review claimed my attention:—

“It is a thousand pities that we have no types. The Irish girl still goes to Ballyshannon Fair in her jaunting car, the Irish lad swings his shillelagh, the English rough is a perpetual Bill Sykes, the *Spanish Landlord with his handkerchief tied round his head* is the same man who cooked the *olla podrida* for Sancho Panza.”

Now I am wondering if the brilliant author in question means us to believe that there is still a Spanish Landlord who ties his handkerchief round his head, — just as his grandfather used to do, you know. Let us admit that *Bill Sykes* still lives in the slums of London, and that the merry Irish lad — be jabers —

swings his shillelagh as of yore; but as to the Spanish Landlord with his “handkerchief tied about his head” I can speak advisedly. There is no longer any such person. He exists neither as a type in the Spanish literature of to-day nor on the stage in any modern drama, and he is not even a feature of the humblest *posada*. I say that I speak advisedly, for I am in the country and have been looking for him. I have crossed the *montes de Malaga* on a mule, within a fortnight, from Malaga to Granada, you know, up by the *fuelle de la Reina*, around the top, over the very summit of Mt. Santo Pita, down through the defiles, around the curves and away across the stretches to Antequera, Archidona, Loja, San Francisco, Granada. I have looked for the picturesque “landlord with the handkerchief about his head” in every hotel, *fonda*, *meson*, and *posada* along all the lonely road, and I have not found him. He is not. He is a dissolving view, gone with the memories and the literature of the past generation, and he will come no more; for nowadays he wears an imitation Christy hat, and an imitation Piccadilly coat, and often patent leather shoes with the latest bulldog toes, a cheap four-in-hand tie, and an aggressive-looking Coney-Island-colored shirt. This is the Spanish Landlord of the *pueblos*. In any of the larger cities he is dressed in garments of the same character but they are better cut, better made, more expensive, — quite a twenty-dollar suit from the Bowery indeed; and he wears a modish hat, very decent linen, and presentable neckwear. In fact, he looks here just about as he looks everywhere else in the world to-day, for the railways, the steamships, and the illustrated newspapers have brought down the pall of sameness upon the universe. The pro-

prietor of the eminently third-class hotel with the aggressively first-class pretensions, in which I am just now housed in a certain famous Spanish city in northern Spain, wears a suit from Sackville Street — from Johnstone's, if you please — cut and made as well as any eight-pound suit in London, and the good man told me in something of a languid way that he has his shirts from Biarritz, and his patent leather shoes from Seville. This then is the Spanish Landlord as he actually appears, and not as those writers who see him from a distance, in their insistence upon the *couleur locale* of Spain, would fain have us believe him to be. My Landlord speaks English, French, and German, besides his native Castilian, discusses foreign politics quite learnedly, and is in short something of a man of the world, although he is none the less a very poor innkeeper, in spite of the fact that there are "clean baths in the hotel," and "Pomery-sec in the ice-box at five dollars a bottle." I repeat that sameness is upon the universe, and even the remotest corners of Italy and Spain are not escaping. Ten years ago the "chamber maids" in the Spanish hotels were male persons dressed in undershirts and bull-fight trousers: to-day they are females who wear shirt waists and leather belts and often sailor hats, and look for all the world like the same little female persons that perform a similar service in the country hotels of Indiana and Illinois.

Up to four or five years ago it was easy to distinguish the male American when one saw him on the streets of the continental towns, beating his red-hot tourist trail through Switzerland and Italy: his thin legs and carefully creased trousers, his little square bow-cravat and his wide high collar stamped him with the unmistakable stamp of Americanism. His dress was unique in Europe then, and so everybody knew him by his legs. It is not so nowadays, for creased trousers and American neckwear have become as common on the continent of Europe as in Buffalo, New York. Everybody wears them, —

even the barbers of Seville. In a certain large seaport of Andalusia, the city where a friendly (or unfriendly) political destiny has commissioned me to reside temporarily, — in far-away inaccessible remote provincial Andalusia, I say, the men, with the exception of the peasants and fishermen, dress out and out, from head to foot, just as they would in any city of the same size and importance in the United States; and if they had a little more height it would not be easy to distinguish them from gentlemen of the same class in Memphis or New Orleans or any other city of the South. The midsummer Andalusian dude of the Alameda, with his turned-up flannel trousers, his straw hat, his *négligé* shirt and tennis shoes, his butterfly bow and leather belt, is such a banal counterpart of the Indianapolis article that the sameness of the thing is simply appalling. In this connection let me interpolate an incident which I know to be of recent and actual occurrence: two ladies of Louisville, discreet ladies and good ones, but none the less not wholly indifferent to interesting persons of the other sex, sat the other day in the rotunda of the Hotel de Madrid at Seville; they noticed a dark, slender, black-bearded young Spaniard sitting not far away; they could tell at a glance by his small feet, his dainty hands, and soft dark eyes that he was a Spaniard, and they wondered if he was a nobleman of fair Seville; and so they sat admiring him and talking about him softly in their own language, — it is a mistake to believe that Americans speak any other, although some of them think they do, — and in spite of their foreign tongue the dark-eyed young nobleman was not long in discovering that he was the subject of their conversation, for presently he arose in a languid way, and daintily throwing his cigarette into a plant pot, sauntered gracefully up to them and murmured in those soft flute-like notes for which his province is famous: —

"Say: you ladies are from Gawd's Own Country, ain't you? I'm from Buffalo myself. May I sit down?" Then

he told them that he was a dentist and had come abroad for his health. I have mentioned the foregoing incident just to show how Christy hats, creased trousers, and Piccadilly coats have served to make all dark little men look alike.

One night last summer I sat on the Alameda at Malaga and saw ten thousand people strolling up and down the fine promenade under the plane trees: all the men, in so far as their dress was concerned, might have been Frenchmen, Italians, or Englishmen: half the women wore hats and many of them leather belts and shirt waists: the others wore cotton, organdy, or muslin dresses fashioned just as they might have been in any of the smaller cities of the United States, and the only distinguishing feature of dress or adornment was that many young women of the humbler class wore roses or pinks in their hair. In all the throng I failed to see a single mantilla, but there were any number of modish-looking gowns and picture hats,—quite the same as one sees on the Parisian boulevards.

But some things in Spain are still Spanish, — or at least more or less so. Yesterday, being a great feast day, all the beauty and chivalry of the town gathered at the arena to see the graceful Fuentes, and the intrepid Machaquito, lead their rival cuadrillas against the tortured bulls. Here the ladies — or at least many of them — wore their mantillas and decorated their *loges*, in and out, with those gay and gorgeous shawls from the Philippines which Spanish ladies love so well. The scene was a brilliant and animated one with plenty of color in it. But after all something was missing. It was the old-time picturesque dress of the men. Yesterday they wore the *bourgeois* habit that has come to them from beyond the Pyrenees and looked like a Boston baseball audience. Only the swarthy gypsies from the cork woods, still wearing sashes and the one-time familiar Spanish *sombreros*, were different from the others. One would like to think of the president of the *corrida* as a dashing Don in be-

spangled habiliments, with an epidemic of silver and gold embroidery and a flourishing red sash and many tassels. Hélas! Yesterday this eminent señor was attired in an irreproachable frock coat, perfect fitting dark-gray trousers carefully creased both fore and aft, an ascot tie, and a silk hat that might have been shaped on Dunlap's latest block. He looked, on the whole, quite like a prosperous New York stockholder dressed for a funeral.

So much for the Spanish type of to-day: so much for Spain's *couleur locale*. The fact is that all European countries — except England — are losing much of their individuality. Here in remote far-away inaccessible Malaga, for example, one can buy American sausage grinders, chewing gum, sewing machines, Chicago hams, and rye whiskey currently. The Calle de Marques de Larios, the latest modern street, looks exactly like a modern street in Barcelona: Barcelona's modern streets are like those of Paris, and who will say that the modern streets of Paris, the Avenue de l'Opera, the Boulevard de Capucines, the Avenue Montaigne — who will say honestly — that they differ greatly in appearance from the principal streets of Washington or Buffalo? The new Berlin is but a Teutonic edition of Chicago; Madrid looks enough like Marseilles or New Orleans; Turin is the one fine large modern Continental city of to-day that preserves its original character; its massive buildings and miles of arcades will always give it a distinctive appearance.

Even the railway trains of the Continent are losing their individuality, for on all the great express trains nowadays one sees corridor cars all built more or less on the American plan. This is particularly the case in Germany and in Switzerland.

In spite of the fact that France has been trying to introduce bull fights, Spain is still the sole conservator of this foul sport, and in that respect is the one original country of the Continent; but none the less, yesterday, after he had slain his three savage Veraguan *toros* at the great plaza

in the presence of ten thousand applauding spectators, did not the incomparable *espada*, the matchless Señor Don Antonio Fuentes, Guerita's successor as the first bull fighter of Spain, appear upon the Alameda, and was he not attired quite as you might have been, gentle reader? Did he not wear white duck trousers, a white vest, black alpaca coat, and soft white Alpine hat? He looked a little swarthy perhaps, and swaggered something like a popular oarsman, but one might well have mistaken him for a Louisiana member of Congress.

I do not pretend to say that I am grieved over the fading away of the *couleur locale*. Perhaps it is just as well to Anglicize the Continent and supply it with bath tubs, nor will this interfere largely with the charm of the changing view in Continental Europe, — the thing after all that serves most to make the Continent interesting and delightful. One leaves French Geneva at 10.30 A. M. and reaches Teutonic Berne for luncheon at 1.40. There is a new language and the architecture

is no longer French, but the people dress almost the same as at Geneva and Lausanne. At Lucerne the Tyrolean warbler continues to wear his knee-breeches and white stockings as he sings in the cafés and hotel rotundas; but when he goes back home to see the old folks he dresses quite like a Bowery barber or a New England milk dealer.

From Bale to Strassburg in two hours, from Milan to Lucerne in six, from Calais to Dover in sixty-five minutes, these are some of the quickly changing views that keep Continental Europe from growing monotonous when one travels, but none the less, all the great cities look alike, and only the peasants of Brittany continue to wear wooden shoes as a steady diet. I spent two weeks in Rome last year looking for a Roman nose and failed to see a single one, — who then would still expect to see a Spanish Landlord with a handkerchief tied around his head? Why the good man would be guyyed to death by the butcher's boy if he were even to attempt such an absurdity!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

POACHING, A PROTEST

"AMELIA," I said, stepping into the sitting-room, "some one has gone and used my uncle."

For a moment she looked at me in blank amazement; then she took the complete-novel magazine out of my hands and fell to investigating for herself how much damage had been done.

My uncle's personality had been a last-thing "hit" locally; he had attained quite a circulation, being widely quoted as a dialect person. The public seemed to find just what it needed in his most unstudied remarks. Even his prayers were famous; it was not so much his broad Scotch manner of speech as his mental standpoint in

conferring with the Lord upon important matters; not so much the humor of dialect as of dialectics. I remember how I used to bide the time with my eye on the high-posted bed while he closed the day's business with a candle and the big Bible before him; and how he ended it with a well-considered Presbyterian prayer during which, at intervals, he asked the Lord candidly if he "heard" him.

I now waited while Amelia turned the pages, and read the description of landmarks in that unmistakable town, — everything I had already talked over with her. And finally she ran her finger along the following passage, — "He came at last to a long, low house that had once been white and whose veranda was reached

by a short steep flight of steps. He remembered the place trim and well-kept; now the paint had fallen away in patches from the walls, and the crazy steps were broken and discolored. Here an old Scotchman had lived who was noted for his eccentricities of speech."

"Why," said Amelia, "they have gone and taken his well — and his prayer — and his house" —

"The scenery and everything," I said impatiently.

"But," said Amelia trying to pluck up hope, "you know so much more about him personally, — things that would make him live and move. And as for the scenery, you know character is the great thing, — human character."

"True enough," I replied. "But talk as you may, a character has got to live somewhere, and have things to do with. And as for the scenery, it is not so easy to imagine a topography and build a new town on it with all the details that give verity. And as for moving my uncle, that I could not do. He came and went there on that bridge, that plank walk, those hills, and echoing river shores. I admit that character is greater than setting; but still you have got to have the setting just the same. It has been taken, and my uncle has been spoiled. I mean despoiled."

Amelia began to realize the import of it.

"And as for character," I continued, "just read how that has been touched upon at a vital point: — 'High and quavering rose the voice, the R's rolled heavily, and the words rising shrill and insistent at the close: "O Lord, don't let the rum-sellers sell any more rum. Do you hear me now? Do you hear me now?"' My uncle," I commented, "used always to accent that on the word *hear*, — it makes a great difference in the spirit of it."

"Just as you have told it to me," said Amelia. "But how did this writer come to know anything about him of so intimate a nature?"

"Have n't you read that place about what the hero did; the place where he 'crouched outside and listened to the shrill voice of the old man lifted in family prayers'? And how he smiled when he recollected it? There it is. That is how the author came to know about it."

"Eavesdroppers," exclaimed Amelia, with a curl of her lip.

"Yes," I replied. "Possibly on one of those very nights when I was on my innocent knees at Uncle W.'s house, some one was outside laying for literary material, skulking behind the fence to steal my rightful uncle away from me. And now you see what has come of it."

"It is a wonder," she said, "that a writer who has discovered a character should not have the consideration to inquire whether there are authors in the family. Some one may have a prior right. Some one may have already made plans that depend upon having him outside of literature when the time comes."

"Yes, some one," I mused. "It is certainly aggravating to have to plagiarize your uncle away from a strange writer. And maybe be accused of it. But," I continued, trying to cheer up lightly, "that was slightly misleading to say he was praying about the rum just because there was a temperance revival in town. It was because of the rum that he had the well set out there by the roadside — that was the continual reason for it. It was a temptation to the wayfarer — a snare to create a public taste for water. He always approved of any one using that well, as if the drinking of water were a moral act, and an index of character. But the well itself is well described. Read that to me; and what the heroine did."

She read: "A new pump stood in the yard, where he remembered there had been an old well with a windlass. With the recollection of the well came the memory of a day, when he was returning from school with Elizabeth, and they stopped to get a drink. As she reached over to dip the cup in the brimming bucket he had drawn up, a book she held

under her arm slipped and dropped splashing in the well."

"I do not mind losing the mere incident," I remarked. "My uncle never made complaint about the girl's dropping that book in his well. But it is quite a different matter," I said, "quite a different matter for her to come along, and take a book out of the well. It did not belong to her. The temperance well itself I should like to have had reserved."

As we sat brooding I thought heavily of that part of a publisher's contract that refers to libel suits and puts all the responsibility on yourself. That makes me rattle the change in my pocket. It is this that makes it so serious to be robbed of a relative, for they will not sue you for damages. I thought also of a letter I once received. I had written a book of bona fide adventures — of my own. It was highly praised — almost accepted — sent back. A publisher (since failed) told me honestly that the only trouble with it was that "the public is not willing to accept a successor to Mark Twain." I had been intruding on preëmpted waters; I had been poaching. I destroyed the evidence long ago.

To such a pass has this condition of affairs brought us that no sooner have our soldiers and sailors opened up a new literary field, than there is an Oklahoma rush of writers bearing down upon it to stake out their claims. I have in mind a map of the world — a literary map for the use of writers — showing the surface of the globe in tracts of local color, and bearing the names of writers whose baronies they are. One can scarce speak of his native town, literarily, without a feeling that he is trespassing.

"Never mind, dear," said Amelia, with a sudden air of consolation. "You know there is my side of the family. There is my grandfather."

True enough. What an invincible tar he was. He too — thank Heaven — was eccentric. Everybody ashore said that if he were put into a book — he, besides character and setting, would have plot

and dramatic action. There would be the night they came for him to get the schooner away from the mob — out of the port — out of the Lakes — out of America. Such was the feeling against her that she would not be safe in this country; if she got away they would never dare to bring her back. The job had to be done in the face of a whole ward of frenzied Irishmen, who were already coming to wreak vengeance for all the relatives whose blood was on that misguided prow. Who would oppose them? They ran for the man that would.

Besides his getting her away, there was the story of the trip across the ocean, — what a saucy adventurer they thought her when she appeared at an ocean port, and started out of the country with a height of mast that no ocean boat would ever dare to carry on so small a hull, and leaking from her collision; — how she braved the storm that damaged the *Great Eastern*; — how she was driven back for six weeks at a run; — how it struck her when she was almost to Europe, and she was only saved by turning tail and manœuvring with the waves until she was almost back to America again; — how he turned her about and "went at" it again; — and how he finally "got there."

"Well," I soliloquized, "we've got him left anyway." I could get details any time by stepping into the next room, because my wife's mother was along on that trip. I almost lost my wife's mother when she was a little girl. But the captain caught her just as she was sliding on a sea over the lee rail.

Just the other day my wife came into the middle room where I was meditating comfortably. She had an old volume of the *Atlantic* in her hand. I did not doubt that she had found some article that had escaped me on Transportation, — or maybe Literary Theory.

"Dear."

"Yes."

"I have something to tell you."

"Yes. What is it?"

"Somebody — has gone and used my grandfather."

We stared at it together.

Amelia read, "She was of two hundred and thirty tons burden, and was painted green with a white stripe" —

"Yes, but lots of boats" —

"But here it is about the bridge-tender that got the bridge open just in time, and" —

"But such an incident might happen to some other" —

"And here she got to Cork. But of course the name of the boat and every-body is changed."

I immediately got up and went into the next room. "Where did you put into Europe? And did you get new masts for that schooner?"

"The new masts were stepped at Cork," replied my wife's mother.

It was beginning to look dark for our book.

"And hear what the old bridge-tender said," continued my wife. "More als drei hundert peeple was gone dead by dot shooner."

That settled it; I looked it all over. And there went my second book by the board.

"Yes, but that would n't keep you from writing it, — you know lots more than that," said Amelia. "And then the character" —

"Character, your grandfather! The story's gone. Don't you *see*," I said emphatically, "that the true story is now *fiction*? I can't write that again and call it fiction. And it is the worst of bad art to claim a thing to be really true in a story. The literary world resents it, because it is taking a mean advantage."

She does not exactly understand this, — but I do. She cannot realize that we have lost her grandfather entirely. She tells me details hopefully, not seeing that I would have to plagiarize whole sections of the story.

"Well, anyway," I said, crossing my legs independently, "I am glad to say that I have n't come this far through the

world without doing some navigating *myself*. Hereafter I shall write only about things that no one can possibly know but myself."

"Yes, but you forget," said Amelia. "Don't you know you were warned that the public were already satisfied with their writer on" —

"That's so. I forgot."

I picked up a current magazine and fell to considering, in all its bearings, a fact plainly put by a publisher in an interview with regard to last year's output. He said, "Of the successes, oftentimes the first book contains all there is in a writer. It is based upon the richest experiences of his own life, and they are all there. The second book determines whether he is a real writer or not."

Therefore, when the material for a man's first book is seized upon and made unusable, it is not only a book, but a whole career that has been snatched from under him. As for me, I am the author of two first books — that I never had a chance to write.

"CENTRAL" AND THE SEERS

THE poet is the seer. It is a poet who says of his fellows that they are "the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present." Long before the "practical man" gets through his processes of ratiocination and proves his fact; long before the genius has made his invention and the mechanic has tested it and pronounced it workable, the poet has reached his conclusion by a noble inspiration. The one conceives, the other acts.

Half a millenium before the telephone was invented, before Dr. Bell had patented his idea, — and it was the first time that an idea had been patented, — the poet Chaucer had written his "House of Fame," or House of Sounds, as it might be called. In one of the *Canterbury Tales* he presented the idea that sound is but a reverberation of air. This he amplified, turned over, and made poetic, in the "House of

Fame." In the familiar guise of a dreamer, he was carried by a great bird with silvery wings upwards, in the direction that sound naturally takes, for everything follows nature, he says, until he reached the place to which all earthly sounds tend. *How* do they go? Take a stone; throw it into the water; it will make a ripple, perchance no larger than a pot-lid; but it will cause another wheel to appear, and that a third, and the third a fourth, and the fourth another, multiplying evermore until every brink has been touched.

Thus is it with every word: spoken in secret or aloud, it moveth the air about it, and that moveth the body next, and that another and another, until at last the reverberation has reached the House of Fame, — "the place in which it naturally belongeth." This house is set equally distant from heaven and earth and sea, and all sounds of voice, or noise, or word tend thither.

Here, then, we see that Chaucer opened the first "Central Office." He got his sounds there satisfactorily, but he went no further. Little did he dream of the fortune that waited five centuries, until one arose wise enough to lay the return wire, and complete the circuit, so that the sound need no longer be a mere deposit in the Central Office, but be safely carried to the particular person for whom it was intended.

This Central Office was a vast basket of willow and reeds, and it had as many entrances "as there be leaves on trees,"

And eke be day, in every tide,
Been all the dores opened wide,
And be night echoon unshette,

with no gatekeeper to hinder any kind of tidings from passing in.

If we were to ask the "Hello Girl," of the twentieth century what messages she receives, she might well take up the words of the ancient poet, and tell us,

. . . tydynges,
Other loude or of whisprynges.
And over alle the houses angles
Ys ful of rounynges and of jangles,

Of werres, of pes, of mariages,
Of restes, of labour, of viages,
Of aboode, of deeth, of lyfe,
Of leve, of hate, accorde, of stryfe,
Of loos, of lore and of wynynges
Of hele, of sekeness, of bilydnges,
Of faire wyndes, of tempestes,
Of qualme of folke and eke of bestes,
Of dyvers transmutaciouns
Of estates and eke of regions;
Of truste, of drede, of jealousye,
Of witte, of wynynges, of folye;
Of plente and of grete famyne,
Of chepe, of derthe and of ruyne;
Of good or mys-gouvernement,
Of fire and of dyvers accident.

It would not be fair to Dr. Bell to say that the suggestion of the telephone came to him from Chaucer, nor would it be at all true; neither would it be fair to say that Chaucer lacked originality (even if we could define the word) because he had read Ovid's lines of a thousand and a half years before his time. "They say" may stand as a pretty good synonym of the Latin *Fama*, and it fits into Ovid's description of a place that he describes. "There is," says he, "a place in the middle of the earth, betwixt the land, the sky, the sea, within the limits of the triple world, whence is seen whatever is anywhere, even beyond the horizon, and every voice pierces to the hollow ears. 'They Say' rules this place and has selected a house for herself at the tiptop of it. She has added innumerable avenues of approach, has made a thousand perforations, and has shut up the entrances with no gates, — they are open day and night. It is made throughout of sounding brass and thrills with noise. It returns words and repeats what it hears. No quiet is found within; there is silence nowhere, and neither is there clamor, but murmurs of a low voice, such as one hears from a distance, or like the sound of remote thunder, when Jupiter hurtles black clouds together. A crowd throngs the hall, the light and fickle common herd pass and repass. A thousand rumors, false and true, fly about clothed in confused words. Some fill empty ears with talk, others tattle what they are told; and

fiction grows, for every gossip adds his quota to what is told him. There stands Credulity, there rash Error, there empty Joy and horrid Fear, hasty Sedition and Whispers from uncertain sources." "She," that is, "They Say," busies herself with all that goes on in heaven and earth and sea, and gossips about all the world.

When Chaucer read what Ovid had written about this house of gossip, he said to himself, "I can improve on all this! I, too, will have a vast building in the air, but I will make it of osiers, far better adapted for its purpose than an orb of resounding brass, though brass may ring, and twigs will not." So it turned out that Ovid made a house for the installment of a Central Office; that Chaucer opened the Office for receiving messages; and Dr. Bell laid the return wire. It was all accomplished in nineteen hundred years!

Thus the Seer antedated the practical man.

THE POOR BUCKRA SONGS

PECULIAR interest is attached to certain songs sung by the poorest whites in the Southern states. These people are commonly known as the "poor buckra." They constitute a class by themselves; among them are found English names pure and simple, such as John, not Jack or Johnnie; Elizabeth is a favorite; it may be called 'Liz'beth, but it is not deliberately degraded into Bessie, or Lizzy. These people seem to have small sense of humor, for you seldom see them have a hearty fit of laughter, yet a habitual reserve noticeable among them causes one to be chary in making such a declaration. Buckra is an African word introduced to America by the negroes. Its real meaning is, a demon, "a powerful and superior being." It was used by the black people instead of white man, as the Indians said paleface. To the Africans all white people were buckra, but "poor buckra" was the greatest term of opprobrium known to their vocabulary.

In the hill countries of the Southern

states are a set of white people, who, from generation to generation, have been idle, thriftless, ungrateful, illiterate, utterly without desire to improve their condition, apparently without aim or purpose. Such are the poor buckra proper of the African nomenclature. For a century philanthropists have tried to elevate them; industrial schools were founded for their good, individuals took them into their homes, but almost without exception, at manhood and womanhood the "poor buckra" went back to his and her kind. The poor buckra are not often found among the criminal class; they seem to be without the strong passions which hurry men to action regardless of results. At times they get drunk, notably at Christmas. They are not brutal to women or children, as a rule, but, as one of the women expressed it, "men ain't much to living;" they are not noticeably untrue in the marriage relation. Their sins are those incident to incorrigible idleness: petty pilfering, the outcome of poverty; continual asking of favors, squatting on landholders of large estates; these things have become so habitual to the poor buckra that they have become his characteristics.

These people use words and terms that twentieth-century folk would call old English and obsolete; their favorite songs are ballads closely related to those found in the collections of Percy and Child. Last summer, in a secluded section of North Carolina, a girl sang a song that she called

LORD LOVER.

Lord Lover, he stood at his carstel gate,
A combing his milk white horse;
Then up stepped Lady Nancy Bell
A wishing her lover good speed,
A wishing her lover good speed.

"O, where are you going, Lord Lover," she said,

"O where are you going," said she.

"I am going over the sea, Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lover," she said,
 "O, when will you be back?" said she.
 "In a year or two or three at the most
 I'll return to my fair Nancy,
 I'll return to my fair Nancy."

He had not been gone twelve months and a day,

Strange countries for to see,
 When serious thoughts came o'er his mind,
 That he must return to his fair Nancy,
 That he must return to his fair Nancy.

He rode and he rode on his milk white horse,
 'Till he came to London Town;
 And there he heard St. Patrick's bell,
 And the people all mourning round,
 And the people all mourning round.

"What is the matter?" Lord Lover he said,
 "Oh, what is the matter?" said he.
 "The Lord's lady is dead," the people replied,
 "Some called her the Lady Nancy,
 Some called her the Lady Nancy."

He ordered her grave to be opened wide,
 Her shroud to be taken down,
 And there he kissed her cold clay lips,
 'Till the tears came trickling down,
 'Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy Bell died as it might be to-day,
 Lord Lover, he died to-morrow,
 Lady Nancy Bell was laid in St. Patrick's
 churchyard,

Lord Lover was laid in the choir,
 Lord Lover was laid in the choir.

Out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
 And out of his a briar,
 They grew and grew, to the church steeple top,
 They could not grow no higher,
 And there they formed a true lovers' knot,
 For all true lovers to admire,
 For all true lovers to admire.

In Child's version this familiar ballad of Lord Lovell ends with,

Lady Nancy died for pure love,
 Lord Lovell for deep rayray.

"A Lover of Ballads," writing to the *Evening Post* last July, gives part of a ballad called Lady Hounciebelle, which shows a close relationship to Lord Lovell.

The fragment quoted by a "Lover of Ballads" ends,

Lady Nancy was buried in the churchyard,
 Lord Lovell was buried by her,
 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
 And out of Lord Lovell's a briar;
 They grew and grew to the church steeple top,
 They grew till they could grow no higher,
 And there they twined a true lovers' knot
 Which all true lovers do admire, ire, ire,
 Which all true lovers do admire.

This, together with other versions noted by other correspondents of the *Post*, shows the popular nature of ballad poetry and its wide diffusion; but the version I have set down has, I think, a special interest and significance.

The first line of the poor buckra's song gives evidence of the English broad a, in the transformation of castle to "carstel;" instead of steed, the substitution of horse is a surprise, as it loses the rhyme which it would seem should naturally catch the ear. The true lovers' knot, tied when rose and briar could not "grow no higher," seems a solace for the early death of unhappy lovers, and has been grafted on to the original verses of Lord Lover by the romantically inclined poor buckra as well as by more educated ballad-mongers. Jestings aside, it all seems to go to prove that the English bond-servants who escaped from their masters on the coast were the progenitors of the poor whites of the hill regions of the South.

It is a question if anywhere else in the United States can be found less mixed strains, a purer Anglo-Saxon stock, than are these poor buckra, the grandchildren of the "Prisoners of Hope."

"THE DIRECT APPEAL"

ONE whose years of service to the cause of letters, both as author and as editor, entitles his words to great weight, has recently taken pains to maintain at some length that "the direct appeal" is the characteristic mark of the best literature of to-day, as distinguished from that of the past. If this be true, it would seem to mark a strong trend toward the acceptance of Herbert Spencer's attempt to re-

duce the secret of composition to the one principle of economy of the reader's attention. The thought, the whole thought if need be, but in any case *nothing but the thought*, is the logical goal of this tendency.

All must admit that at different times, and by some writers in all times, the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction to the point of serious danger. There are numerous writers to-day who will expand into a long paragraph a statement of fact which might well be expressed by a half dozen lines of type. Sometimes this growth is attained by way of ornament, and sometimes it is mere attenuation; sometimes its genesis is to be charged to inveterate habit, and sometimes, doubtless, to the rate expected per column in case it escapes the blue pencil. Periods of excessive indirectness on the part of writers in general are doubtless due to widely spread and deeply rooted perversions of taste. We may have our opinion of the people of such a period, but they were entitled to have what they liked, and not many of us are under any obligation to read the literature which they left behind them.

Is not "the direct appeal," however, about as capable of abuse as its opposite? Beyond a certain point, is it not part and parcel of the over-strenuousness, the strained insistence, of an age which might well inscribe the words "get there" upon its banners, as its all-comprehending motto, if only it were not too busy to put up any banners, or adopt any motto at all? There are many among us who would save thirty per cent on the expense of printing every book or periodical, as large a portion of each pupil's time, and perhaps a still larger part of the teacher's patience, simply by knocking out every useless letter in the English dictionary; may there not be a pretty close relationship between our spelling reformers and those who want us to knock every word out of our sentences that does not come freighted to the sinking point with some absolutely essential portion of the thought to be conveyed?

Much might be said (I have heard a competent scientist say much) in favor of such exclusion of non-essentials from our physical nutriment that the really essential remainder of a day's rations could be put up in capsular form, carried in the pocket, and swallowed at the proper moment with no appreciable loss of time; yet most of us will always prefer to linger over the dinner table and eat more or less which does not make "the direct appeal" to our organs of physical nutrition. The man who would reduce our entire complement of clothing to elastic union suits, of varying thicknesses to suit the changes of temperature, has not yet made his way prominently into our magazines and newspapers, but he cannot be far in the rear of the spelling reformer. We are rapidly getting rid of the useless vermiform appendix, and the hair which our hats have rendered unnecessary is going, whether we are willing to part with it or not. Where next must we curtail?

The little lake by which I spend my summer vacations has some sixteen square miles of surface, but some curious person has figured its shore line as well up toward one hundred miles in length. Doubtless here is a great waste, from the business point of view. If I were making an ice pond, I would not be so lavish of shore line as that; and yet I do not want the shore line of my summer lake reduced to its merely necessary dimensions. It is ten miles down an absolutely straight railroad track to the next town. The wagon road, curving around through the woods and along the winding stream, measures twelve miles between the same points. Notwithstanding the well-known geometrical maxim, if compelled to walk from the one town to the other for any reason except a hasty business errand, I should refuse to accept the monotonously direct railroad track as the shortest distance between those two points. In a literature of fact for fact's sake, such as a railroad guide or a grocery bill, let the appeal be as direct, as destitute of embellishment, as it can be made. The literature of sci-

ence, where science and not literature is the primary aim, need not blush to appear in scant linguistic raiment. But are we all in so great a hurry that the thoughts of literature in general must be fired into our minds direct and sharp as the arrow from the bow? We are perfectly willing to allow upon a fine binding an amount of loving labor far in excess of all that is necessary to protect the book; have we no longer any appreciation of loving labor upon a choice thought, over and above what is necessary to get the thought clearly and directly expressed? Shall we grant to our great singers such ample freedom in the musical rendering of a thought, and then hold the great writer down to so narrow limits in his expression of the same thought in written words?

Perhaps, after all, the reading public is not so tired of the metaphors, the allegories, and other conceits and indirections of the past, as of the lack of originality in these features. We do not want "the up-lifted orb of day" over and over again, but it is not inconceivable that some really new expression might relieve a pardonable distaste for the monotonous repetition of the word *sun*. The Western poet who apostrophized it as "Hell wandering up the universe" did not hit the mark, but need all others despair? The man who cannot call a spade a spade may not be a whit more tiresome than the man who cannot on due occasion call it something else. Let the linguistic stem indulge in some luxury of foliage once in a while; let it even bud and bloom and turn here and there in graceful curves; do not straighten it out into a mere pedagogue's pointer.

TO THE GODS OF SHIPWRECK

A GREEN bound book, whose name it would be pedantry to mention, told me, in the days when I was fresh from college and could understand its obscure foreign talk, that the Latins who had escaped from the dangers of the sea hung a votive tablet in the temple of their favorite god and dedicated it to the gods of shipwreck.

Since this article, as may be inferred by its appearance in the columns of the Contributors' Club, has passed through the high waves of criticism and has been cast high on the beach out of the grasp of the greedy returning undertow, I, too, approach the temple, ready to give my offering, in gratitude to the godlike powers that rule the tempestuous Atlantic.

A recent contributor to the Club wrote of the pleasure of submitting manuscripts to magazines when there was a chance of an occasional one being rejected. He offered charitable sympathy to those who were blasé with uninterrupted acceptance. Doubtless he thought that in a dinner of sweets and delicacies there is always a place for a sour wine. A sour pickle, he thought, whets an appetite for a cheese sandwich. I am inclined to join him in praise of the pickle, provided always that one is given enough of the sandwich. But did he ever consider how awful the pickle would be if served alone? Did he to whom failure was only a sauce and a stimulant ever sit for hours inside a pickle barrel and suck pickles indefinitely?

My experiences with magazines have been largely a diet of pickles, and so it is that in the departing days of the month, when the Temple of the *Atlantic* has been flung open and the happy ones who have been saved from the greedy returning undertow have gone within to gaze at and to admire their offerings, I have sat without and have wished vainly that my name might be engraved in honor on the Temple's yellowish front. And I have squatted obscurely by the door and have watched the concourse who thronged the corridors eager to see where their pictures were hung and what manner of pictures were hung near.

To me sitting disconsolate, a drowsy worshiper nodding outside, under a scrubby Cypress, which is the tree of mourners, came one along the stony road of Letters, clutching to his breast a pictured votive tablet. When he saw me he came near and sat down.

"Look here," he said, and held up his picture.

"Yes," I said indifferently, observing its crude outlines and besmirched colors.

"Beautiful, beautiful," he murmured to himself, holding it first at arm's length, and then at nearer range. I scrutinized him closely to see if he were joking. There was no jest possible in his intense expression.

"Yours?" I asked carelessly.

He pointed proudly to his signature.

"Are you going to hang it inside?" I asked ironically, pointing toward the Temple. I knew that the Custos would not allow the daub in his building.

"I thought that I would, but" — a pained look came into his face — "something must have been the matter. They sent it back to me. Do you think the Custos himself could have seen it? It is so beautiful!"

And he fell again to admiring his picture.

This is lamentable, I thought. Does n't this fool know that his picture is a child's scrawl? I set about considering how I might tell him without hurting his feelings.

"Do you remember," I began, "the contest among the Greek goddesses as to which was the most beautiful?"

He assented abstractedly, his eyes still on his picture.

"But I dare say you never heard of Laideron, who was not a goddess, and was not at all beautiful. Well," I continued, "she lived in the woods, and went every day to a pool for water. This pool was in the thickest and most beautiful depth of the woods, and its waters reflected the green of the trees and the blue of the sky beyond, and all the colors of summer, and over it hung the cool of evening and the gladness of awakened day and the peace of country, and it was clad in the noises of

summer, the rustle of leaves, and peace, and squirrels, and contentment. There it had been for centuries, reflecting in its depths the blue of a heaven that was always June. It is no wonder that a pool in such surroundings forgot that anything could exist that was not beautiful. So when Laideron came, who was not beautiful, but old and ugly, the reflection of the pool forgot and gave her back the likeness of a young girl wondrously beautiful.

"Now Laideron had heard of this contest among the Greek goddesses as to which was the fairest, and, deceived by her lying reflection, she sat near when the prize was given, but Paris, sad to tell, when he awarded the golden apple, never looked her way. When it was over, Laideron wandered away alone to the woods, and, reclining at the water's edge, she admired herself till darkness drew a curtain over her mirror."

I stopped and looked at my companion.

"You see," I continued, feeling that my parable needed further explanation, "you are like Laideron, and you have seen that picture of yours in the mirror of your own eyes."

My companion was sulky, and got upon his feet and left me without a word. When he left I fell to reflecting how it was possible for one to be so big a fool as he. Then, as if in contrast to his miserable daub, I drew out my picture from its covering, my own beautiful picture that I had painted, my own, own beautiful picture, and looking into its depth of color and at its life and fire and strength I was overpowered by a deep emotion, and murmured, "Beautiful, beautiful." And looking toward the Temple aglow with lights I shook my fist at the Custos, I, squatted alone with my picture, outside of the Temple, under a scrubby Cypress, which is the tree of mourners.

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GAY PLUMES AND DULL

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

Nor long since, one of our younger naturalists sent me a photograph of a fawn in a field of daisies, and said that he took the picture to show what he considered the protective value of the spots. The white spots of the fawn did blend in with the daisies, and certainly rendered the fawn less conspicuous than it would have been without them, but I am slow to believe that the fawn has spots that it may the better hide in a daisy field, or, in fact, anywhere else, or that the spots have ever been sufficiently protective to have materially aided in the perpetuity of the deer species. What use they have, if any, I do not know, any more than I know what use the spots on the leopard or the giraffe have, or the stripes on the zebra. I can only conjecture concerning their use. The panther does not have spots, and yet it seems to get along just as well without them. The young of the moose and the caribou are not spotted, and yet their habitat is much the same as that of the deer.

Why some forest animals are uniformly dark colored, while others are more or less brilliantly striped or spotted, is a question not easily answered. It is claimed that spotted and striped species are more diurnal in their habits, and frequent bushes and open glades, while the dusky species are more nocturnal, and frequent dense thickets. In a general way this is probably true. A dappled coat is certainly more in keeping with the day than with the night, and with bushes and jungles than with plains or dense forests. But

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whether its protective value, or the protective value of the dusky coat, is the reason for its being, is another question.

This theory of the protective coloration of animals has been one of the generally accepted ideas in all works upon natural history since Darwin's time. It regards the color of an animal as much the result of natural selection as any part of its structure, — natural selection picking out and preserving those tints that were the most useful to the animal in concealing it from its enemies or from its prey. If in this world no animal had ever preyed upon another, it is thought that their colors might have been very different, probably much more bizarre and inharmonious than they are at present.

Now I am not going to run amuck upon this generally accepted theory of modern naturalists, but I do feel disposed to shake it up a little, and see, if I can, what measure of truth there is in it. That there is a measure of truth in it I am convinced, but that it has been greatly overworked in our time, and that more has been put upon it than it can bear, of this also I am convinced.

I think we are safe in saying that a bird is protectively colored when the color, as it were, strikes in, and the bird itself acts upon the theory that it is in a measure hidden behind its assimilative plumage. This is true of nearly all the grouse tribe. These birds seem instinctively to know the value of their imitative tints, and are tame or wild according as their tints do or do not match the snow on the ground. Moreover the grouse are all toothsome; and this fact of the toothsome-ness of

some birds and the toughness and unsavoriness of others, like the woodpecker, the crow tribe, gulls, divers, cormorants, and the like, has undoubtedly played some part in their natural history. But whether they are dull colored because they are toothsome, or toothsome because they are dull colored — who shall say? Which was first, the sweetness or the color? The flesh of the quail and the partridge having become very delectable and much sought after by many wild creatures, did nature make compensation by giving them their assimilative plumage? or were the two facts inseparable from the first?

The sweetness of an animal's flesh is doubtless determined by its food. I believe no one eats the western road-runner, though it is duller of color than the turkey. Its food is mice, snakes, lizards, centipedes, and other vermin.

Thus far I can follow the protective colorists, but not much farther.

Wallace goes to the extent of believing that even nuts are protectively colored because they are not to be eaten. But without the agency of birds and the small rodents, the wingless nuts, such as chestnuts, acorns, hickory nuts, and butternuts, could never get widely scattered, so that if they were effectively concealed by their colors this fact would tend to their extinction.

If the colors of animals were as vital a matter, and the result of the same adaptive and selective process, as their varied structures, which Darwin and Wallace teach, then it would seem to follow that those of the same habits and of the same or similar habitat would be similar or identical in color, which is not commonly the case. Thus the waders among the birds all have long legs and long necks, but they are not all of the same color. The divers all have short legs placed far in the rear, but they vary greatly in color markings. How greatly the ducks differ in coloration, though essentially the same in structure! Our tree warblers are of all hues and combinations of hues, though so alike in habit and form. The painted

bunting in the southwest is gaudily colored, while its congeners are all more plainly dressed.

In England the thrush that answers to our robin, being almost identical in form, manner, and habit, is black as a coal. The crow tribe are all built upon the same plan, and yet they show a very great diversity of colors. Why is our jay so showily colored, and the Canada jay so subdued in tint?

The humming birds do not differ much in their anatomy, but their tints differ as much as do those of precious stones. The woodpeckers show a variety of markings that cannot be accounted for upon any principle of utility or of natural selection. Indeed, it would seem as if in the colors of birds and mammals nature gave herself a comparatively free hand, not being bound by the same rigid necessity as in their structures. Within certain limits something like caprice or accident seems to prevail. The great law of assimilation, or harmonious blending, of which I shall presently have more to say, goes on, but it is checked and thwarted and made sport of by other tendencies.

Then the principle of coloration of the same species does not always hold good in different parts of the earth. Thus our grouse and other gallinaceous birds are obscurely marked, like the ground they live upon, but in the Orient, in India and China, the allied species are brightly colored, and we have the golden pheasant, and the Argus pheasant, and others.

In our hemisphere the swans are white, the pigeons are blue, and the parrots are green. In Australia the swans are black, and there is a black pigeon and a black parrot. In the desert of Sahara most of the birds are desert-colored, but there are some that are blue, and others that are black or brown and white. It is said that the Arctic fox which is snow-white in most other places remains blue all winter in Iceland. No doubt there are reasons for all these variations, but whatever these reasons are, they do not seem to favor the theory of protective coloration.

Mr. Wallace in one of his essays points out the effect of locality on color, many species of unrelated genera both among insects and among birds being marked similarly, with white or yellow or black like the effect of some fashion that has spread among them. In the Philippine Islands metallic hues are the fashion; in some other islands very light tints are in vogue; in other localities unrelated species favor crimson or blue. Mr. Wallace says that among the different butterflies of different countries this preference for certain colors is as marked as it would be if the hares, marmots, and squirrels of Europe were all red with black feet, while the corresponding species of Central Asia were all yellow with black heads, or as it would be if our smaller mammals, the coon, the possum, the squirrels, all copied the black and white of the skunk. The reason for all this is not apparent, though Wallace thinks that some quality of the soil which effects the food may be the cause. It is like the caprice of fashion. In fact, the exaggerated plumes and bizarre colors and monstrous beaks of many birds in both hemispheres have as little apparent utility, and seem quite as much the result of caprice, as are any of the extreme fashions in dress among human beings.

Most of our black birds flock in the fall, and they are not protectively colored, but the bobolinks, which also flock then, do then assume neutral tints. Why the change in the one case and not in the other, since both species feed in the brown marshes? Most of our own ground birds are more or less ground colored, but here is the chewink on the ground, amid the bushes, with the brown oven bird and the brown thrasher, with conspicuous markings of white and black and red. Here are some of the soft gray and brown tinted warblers nesting on the ground, and here is the more conspicuous striped black and white creeping warbler nesting by their side. Behold the rather dull colored great crested flycatcher concealing its nest in a hollow limb, and its congener, the

brighter feathered king bird, building its nest openly on the branch above.

Hence, whatever truth there may be in this theory of protective coloration, one has only to look about him to discover that it is a matter which nature does not have very much at heart. She plays fast and loose with it on every hand. Now she seems to set great store by it, the next moment she discards it entirely.

If dull colors are protective, then bright colors are non-protective or dangerous, and one wonders why all birds of gay feather have not been cut off and the species exterminated: or why, in cases where the males are bright colored and the females of neutral tints, as with our scarlet tanager, and indigo bird, the females are not greatly in excess of the males, which does not seem to be the case.

II

We arrive at the idea that neutral tints are protective from the point of view of the human eye. Now if all animals that prey upon others were guided by the eye alone there would be much more in the theory than there is. But none of the predaceous four-footed beasts depend entirely upon the eye. The cat tribe does to a certain extent, but these creatures stalk or waylay moving game, and the color does not count. A white hare will evidently fall a prey to a lynx or a cougar in our winter woods as easily as a brown rabbit; and will not a desert-colored animal fall a prey to a lion or a tiger just as readily as it would if it were white or black? Then the most destructive tribes of all, the wolves, the foxes, the minks, the weasels, the skunks, the coons, and the like, depend entirely upon scent. The eye plays a very insignificant part in their hunting, hence again the question of color is eliminated.

Birds of prey depend upon the eye, but they are also protectively colored, and their eyes are so preternaturally sharp that no disguise of assimilative tints is of any avail against them. If both the

hunted and its hunter are concealed by their neutral tints, of what advantage is it to either? If the brown bird is hidden from the brown hawk, and *vice versa*, then are they on an equal footing in this respect, and the victory is to the sharpest eyed. If the eye of the hawk sharpens as the problem of his existence becomes more difficult, as is doubtless the case, then is the game even, and the quarry has no advantage, the protective color does not protect.

Why should the owl, which hunts by night, be colored like the hawk, that hunts by day? If the owl were red, or blue, or green, or black, or white, would it not stand just as good a chance of obtaining a subsistence? Its silent flight, its keenness of vision, and the general obscurity, are the main matters. At night color is almost neutralized. Would not the lynx and the bobcat fare just as well if they were of the hue of the sable or the mink? Are their neutral grays or browns any advantage to them? The gray fox is more protectively colored than the red; is he therefore more abundant? Far from it; just the reverse is true. The same remark applies to the red and the gray squirrels.

The northern hare, which changes to white in winter, would seem to have an advantage over the little gray rabbit, which is as conspicuous upon the snow as a brown leaf, and yet such does not seem to be the case. It is true that the rabbit often passes the day in holes and beneath rocks, and the hare does not; but it is only at night that the natural enemies of each — foxes, minks, weasels, wild cats, owls — are abroad.

It is thought by Wallace and others that the skunk is strikingly marked as a danger signal, its contrast of black and white warning all creatures to pass by on the other side. But the magpie is marked in much the same way, as is also our bobolink which, in some localities, is called "the skunk bird," and neither of these birds has any such reason to advertise itself as has the skunk. Then here is the porcupine, with its panoply of spears,

as protectively colored as the coon or the woodchuck, — why does not it have warning colors also? The enemy that attacks it fares much worse than in the case of its black and white neighbor.

The ptarmigan is often cited as a good illustration of the value of protective coloration, — white in winter, particolored in spring, and brown in summer, — always in color blending with its environment. But the Arctic fox would not be baffled by its color; it goes by scent; and the great snowy owl would probably see it in the open at any time of year. On islands in Bering Sea we saw the Arctic snow bird, white as a snowflake in midsummer, and visible afar. Our northern grouse carry their gray and brown tints through our winters, and do not appear to suffer unduly from their telltale plumage. If the cold were as severe as it is farther north, doubtless they, too, would don white coats, for the extreme cold, no doubt, plays an important part in this matter, — this and the long Arctic nights. Sir John Ross protected a Hudson's Bay lemming from the low temperature by keeping it in his cabin, and the animal retained its summer coat; but when he exposed it to a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, it began to change to white in a single night, and at the end of a week was almost entirely so. It is said that in Siberia domestic cattle and horses become lighter colored during the winter, and Darwin says he has known in England brown ponies to become white in winter.

Only one of our weasels becomes white in winter, the ermine, the others keep their brown coats through the year. Is this adaptive color any advantage to the ermine? and are the other weasels handicapped by their brown tints?

The marten, the sable, and the fisher do not turn white in winter, nor the musk ox, nor the reindeer. The latter animals are gregarious, and the social spirit seems to oppose local color.

The long Arctic nights and the intense cold no doubt have much to do with the white of Arctic animals. "Absence of

light leads to diminution or even total abolition of pigmentation, while its presence leads to an increase in some degree proportionate to the intensity of the light."¹

When the variable northern hare is removed to a milder climate, in the course of a few years it ceases to turn white in winter.

The more local an animal is, the more does it incline to take on the colors of its surroundings, as may be seen in the case of the toads, the frogs, the snakes, and many insects. It seems reasonable that the influence of the environment should be more potent in such cases. The grasshoppers in the fields are of all shades of green and brown and gray, but is it probable that these tints ever hide them from their natural enemies — the sharp-eyed birds and fowls? A grasshopper gives itself away when it hops, and it always hops.

On the sea coast I noticed that the grasshoppers were gray like the sands. What fed upon them, if anything, I could not find out, but their incessant hopping showed how little they sought concealment. The nocturnal enemies of grasshoppers, such as coons and skunks, are probably not baffled at all by their assimilative colors.

Our wood frog, *rana sylvaticus*, is found throughout the summer on the dry leaves in the woods, and it is red like them. When it buries itself in the leaf mould in the fall for its winter hibernation, it turns dark like the color of the element in which it is buried. Can this last change be for protection also? No enemy sees it or disturbs it in that position, and yet it is as "protectively" colored as in summer. This is the stamp of the environment again.

The toad is of the color of the ground where he fumbles along in the twilight, or squats by day, and yet, I fancy, his enemy, the snake, finds him out without difficulty. He is of the color of the earth because he is of the earth earthy, and the

bullfrog is of the color of his element, — but there is the little green frog, and the leopard, and the pickerel frogs, all quite showily marked. So there we are, trying to tabulate nature when she will not be tabulated! Whether it be the phrase protective coloration, or the imprint of the environment, with which we seek to capture her, she will not always be captured. In the tropics there are gaudily colored tree frogs, — blue, yellow, striped, — frogs with red bodies and blue legs, and these showy creatures are never preyed upon, they are uneatable. But the old question comes up again — are the colors to advertise their uneatableness, or are they the necessary outcome, and would they be the same in a world where no living thing was preyed upon by another? The acids or juices that make their flesh unpalatable may be the same that produce the bright colors. To confound the cause with the effect is a common error. I doubt if the high color of some poisonous mushrooms is a warning color, or has any reference to outward conditions. The poison and the color are probably inseparable.

The muskrat's color blends him with his surroundings, and yet his enemies, the mink, the fox, the otter, trail him just the same; his color does not avail. The same may be said of the woodchuck. What color could he be but earth color? and yet the wolf and the fox smell him out just the same. If he were snow-white or jet-black (as he sometimes is) he would be in no greater danger.

I think it highly probable that our bluebird is a descendant of a thrush. The speckled breast of the young birds indicates this, as does a thrush-like note which one may occasionally hear from it. The bird departed from the protective livery of the thrush and came down its long line of descent in a showy coat of blue, and yet got on just as well as its ancestors. Gay plumes were certainly no handicap in this case. Are they in any case? I seriously doubt it. In fact, I am inclined to think that if the birds and

¹ Vernon on *Variation in Animals and Plants*.

the mammals of the earth had been of all the colors of the rainbow, they would be just about as numerous.

The fact that this assimilative coloring disappears in the case of animals under domestication, — that the neutral grays and browns are followed by white and black and particolored animals, — what does that prove? It proves only that the order of nature has been interfered with, and that as wild instinct becomes demoralized under domestication, so does the wild coloration of animals. The conditions are changed, a whole series of new influences are brought to bear, the food is changed and is of greater variety, climatic influences are interfered with, a great variety of new and strange impressions are made upon each individual animal, and nature abandons her uniformity of coloration and becomes reckless, so to speak, not because the pressure of danger is removed, but because the danger is of a new and incalculable kind — the danger of man and of artificial conditions. Man demoralizes nature whenever he touches her, in savage tribes and in animal life, as well as in the fields and woods. The tendency to variation is stimulated; form as well as color is rapidly modified; the old order is broken up, and the animal comes to partake more or less of his bizarre life. Man makes sharp contrasts wherever he goes, in forms, in colors, in sounds, in odors, and it is not to be wondered at that animals brought under his influence come in time to show, more or less, these contrasts. Nature when left to herself is harmonious; man makes discords, or harmony of another order. The instincts of wild animals are much more keen and invariable than are those of animals in domestication. The conditions of their lives are more rigid and exacting. Remove the eggs from a wild bird's nest and she instantly deserts it; but a domestic fowl will incubate an empty nest for days. For the same reason the colors of animals in domestication are less constant than in the wild state; they break

up and become much more bizarre and capricious.

Cultivated plants depart more from a fixed type than plants of the fields and the woods. See what *outré* forms and colors the cultivated flowers display!

The pressure of fear is of course much greater upon the wild creatures than upon the tame, but that the removal or the modification of this should cause them to lose their neutral tints is not credible. The domestic pigeons and the barnyard fowls are almost as much exposed to their arch enemy, the hawk, as is the wild pigeon or the jungle fowl, if not more, as these latter have the cover of trees and woods to rush to. And what an eye these birds have for hawks, whether they circle in the air or walk about in the near fields! how ceaseless their vigilance! In fact, the instinct of fear of some enemy in the air above has apparently not been diminished in the barnyard fowls by countless generations of domestication. Let a boy shy a rusty pie-tin or his old straw hat across the henyard, and behold what a screaming and a rushing to cover there is! This ever watchful fear on the part of the domestic fowls ought to have had some effect in preserving their neutral tints, but it has not. A stronger influence has come from man's disruption of natural relations.

Why are ducks more variously and more brilliantly colored than geese? I think it would be hard to name the reason. A duck seems of a more intense nature than a goose, more active, more venturesome; it takes to the bypaths as it were, while the goose keeps to a few great open highways; its range is wider, its food supply is probably more various, and hence it has greater adaptiveness and variability. The swan is still more restricted in its range and numbers than the goose, and, in our hemisphere, is snow-white. The factor of protective coloration, so pronounced in the case of the goose, is quite ignored in the swan. Neither the goose nor the swan, so far as I know, has any winged enemies, but their eggs and

young are doubtless in danger at times from foxes and wolves and water animals. The duck must have more enemies, because it is smaller and is found in more diverse and sundry places. Upon the principle that like begets like, that variety breeds variety, one would expect the ducks to be more brightly and variously colored than their larger congeners, the geese and the swans.

The favorite notion of some writers on natural history that, because animals are rendered less noticeable by being light beneath and dark above, this is a protective device, seems to me a hasty conclusion. This gradation in shading is an inevitable result of certain fixed principles. It applies to inanimate objects also. The apple on the tree and the melons in the garden are protectively shaded in the same way; they are all lighter beneath and deeper colored above. The mushrooms on the stumps and trees are brown above and white beneath. Where the light is feeblest the shade is lightest, and *vice versa*. The under side of a bird's wing is, as a rule, lighter than the top side. The stronger the light, the more the pigments are developed. All fish that I am acquainted with are light beneath and dark above. If this condition helps to conceal them from their enemies, it is merely incidental, and not the result of laws working to that end.

III

"The danger of the mother bird during incubation," is a phrase often used by Darwin and by more recent writers. This danger is the chief reason assigned for the more obscure coloring of the female among so many species. Now it would seem that the dangers of the mother bird during incubation ought to be far less than those of her more brilliantly colored mate, flitting from tree to tree and advertising his whereabouts by his calls and song, or absorbed in procuring his food, or than those of other females, flitting about exposed to the eye of every passing hawk. The life of most wild

creatures is like that of a people engaged in war: enemies lurk on every hand, and the difference between the degree of danger of the sitting bird and that of its roving mate is like the difference between the wife rocking the cradle by her fireside, and her husband who is a soldier on a campaign. The mother bird is usually well hidden, and has nothing to do but to use her eyes and ears, and she usually does this to good purpose. Indeed, I believe the sitting bird is rarely destroyed. I have never known this to happen, though this fact does not prove very much. The peril is to the eggs or to the unfledged young; these cannot run or fly away. Eliminate this danger, and the numbers of our birds would probably double in a single year — this, and the danger from storms and cold. Hence the care the birds take to conceal their nests, not for the mother bird's sake, but for the sake of the treasures which she cannot defend. In some cases she appears to offer herself an easy victim in order to lure the intruder away. She would have him see only her when she flutters, apparently disabled, over the ground. The game of concealment has failed; now she will try what feigning can do.

All the species of our birds in which the male is more brilliantly colored than the female, such as the scarlet tanager, the indigo bird, the rose-breasted grosbeak, the goldfinch, the summer tanager, the Kentucky cardinal, the blue grosbeak, build in trees or low bushes, and it seems to me that the dull tints of the female would play but little part in concealing the nest. The enemies of these birds, as of all the rest of our birds, are crows, squirrels, black snakes, jays, weasels, owls, and hawks, and have been for untold generations. Now the obscure coloring of the female would play no part in protecting her against any of these creatures. What would attract their attention would be the nest itself. The crows, the jays, the weasels, the squirrels, explore the trees looking for eggs and young birds, as doubtless the owls do by night.

The mother bird flies at their approach, and leaves her eggs or young to be devoured. The sitting bird is not visible to an enemy passing in the air above, as she is hidden by the leaves. In the care of the young the male is as active and as exposed to danger as is the female, and in the case of the scarlet tanager the male seems the bolder and the more active of the two; yet the female, because of her obscure coloring, could afford to run many more chances than he.

With the ground builders the case is not much different. These birds are preyed upon by prowlers,—skunks, weasels, rats, snakes, crows, minks, foxes, and cats,—enemies that hunt at close range by night and by day and that search the ground by sight and by smell. It is not the parent bird, but the eggs and the young, that they capture. Indeed, I cannot see that the color of the sitting bird enters into the problem at all. Red or white or blue would not endanger the nest any more than the neutral grays and browns. The bobolink builds in meadows where the grass alone conceals it. That the back of the sitting bird harmonizes perfectly with the meadow bottom might make a difference to the egg collector, or to an eye a few feet above, but not to the mink, or the skunk, or the snake, or the fox, that came nosing about the very spot.

Last summer I saw where a woodcock had made her nest in a dry grassy field many yards from a swamp in the woods, which was her natural habitat. The instinct of the bird seemed to tell her that she would be less exposed to her prowling enemies in the dry open field than in the thick marshy woods, and her instinct was, no doubt, a safe guide. Her imitative color would avail her but little in either place. The same may be said of the quail and of the grouse. Their neutral tints may protect them from the human eye, but not from their natural enemies. Would the coon or the mink or the fox or the skunk be baffled by them? Is the setter or pointer baffled? Both the quail and

the partridge in settled countries are very likely to nest along roads and paths, away from thick jungles and tangles that would afford cover to their enemies. It is their eggs and their newly hatched young that they are solicitous about. Their wings afford security to themselves. True, the sitting bird usually allows the passer-by to approach her very closely, but I have reason to believe that she is much sooner alarmed by an animal that approaches stealthily, nosing about, making very little noise, than by the passing of a person or of the large grazing animals. Her old traditional enemies are stealthy and subtle, and her instinct keeps her on her guard against them. One can pass within a few yards of a partridge on his drumming log, if he walks boldly past, occupied about his own business. But let him try to creep up on the drumming partridge, and see how wary and suspicious he is!

The female cowbird is much duller in color than the male, and yet she is a parasitical bird, and does no incubating at all.

A fact that seems to tell against the notions I have been advancing, and that gives support to the theory of the protective value of dull colors, is the fact that with those species of birds in which both sexes are brightly colored, the nest is usually placed in a hole, or is domed, thus concealing the sitting bird. This is true of a large number of species, as the bluebird, the woodpeckers, the chickadee, the nut-hatch, the kingfisher, and, in the tropics, the many species of parrots and parrakeets and many others, all birds of brilliant plumage, the sexes being in each case indistinguishable. But there are such marked exceptions to this rule that, it seems to me, its force is greatly weakened. Our blue jay is a highly colored bird, and yet it builds an open nest. The crow builds an open nest. The passenger pigeon was a bird of rather showy colors, and the male did his share of the incubating, and the nest was built openly. The shrike is a conspicuously marked bird, and it builds an open nest. Mr. Wallace names four

other brilliant old-world birds that build open nests. Then there are several species of birds, in which the female is obscurely marked, that build in holes and cavities, such as our wrens, the great crested fly-catcher, the European starling, the English sparrow, the bushtits of California, and the wood duck. The female oriole is much duller colored than her mate, yet she builds a pocket nest. Of course these last cases do not prove that there is not greater safety in a hidden nest, they only show that the color of the mother bird is not the main factor in the problem. But that a bird in a hole is safer than a bird in an open nest may well be doubted. The eggs are probably more secure from the thievish crow and the blue jay, but not from rats and squirrels and weasels. I know that the bluebird and the chickadee are often broken up by some small enemy.

We fancy that the birds are guided by their instinct for protective colors in the materials they choose for their nests. Most birds certainly aim to conceal their nests—the solitary builders, but not those that nest in communities, like the cliff swallows and rooks and flamingoes—and the materials they use favor this concealment. But what other materials could they use? They choose the material everywhere near at hand,—moss, leaves, dry grass, twigs, mud, and the like. The ground builders scrape together a few dry straws and spears of grass; the tree builders, twigs and lichens and cotton and rootlets and other dry wood products. There is nothing else for them to use. If a man builds a hut or a shanty in the fields or woods with such material as he finds ready at hand, his habitation will be protectively colored also. The winter wren builds its mouse-like nest of green moss, but in every case that has come under my observation the nest was absolutely hidden by its position under a log or in a stump, or amid the roots of trees, and the most conspicuous colors would not have betrayed it to its enemies. In fact, the birds that build hidden nests in holes or tree cavities use

of necessity the same neutral materials as those that build openly.

Birds that deliberately face the exterior of their nests with lichens obtained from rocks and trees, such as the humming bird, the blue-gray gnat-catcher, and the wood pewee, can hardly do so with a view to protection, because the material of their nests is already weather-worn and inconspicuous. The lichens certainly give it an artistic finish and make it a part of the branch upon which it is placed, to an extent that suggests something like taste in the builders. But I fail to see how a marauding crow, or a jay, or a squirrel, or a weasel, or any other enemy of the bird, would be cheated by this device.

IV

I find myself less inclined to look upon the neutral grays and browns of the animal world as the result of the struggle for existence, but more disposed to regard them as the result of the same law or tendency that makes nature in general adaptive and harmonious; the outcome of the blendings, the adjustments, the unifying processes, or tendencies, that are seen and felt all about us. Is not open-air nature ever striving toward a deeper harmony and unity? Do not differences, discrepancies, antagonisms, tend to disappear? Is there not everywhere something at work to bring about agreements, correspondencies, adaptations? to tone down contrasts, to soften outlines, to modify the abrupt, to make peace between opposites? Is not the very condition of life and well-being involved in this principle? The abrupt, the disjointed, the irreconcilable, mean strife and dissolution, while agreements, gradations, easy transitions, mean life and growth. Like tends to beget like; the hand is subdued to the element it works in. The environment sets its stamp more or less strongly upon all living things. Even the pyramids are the color of the sands. Leave your bones there, and they will soon be of the same tint. Even your old boots or old coat will

in time come to blend a little with the desert.

The tendency in nature that is over all and under all is the tendency or effort toward harmony — to get rid of strife, discord, violent contrasts, and to adjust every creature to its environment. Inside of this great law or tendency are the lesser laws of change, variety, opposition, contrast. Life must go on, and life for the moment breaks the unity, the balance. May not what is called protective coloration be largely this stamp of the environment, this tendency to oneness, to harmony and simplicity, that pervades nature, organic no less than inorganic?

Things in nature blend and harmonize, one thing matches with another. All open-air objects tend to take on the same color tones, every thing in the woods becomes woodsy, things upon the shore get the imprint of the shore, things in the water assume the hues of the water, the lichen matches the rock and the trees, the shell matches the beach and the waves; everywhere is the tendency to unity and simplicity, to low tones and adaptive colors.

One would not expect animals of the plains or of the desert to be colored like those of the bush or of the woods; the effects of the strong uniform light in the one case and of the broken and checkered light in the other would surely result in different coloration. That never-ending brown or gray or white should not in time stamp itself upon the creatures living in the midst of it is incredible.

Through the action of this principle, water animals will be water-colored, the fish in tropic seas will be more brilliantly colored than those in northern seas, tropic birds and insects will be of gayer hues than those of the temperate zones, shore birds will be shore-tinted, Arctic life will blend more or less with Arctic snows, ground animals will assimilate to the ground colors, tree animals will show greater variety in tint and form, plains animals will be dull of hue like the plains, — all this, as I fancy, not primarily for

protection or concealment, but through the law of natural assimilation, like begetting like, variety breeding variety.

What more natural than that strictly wood birds should be of many colors and shades, to be in keeping with their surroundings? Will not the play of light and shade, the multiplicity of forms, and the ever moving leaves, come in time to have their due effect? Will not a variety of influences tend to produce a variety of results? Will not sameness breed sameness? Would not one expect the humming birds to be more brilliant than the warblers, and the warblers more varied in color than the finches? The insect feeders than the seed eaters? The humming birds are, as it were, begotten by the flowers and the sunshine, as the albatross is begotten by the sea, and the whippoorwill by the dusk. The rat will not be as bright of tint as the squirrel, nor the rabbit as the fox.

In the spring one may sometimes see a bluebird or redbird or bright warbler for a moment upon the ground. How artificial and accidental it looks, like a piece of ribbon or a bit of millinery dropped there! It is not one with the ground, it is not at home there. In the tree it is more in keeping with the changing forms and the sharper contrasts.

The environment is potent in many ways. Everything is modified by the company it keeps. Do not the quiet tints and sounds of the country have their effect upon the health and character of the dwellers there? The citizen differs in look and manner from the countryman, the lawyer from the preacher and the doctor, the seaman from the landsman, the hermit from the cosmopolite. There is the rural dullness, and there is the metropolitan alertness. Local color, local quality, are realities. States, cities, neighborhoods, have shades of difference in speech and manner. The less traveled a people are, the more marked these differences appear. The more a man stays at home, the more the stamp of his environment is upon him. The more limited the range

of an animal, the more it is modified by its immediate surroundings. Thus the loon is so much of a water bird that it can only hobble upon the land, and the swallow is so much a creature of the air that its feet are of little use to it. Perfect adaptability usually narrows the range, as the skater is at home only upon the ice.

Here are two closely related birds of ours, the oven bird and the water thrush, both with speckled breasts, but each tinted more or less like the ground it walks upon, the one like the dry leaves, the other like the brook stones and pond margins. The law of assimilation and of local color has done its perfect work. Were the two birds to change places, each retaining its own color, I do not believe they would be in any more jeopardy than they are now.

The camel is of a uniform gray like the desert where it is at home, while the camelpard or giraffe, a creature of the trees, is dappled or spotted. Is the color in either case protective? Against what? Their natural enemies could be only the larger carnivora, tigers and lions, and would they not trail them or scent them on the breeze?

The lion is desert-colored too. Is this for concealment from its prey? But it is said that horses and oxen scent the lion long before they can see him, as doubtless do the wild creatures of the desert upon which he feeds. Their scent would surely be keener than that of our domesticated animals, and to capture them he must run them down or ambush them where the wind favors him. His desert color is the brand of his environment. If his home were the rocks or the mountains, his color would certainly be different. Nothing could be duller or more neutral than the color of the elephant, and surely he is not hiding from any natural enemy, or stalking any game.

The bright colors of many tropical fish, such as the angel fish, seem only a reflection of the bright element in which they live. The changing brilliant hues of tropic

seas are expressed in the animal life in them. It is highly improbable that this is for protection; it is the law of assimilation working in the deep. All life in the tropics is marked by greater eccentricity of form and richness of coloring than in the temperate zones, and this is in keeping with the above principle.

VI

It seems to me that the question that enters most deeply into the life problem of an animal is the question of food and climate, and of climate only so far as it affects the food supply. Many of our migrating birds will brave our northern winters if they can get anything to eat. A few years ago our bluebirds in the eastern part of the continent were fearfully decimated by a cold wave and an ice storm in the South that cut off their food supply. For two or three years rarely was a bluebird seen in those parts of the country where, before the event, they had been abundant. Then they began to reappear, and now, it seems to me, there are more bluebirds than ever before. Evidently their bright colors have not stood in the way of their increase. If they have now reached their limit, it is because they have reached the limit of their food supply and their nesting sites.

How abundant are the robins everywhere, how noisy, how conspicuous! I do not doubt in the least that if, retaining their same habits, they were scarlet, or white, or indigo, they would be just as numerous as they are now. The robin is a wide, free feeder, boring in the turf for grubs and worms in summer, and taking up with cedar berries and hard-hack drupes in winter. If a crop of locusts come in cherry time, he will spare your cherries. If a drouth drives the angle-worms deep into the ground in August, look out for your grapes. The robin is wonderfully adaptive. If he does not find a tree to his liking, he will nest on the wall, or under your porch, or even on the ground. His colors are not brilliant, but

the secret of his success lies in his courage, his force of character, so to speak, and his adaptability. His European cousin, the blackbird, is less protectively colored, but is of similar habits and disposition, and seems to thrive equally well. Again, contrast the Baltimore oriole with the orchard oriole. If there is anything in protective color, the more soberly colored bird has greatly the advantage, and yet the more brilliant species is far more abundant. The strong contrast of black and orange which the brilliant coats present does not seem to have lessened their wearers' chances of survival. Their pendent nests, beyond the reach of weasels and squirrels and snakes and crows, are no doubt greatly in their favor, but still more so, I believe, are their feeding habits. Compared with the orchard oriole they are miscellaneous feeders; insects and fruit and even green peas are in their bill of fare. When a bird like the orchard oriole is restricted in its range, it is quite certain that its food supply is equally restricted.

Of birds that live upon tree trunks, here are two of similar habits, one protectively colored and the other not, and yet the one that is not so colored, but is of bright tints, is far the more numerous. I refer to the nuthatch and the brown creeper. The creeper is so near the color of the bark of the trees upon which it feeds that one has great difficulty in seeing it, while the nuthatch in its uniform of black, white, and blue, contrasts strongly with its surroundings. The creeper works up and around the tree, rarely showing anything but its bark-colored back, while the nuthatch runs up and down and around the tree with head lifted, constantly exposing its white throat and breast. But the nuthatch is the better feeder, it eats nuts as well as the larvæ of insects, while the creeper seems limited to a minute kind of food which it obtains with that slender, curved bill. It can probe, but not break, with this instrument, and is never seen feeding upon the ground like the nuthatch. I am bound to

state, however, that the latter bird has another advantage over the obscure creeper, which may offset the danger that might come to it from its brighter color, — it is more supple and alert. Its contact with the tree is like that of the rocker with the floor, while the line of the creeper's back is more like that of the rocker reversed; it touches head and tail, and has far less freedom of movement than has the nuthatch. The head of the latter often points straight out from the tree, and the eye takes in all the surroundings to an extent that the creeper's cannot.

Of course it is not safe to claim that one can always put his finger upon the exact thing that makes one species of birds more numerous than an allied species; the conditions of all animal life are complex, and involve many factors more or less obscure. In the present case I am only trying to point out how slight a part color seems to play in the problem, and how prominent a part food plays. Our ruffed grouse holds its own against the gunners, the trappers, the hard winters, and all its numerous natural enemies, not, I think, because it is protectively colored, but because it, too, is a miscellaneous feeder, ranging from berries and insects to buds and leaves. The quail has the same adaptive coloring, but not the same range of food supply, and hence is more easily cut off. Birds that subsist upon a great variety of foods, no matter what their coloring, apparently have the best chance of surviving.

VII

There seem to be two instincts in animal life that work against the influence of environment upon the colors of animals, or the tendency in nature to make her neutral grays and browns everywhere prevail — the male instinct of reproduction, which is preëminent, and the social or gregarious instinct, which is far less marked, but which, I am inclined to believe, has its effect.

The gregarious birds and mammals

are as a rule less locally colored than those of solitary habits. Thus the more gregarious elk and antelope and sheep are less adaptively colored than the more solitary deer. The buffalo had not the usual color of a plains animal; the individual was lost in the mass, and the mass darkened the earth. The musk ox goes in herds and does not put on a white coat in the sub-arctic regions.

Does a solitary life tend to beget neutral and obscure tints in a bird or beast? The flocking birds nearly all tend to bright colors, at least brighter than their solitary congeners. The passenger pigeon furnished a good example near at hand. Contrast its bright hues with those of the more recluse turtledove. Most of our blackbirds have a strong flocking instinct, and they are conspicuously colored. The sociability of the cedar birds may help account for their crests, their banded tails, and pure, fine browns. As soon as any of the ground birds show a development of the flocking instinct their hues become more noticeable, as is the case with the junco, the snow bunting, the shore lark, and the lark bunting of the West. Among the tree *fringillidæ* the same tendency may be noticed; the flocking crossbills, pine-grosbeaks, redpolls, and the like, all being brighter of color than the solitary sparrows. The robin is the most social of our thrushes, and is the brightest colored.

In the tropics the parrots and parrakeets and macaws are all strikingly colored, and are all very social. Why should not this be so? Numbers beget warmth and enthusiasm. A multitude is gay of spirit. It is always more noisy and hilarious, more festive and playful, than are single individuals. Each member is less a part of its surroundings and more a part of the flock or the herd. Its associations with nature are less intimate than with its own kind. Sociability, with the human species, tends to express itself in outward symbols and decorations, and why may not the brighter colors of the social birds be the outward expression of the same spirit?

The social flamingo does not, in the matter of color, seem to have been influenced by its environment at all. The gregarious instinct is evidently very strong in the species. Mr. Frank Chapman found them in the Bahamas living and breeding in great colonies; he discovered what he calls a flamingo city. The birds all moved and acted in concert. Their numbers showed in the distance like an army of red coats; they made the land pink. They were adapted to their marsh life by their long legs, and to the food they ate by their bills, but their colors contrasted strongly with their surroundings. The community spirit carried things with a high hand. The same is in a measure true of the ibex, the stork, the crane, — all birds more or less gregarious, and all birds of more or less gay plumes. But our solitary great blue heron, lone watcher in marshes and by pond and river margins, is obscurely colored, as is the equally solitary little green heron.

Our blue heron will stand for hours at a time on the margin of some lake or pond, or on the top of some forest tree near the water, and the eye might easily mistake him for some inanimate object. He has watched among roots and snags and dead treetops so long that he has naturally come to look like these things. What his enemies are, that he should need to hide from them, other than the fool with the gun, I do not know.

Among gregarious mammals the same spirit seems at work to check or modify the influence of the environment.

The common crow illustrates the same spirit in a wider field. The crow is a citizen of the world, he is at home everywhere, but in the matter of color he is at home nowhere. His jet black gives him away at all times and in all places. His great cunning and suspicion — whence do they come? From his experiences with man?

I do not know that there is very much in this idea as to the effect of the social instinct upon the colors of animals. I only throw it out as a suggestion.

But when we come to the reproductive principle or instinct, then do we strike a dominating influence; then is there contrast and excess and riot; then are there positive colors and showy ornaments; then are there bright flowers, red, orange, white, blue; then are there gaudy plumes of birds, and obtrusive forms and appendages in mammals. The old modesty and moderation of nature are abandoned. It is not now a question of harmony and quietude, but of continuing the species. Masses of color appear in the landscape; silent animals become noisy; birds burst into song, or strut and dance and pose before one another; the marshes are vocal; hawks scream and soar; a kind of madness seizes all forms of life; the quail whistles; the grouse drums in the woods, or booms upon the prairie; the shell fish in the sea, and the dull turtle upon the land, feel the new impulse that thrills through nature. The carnival of the propagating instinct is at hand. For this, and begotten by this, are the gaudy colors and the beautiful and the grotesque ornaments.

As a rule, the females are not implicated in this movement or craze to the extent that the males are. Even among the flowering plants and trees in which the two sexes are separated, the male is showy while the female is inconspicuous. The pollen-yielding catkins of the hazel and of the hickory and oak flaunt in the wind, seen by all passers, while the minute fruit-producing flower is seen by none. Nature always keeps nearer to her low tones, to her neutral ground, in the female than in the male; the female is nearer the neuter gender than is the male. She is negative when he is positive; she is more like the quiet color tones in nature, she represents the great home-staying, conservative, brooding mother principle that pervades the universe. Harmony, repose, flowing lines, subdued colors, are less the gift of the aggressive, warring masculine element than of the withdrawing and gentle feminine element. The earth is our mother, the sun is our father, is a feeling

as old as the human race, and throughout the animal world the neutral and negative character of the one and the color and excess of the other still mark the two sexes. Why in the human species the woman runs more to the ornate and the superfluous than the man is a question which no doubt involves sociological considerations that are foreign to my subject.

Darwin accounts for the wide departure from the principle of utility and of protective coloration in the forms and colors of so many birds and mammals, upon his theory of sexual selection, or the preference of the female for bright colors and odd forms. Wallace rejects this theory, and attributes these things to the more robust health and vigor of the males. But in the matter of health the females of all species seem on a par with the males, though in many cases the males are the larger and the more powerful. But among our familiar birds, when the two sexes differ in color, the brighter plumaged male is no larger or more vigorous than the female.

The principle to which I have referred seems to me adequate to account for these gay plumes and fantastic forms — the male sexual principle, the positive, aggressive instinct of reproduction, always so much more active in the male than in the female; an instinct or passion that banishes fear, prudence, cunning, that makes the timid bold, the sluggish active, that runs to all sorts of excesses, that sharpens the senses, that quickens the pulse, that holds in abeyance hunger, and even the instinct of self-preservation, that arms for battle and sounds forth the call, and sows contention and strife everywhere; the principle that gives the beard to the man, the mane to the lion, the antlers to the stag, the tusks to the elephant, and — why not? — the gorgeous plumes and bright colors to the male birds of so many species. The one thing that nature seems to have most at heart is reproduction; she will sacrifice almost everything else to this — the species must be perpetuated at all hazards, and she has, as

a rule, laid the emphasis upon the male. The male in the human species is positive, or plus, where the female is negative. The life of the female among the lower animals runs more smoothly and evenly—is more on the order of the neutral tint—than is that of the male. The females of the same group differ from one another much less than do the males. The male carries a commission that makes him more restless, feverish, and pugnacious. He is literally “spoiling for a fight” most of the time. This surplusage, these loaded dice, make the game pretty sure.

Cut off the ugly bull’s horns, and you have tamed him. Castration tames him still more, and changes his whole growth and development, making him approximate in form and disposition to the female. I fancy that the same treatment would have the same effect upon the peacock, or the bird of paradise, or any other bird of fantastic plumage and high color. Destroy the power of reproduction, and the whole masculine fabric of pride, prowess, weapons and badges, gay plumes, and decorations, falls into ruins.

When we remember how inattentive and indifferent the females of all species of birds are to the displays of the males before them, it is incredible that their taste in fashions, their preferences for the gay and the ornate, should have played any considerable part in superinducing these things.

Darwin traces with great skill the gradual development of the ball and socket ocelli in the plumage of the Argus pheasant. It was evidently a long, slow process. Is it credible that the female observed and appreciated each successive slight change in the growth of these spots, selecting those males in which the changes were most marked, and rejecting the others? How could she be so influenced by changes so slight and so gradual that only a trained eye would be likely to take note of them? It is imputing to the female a degree of taste and a power of discrimination that are found only in man. Why, then, it may be asked, is the male

so active in showing off his finery before the female? Of course it is to move her, to excite her to the point of mating with him. His gay plumes are the badge of his masculinity, and it is to his masculinity that her feminine nature responds. She is aroused when he brings to bear upon her all the batteries of his male sex. She is negative at the start, as he is positive. She must be warmed up, and it is his function to do it. She does not select, she accepts, or rejects. The male does the selecting. He offers himself, and she refuses or agrees, but the initiative is with him always. He would doubtless strut just the same were there no hens around. He struts because he has to, because strutting is the outward expression of his feelings. The presence of the hen no doubt aggravates the feeling, and her response is a reaction to the stimuli he offers, just as his own struttings are reactions to the internal stimuli that are at the time governing him. In the Zoo at the Bronx the peacock has been seen to strut before a crow.

Undoubtedly the males in whom the masculine principle is the strongest and most masterful are most acceptable to the females, and the marvelous development of form and color in the peacock, or in the Argus pheasant, might take place under the stimulus of continued success. If there are two rival cocks in the yard, the hens will, as a rule, prefer the victor, — the one that struts the most and crows the loudest. How amusing to see the defeated cock fold his wings, depress his plumage, and look as unpretentious and henlike as possible in the presence of his master!

If the male bird sang only while courting the female, we might think he sang only to excite her admiration, but he continues to sing until the young appear, and, fitfully, long after that, his bright colors in many cases gradually disappearing with his declining song impulse, and both fading out as the sexual instinct has run its course. It was the sexual impulse that called them into being, and they decline

as it declines. It is this impulse that makes all male birds so pugnacious during the breeding season. A brighter iris not only comes upon the burnished dove in the spring, but also a warmer glow comes upon the robin's breast, and the hues of all other male birds are more or less deepened and intensified at this time.

The odd forms and bizarre colors that so often prevail among birds, more especially tropical and semi-tropical birds, and among insects, suggest fashions among men, capricious, fantastic, gaudy, often grotesque, and having no direct reference to the needs of the creatures possessing them. They are clearly the riot and overflow of the male sexual principle, — the carnival of the nuptial and breeding impulse. The cock or sham nests of the male wrens seem to be the result of the excess and overflow of the same principle.

It is not, therefore, in my view of the case, female selection that gives the males their bright plumage, but the inborn tendency of the masculine principle to riot and overplus. There is, strictly speaking, no wooing, no courtship, among the four-footed beasts, and yet the badges of masculinity, manes, horns, tusks, pride, pugnacity, are as pronounced here as are the male adornments among the fowls of the air.

Why, among the polygamous species of birds, are the males so much more strongly marked than among the monogamous? Why, but as a result of the superabundance and riot of the male sexual principle? In some cases among the quadrupeds it even greatly increases the size of the males over the females, as among the polygamous fur seals.

Darwin came very near to the key of the problem he was looking for when he said that the reason why, throughout the animal kingdom, when the sexes differ in external appearance, the male has been the more modified, is that "the males of almost all animals have stronger passions than the females."

"In mankind, and even as low down

in the scale as in the *Lepidoptera*, the temperature of the body is higher in the male than in the female." (Darwin.)

If the female refuses the male, it is not because he does not fill her eye or arouse her admiration, but because the mating instinct is not yet ripe. The males among nearly all our birds fairly thrust themselves upon the females, and carry them by storm. This may be seen almost any spring day in the squabbles of the English sparrows along the street. The female appears to resist all her suitors, defending herself against them by thrusting spitefully right and left, and just what decides her finally to mate with any one of them is a puzzle. It may be stated as a general rule that all females are reluctant or negative, and all males are eager or positive, and that the male wins, not through the taste of the female, — her love for bright colors and ornamental appendages, — but through the dominance of his own masculinity. He is the stronger force, he is aggressive and persuasive, and finally kindles her with his own breeding instinct.

Even among creatures so low in the scale of life as the crab, the males of certain species, during the breeding season, dance and gyrate about the females, assuming many grotesque postures and behaving as if intoxicated — as, indeed, they are, with the breeding passion.

Evidently the female crab does not prefer one male over another, but mates with the one that offers himself as soon as he has excited her to the mating point. And I have no proof that among the birds the female ever shows preference for one male over another; she must be won, of course, and she is won when the male has sufficiently aroused her; she does not choose a mate, but accepts one at the right time. I have seen two male bluebirds fight for hours over a female, while she sat and looked on indifferently. And I have seen two females fight over a male, while he sat and looked on indifferently. "Either will suit, but I want but one."

Of course, nature does not work as man

works. Our notions of prudence, of precision, of rule and measure, are foreign to her ways. The stakes are hers, whoever wins. She works by no inflexible system or plan, she is spontaneous and variable every moment. She heaps the measure, or she scants the measure, and it is all one to her. Our easy explanations of her ways, — how often they leave us where they found us! The balance of

life upon the globe is fairly well maintained by checks and counter checks, by some species being prolific and other species less so, by the development of assimilative colors by one kind, and of showy colors by another, by slow but ceaseless modifications and adaptations. It is a problem of many and complex factors, in which, no doubt, color plays its part, but, I believe, this part is a minor one.

FEDERAL RATE REGULATION

BY RAY MORRIS

SINCE the publication of the President's message, with the well-known paragraph expressing the belief that an act conferring on the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to revise railroad rates and regulations was the most important legislative act now needed for the regulation of corporations, there has been a lively discussion of the subject, before both houses of Congress and in the public press. This discussion has resulted in the passage, by the House, of the Esch-Townsend bill, while the Senate has appointed a committee to take further testimony, and investigate the subject during the Congressional recess. So far as the public is concerned, the literature which has been produced has covered fully the points at issue, and the justification for taking the matter up again at this time must lie in the fact that most of the discussion has been frankly and strongly biased, with a view either to show the existing evils, or to point out the generally healthy railroad situation, and to maintain stoutly that the proposed regulative measures were unwise. The present paper aims to review the striking points that have been brought out in the testimony and incidental literature on the subject, and attempts to balance, as far as may be, arguments strongly colored

by the partisan view-point on one side or the other, so that it may be ascertained what the actual evils are that remain unadjusted, and how it is proposed to adjust them.

It is in order, first of all, to present the brief of the complainants. Senator Newlands, during one of the hearings before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, said to S. H. Cowan, of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Committee, "It is claimed that this task is so big that we ought not to entrust it to any commission whatever. What do you say?" Mr. Cowan replied: "Are you going to entrust it to the traffic man? Every time he wants more money he can reach into the pockets of the shipper and take it. It has got to be entrusted to somebody, — and public opinion will absolutely overwhelm Congress to the end that some relief be given to the people to protect them from the railroads." Similarly, before the House Committee, George F. Mead, representing the National League of Commission Merchants, and the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange, said: "The railroads absolutely hold to-day the power to make or break localities or men without any supervision whatever being given over their rates. . . . The ordinary business man to-day does not propose to spend his time

and money in the preparation of a case and take it before the Interstate Commerce Commission, when, after everything has been decided in his favor, he has got to go to the courts to have the order of the Commission enforced, as the average time to put a case through the courts after it has been decided favorably by the Interstate Commerce Commission is four years!" The power of the railroads to affect the fortunes of individual shippers, by increasing the rates to which their business has become adjusted, is the direct evil complained of; the power to discriminate, either in respect of one person against another or of one locality against another, is the concomitant of this and the usual source of trouble, while behind both of these correlated evils is the law's delay. It is undeniably true that the cost and the delay of a suit under the common law amounts practically to a denial of justice in such cases. The Act to Regulate Commerce, of 1887, better known as the Interstate Commerce Act, provides that a rate must be reasonable, but this throws upon the shipper the sorry task of proving that the rate complained of is not reasonable, — a matter about as difficult as to establish by testimony that a certain hill is or is not high. If, on the other hand, the shipper carries his case to the Interstate Commerce Commission, he may perhaps get a settlement in his favor in from three months to a year, — after much hearing of testimony, — in which case he will lose the difference between the rate he paid and the rate as finally adjudicated, during the period of investigation by the Commission. But this presupposes that the railroads accede to the decision of the Commission, as, indeed, they often do. If they contest the ruling, or ignore it, the power of the Commission ceases, and it can only fall back on the right of the individual to sue at common law, to enforce its decrees. In brief, the remedy for an unjust charge is hedged about with such difficulties, costs, and uncertainties, that it is nearly out of the large shipper's

reach, and is practically non-existent for the small shipper.

This feeling of impotency on the part of the aggrieved shipper, and the conviction that the cumbersome machinery of the law operates always in favor of the railroad, is doubtless the moving cause in the present agitation, far more than the existence of general or specific schedules of rates which are in themselves unjust. The testimony has cited numerous specific instances where rates are complained of, however. As an example of a concrete increase, which threatens the prosperity of a definite interest, the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association case is characteristic. The representative of this association testified that it was the practice of the Southern and Southwestern cattle-raisers to ship their cattle to Northern states, to be fattened upon the ranges and pastures before being brought to market. The members of the association own approximately four million head of cattle, distributed throughout Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, etc.; so that a large interest, both numerically and geographically, is concerned. Schedules were quoted to show that the rates on cattle from Texas points (Amarillo group) to common points in the Bellefourche group, South Dakota, had been increased from sixty-five dollars per car, between 1890 and 1898, to one hundred dollars per car, with no compensating betterment of service. A voluminous exhibit of tabular matter was presented to controvert the claim that it cost the roads more to do the business to-day than it did ten years ago, and complaint was made that they were not justified in making so considerable an increase in a rate which they had previously maintained through a series of years.

As a case illustrating a more complex aspect of the question, — alleged injustice to the general public, as opposed to any specific interest, — the Hearst testimony is illuminating. Congressman Hearst testified that he instituted suits in the fall of 1902 to show that the high price of coal

was due originally to agreements by the railroads resulting in the establishment of a monopoly. He alleged that the rail rates on coal from the mines to New York had been kept so high that competition was excluded. The railroads and the largest anthracite coal interests being practically identical, the rail tariff could be made as high as they pleased, so that it worked like the old Standard Oil system of rebates, except that in the present case no actual rebate was paid.

Now comes the railroad manager into court to reply to the agitation for giving the Commission rate-making powers. His answer assumes manifold forms, but it rests on three main premises. The first of these is that the present situation does not call for so radical a step on the part of the government; that rates, as a whole, have shown a marked and substantially a steady decrease through a long period of years; that occasional friction is inevitable in the working of so complex a machine as a great railroad system, but that irregularities are corrected as fast as they are brought to his attention. In this connection, he alleges further that most of the popular clamor for rate regulation is specially manufactured for the occasion, and that much of it is political. The railroad manager's second premise is that the practical difficulties attendant upon any equitable system of Federal rate regulation are insuperable; his third premise deals with the patent objections to clothing a single commission with duties corresponding to those of all three branches of the government, — executive, legislative, and judicial, — and he points out that it is manifestly unjust for a body which has acted as prosecuting attorney to sit in judgment upon its own findings.

In support of his first contention, that the present situation occasions no cause for alarm, the railroad manager shows that the average freight earnings per ton per mile were 1.99 cents in 1870, 1.24 cents in 1882, .839 cents in 1895, and .763 cents in 1903. This, moreover, while the purchasing power of the dollar received

by the railroad in payment for transportation has been steadily growing less. H. T. Newcomb presented in evidence an ingenious calculation, based on statistics published by the Department of Labor, which shows that if the average freight from the years 1890 to 1899 be represented by the index number 100, the average rate in 1902 was 90.2. But the average cost of fuel and lighting, from the same original number, increased to 134.3 during the same period; cloths and clothing increased to 102, food to 111.3, and the average of 260 commodities increased to 112.9.

These figures are very striking, though they involve a serious fallacy in comparing the trend of railroad rates by means of the general ton-mile average. If a road that handles a large tonnage of high-class manufactured articles builds a branch into coal fields, or makes a traffic agreement that brings it a considerable new movement of grain, it may raise every rate on its schedule and yet show a lower ton-mile average at the end of the year, because a ton of coal, or of wheat, must in any case take a rate far lower than the corresponding weight of clocks or sewing machines, and the average rate reflects the proportion which low-class freight bears to the total, rather than the tariff paid by any one shipper. But the Department of Labor's commodity-costs, which deal with each article separately, involve no such fallacy, and a study of the railroad schedules, item by item, instead of in the aggregate, shows a general trend which is distinctly downwards, while the commodity-costs have been going up. Mr. Newcomb testified before the House Committee that it took the farm value of one bushel of wheat in every 5½, in 1899, to pay the freight from Chicago to New York, while at the present time it takes only one bushel in every 7.82.

Concerning the direct, practical difficulties which would beset a government commission that attempted to regulate rates, a vast amount of testimony has been brought out. The *prima facie* diffi-

culty of determining what is a reasonable rate is well known, and has already been alluded to. One witness before the House Committee called attention to statements by the Supreme Court that any calculation as to reasonableness of rates must be based on the fair value of the property; that a railroad is not entitled to earn merely for the purpose of paying dividends, operating expenses, fixed charges, and taxes, but that the interests of the carrier, of the shipper, and of the public must all be kept in mind, and he added that these questions were as broad as the subject of logic! An effort to determine what it costs a railroad to handle any commodity is a will-o'-the-wisp chase. It is possible to tell accurately how much coal is burned in hauling a load of furniture from Grand Rapids to New York, — provided nothing else is carried in the same train, — and the wages of the train crew can be definitely set down. But how about the back haul? If it should be necessary to take the cars back light, or with only a partial load, should the east-bound furniture stand the wage and fuel cost for the west-bound train? And what part of the charge for maintenance of way, signals, and bridge renewal; for taxes, interest on bonds, and the salaries of the general officers, — costs met by the receipts from freight and passenger traffic alike, — should be borne by this train-load of furniture? It was freely admitted that the reasonableness of a rate would have to be determined by a commission, — as, indeed, it has been by the present Interstate Commerce Commission, — on some other basis than that of a calculation of the cost of moving the commodity.

But the point has been raised that the traffic manager is as much in the dark as is the commissioner, when the question of the reasonableness of a rate arises; that rate-making must, at best, be a matter of judgment, and that the commission's judgment would have the advantage of impartiality. Setting aside any discussion as to the possibility of putting "reasonableness" on a scientific basis, the

difficulties then become resolved into those of execution. Mr. Hines, appearing before the House Committee on behalf of the Atlantic Coast Line and the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, called attention to a prominent aspect of this in the interdependence that rates have upon one another. "For a rate that is fixed for one point," he said, "you will have perhaps twenty points that will straightway find they have been affected by that reduction. When the Commission fixes a rate, it simply begins its work as to that special rate. When it makes a rate, it does not get a rate off its hands, but it gets one on its hands. This will be particularly true with respect to the adjustment of rates between localities, which, as is apparent from the hearings here, is the principal sort of work that a rate-making tribunal would undertake."

The grain differentials between the grain-producing country and the different seaports illustrate this point nicely. With the schedule observed for many years, the charge for hauling wheat from interior points to New York was two cents greater per hundred pounds than the charge to Philadelphia, and three cents greater than the charge to Baltimore. The question as to the fairness of these differentials has never been settled to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned. The New York interests claim that the lower rate to the southern ports is seriously affecting their business, while Philadelphia and Baltimore angrily contest any proposition to abolish the differential, and clamor for a larger one. The basis of their argument rests technically on the question of mileage, for Philadelphia is ninety-one miles nearer Chicago than New York is, and Baltimore is a hundred and eighty-seven miles nearer.¹ But nobody thinks that the southern ports are actually given a lower rate on account of the shorter haul; the New York Central and the West Shore would be delighted to haul to New York at the lower

¹ Distances calculated, for illustration, on the Baltimore and Ohio mileage.

rate, if doing so would not involve them in a general rate war. The actual reason for the differential is simply that the southern roads must share in the grain business, and the southern ports will not attract the grain when their rates are on a par with New York. Besides the Lake advantage, during the season of open navigation, the largest seaport in the country has, *ipso facto*, great strategic strength in the grain business, on account of its multitudinous steamer lines to every part of the world. These not only offer excellent facilities, but are in position to keep the ocean freights very low, because grain is extremely desirable as a supplemental cargo for a vessel already partly loaded, and the agents of such a vessel, chartered, perhaps, in other service, may find it to their advantage to offer their remaining space more cheaply than would be feasible if the entire vessel were engaged to carry grain.

Suppose, then, that the Interstate Commerce Commission has the power of rate regulation conferred on it. Philadelphia and Baltimore both have differentials from the rate to New York; the New York interests, dissatisfied with the share of grain they are receiving, — as is usually the case, — protest to the Commission that the respective grain rates are unreasonable. Now what is the Commission to do? If it attempts to establish rates on a basis of mileage alone, the difficulty at once arises that there are a number of railroads reaching the several ports, some of which have a longer haul than others. Then the road with the shortest route could name, and would be compelled to name, the lowest rate, which would bring it the entire business, and would throw the situation, so far as the other roads were concerned, into an unthinkable state of confusion. Suppose, then, that the Commission abolishes the differential entirely, on the ground that the haul to New York, although longer, is made over easier grades, and that there is no obvious reason why a higher charge should be made for the service performed. Baltimore and

Philadelphia will then complain, correctly, that their grain business has been taken away from them, and ask the reason for this discrimination in favor of New York. On the other hand, if the differentials be left unchanged, New York will then be in position to point to the clause in the Constitution of the United States which says that no preference shall be given, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one state over those of another. New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore being ports in three states, it would seem that the Commission would find itself on thin ice over the deep waters of preference in any attempt to settle the vexed question of the differentials. It has been held by some writers that this clause of the Constitution would not apply to rate quarrels between ports; that it was written before railroads were dreamed of, and that no meaning can be read into it except that originally intended: to wit, that Congress should not have the power to erect any sort of customs barrier to the hurt of the port or ports of any individual state. But until the question may come up before the Supreme Court, it will be hazardous to risk an opinion as to the construction of this highly important clause, except to point out that the whole fabric of Supreme Court decisions on the Act to Regulate Commerce is built upon a foundation of constitutional principle that fits modern conditions only by the moulding and shaping of judicial interpretation.

The Commission, with its present restricted powers, has already viewed the question of the Atlantic port differentials, and has held them reasonable. (Further investigations by the Commission are in progress at the time of writing.) But so long as it lacks rate-making powers, it is not open to the charge of unconstitutionality arising from port preference. It can readily be seen that as soon as it should have the power to say, either that a specific new rate should be established, or that a specific old rate should be maintained, it would have to

face claims made under this obstinate constitutional clause from as many quarters as there are dissatisfied ports, and where is there a port that is not dissatisfied? However arbitrary the traffic manager's rates may be, they have, in a case like this, the distinct advantage of being the result of a general attempt to compromise and harmonize conflicting claims, and, once made, of being open to no constitutional objection, so long as they are not in themselves unreasonable. The difficulties which would follow the establishment of rates by measure, instead of by compromise, as the result of successive appeals to the courts, are quite apparent.

The situation in which a rate-making commission would find itself when it tried to settle quarrels between ports has been explained fully in this case of the grain differentials. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely of this single phase of the objection to conferring the powers on a Federal Commission. Another side to the same objection, raised by the railroad interests on purely practical grounds, is the matter of rate flexibility. A certain railroad in northern New England has branch lines running through practically undeveloped lumber country. Not long ago a wood pulp manufacturer interviewed the officers of this road, to find out whether it would be to his interest to establish a plant in that territory. In order to do so, he would have to be given a very low special rate, to enable his product to compete in the market with that of other manufacturers located nearer the consuming centre. The traffic manager of the railroad figured that he was likely to make some small profit on the business, and that there would also be a back haul of supplies for the mill and the settlement which would grow up around it. This would be the direct result; an indirect result of building up the territory would be likely to follow. Therefore a remarkably low rate was named, cheerfully and at once, for this special traffic; a rate which the railroad could by no means afford to have quoted as a pre-

cedent, but which served its purpose of pioneer work in developing an industry and building up new traffic.

Problems of this kind come up almost daily, requiring special concessions and prompt action. Any additional freight carried at a presumable profit over operating cost enables the railroad to reduce by so much the charge for carrying other freight, but a railroad manager would certainly hesitate to make such a rate if it was likely to be seized upon by a Federal commission as an example of the kind of tariff that should apply generally, and to be used as a club, on suit instituted by dissatisfied communities elsewhere on the line, to force other reductions. As was stated in testimony before the House Committee, the secret of the great development of commercial and industrial enterprise in this country has been the flexibility and facility with which railroad men have met new conditions, and have reached out after new markets. Comment was made that this initiative cannot be exercised by the railroads and by the Interstate Commerce Commission at the same time, and that, if the Commission can say what the rate shall be, the railroads will be deterred from this wholesome striving after new traffic, because they will realize that what they do in a particular instance will be applied as a precedent in some other case. Instead of simply developing traffic, they would be piling up a highly dangerous line of precedents, that would be pretty sure, sooner or later, to disturb some other relation.

A practical illustration of this is found in the operation of the law in a number of states which at the present time empower their commissions to make rates. Complaints have been frequent, notably in Georgia and in Texas, that the very presence of a zealous commission has tended to keep local rates high, because the traffic managers have feared to make any special efforts to get new business on a basis which would be disastrous if applied to the entire schedule. That the welfare of a community and that of its

railroads are interdependent is well understood, but the delicate adjustment of the relation and the ease with which it can be disturbed are not always appreciated. Wisconsin carried rate regulation to such extremes in the famous Potter law, of 1874, during the Granger period, that its railroads were unable to perform their functions or to pay interest on their mortgages, and the prosperity of the state was definitely retarded during the two years that the act was in force. The conditions in Texas to-day, where the Commission rejoices exceedingly in its strength, are such that railroad capital is becoming chary about extending the development of the state, and railroad managers are not eager to give concessions to develop new traffic. At the time of writing, Wisconsin is again considering the advisability of entering the rate-making field, yet recent testimony before the legislature of that state showed how much easier it has been to further local development there, with the traffic-manager rates as now made, than across the border, in Iowa, where rates are made by a state commission.

So much for the objection that rates made by a Federal commission would be inflexible. The other chief line of criticism to which the President's plan has been subjected is directed on constitutional and equitable grounds against the centring of executive, legislative, and judicial functions in the same body. It was argued by Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway, that the Interstate Commerce Commission at present is an investigating and prosecuting — an executive — body. But if it be given power to enforce a decision that a rate is unreasonable *per se*, it straightway adds the judicial function to the executive. The matter does not stop here, however, for the Esch-Townsend and the other bills under consideration provide that the Commission, after certain specified procedure, shall name a new rate, which shall operate in the future.

Now, the judicial function deals with

acts present or past; not with the future. The power to name a rate means the power to name a future rate, and that power, so far as it is vested in government, is purely a legislative function. That is to say, a new rate made by the Commission would be in the nature of a law, rather than a judicial decision, and therefore not subject to review, on any but constitutional grounds, by the Supreme Court. This is, of course, a point of great weight. All of the Federal rate regulation bills seriously considered at the last Congressional session looked to a review of the work of the Commission by the United States courts, but if it is accepted that the making of a future rate is a legislative act, then the Commission becomes a coördinate branch of Congress, and the courts can do no more than determine, on appeal, whether or not a specific ruling is confiscatory, or otherwise at variance with constitutional limitations; they cannot themselves name a rate which can be put into effect, as the President apparently intended, nor can any court be constituted which will be able to exercise such a power. As was said by Congressman Adamson, in examining a witness at one of the hearings, "You propose to constitute a separate body to review the findings of this Commission, to which we have delegated the power to fix rates, and that body may hear the case and decide that everything that has been done is wrong; yet you say that you cannot empower that court to finish the job and declare a final rate that shall prevail."

The testimony laid much stress on the inherent unfairness arising from the simple vesting of administrative and judicial functions in the same body, without regard to the further complication of the legislative function which arises when the Commission names a rate for the future. As it was concisely expressed, — it is not in accordance with American practice to have the prosecuting attorney act as judge. By the very fact that it has collected testimony, examined witnesses,

and promulgated a definite "case" against the railroads, the Commission may fairly be supposed, in each instance, to have disqualified itself from assuming a judicial attitude and from making rulings on its own findings. It is objected that the hearings before the present Commission have not been conducted according to the rules of evidence; that irrelevant matter is freely admitted, tending still further to prejudice the judgment of the commissioners. The peculiar danger of this lies in the evident fact that the rate-making commission is nowhere thought of as a body to be created even partially in the railroad interest, but is frankly considered to be a weapon to enforce the interest of the shipper. It is held preposterous that such a tribunal, designed to be one-sided, should possess the qualifications to render impartial judgments between its avowed clients and the railroads. Moreover, without life tenure, the mere fact that a commissioner is subject to reappointment must of necessity expose him to a tremendous pressure to trim his decisions to the popular side, consciously or unconsciously. It is asking much of any man to require that he be judge while he is attorney, legislator while judge, and political candidate at the same time with all three!

This completes the review, by general topics, of the objections brought out in the Senate and House hearings against Federal rate regulation. Much additional matter was presented which does not require specific discussion, since it falls under the scheme of review and argument already covered. Some of the speakers dwelt on the alleged unfairness of any sort of governmental interference, on purely academic grounds; thus, it was demonstrated that the kind of rate regulation sought is reduction only; that rate reductions tend, in effect, to limit dividends, and that the government has no more right to restrict the profits of a railroad than it has to restrict the profits of a cotton mill. It was pointed out, further, that there was a bi-focal specific reason why railroad dividends should not be in-

terfered with: the growth of the country was in large measure due to the fact that private capital had been tempted into railroad enterprises, and it was important that it should continue to be so tempted, but this could scarcely be the case if the government in effect fixed a maximum return, without guaranteeing a minimum. Railroad investments are hazardous, especially in the localities which need development the most, and the investor must be encouraged to take risks, and, conversely, must be permitted to enjoy the fruits, as he has sustained the losses, of risks already taken.

However convincing this line of argument may be, in the abstract, it may be stricken from consideration at the present time on the ground that it is not relevant to the points at issue, since the Supreme Court has held repeatedly that Congress has an undoubted constitutional right to regulate commerce between the states, and may, as a legislative body, name a rate if it chooses to, provided it does not name one that is confiscatory. (As, for example, in the case of *Smythe v. Oliver Ames et al.*) The practical and effective arguments against Federal rate regulation have been directed against the practicability, rather than against the constitutional possibility, of the assumption of this task by Congress.

Omitting all the fallacious and doubtful issues on both sides, it will be seen that the advocates of rate regulation have proved the existence of undoubted evils, of which the foremost are the law's delay and a procedure so cumbersome and expensive that it amounts simply to a denial of justice for the small shipper who has been wronged. On the other hand, the opponents of regulation have demonstrated not only that the proposed legislation is dangerous, but that it is quite impotent to reach the evils aimed at, many of which are frankly acknowledged. The opposition has also shown that the general rate situation is equitable, and that to place rate-making in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as a

weapon directed against the real evils, would be like firing a charge of buck-shot after a fleeing thief in a crowded street. If the analysis of the respective bills of complaint has devoted less space to the arguments of the shipper than to the arguments of the railroad, it is because the former stand out more sharply, and require less exposition.

A general survey of the testimony must lead to the certain conclusion that the present agitation is based on several different grounds, which tend readily to confuse themselves, and which are not amenable to the same remedies. A considerable part of the clamor for rate regulation in the public press is based on the showing of wrongs which have arisen, not from the unfairness of any rate in itself, but from the fact that certain favored shippers get their transportation cheaper than others do. Some of this discrimination has been flatly illegal, under the Elkins law; much of it has been practiced under cunning devices which evade the law; none of it seems to be amenable to the kind of legislation represented in the Esch-Townsend bill. The methods by which our commerce laws have been "beaten" are legion, but three particularly conspicuous examples will serve,—the private car line method, the terminal railroad method, and the "midnight tariff."

Refrigerator cars are expensive; in most services they are used only for a part of the year, so that it is economical for a private car company to own them and shift them around from one part of the country to another, as needed. A simple form of contract in such a case provides that the railroad shall collect from the shipper of fruit or perishable produce by refrigerator car a lump sum, part of which goes to the railroad, for the haulage, and the balance to the private car company, in lieu of rental, the charge for icing the car, etc. In itself, the proposition is a perfectly equitable one, but it is well known that a few great interests have secured a virtual monopoly of the

business, maintaining the strength of their position by the fact that they control so great a tonnage of perishable goods that they can require the railroads to make exclusive contracts with them. The result of this has been to place a ruinous rate on the transportation of the products of the weak competitors; a rate charged to all alike, but paid by the private car owners into their own pockets for hauling their own goods. Here is a very tangible wrong in the railroad field, wholly beyond remedy by Federal rate-making; a wrong which the railroads themselves would rejoice to see righted, but which they know cannot be touched by the Esch-Townsend bill.

The "terminal railroad" method is another perfectly legal "hold-up" that does not come within the scope of the proposed law; a species of discrimination for which no effective remedy has yet been suggested. A good example of this was given by H. L. Bond, Jr., in his statement before the House Committee. Suppose there is a road, say forty miles long, and the stock of that railroad is owned by a manufacturing company, engaged in the manufacture of steel. Under the charter of that manufacturing company, it is authorized to hold the stock of the railroad, and the railroad connects with three or four trunk lines. All the supplies of the manufacturing company must go over that road. The railroad company says to the trunk lines, "We must have seventy cents on every ton of coal and coke. If you do not give us the seventy cents, you do not get the freight, because this railroad will not accept any less." This sum does not exceed the local charge per ton per mile which the terminal company is authorized to make, under the state law, but it may be at least twenty cents a ton higher than would ordinarily be given a terminal railroad as its share of the through rate. So the terminal railroad, owned by the manufacturing company, says, "We have a position of commercial advantage; we can get our local rate, and we are going to take it;" and it adds, politely,

"If you three or four trunk lines get together and say you will not give us that, we will have you indicted under the anti-trust act!" Here is an air-tight discrimination against the outside manufacturer, which hits the railroads as well, but is beyond the scope of any Federal act of rate regulation, because the terminal railroad is wholly contained in a single state, and is quite within its rights in charging the full maximum rate allowed by the local law.

The "midnight tariff," a device put into execution directly by the trunk line, to get tonnage by a strictly legal method, was much in evidence during the recent grain war between the lines serving the Gulf ports. A certain shipper is prepared to send a large consignment of grain over the line that offers the best inducement. The traffic manager of the A. & B. Railroad agrees to carry this grain for a cent a bushel less than the tariff on which all the competing lines are operating. To make this legal, he publishes a grain tariff in conformity with his agreement, applicable to all comers, but this tariff goes into effect, practically without warning, say at midnight, on a certain date. The A. & B. Railroad hauls the consignment for which it has contracted; then another notice is filed, restoring the tariff to what it was before. The discrimination here lies against the small shipper, who can obtain no such concessions; yet nothing has been done that is illegal, and nothing has been done that a rate regulation bill would remedy.

These three characteristic cases serve as illustrations of the source of much of the prevalent discontent and feeling that the public is not getting a "square deal." In two of the three, the railroads are seen to be unwilling parties to the discrimination, in which they are joint sufferers, but the many self-appointed champions of the public who have arisen do not differentiate between offenders. Great corporations carry a heritage of unpopularity; the railroad is a conspicuously prominent example of the great corpora-

tion. People like giant stories just as well to-day as they ever did, but they have been educated to require a flavoring of truth in the narrative, and there has always been enough of real evil in the railroad situation to weave into a pretty tale of villainy and oppression.

When the House of Representatives passed the Esch-Townsend bill, providing for a rate-making Federal commission and a court of review, and passed it by a majority so large as to be practically unanimous, there is no doubt that it permitted itself to be transformed from a deliberative body into a band of giant-killers. The loud-spoken popular interest demanded relief from an oppression which was tangible enough, but imperfectly understood, and the representative of each local district wished to be on record as having done something, it did not much matter what. With all deference to honest intention, it is permissible to wonder if one in twenty of the representatives who voted for the Esch-Townsend bill had any theory whatever in his own mind as to the manner in which this bill would be likely to bring relief. The Senate, in delaying action pending investigation, refused to be stampeded, but put its reliance in a committee, and in the clarifying effect which lapse of time has on a heated discussion. The record of investigations by previous Senate committees has been excellent. A Select Committee, for example, conducted hearings prior to the passage of the Act to Regulate Commerce, in 1887, and its deliberations resulted in an extremely able report.

It may be conceded at once that the present law and the present procedure for putting the law into effect are inadequate, and that their results fall far short of justice in many cases, particularly where rebates and discriminations of the type referred to are involved; discriminations so cunningly devised that they fear not to walk abroad under the full light of day. But it is equally obvious that there is nothing to be gained by blundering, short-

sighted legislation, which strikes in the dark and exhausts its force when once it has missed its aim. Speaking generally, no scheme for Federal rate regulation has yet been proposed which seems likely to work, or to prove as effective a means of keeping railroad rates down as the natural competition, not between carriers, but between localities. Competition between carriers has been growing steadily less, and cannot be legislated into existence. But competition between localities, by which widely separate points supplying the same market require rates that will allow them to sell their goods at a profit, is bound to be encouraged by the railroads as a matter of self-interest, since every new producing point that can be built up brings new tonnage.

On resolution of Senator Kean, March 2, 1905, the Committee on Interstate Commerce, or any subcommittee thereof, was instructed to sit during the recess of the Senate and acquire further information on all of these matters, including violations and evasions of the anti-rebate law, with a view to considering additional legislation. That this work will be performed in a conscientious and thorough manner, there can be no doubt. Whether the results will be proportionate to the labor expended is less certain. There is an inherent conflict of interest between

shipper and carrier, just as there is between buyer and seller of any commodity whatsoever, and it is asking too much of Congress to expect it to establish relations of perpetual harmony and equity between two hundred and five thousand miles of railroads and their customers. The suggestion made by Dr. Hadley, that the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission be not enlarged, but that this body be composed of men thoroughly competent to serve as expert counsel to a new branch of the circuit court, seems thoroughly sound. It is much to be feared, as he himself hinted, that the Senate Committee will not have the courage or the conservatism to recommend legislation so moderate in its character; but even if it should do so, and if its recommendations should be accepted, the great and ever-present evil of the law's delay would be only partially remedied thereby. The popular clamor is right in demanding that the path to justice must be made straight and plain through all the confusing mazes that have sprung up between the shipper and the carrier; but nothing more than that can be done; any Federal enactment that aims to cure radically and automatically all existing transportation ills is sure to prove a remedy worse than the disease, if it does not fall ridiculously short of accomplishing anything at all.

A NEW POET

BY R. W. GILDER

I

FRIENDS, beware!
Stop babbling! Hark, a sound is in the air!
Above the pretty songs of schools
(Not of music made, but rules),
Above the panic rush for gold
And emptinesses manifold,
And selling of the soul for phantom fame,
And reek of praises where there should be blame;
Over the dust and muck,
The buzz and roar of wheels,
Another music steals, —
A right, true note is struck.

II

Friends, beware!
A sound of singing in the air!
The love song of a man who loves his fellow men;
Mother-love and country-love, and the love of sea and fen;
Lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and thoughts that linger long;
There has come to the old world's singing the thrill of a brave new song.

III

They said there were no more singers,
But listen! — a master voice!
A voice of the true joy-bringers!
Now will ye heed and rejoice,
Or pass on the other side,
And wait till the singer hath died,
Then weep o'er his voiceless clay?
Friends, beware!
A keen, new sound is in the air, —
Know ye a poet's coming is the old world's judgment day!

THE CONVENT STAGE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"FROM this hour I do renounce the creed whose fatal worship of bad passions has led thee on, step by step, to this blood-guiltiness!"

Elizabeth was studying her part. We were all studying our parts; but we stopped to listen to this glowing bit of declamation, which Elizabeth delivered with unbroken calm. "I drop down on my knees when I say that," she observed gloomily.

We looked at her with admiring, envious eyes. Our own rôles offered no such golden opportunities. Lilly's, indeed, was almost as easily learned as Snug's, being limited to three words, "The Christian slave?" which were supposed to be spoken interrogatively; but which she invariably pronounced as an abstract statement, bearing on nothing in particular. It was seldom, however, that we insignificant little girls of the second Cours were permitted to take part in any play, and we felt to the full the honor and glory of our positions. "I come on in three scenes, and speak eleven times," I said, with a pride which I think now strongly resembled Mr. Rushworth's. "What are you, Tony?"

"A beggar child," said Tony. "I cry 'Bread! bread!' in piercing accents" (she was reading from the stage directions), "and afterwards say to Zara, — that's Mary Orr, — 'Our thanks are due to thee, noble lady, who from thy abundance feeds us once. Our love and blessings follow her who gave us daily of her slender store.'"

"Is that all?"

"The other beggar child says nothing but 'Bread! bread!'" replied Tony stiffly.

"What a lot of costumes to get up for so many little parts!" commented Elizabeth, ever prone to consider the practical aspect of things.

"I am dressed in rags," said Tony. "They ought n't to give much trouble."

"Lilly and I are to be dressed alike," I said. "'Slaves of the royal household.' Madame Rayburn said we were to wear Turkish trousers of yellow muslin, with blue tunics, and red sashes tied at the side. Won't we look like guys?"

I spoke with affected disdain and real complacency, gloating — like Mr. Rushworth — over the finery I pretended to despise. Elizabeth stared at us dispassionately. "Lilly will look well in anything," she remarked with disconcerting candor, at which Lilly blushed a lovely rose pink. She knew how pretty she was, but she had that exquisite sweetness of temper which is so natural an accompaniment of beauty. Perhaps we should all be sweet-tempered, if we could feel sure that people looked at us with pleasure.

"You will have to wear Turkish trousers, too," said Tony maliciously to Elizabeth; "and get down on your knees in them."

"No I won't," returned Elizabeth scornfully. "I'm not a Turk. I'm a Moorish princess, — Zara's niece."

"Moors and Turks are the same," said Tony with conviction.

"Moors and Turks are not the same," said Elizabeth. "Turks live in Turkey, and Moors live — whereabouts is this play, anyway, Marie?"

"Granada," said Marie. "The Spanish army, under Ferdinand and Isabella, is besieging Granada. I wish I were a Moor instead of a pious Spanish lady. It would be a great deal more fun. I've always got pious parts."

This was true, but then most of the parts in our convent plays *were* pious, and if they were given to Marie, it was because

she was so good an actress, — the only one our second Cours could boast. Elizabeth, indeed, had her merits. She never forgot her lines, never was frightened, never blundered. But her absolutely unemotional rendering of the most heroic sentiments chilled her hearers' hearts. Marie was fervid and impassioned. Her *rr*'s had the true Gallic roll. Her voice vibrated feelingly. She was tall for thirteen, without being hopelessly overgrown as Emily and I were. Strangest of all, she did not seem to mind the foolish and embarrassing things which she was obliged to do upon the stage. She would fling her arms around an aged parent, and embrace her fondly. She would expound the truths of Christianity as St. Philomena. She would weep, and pray, and forgive her enemies, as the luckless Madame Elizabeth. What is more, she would do these things at rehearsals, in her short school frock, with unabated fervor, and without a shade of embarrassment. We recognized her as a Heaven-sent genius, second only to Julia Reynolds and Antoinette Mayo (who I still think *must* have been the greatest of living actresses), yet in our secret souls we despised a little such absolute lack of self-consciousness. We were so awkward and abashed when brought face to face with any emotion, so incapable of giving it even a strangled utterance, that Marie's absorption in her parts seemed to us a trifle indecent. It was on a par with her rapid French, her lively gestures, her openly expressed affection for the nuns she liked, and the unconcern with which she would walk up the long classroom, between two rows of motionless girls, to have a medal hung around her neck on Sunday morning at Prime. This hideous ordeal, which clouded our young lives, was no more to Marie than walking upstairs, — no more than unctuously repeating every day for a fortnight the edifying remarks of the pious Spanish lady.

Plays were the great diversions of our school life. We had two or three of them every winter, presented, it seemed to me,

with dazzling splendor, and acted with passionate fire. I looked forward to these performances with joyful excitement, I listened, steeped in delight, I dreamed of them afterwards for weeks. The big girls who played in them, and of whom I knew little but their names, were to me beings of a remote and exalted nature. The dramas themselves were composed with a view to our especial needs, or rather to our especial limitations. Their salient feature was the absence of courtship and of love. It was part of the convent system to ignore the master passion, to assume that it did not exist, to banish from our work and from our play any reference to the power that moves the world. The histories we studied skipped chastely on from reign to reign, keeping always at bay this riotous intruder. The books we read were as free as possible from any taint of infection. The poems we recited were as serene and cold as Teneriffe. "Love in the drama," says an acrimonious critic, "plays rather a heavy part." It played no part at all in ours, and I am disposed to look back now upon its enforced absence as an agreeable elimination. The students of St. Omer — so I have been told — presented a French version of *Romeo and Juliet*, with all the love scenes left out. This *tour de force* was beyond our scope, but *She Stoops to Conquer*, shorn of its double courtship, made a vivacious bit of comedy, and a translation of *Le Malade Imaginaire* — expurgated to attenuation — was the most successful farce of the season.

Of course the expurgation was not done by us. We knew Goldsmith and Molière only in their convent setting, where, it is safe to say, they would never have known themselves. Most of our plays, however, were original productions, written by some one of the nuns whose talents chanced to be of a dramatic order. They were, as a rule, tragic in character, and devout in sentiment, — sometimes so exceedingly devout as to resemble religious homilies rather than the legitimate drama. A conversation held in Purgatory, which gave

to three imprisoned souls an opportunity to tell one another at great length, and with shameless egotism, the faults and failings of their lives, was not — to our way of thinking — a play. We listened unmoved to the disclosures of these garrulous spirits, who had not sinned deeply enough to make their revelations interesting. It was like going to confession on a large and liberal scale. The martyrdom of St. Philomena was nearly as dull, though the saint's defiance of the tyrant Symphronius, — "persecutor of the innocent, slayer of the righteous, despot whose knell has even this hour rung," — lent a transient gleam of emotion; and the angel who visited her in prison — and who had great difficulty getting his wings through the narrow prison door — was, to my eyes at least, a vision of celestial beauty.

What we really loved were historical dramas, full of great names and affecting incidents. Our crowning triumph (several times repeated) was *Zuma*, a Peruvian play in which an Indian girl is accused of poisoning the wife of the Spanish general, when she is really trying to cure her of a fever by giving her quinine, a drug known only to the Peruvians, and the secret of which the young captive has sworn never to divulge. *Zuma* was a glorious play. Its first production marked an epoch in our lives. Gladly would we have given it a season's run, had such indulgence been a possibility. There was one scene between the heroine and her free and unregenerate sister, Italca, which left an indelible impression upon my mind. It took place in a subterranean cavern. The stage was darkened, and far-off music — the sound of Spanish revelry — floated on the air. Italca brings Zuma a portion of bark, sufficient only for her own needs, — for she too is fever-stricken, — but, before giving it, asks with piercing scorn; "Are you still an Inca's daughter, or a Castilian slave?" a question at which poor Zuma can only weep piteously, but which sent thrills of rapture down my infant spine. I have had my moments of emotion since then. When Madame

Bernhardt as La Tosca put the lighted candles on either side of the murdered Scarpia, and laid the crucifix upon his breast. When Madame Duse as Magda turned suddenly upon the sleek Von Keller, and for one awful moment loosened the floodgates of her passion and her scorn: "You have asked after Emma and after Katie. You have not asked for your child." But never again has my soul gone out in such a tumult of ecstasy as when Zuma and Italca, Christian and pagan sisters, the captive and the unconquered, faced each other upon our convent stage.

And now for the first time I — I, eleven years old, and with no shadowy claim to distinction, — was going to take part in a play, was going to tread the boards in yellow Turkish trousers, and speak eleven times for all the school to hear. No fear of failure, no reasonable misgivings fretted my heart's content. Marie might scorn the Spanish lady's rôle; but then Marie had played *Zuma*, — had reached at a bound the highest pinnacle of fame. Elizabeth might grumble at giving up our recreation hours to rehearsals; but then Elizabeth had been one of the souls in Purgatory, the sinfullest soul, and the most voluble of all. Besides, nothing ever elated Elizabeth. She had been selected once to make an address to the Archbishop; and to offer him a basket of flowers; he had inquired her name, and had said he knew her father; yet all this public notice begot in her no arrogance of soul. Her only recorded observation was to the effect that, if she were an archbishop, she would n't listen to addresses; a suggestion which might have moved the weary and patient prelate more than did the ornate assurances of our regard.

With this shining example of insensibility before my eyes, I tried hard to conceal my own inordinate pride. Rehearsals began before we knew our parts, and the all-important matter of costumes came at once under consideration. The "play-closet," that mysterious receptacle of odds and ends, of frayed satins, paste-

board swords, and tarnished tinsel jewelry, was soon exhausted of its treasures. Some of the bigger girls, who were to be Spanish ladies in attendance upon Queen Isabella, persuaded their mothers to lend them old evening gowns. The rest of the clothes we manufactured ourselves, "by the pure light of reason," having no models of any kind to assist or to disturb us. Happily, there were no Spanish men in the play. Men always gave a good deal of trouble, because they might not, under any circumstances, be clad in male attire. A short skirt, reaching to the knee, and generally made of a balmoral petticoat, was the nearest compromise permitted. Marlow, that consummate dandy, wore, I remember, a red and black striped skirt, rubber boots, a black jacket, a high white collar, and a red cravat. The cravat was given to Julia Reynolds, who played the part, by her brother. It indicated Marlow's sex, and was considered a little indecorous in its extreme manishness. "They'll hardly know what she" (Mrs. Potts) "is meant for, will they?" asks Mr. Snodgrass anxiously, when that estimable lady proposes going to Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy ball as Apollo, in a white satin gown with spangles. To which Mr. Winkle makes indignant answer: "Of course they will. They'll see her lyre." With the same admirable acumen, we who saw Marlow's cravat recognized him immediately as a man.

Moors, and Peruvians, and ancient Romans were more easily attired. They wore skirts as a matter of course, looked a good deal alike, and resembled in the main the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, as costumed by Mr. Abbey. It is with much pleasure I observe how closely — if how unconsciously — Mr. Abbey has followed our convent models. His Valentine might be Manco or Cléante strutting upon our school stage. His Titania is a white-veiled first communicant.

The Turkish trousers worn by Lilly and by me — also by Elizabeth, to her unutterable disgust — were allowed be-

cause they were portions of feminine attire. Made of rattling paper muslin, stiff, baggy, and with a hideous tendency to slip down at every step, they evoked the ribald mirth of all the other actors. Mary Orr, especially, having firmly declined a pair as part of Zara's costume, was moved to such unfeeling laughter at the first dress rehearsal that I could hardly summon courage to stand by Lilly's side. "The more you show people you mind a thing, the more they'll do it;" Elizabeth had once observed out of the profundity of her school experience, — an experience which dated from her seventh year. Her own armor of assumed unconcern was provocation-proof. She had mistrusted the trousers from the beginning, while I, thinking of Lalla Rookh and Nourmahal (ladies unknown to the convent library), had exulted in their opulent Orientalism. She had expressed dark doubts as to their fit and shape; and had put them on with visible reluctance, and only because no choice had been allowed her. The big girls arranged — within limits — their own costumes, but the little girls wore what was given them. Yet the impenetrable calm with which she presented herself dulled the shafts of school-girl sarcasm. You might as well have tried to cauterize a wooden leg — to use Mirabeau's famous simile — as to have tried to provoke Elizabeth.

Isabella of Castile was a tragedy. Its heroine, Inez, was held a captive by the Moors, and was occupying herself when the play opened with the conversion to Christianity of Ayesha, the assumed daughter of the ever-famous Hiaya Al-nayar, — a splendid anachronism (at the siege of Granada), worthy of M. Sardou. Inez embodied all the Christian virtues, as presented only too often for our consideration. She was so very good that she could hardly help suspecting how good she was; and she never spoke without uttering sentiments so noble and exalted that the Moors — simple children of nature — hated her unaffectedly, and made life as disagreeable for her as they

knew how. The powers of evil were represented by Zara, sister of Hiaya, and the ruling spirit of Granada. Enlightened criticism would now call Zara a patriot; but we held sterner views. It was she who defied the Spaniards, who refused surrender, and who, when hope had fled, plotted the murder of Isabella. It was she who persecuted the saintly Inez, and whose dagger pierced Ayesha's heart in the last tumultuous scene. A delightful part to act! I knew every line of it before the rehearsals were over, and I used to rant through it in imagination when I was supposed to be studying my lessons, and when I was lying in my little bed. There were glowing moments when I pictured to myself Mary Orr falling ill the very day of the performance, Madame Rayburn in despair, everybody thunderstruck and helpless, and I stepping modestly forward to confess I knew the part. I saw myself suddenly the centre of attention, the forlorn hope of a desperate emergency, my own insignificant speeches handed over to any one who could learn them, and I storming through Zara's lines to the admiration and wonder of the school. The ease with which I sacrificed Mary Orr to this ambitious vision is pleasing now to contemplate; but I believe I should have welcomed the Bubonic plague, with the prospect of falling its victim the next day, to have realized my dreams.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

It was a pity that none of this dramatic fervor found expression in my own rôle, which, though modest, was not without its possibilities. But I was ardent only in imagination, dramatic only in my dreams. When it came to words, I was tame and halting; when it came to gestures, I was awkward and constrained. In vain Madame Rayburn read and re-read me my lines, which, in her clear, flexible voice, took on meaning and purpose. In vain she sought to impress upon me my own especial characteristics, — a slavish spitefulness and servility. It

was my privilege to appear in the first scene, and to make the first speech of any importance, — to strike, as I was told, the keynote of the play. The rising curtain revealed Ayesha (Julia Reynolds) in her father's palace; Lilly and I in attendance.

Ayesha. Send hither Inez.

Lilly. (Her one great effort.) The Christian slave?

Ayesha (impatiently). Is there another Inez in the household? You may both retire.

Obediently we bowed and retired; but on the threshold I remarked to Lilly in a bitter undertone, audible only to the house: "Aye! aye, we may retire. And yet I think her noble kinsmen would deem our songs and tales better amusement for a winter's eve than all these whispered controversies on the Christian faith that last sometimes the whole night through. I've overheard them. But wait until Zara returns."

"Try and say those last words threateningly," Madame Rayburn would entreat. "Remember you are going to betray Ayesha's secret. '*Wait until Zara returns.*' And you might clench your right hand. Your *right* hand! No, no, don't raise it. Julia, if you giggle so, I shall never be able to teach the children anything. You embarrass and confuse them. Try once more: '*Wait until Zara returns.*' Now enter Inez. 'Lady, you sent for me.'"

Rehearsals were, on the whole, not an unmixed delight. A large circle of amused critics is hardly conducive to ease, and the free expression of dramatic force, — at least, not when one is eleven years old, and painfully shy. I envied Marie her fervor and pathos, her clasped hands and uplifted eyes. I envied Elizabeth her business-like repose, the steady if somewhat perfunctory fashion in which she played her part. I envied Lilly, who halted and stammered over her three words, but whose beauty made amends for all shortcomings. Yet day by day I listened with unabated interest to the familiar lines. Day by day the climax awoke in me the

same sentiments of pity and exultation. Moreover, the distinction of being in the cast was something solid and satisfactory. It lifted me well above the heads of less fortunate, though certainly not less deserving, classmates. It enabled me to assume an attitude toward Annie Churchill and Emily which I can only hope they were generous enough to forgive. It was an honor universally coveted, and worth its heavy cost.

The night came. The stage was erected at one end of our big study-room (classic-hall we called it); the audience, consisting of the school and the nuns, for no strangers were admitted on these occasions, sat in serried rows to witness our performance. Behind the scenes, despite the frenzy of suppressed excitement, there reigned outward order and tranquillity. The splendid precision of our convent training held good in all emergencies. We revolved like spheres in our appointed orbits, and confusion was foreign to our experience. I am inclined to think that the habit of self-restraint induced by this gentle inflexibility of discipline, this exquisite sense of method and proportion, was the most valuable by-product of our education. There was an element of dignity in being even an insignificant part of a harmonious whole.

At the stroke of eight the curtain rose. Ayesha, reclining upon cushions, and wearing all the chains and necklaces the school could boast, listens with rapture to the edifying discourse of Inez, and confesses her readiness to be baptized. Inez gives pious thanks for this conversion, not forgetting to remind the Heavenly powers that it was through her agency it was effected. Into this familiar atmosphere of controversy the sudden return of Zara brings a welcome breath of wickedness and high resolve. Granada is doomed. Her days are numbered. The Spanish army, encamped in splendor, awaits her inevitable fall. Her ruler is weak and vacillating. Her people cry for bread. But Zara's spirit is unbroken. She finds Inez — in whom every virtue and every grace

conspire to exasperate — distributing her own portion of food to clamorous beggars, and sweeps her sternly aside: "Dare not again degrade a freeborn Moslem into a recipient of thy Christian charity." She vows that if the city cannot be saved, its fall shall be avenged, and that the proud queen of Castile shall never enter its gates in triumph. Dark whispers of assassination fill the air. The plot is touching in its simplicity. Inez, a captive of rank, is to be sent as a peace offering to the Spanish lines. Ayesha and Zoraiya (Elizabeth) accompany her as pledges of good faith. Zara, disguised as a serving woman, goes with them, — her soul inflamed with hate, her dagger hidden in her breast. Ayesha is kept in ignorance of the conspiracy; but Zoraiya knows, — knows that the queen is to be murdered, and that her own life will help to pay the penalty. "Does she consent?" whispers a slave to me; to which I proudly answer: "Consent! Aye, gladly. If it be well for Granada that this Spanish queen should die, then Zara's niece, being of Zara's blood, thinks neither of pity nor precaution. She says she deals with the Castilian's life, as with her own, and both are forfeited."

The scene shifts — by the help of our imagination, for scene-shifters we had none — to Santa Fe, that marvelous camp, more like a city than a battlefield, where the Spaniards lie entrenched. It is an hour of triumph for Inez, and, as might be expected, she bears herself with superlative and maddening sanctity. She is all the Cardinal Virtues rolled into one.

To live with the Saints in Heaven
Is untold bliss and glory;
But to live with the saints on earth
Is quite another story.

When I — meanly currying favor — beg her to remember that I have ever stood her friend, she replies with proud humility: "I will remember naught that I have seen, or heard, or suffered in Granada; and therein lies your safety."

The rôle of Isabella of Castile was played by Frances Fenton, a large, fair

girl, with a round face, a slow voice, and an enviable placidity of disposition; a girl habitually decorated with all the medals, ribbons, and medallions that the school could bestow for untarnished propriety of behavior. She wore a white frock of noticeable simplicity ("so great a soul as Isabella," said Madame Rayburn, "could never stoop to vanity"), a blue sash, and a gold crown, which was one of our most valued stage properties. Foremost among the ladies who surrounded her was Marie, otherwise the Marchioness de Moya, mother of Inez, and also — though this has still to be divulged — of the long-lost Ayesha. It is while the marchioness is clasping Inez in her maternal arms, and murmuring thanks to Heaven, and all the other Spanish ladies are clasping their hands, and giving thanks to Heaven, that Zara sees her opportunity to stab the unsuspecting queen. She steals cautiously forward (my throbbing heart stood still), and draws the dagger — a mother-of-pearl paper knife — from the folds of her dress. But Ayesha, rendered suspicious by conversion, is watching her closely. Suddenly she divines her purpose, and when Zara's arm is raised to strike, she springs forward to avert the blow. It pierces her heart, and with a gasp she falls dying at Isabella's feet.

Every word that followed is engraven indelibly upon my memory. I have forgotten much since then, but only with death can this last scene be effaced from my recollection. It was now that Elizabeth was to make her vehement recantation, was to be converted with Shakespearian speed. It was now she was to fall upon her knees, and abjure Mohammedanism forever. She did not fall. She took a step forward, and knelt quietly and decorously by Ayesha's side, as if for night prayers. Her volcanic language contrasted strangely with the imperturbable tranquillity of her demeanor.

Zoraiya. Oh! Zara, thou hast slain her, slain the fair flower of Granada. The darling of Hiaya's heart is dead.

Spanish Lady. The girl speaks truth. 'T was Zara's arm that struck.

Zoraiya (conscientiously). From this hour I do renounce the creed whose fatal worship of bad passions has led thee on, step by step, to this blood-guiltiness.

Zara. Peace, peace, *Zoraiya!* De-grade not thyself thus for one not of thy blood nor race.

Zoraiya. Thy brother's child not of our blood nor race! Thy crime has made thee mad.

Zara. Thou shalt see. I would have word with the Marchioness de Moya.

Marchioness de Moya (springing forward). Why namest thou me, woman? O Queen! why does this Moslem woman call on me?

Isabella (with uplifted eyes). Pray, pray! my friend. Naught else can help thee in this hour which I see coming. For, oh! this is Heaven-ordained.

Zara. Thou hadst a daughter?

Marchioness de Moya. I have one.

Zara. One lost to thee in infancy, when Hiaya stormed Alhama. If thou wouldst once again embrace her, take in thine arms thy dying child.

Marchioness de Moya (unsteadily). Thy hatred to our race is not unknown. Thou sayest this, seeking to torture me. But know, 't were not torture, 't were happiness, to believe thy words were words of truth.

Zara. I would not make a Christian happy. But the words are spoken, and cannot be withdrawn. For the rest, Hiaya, whose degenerate wife reared as her own the captive child, will not dispute its truth, now that she is passing equally away from him and thee.

Spanish Lady. Oh! hapless mother!

Marchioness de Moya (proudly). Hapless! I would not change my dying child for any living one in Christendom.

And now, alas! that I must tell it, came the burning humiliation of my childhood. Until this moment, as the reader may have noticed, no one had offered to arrest Zara, nor staunch Ayesha's wound, nor call for aid, nor do any of the things

that would naturally have been done off the stage. The necessity of explaining the situation had overridden — as it always does in the drama — every other consideration. But now while the queen was busy embracing the marchioness, and while the Spanish ladies were bending over Ayesha's body, it was my part to pluck Zara's robe, and whisper, "Quick, quick, let us be gone! To linger here is death." To which she scornfully retorts: "They have no thought of thee, slave; and, as for me, I go to meet what fate Allah ordains:" and slowly leaves the stage.

But where *was* I? Not in our convent schoolroom, not on our convent stage; but in the queen's pavilion, witness to a tragedy which rent my soul in twain. Ayesha (I had a passionate admiration for Julia Reynolds), lying dead and love-ly at my feet; Marie's pitiful cry vibrating in my ears; and Zara's splendid scorn and hatred overriding all pity and compunction. Wrapped in the contemplation of these things, I stood speechless and motionless, oblivious of cues, unaware of Zara's meaning glance, unconscious of the long, strained pause, or of Madame Rayburn's loud prompting from behind the scenes. At last, hopeless of any help in my direction, Zara be-thought herself to say, "As for me, I go to meet what fate Allah ordains:" and stalked off, — which independent action

brought me to my senses with a start. I opened my mouth to speak, but it was too late; and, realizing the horror of my position, I turned and fled, — fled to meet the flood-tide of Mary Orr's anger and disgust.

"Every one will think that I forgot my lines," she stormed. "Did n't you see me looking straight at you, and waiting for my cue? The whole scene was spoiled by your stupidity."

I glanced miserably at Madame Rayburn. Of all the nuns I loved her best, but I knew her too well to expect any comfort from her lips. Her brown eyes were very cold and bright. "The scene was not spoiled," she said judiciously; "it went off remarkably well. But I did think, Agnes, that, although you cannot act, you had too much interest in the play, and too much feeling for the situation, to forget entirely where you were, or what you were about. There, don't cry! It did n't matter much."

Don't cry! As well say to the pent-up dam, "Don't overflow!" or to the heaving lava bed, "Don't leave your comfortable crater." Already my tears were raining down over my blue tunic and yellow trousers. How could I — poor, inarticulate child — explain that it was because of my absorbing interest in the play, my passionate feeling for the situation, that I was now humbled to the dust, and that my career as an actress was closed?

SUPERANNUATED

BY JAMES LINCOLN

I

THE June sunshine was glistening on the towering masses of oak leaves, whose shadows patched the rustic little lawn, when Professor Lane stepped from his cottage door, and bared his head in reverent salutation of the beauty of the world. The head thus bared was white, but it was not until the last few days that Professor Lane had been pointed out as the senior professor in Milton University. The professor of mineralogy had been the one to tread at the heels of the dean in the Commencement procession, but yesterday a new grave in the white city on the hill had received its tenant, and Andrew Lane had succeeded to that uncoveted first place in the professorial line.

The strangest thing about it was that he felt younger than ever. It was not that *he* had grown old. To be sure, his body, mere mortal machine that it was, no longer seconded the impulses of his spirit. The sparkling foliage delighted him as in boyhood, but those elastic limbs that used to climb so eagerly into its midst, — the rheumatic old professor heaved just the least beginning of a sigh.

But, rheumatism or no, he hustled about his diminutive estate with his accustomed morning energy, his red Irish setter, Cuchullin, affectionately getting in his way as much as possible. There was the bird bath, a natural basin in the granite ledge that flanked the lawn, to be put in order for the day's business, and a thriving business it was in midsummer. On the previous afternoon, the professor had counted, in one hour, over a score of birds — robins, orioles, bluebirds, chip-ping sparrows, and warblers of several varieties — coming to dip their warm little bodies in this shallow reservoir. So he

was not surprised to find the water several shades darker than crystal, and, nodding assurance to the importunate blue jay watching from a branch above, he fetched an old broom from an outside angle of the house, at the back, and swept the puddle, so far as sweeping would do it, from the basin. But still a few dusky pools lingered in cracks and corners, defying the dabs of that distracted broom, whose splintered straws stuck out in all directions, and the professor succumbed, as usual, to the first temptation of the day. Casting a furtive glance toward the kitchen window, he hurriedly dived behind a clump of barberry bushes and drew from its hiding-place, always the same, Norah's mop, immaculately washed and dried. With those long and decent tresses he scrubbed the granite until it shone again. And then, as always, Norah caught him at it.

"The Lord look down on the poor!" wailed a dolorous voice from the pantry window — the professor invariably forgot that his movements could be overlooked from the pantry as well as from the kitchen — "And is it poor Norah's clane mop ye must be taking for your dirty hole in the rock?"

Andrew Lane had learned, in the course of a long pedagogical experience, to have convenient attacks of deafness. One of these befell him now, while he moulded a bit of wax into the leak of a broken-nosed watering-pot, long since retired from the regular service, filled it at the hose faucet, and emptied it again into the bird bath, on whose edge the impatient blue jay alighted as he turned away.

"Mother o' Mercy!" Norah went wailing on. "Now the Lord save us! It's kaping a boarding-house for the birds we must be all the winter, with a chunk o'

suet here and a bag o' walnuts there, and then our iligant bathing establishment in the summer. O saints and angels!"

And Norah's plaint trailed off into long, wild laughter.

Norah had been, in her own parlance, "away," ever since her only sister, to whom, after years of working and saving, she had joyfully sent the passage money from Ireland to America, was lost in one of the great ocean disasters. The one point on which town and university had been for thirty years agreed was that Professor Lane ought to put his crazy servant into an asylum. But she had loved his bride, the white rose whose lingering fragrance still made his heart a garden of romance, and as long as Norah kept fresh flowers beside that smiling portrait upon his study table, the professor of Greek would have accounted mad all the world who had forgotten to lament his Clara before he would have believed it of Norah who remembered.

There were malicious tongues in the university which said that the reason the professor remained unaware that his domestic had an addled brain was not far to seek. His absent-mindedness furnished material for one of the longest books in the Faculty Apocrypha handed down by word of mouth from class to class. And, after all, it was Crazy Norah who saved him from adding another and peculiarly grotesque chapter this very morning.

After his piazza breakfast, — a slice of melon, a dish of cereal, a cup of coffee, — Professor Lane ran, or, rather, attempted to run, his fingers through his hair. It was a lifelong gesture with him, significant of a course of action determined upon, and he had not, in these later years, accustomed himself to the surprise of finding so little hair where so much used to be. Discomfited, he dropped his hand, patted Cuchullin, and addressed Norah with the dignity of one who covers a mistake.

"I am now going over to Professor Andrews' house" —

"Oh, and it's in his long home he is, poor man. The Lord resave his soul!"

And Norah laughed.

"By the terms of the will — I was in his confidence, Norah — there is to be a public sale of all his goods for the benefit of the university" —

"Mother o' Moses! And what will the university be wanting of his old pans and kettles?"

"His colleagues are invited to choose for themselves, in advance of the auction, personal souvenirs" —

"Lord love ye, sir! Get one o' them things, do. We're out."

"I, as his oldest colleague, have the first choice."

"Be shure ye pick out the best quality."

"And it seems to me, on the whole, most appropriate that I should ask for his academic cap and gown."

Norah gasped.

"It is true," continued the professor, with his classroom manner, "that I regard the gown as worn in our American institutions of learning as a ridiculous affectation. A survival of monastic dress as it is, it may be no unfitting garb for a scholar under the Gothic shadow of an Old-World foundation, but to foist it capriciously and artificially upon our infant colleges, a dress notably unsuited to our climate, environment, and tradition, — well, well! Professor Andrews was older than I, two years older, and my senior in appointment by three, yet he gave way and bought a cap and gown, and wore them at the president's inauguration, and I think it now becomes me to subdue my prejudice to his example. Yes, I will ask for his cap and gown, and wear them this Commencement."

Norah did not ordinarily permit her master to indulge uninterrupted in so long a monologue, but on this occasion her eyes were fixed in a ghastly stare. It was not until the professor had taken his hat and cane, and was moving down the gravel walk, Cuchullin's nose snuggling beseechingly into his hand, that Norah found breath to scream: —

"Mother of God, sir! Don't ye do it."

Don't ye do it. It's ill luck to be stripping the dead o' their grave-clothes and — Mary save us from the Pain! — him confined but yisterday."

The professor stopped short. Ah, true enough. He saw again the wasted form as it lay in its unaccustomed bed of flowers, there below the altar in the university church, with the stalwart young bearers waiting at foot and head. Professor Andrews had been buried in his academic gown. "Surely," thought the professor of Greek, shaking his white head sadly, "surely I am beginning to grow forgetful."

But he had not forgotten that this was the day when electives were due. Precisely on the stroke of nine, Professor Lane entered his study, opened his desk, dusted it with his pocket handkerchief, and laid out upon a new saffron writing-pad a very long strip of carefully ruled paper. For the next three hours it would be his duty to examine into the qualifications and register the names of students applying for admission to his classes of the ensuing college year.

"Norah," called the professor cheerily, "I expect a number of callers this morning, young gentlemen of the university. Please have lemonade ready and iced raspberry shrub. It's a hot walk across the campus."

"Our Lady of Sorrows!" shrilled Norah with ready agitation, as she hastened to the refrigerator. "It's melted into butter they'll be, and mother's sons ivery one of them. The Lord look down in mercy!"

The professor waited. His gentle blue eyes roved lovingly from one to another of the high, black-walnut bookcases set around his study walls, — old-fashioned bookcases, which he had picked up, one by one, at some twelve dollars apiece, in the auction-rooms of the neighboring city. His Homeric library was here, his collection of Greek dramatists there, the orators and historians were grouped together. In less honored position stood the case of Greek grammars, dictionaries, and refer-

ence books. Most precious, because most personal, were the contents of the tallest and grimmest of all these tall, grim bookcases, the one which he had inherited from his father's country parsonage. His father's worn Greek Testament was here, with Plato, and the Lyric Anthology, and Theocritus, — all nearer and sweeter than any living friends to the professor's peaceful heart. On the top shelf stood a row of plump little volumes in faded blue and gold, — the set of American poets which his girl wife had prized as the best of her wedding gifts. How like a silver bell her voice would ring out as she read the spirited ballads of Whittier to him of an evening during their first — their only — winter! And while that voice still sounded in his ears, the clock struck ten.

Professor Lane sprang to his feet, and looked into the broad white face of his timepiece incredulously. Ten o'clock? And no students yet? He stepped to the window. The gravel walk was empty save for Cuchullin, who, at sight of the countenance in the casement, flopped over on his back, waving his four paws in air as an entreaty for his master to come out and pat his breastbone. The professor was more startled than he would have liked to own, even to Cuchullin. He returned to his chair and waited, questioning within himself the wisdom of the elective system. During his first years in the university, every student was obliged to take Greek, to drink from the primal fountain of culture, to feel the moulding and transforming touch of "the humanities." Those were golden times, and it was but a silver age that followed, an age when Greek was required only in the classical course. There came, some ten years since, the great tide of innovation, the sweeping away of all prescribed, disciplinary studies, this reckless system of free electives, and, with that, such enlargement of the university, such expansion in all departments, that a junior Greek professor was appointed to assist Professor Lane. And now he had five assistant professors in his department, as-

sisting him so well that it began to look as if they would leave him nothing at all to do. For the clock was striking eleven, and still there had appeared not a single candidate for any one of his three advertised courses.

The professor waited. He remembered how, in June gone by, his study had been thronged on elective day, while waiting groups filled the piazza, and stood about the lawn. Why was his teaching less acceptable now, when his stores of knowledge were richer, his love for his subject more deeply passionate than ever before? But these new methods of criticism! This vast importance attached to archæology! Yes, his classes had certainly been falling off of late years. There had been a considerable drop in his electives last June. He had wanted to talk it over with Andrews, but Andrews had been ill for eighteen months with that cruel, eating cancer. A man could not remember his own troubles in the presence of such agony as that. Poor Andrews! And such a brilliant lecturer as he had been! How short a time ago it seemed when they two were cheered at an alumni banquet as the Castor and Pollux of the university, its twin stars, the "two ablest and most progressive men" upon its faculty!

The clock struck twelve. A little boy was running up the walk. Norah, a glass of iced raspberry shrub in one hand, and of lemonade in the other, hustled him into the study with joyous promptitude. The urchin pulled off his cap, wiped his sweat-beaded face with it, and handed an envelope to Professor Lane.

The senior professor of Milton University adjusted his glasses, and took the note in a hand that trembled with eagerness. Perhaps some change had been effected — many things escaped his notice nowadays — in the method of choosing courses. Perhaps the interview plan, which consumed so much professorial time — ah, not his, of late — had given place to the simpler way of presenting the electives in written form. Perhaps some arrangement had been made by

which the full list was thus handed in. He smiled back to the pictured girl-face on his study table. Then the old professor unfolded an official looking sheet of letter paper, and read a typewritten notice: "In view of the limited resources of the university, any course for which less than seven students have applied must be withdrawn from the announcements for the next calendar year."

II

The sultry heat was growing insupportable. The professor, sitting quiet in his armchair on the piazza though he was, wiped the perspiration from his purpled face. Another moment and the storm had broken in wild and terrible beauty. The rain rushed down through the windless air in straight, unswerving lines, beating to an earthward slant the broad branches of the oaks, and bringing dismay and ruin to many a frail nest-nursery. The streets and walks, just now so deep in dust, were floods of dashing water. The more distant trees grew silvery to the vision as if veiled in mist. The thunder peals broke on the ear with a suddenness so appalling, a violence so awful, that Cuchullin's red sides panted with terror, and Norah's cries rang piteously from her refuge in the cellarway.

"Oh, praise be to the Highest!" she shrieked. "Good Lord, you never killed poor Norah with your thunder yet. Don't do it now. Oh, grace of Mary! Poor Norah believes in God the Father, and Christ the Son, and in the Holy Ghost. Mercy of Heaven! Poor Norah believes in thim all."

While Cuchullin anxiously eyed the livid sky, there broke out, close on a fierce leap of lightning, such a shattering crash that the red setter, with a shamefaced look back to his master, fled into the house and crouched beside Norah on the cellar stairs.

"Now I wonder," mused the professor, watching the storm with the adoring joy

of a nature-lover, "if Cuchullin fancies there is a big dog growling up there, and flashing angry eyes at him — a big dog trying to get at Cuchullin — hide away, old fellow! — and I wonder, if it comes to that, how far Norah's creed is an advance on his."

Professor Lane had been having a trying afternoon. Three of his five assistant professors had run in to announce their large electives. The man whose Aristophanes course fell just short of the number which allowed a division into two sections, with a proportional increase of salary, made voluble demands for commiseration. The other two expected repeated congratulations, a delighted interest in their success. Professor Lane's response, it must be admitted, fell a little short of the demand. Ever gentle and kindly, his sympathy was less spontaneous than usual. Only one of the men thought to ask, and that out of a half malicious curiosity, about his own electives. The old professor told the truth unflinchingly, although he knew his hearer for a coarse-grained gossip who would have the story all over the chattering college town within twenty-four hours.

He had hoped the storm would free him from more visitors, but the new president of Milton University was not a man whom common or uncommon obstacles turned from his course. The professor of Greek shivered a little as the spare, erect figure came swiftly up the gravel walk, but he hastened forward, and greeted the ominous caller with his characteristic simple courtesy.

The president touched the professor's hand with the cool, light, inexpressive touch which was the same for all the subjects, faculty or students, of his little university realm. Charles Gavotte had a wife whom he loved, children whom he fondled, early friends for whom his clasp was lingering and warm, but to the members of Milton University he meant to be, and was, merely the bloodless potentate.

"You have a snug little place here, Professor Lane," began the president,

glancing carelessly about. "I wish I could make the clematis grow as luxuriantly over my piazza."

"I dare say the only difference is that my vines have been growing longer," replied the professor.

"Ah, yes, longer. Very much longer, I am sure. You are our senior professor now, you know, — our senior professor."

Cuchullin pressed against his master's knee.

The president continued easily and steadily, secure in a good conscience, for one of his first duties had been distinctly defined for him by the trustees as "the clearing out of the dead timber on the faculty."

"It seems to me, Professor Lane, that you have fairly earned a rest. Man does not live by work alone."

He had added the second sentence with a vaguely pious intention, and found something disconcerting and secular in the way Professor Lane sat pulling at Cuchullin's ears.

"I have been meaning for some time," pursued the president, "to talk over the situation with you, and the way the Greek electives have gone for next year seems to bring the matter to a head."

Professor Lane made an unexpected remark.

"I believe it was at your suggestion, President Gavotte, that every course I offer is duplicated, substantially, though not in title, by courses offered by the younger professors in the department."

President Gavotte's tone, as he replied to this man old enough to be his father, was sharp with official rebuke.

"You will pardon me for reminding you, sir, that what concerns us in this interview is the result, not the suggestion. My stratagem, if you choose to call it so, developed the following fact. Given a choice between another man's presentation, and your own, of any subject in Greek letters, the preference of our students is manifest."

"Youth calls to youth," murmured the old professor dreamily.

"Quite so," agreed the president, in a voice of less asperity. "Few men ought to teach beyond the age of forty; not one in a hundred beyond fifty. It is no secret to you that life has its successive periods of growth, full vigor, and decay. In any profession whatever, a man past sixty is practically out of the running. I should myself put the limit five years earlier."

"Sophocles wrote *Antigone* at fifty-five," remarked Professor Lane.

The president made a slight gesture of impatience. He was a product of the modern scientific and engineering education, and had never wasted eyesight over Greek. He would have had more respect for *Antigone*, if, instead of a play, it had been a piston. However, the professor's words gave him his opportunity.

"I trust you are sure of your assertion," he said, "and are not depending upon old-fashioned authorities. To speak plainly, the charge is brought against you of indifference to the more recent advances in your subject. Much that was taught as fact a quarter-century ago has been reduced to fable, exploded into poetry, by the acuteness of the new scholarship. Your assistant professors are all keeping pace with the times, and are making, in one way or another, contributions to Greek philology and textual criticism. Waldron's views on the latest disputed fragment of Sappho are quoted with respect in German periodicals."

"He told you so?" queried the old professor, smiling faintly. "This afternoon, perhaps, when he carried you the report of our electives? But I will not trouble you for further explanations, President Gavotte. You have made the situation clear. There are no students for my courses; my scholarship, such as it was, has ceased to confer distinction on the university; worst of all, I am sixty-seven. You shall have my resignation by the evening mail."

President Gavotte's keen visage grew bland with gratification.

"You understand, I hope, Professor Lane, that we — the trustees and I — ap-

preciate your long term of service, — highly valued service in its prime, I understand."

The professor bowed in silence. He was thinking of trustees and presidents whom he had known in the vanished years, known as friends and comrades, rendering honor for honor, and faith for faith, — trustees and presidents who were men when Charles Gavotte was a baby.

But that hard-edged, authoritative voice claimed attention.

"In fact, Professor Lane, there has been some little talk, among the older and more conservative trustees, of a pension. I do not hesitate to tell you frankly that I have discouraged it. The needs of the university are so many and so pressing; the demands of the young life, for whose nurture the university was founded and exists, are so exigent, — all this, taken in connection with the fact that one pension means another, until as an inevitable result we get our treasury burdened with a regular pension system, — all this has led me to believe that you, devoted as you have ever been to the highest welfare of this seat of learning, would be the first to reject such a proposition."

The full stop required speech from Professor Lane, who was gently rubbing his forefinger under Cuchullin's chin.

"Apparently I cannot have the pleasure of being the first," he said, again smiling faintly, "but I would undertake to follow your lead and be a good second."

President Gavotte knitted his brows, but the old professor's conclusion, however perversely put, was satisfactory.

"And then, as I reminded the trustees," proceeded the president, who had inherited a fortune, "there is really no necessity for a pension in your case. You have not, I am aware, children upon whom to lean" —

The professor's mind sped back by a sacred, tearworn way to a blue-eyed baby girl, long since "a plaything in the Palace of Persephone."

"But you own your little place, I be-

lieve," continued the president suavely, "and you would undoubtedly prize — as I said to the trustees — a life of frugal independence above any grant that might seem to savor, however remotely, of charity. And yet, if you should wish it, I might suggest to a few of our wealthier alumni" —

"No, sir, you might *not*," interposed Professor Lane, springing so suddenly to his feet that President Gavotte involuntarily rose also. Yet, after all, why should he stay? He had two other superannuated professors to dismiss before dinner. And there were important guests coming to dine, — guests with money which, could one but wheedle it out of their pockets, might stand the university in excellent stead. Then there was his address before the Civics Club that evening on "Refinements of American Civilization." So he took the old, quivering hand again in his slack, impersonal hold, and went his ways, a man remote from suffering, bent on a rigid execution of the work that it was given him to do.

And Professor Lane, sinking upon the steps of his vine-wreathed porch, took his dog's head between his palms, and looked wistfully into the troubled, worshipful eyes.

"Oh, Cuchullin, Cuchullin," he asked, in a voice between a laugh and a sob, "what does a dog do when he has had his day?"

III

The dark, slender woman leaned forward, wrestling with her grief. Looking upon her, Andrew Lane marveled at the ancestral strength that spoke through that delicate form. She was of mighty stock and bore her weight of nearly sixty years with triumphant vitality. Not a thread of gray in the gleaming black hair, not a wrinkle on the broad white forehead. There was fire in the deep eyes; grim endurance in the thin lips and in the stern, almost rugged jaw. The hands, exquisite though they were, suggested

forceful graspings. Something vigorous, vehement, tragic, dwelt in that woman's heart and had written, for the few eyes skilled to read, its sign-manual on face and frame. The society of the little university town in general considered Miss Elva Hazleton cold and proud. Among the faculty she had friends who admired her dignity, her reserve, the clear-cut judgments that fell on appeal from her usually reticent lips. Since the death of her half-brother, Edwin Andrews, late professor of mineralogy, none were left who recognized the volcanic energies pent within that outwardly tranquil and monotonous existence. To one alone had her treasures of tenderness been revealed. She was a genius in love. Only in loving did she fully realize herself. Then she was complete, clothed with all the ermine of her nature, royal in passionate devotion. The thing, ecstatic, tormenting, that for forty years she had brooded in her heart was love. The wings of silence that hid it from the world warmed and cherished its growth. People saw but the wintry wall of her. Her garden of spices was shut far within. Only once had she opened the door with invitation. In one wild hour of girlhood she had let Andrew Lane see that she loved him. He had deemed it the part of a gentleman to forget. And so, with the moonlight falling strangely upon her craving face, she leaned forward on the rustic settle, wrestling with her grief.

Professor Lane, simplest and most deceivable of men, supposed that Miss Hazleton had been accidentally passing by, when, seeing him pacing his piazza in the moonlight, she had turned in to rest for a few minutes and exchange consolations with an old friend for the loss they both had suffered in the death of Edwin Andrews. They had spoken in hushed voices of his sterling virtues and his amusing foibles, finding cause for reverence in what had hitherto been cause for mirth. They had talked of his gay, engaging youth, the dash and high spirit of his early manhood, the half-affected cynicism, the sacrilegious grumbling against

university authorities which characterized his later years. And Elva Hazleton's soul was hot with anguish because, although she had deftly turned the conversation a dozen times so as to give him opportunity, Andrew Lane had betrayed no impulse to confide in her, to bring his wound to the healing that she yearned to give, to lay his burden of humiliation upon the strength of her unvanquishable pride in him.

"Professor Lane," she said abruptly, "I want to learn Greek."

"Do you mean it?" he asked, brightening.

"I mean it," she answered earnestly. "You know I shall find myself old presently, unless I keep my courage for attempting new things. The secret of youth is adventure. I want to embark on the enterprise of the Greek Grammar."

"Good! good!" cried the professor, rubbing his palms together in momentary glee. "A little rough weather of verbs and accents, and then — ah, the enchanted isles of poetry, the mystic groves of deep philosophy, the golden fleece" —

"Not too fast!" interrupted Miss Hazleton, throwing up her hand, ivory in the moonlight, to check him. "Will you steer my Argo? Will you give me lessons? Have you time to take a private pupil?"

She had surprised him into confession. He winced, flushed to the roots of the hair that had grown so thin, and then said, with a pathetic attempt to speak lightly, —

"Time enough and more. The boys do not like my work any longer. I have become a back number. So runs the world away. And — this afternoon President Gavotte asked for my resignation. I mailed it not an hour ago. Everybody will know all about it by to-morrow."

She might have told him that everybody knew all about it to-night, that, dining out, the word had come to her across the soup, and, thenceforward, plate after plate had been set before her and taken away unnoted; but she let him suppose that she now first heard the news.

"I congratulate you on your liberty," she said, "but I am ashamed of the university. It is more barbarous than the Indians whose tepees used to stand where the campus is now. Painted savages though they were, they prized the wisdom of age."

For all her effort to speak quietly, anger and grief vibrated in her voice. Professor Lane was absently watching the play of the moonshine through the leafy branches of the oaks, and she saw, with a rush of misery, the misery of helplessness, that her words carried him no comfort.

But there was one thing that she must do. She set her teeth and tried again.

"Do you know that Professor Eldridge and Professor Page have also" —

"Oh, no, no," cried their colleague of many years. "They too! Oh, no! Even Gavotte could not, — why, how will they live?"

"How will *you* live?" asked Miss Hazleton.

"How? oh, anyhow," answered the professor, disconcerted. "Dear me! Everybody will say that I ought to have put by money."

"Not people who know what paltry salaries the university pays its professors, — salaries that a first-class janitor would refuse. Not people who know the cost of books and learned periodicals. Not people who know how many subscription lists you have headed, how many alumni you have entertained, how many poor students you have aided, how many" —

"Please!" begged the old professor, blushing crimson. "Please!"

He should never entreat her in vain. She was silent. And he presently began to speak again, in apologetic fashion: —

"Of course, if Clara and the baby had lived" — his tone sank in tender memory — "I should have contrived to make more money, to save more. But when it was just a question of myself, — well! if I had gathered together a little to put by against the chance of a rainy day, there was always somebody at hand in present need of an umbrella. Was I to let my

neighbor be drenched for fear I might get a wetting to-morrow? And this promises nothing worse than a sprinkle. I have the cottage and the bit of land, and my library is valuable. I could live for months on literal scraps from the feast of Homer. And after we have eaten up the books, we might begin on my grandmother's china that all the Commencement ladies rave about. Norah!" he called cheerily to the bent, gray-haired servant, who was washing and wringing out her mop with ostentatious care beside the barberry bushes. "How does it feel to be hungry?"

"The Lord look down on the poor!" chanted Norah, as if in ritual response. "But it's not mesilf that can tell ye that. Though, shure, there was people of mine in Ireland through the famine time, but I don't remember of any of thim telling me as they died of it."

"You see," said the professor, turning to Miss Hazleton with an echo of his old blithe laugh, "Norah and I are not afraid. And Cuchullin, more provident than his master, has the lawn planted full of bones against an hour of need. No, it will hardly come to hunger, but if it should, better that than the food that is begrudged. It is worse for Eldridge, with that mortgage on his house, — far worse for Page, with his invalid daughter. Oh, I shall manage. I will turn gardener, and I have, at all events, money enough to buy a cow."

"A cow!" groaned Miss Hazleton. "Money enough to buy a cow, after the devoted and illustrious labor of a lifetime!"

"A cow and hens," assented the professor firmly. "Capital company, all of them. Really, I wonder that I have been content to associate with college faculties — and trustees — so long."

"I hope your cow will hook the president," breathed Miss Hazleton vengefully.

"Yes, I will turn gardener," ran on the professor, like a boy telling himself a fairy tale, "and then I can wear my old clothes every day."

A burst of student song from the campus dashed his whimsical mirth, which had almost infected his companion.

"But my work is over," he said simply. "My work has failed. My life closes in dishonor. I am turned out of the university, — much as Norah throws away a broken clothespin."

Blind tears rushed to the woman's eyes. He suffered, and she was powerless to help. She had a luxurious home, an abundant income. How gladly would she have given him her all, and sewed in a garret for the rest of her thwarted life! But the very bitterness of it lay in the fact that she had no right to give, — no more right to minister to the outer need than to enter the inner sanctuary of his pain. She knew his vitality of spirit too well to doubt that, after a little, even the shame would be transmuted into sweetness, into beauty, into triumph. She recalled the words of his own beloved Æschylus: —

"Still to the sufferer comes, as due from God,
A glory that to suffering owes its birth."

But it must be her part to stand aside and watch, from afar, his struggle and his victory. The utmost it was given her to do was to bring him a token from a love that was less than hers.

"I have something to tell you," said Miss Hazleton, crossing the shaft of moonlight, and taking a seat nearer the professor. "It is a message from Edwin."

"From Ned? Dear Ned!" murmured Andrew Lane.

"He feared that this was coming. He knew that it was only his wealth, the expectation that he would leave it to the university, which kept President Gavotte from demanding his resignation two years ago; and he knew that, so long as he lived, he protected the men next in line, yourself and Eldridge and Page. His will keeps the vow of his graduation day, — that the bulk of his property, like the strength of his life, should go to his Alma Mater. But a month before he died he made a few gifts to friends who, he believed, cared for him enough to allow him that

last joy. He asked me to be his messenger, after all was over."

The ivory hand passed out an envelope to the old professor. Holding the page of painful handwriting to the moonlight, he read aloud in a shaking voice:—

"DEAR ANDY:— If Gavotte is up to any of his tricks, cut it. Make that trip to Greece you have been planning since the time of Deucalion. Start with the notion of taking a holiday, but be sure that some good work will come out of it. And don't get huffy with your old chum who has no use for money any more."

A check for ten thousand dollars was folded within the note. The old professor made a choking sound. Elva Hazleton turned away her face.

Poor Norah's crazy laugh from the

kitchen roused them both. Miss Hazleton rose to go.

"It is hard to leave you here alone," she said impulsively.

"Thank you," replied Professor Lane, rising also, and carefully stepping across the dog sleeping at his feet. "But I have Cuchullin, who is both solitude and society, and, especially on moonlight nights, Clara seems to be here with me again."

Judge Hazleton's proud daughter smiled a grim little smile as she refused the professor's offered escort. No, let him sit on his moon-silvered piazza and dream of Clara. His romantic faith to that dead girl—the foolish chit of a thing—had become a part of him. And Elva Hazleton loved him as he was.

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES¹

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

II

THE NEW OUTLOOK

THE importance of Secretary Seward's influence in the domestic affairs of the United States during Johnson's administration has probably been exaggerated; but it would be hard to exaggerate the importance of what he achieved and of what he initiated in his own proper field of diplomacy. His chief, occupied as he was with fierce controversies over other subjects, found, we may well suppose, but little time for foreign relations. He does not appear to have interfered with policies which were already adopted or to have initiated any new policies of his own. Seward must therefore be held responsible, to a degree somewhat unusual, for the conduct of the delicate negotiations, involving very far-reaching consequences,

to which the war gave rise. It was he who first presented America to Europe in that attitude of conscious strength which the thorough establishment of our nationality at last enabled us to take. It was he who reasserted, effectively, yet without any arrogance, our traditional stand in reference to the Latin republics to the south of us. It was he who, facing westward, accomplished an expansion of our system never even meditated until his day by those who had guided our destinies, and turned our thoughts to the farther shores of the Pacific as a field for American trade and American influence.

The intervention of France in Mexico offered to Seward as good an opportunity as he ever got for the exercise of his skill

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in diplomacy; and his conduct of that episode exhibits his powers and his peculiar temperament as well, perhaps, as any other activity of his long career. Until the end of the war, the situation was difficult in the extreme. The question which he had constantly to consider was whether, and how far, in view of our embarrassment with the Confederacy, we should endure the contumely and the danger, the disregard of our so frequently declared policy, and the threat to our interests, which the presence of the French in Mexico, and the subversion of the native Mexican government, certainly involved. For it was perfectly apparent that the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine depended on the outcome of our civil strife. It required no undue stretching of the imagination to perceive that the future, not of Mexico alone, but of Central and of South America, would be profoundly affected if we were not soon in a position to exercise a commanding influence. "I wish," said the Marquis de Boissy, speaking in the French Senate early in the spring of 1865, "that the American war may not end, but continue forever, even to the complete extermination of the contending parties. If the war should unfortunately come to an end, our army would be taken prisoner." This frank expression of the French senator's feeling indicates fairly well the relations between the United States and France throughout the latter part of the war; relations concerning which M. Drouyn de Lhuys, minister of foreign affairs, remarked to Mr. Bigelow in January, 1865, that they were "as usual, friendly, but delicate — delicate." Seward's task had been to accept nothing of what had been done in Mexico, to surrender none of the rights which we had claimed as the guarantor of the integrity of other American Republics, and yet to avoid a collision with France until our hands should be free. All this he accomplished by the device of treating the French invasion as if it were confined to the object originally avowed — to the enforcement, namely, of certain

European claims against Mexico. He thus left in abeyance the questions which would at once be raised by a recognition of the true character of Napoleon's enterprise. It had been hard to restrain Congress, which had more than once threatened to force the Secretary's hand, as Grant also, by his massing of troops on the Texas frontier, seemed now bent on forcing it. Grant had actually worked out a plan by which American soldiers, Union and Confederate, were to be united in Mexico under Major-General Schofield. But Seward, by adroit flattery of Schofield himself, diverted him from the enterprise and sent him to Paris "to get his legs under Napoleon's mahogany, and tell him he must get out of Mexico." There was no collision, and yet, when at last our great armaments were free, we could take up the true issues involved in the setting up of Maximilian unembarrassed by any concessions or agreements made in the time of our weakness.

The intervention must be considered as the last of the long series of efforts which France has made to extend her power and her civilization to the new world. Louis Napoleon, whose whole career as the ruler of France was a series of fantastic revivals of imperial enterprises, undoubtedly designed to accomplish in Mexico and Central America what had been vainly attempted in Canada and in Louisiana two centuries before, what at the beginning of the nineteenth century Napoleon I had again for a little while meditated. In the spring of 1865, when Seward's hands were at last free, it was not obvious that the adventure had failed. Maximilian, established in his castle-palace of Chapultepec, would have needed a greater perspicuity than accorded with his mild and amiable temper, and a wider experience in affairs, to perceive how slender and unstable were the bulwarks of his throne. He still had an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by Marshal Bazaine, and Napoleon had promised him that the Foreign Legion, numbering fifteen thousand, should not

be withdrawn for six years from the date of his accession. The Republican government was overthrown, and its forces practically driven from the country. Although Juarez the president, an extraordinary representative of the Indian race, had never given up the fight, his address of January 1, 1865, issued from Chihuahua, reads almost like a confession that his cause was lost. Porfirio Diaz, hero of Puebla and of older battles, who had held out for months at Oajaca, in the south, was taken at last and brought a prisoner to the capital; in him and Juarez was the entire hope of the Republicans. Mexico was in fact freer from civil strife than she had been for years, and there were serious-minded observers who hoped that she might find in the rule of Maximilian and Carlotta, — the tall, fair-haired Hapsburg and his womanly, devoted Belgian consort, — an order and stability which neither republican nor monarchical institutions had ever yet secured.

But these hopeful signs were all on the surface. Whether one looked within or without, the insecurity of the Empire should have been plain. The only men who had really welcomed Maximilian to Mexico were the reactionaries, political and religious. It does not seem probable that these were, to begin with, more than a respectable minority of the Mexican people; and he had not held them to his cause. On the contrary, he had disappointed the old opponents of the Republic by his disposition to conciliate its adherents, who on their part had with few exceptions rejected his overtures; and he had disappointed the clerical party by refusing to restore to them the power and the possessions which they had lost through the reforms of Juarez. Before six months were passed, he had broken with the leaders of the monarchical faction, and he had broken also with Rome. He had failed, too, in his several attempts at administrative reform; his empire was as dependent on France for financial as it was for military support.

And there were signs enough already that France was wavering. The Duc de Morny, president of the Corps Législatif, and next to Napoleon himself the principal advocate and supporter of the intervention, died in March. There was a strong party in the Chambers, headed by Jules Favre, which opposed the whole Mexican scheme with an increasing bitterness. France had other foreign complications that threatened to force her to recall her troops. And now at last there were the United States, with their enormous army and navy, and their Monroe Doctrine, to reckon with.

Seward showed no undue haste to assert the control of the situation which we had gained. On the contrary, his communications to the French foreign office were uniformly mild and courteous; he generously forbore to heighten with threats the plain menace of the entire situation. American soldiers and American rifles were by this time strengthening the hands of Juarez, whose force was again rapidly increasing; and many Confederates also found their way into Mexico, some to be naturalized and to take office under Maximilian's government, others to engage in various business enterprises. There was, moreover, a friction between Sheridan's command and Maximilian's forces on the Rio Grande which might, if such had been our desire, have furnished a good enough pretext for hostilities. Price, Terrell, Hindman, and Kirby Smith, Confederate general officers of high rank, and Commodore Maury, were members of the American colony at the Mexican capital. From time to time Dr. William M. Gwin, an adventurous American, sometime senator from California, where he had been the leader of the Southern party, also appeared there; he was the moving spirit in a scheme to colonize the districts of Sonora and Lower California under a grant from a former Mexican government to the Swiss house of Jecker, which grant it was now proposed to transfer to France. Of this scheme our government felt that

it was bound to take cognizance, and Seward succeeded in frustrating it. But in spite of all these things he proceeded with a deliberation born of confidence toward his main object—the withdrawal of French support from the Empire. The Empire, it was plain enough, must then fall of its own weight. He meant to get the French army recalled without the use of force.

He therefore gradually strengthened the tone of the communications which he made through our minister, Mr. Bigelow, to the French Foreign Office, never abruptly or harshly announcing our ultimate purpose. In September, 1865, he sent a memorandum which calmly set forth the general attitude of the United States toward Mexico, insisting, however, on the right of the Mexican people to choose, without interference, their own form of government. In October, the tension was heightened by a most unwise decree of Maximilian which practically outlawed the adherents of the Republic—a measure which the French marshal, Bazaine, at once made good by orders to his subordinates. This violent course provoked much feeling in the United States. The Senate promptly passed a resolution denouncing it. Seward drew the attention of the French government to the decree, and by the middle of December he felt that the time was come to state, in plainer words than he had yet employed, that the long friendship between the two countries “would be brought into imminent jeopardy unless France could deem it consistent with her interest and her honor to desist from the prosecution of armed intervention in Mexico.” In the same dispatch he declared, in the most positive terms, that we would never recognize the Maximilian government. The President, in his annual message to Congress, indicated quite as clearly our attitude toward the intervention and the Empire.

Napoleon was by this time convinced of his failure. M. Drouyn de Lhuys had intimated to Mr. Bigelow, even before
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Seward's dispatch of December 16, that the French government was desirous of withdrawing its troops. The inspired press of Paris, by adopting a conciliatory tone toward the United States, and a tone of depreciation toward Maximilian and his government, began now to pave the way for a change of policy. In January, 1866, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, retreating by the door which Seward had all the time held open for him, suddenly returned to the ground which his country had taken when the project of intervention was first broached in 1861. He announced his expectation of a guarantee by Mexico of the claims of France. Seward acknowledged the statement with perfect gravity, and renewed his assurances of neutrality. But the French minister's proposal, that as a condition of the withdrawal we should recognize Maximilian's government, was firmly rejected. When, a little later, the legislative chambers began their session, Napoleon took occasion in his speech to announce his change of policy. Early in April, our department of state was informed that the French troops would evacuate Mexico in three detachments, the last of which would sail not later than November, 1867. Subsequently, however, the withdrawal was hastened, and in March of 1867 Bazaine and his command, the last French army to set foot upon this continent, sailed from Vera Cruz.

It was not until the end of May, 1866, that Maximilian knew that his imperial backer had abandoned him. From that time, there was never any real hope for his government; but he would not at once give way to his despair. The Empress was equally resolute. Of her own motion she set forth upon a journey to Europe, where she sought in vain, first to hold Napoleon to his word, and then to secure elsewhere the help without which the Empire was lost. Napoleon, adding brutality to his breach of faith, would not even hear her with courtesy. From him she turned to Rome. Failing there also, she broke down under the strain of

her anxiety and the bitterness of her disappointment. Maximilian, waiting for some news of succor, learned, instead, that his wife had lost her reason.

The young prince was for a time unmanned by his sorrow: he hesitated, and would make no final decision. Once, he was on the point of abdicating; but unwise counsel, and the appeals of men whose whole hope was in the empire, deterred him from that course. He at last resolved to throw himself on the support of the Mexican people. That recourse was hopeless, for in a few months Juarez was master of the provinces, and Diaz, who had escaped from prison, was besieging the capital.

In March, Maximilian and his followers were shut up in Querataro. Many powerful influences were at work to save him. Seward also did his best. But he himself made little effort to escape. If he had failed as an emperor, he could at least face disaster with the courage and the dignity of a right princely nature. Betrayed by the infamous Lopez, tried before a court-martial of boys, and ordered to be shot, he spent his last days in the discharge of all the obligations of friendship and courtesy. A false report of the death of Carlotta being brought to him in prison, he said simply, "One less tie to bind me to the world!" Led forth to his execution, and told to stand between two of his generals who were likewise condemned, he surrendered the place of honor to General Miramon in recognition of his courage. The rattle of the muskets marked, perhaps, the end of all monarchy in the New World; but the bitterest critic of democracy could scarcely desire a gentler figure than Maximilian's to stand before the eyes of Americans as the last representative of aristocracy and of kingship on this continent.

The outcome was the reestablishment in Mexico of the republican government, headed by the indefatigable Juarez, which we had recognized from the beginning to be the rightful source of authority. During the five remaining years of his presidency, Juarez went far to justify our

confidence; he was constantly strengthening the foundations of order and of authority, and making plain the way for his still more competent successor. From the death of Maximilian to the present time Mexico was to know but two rulers, Juarez and Diaz; and both were exceptionally successful in their task of investing with the outward semblance of democracy a rule which is in truth absolute, though not despotic. One result of their success has been a steady growth of friendliness, and a better and better understanding, between the United States and our nearest neighbor to the southward.

The issue of intervention and the Empire was not the only matter concerning which we were in controversy with Mexico, or with France, at the end of the war. With both countries there were questions of claims and of counterclaims. Many of these had come about through the war itself; others were of longer standing. In July, 1868, an agreement with Mexico referred all the claims at issue between the two republics to a joint commission, which by successive extensions remained in existence until 1876. In settlement of our claims, which amounted to five hundred million dollars, less than four and one half millions was finally allowed. To Mexico, which claimed nearly eighty-seven millions, only one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was awarded. The negotiation with France lasted much longer. It was not until 1880 that a commission was agreed to. The awards which it made to both parties were less than two per cent of the claims.

The war had brought us into no other serious complications with Latin-American countries. Now that slavery was gone, one principal motive for concerning ourselves with the affairs of Cuba and of Central America — namely, the desire of the Southerners for more territory — was removed, and the Cuban question, for many years intermittently prominent in our diplomacy, ceased to attract attention until the discontents of the Cubans led, in 1868, to an uprising which soon began

again to involve our interests and to enlist our sympathies. There was, however, a slight renewal of the discussion of an Isthmian Canal; and at one time it seemed probable that we should annex the West Indian islands of St. Thomas and St. John, which belonged to Denmark. Seward was the moving spirit in the enterprise. He had begun the negotiation in the winter of 1865, and the next winter, on a tour of convalescence, he had visited the islands. Denmark had hesitated a year, but Seward was earnestly supported by General Raasloff, who was in a peculiar sense the representative at Washington of the Danish ministry then in office. It appears, in fact, that Raasloff's own personal fortunes, and the fate of the ministry, of which he was a member, depended on the sale. When Congress met in December, 1867, the President sent to the Senate a treaty of purchase and annexation. But there was no demand of American public sentiment for the purchase, and a destructive earthquake, followed by a tidal wave and a hurricane, which visited the islands a little while before the treaty was sent in, seemed to Congress a convincing argument against it. Congress, moreover, probably welcomed the opportunity to inform Secretary Seward that it did not share his ardor for expansion. The House passed a sweeping resolution against the buying of more territory, and declared that if treaties of annexation were made it would not feel bound to appropriate the purchase money. The Senate was of the same mind, but Raasloff was liked at Washington, and senators were loath to reject the proposal outright. The treaty was laid on the table, and the subject was held in abeyance until a new administration came into office; and then, Raasloff being absent from Washington, the treaty was rejected. Early in 1869, another scheme of Seward's, to buy from Santo Domingo the gulf and peninsula of Samana, widened later into a proposal to annex the entire island, was voted down by the House of Representatives.

Strained as our relations were with France and with Mexico at the end of the war, an adjustment satisfactory to us was reasonably assured from the day of Lee's surrender. So much could not be said of our relations with Great Britain. Our differences with the mother country were too many and too debatable, public opinion on our side was too inflamed, on the other side too sluggish and ill informed, and both sides were still too lacking in good will, to permit of an easy or a quick adjustment. The mass of Americans then living had from their childhood been imbued with a tradition of enmity to England, and of friendship with France. Except the intellectual centres of the East — the old Federalist strongholds — and perhaps a certain number of Southern plantations, there were probably few American communities where the great names of earlier English history were revered, as they should be, as among our own immortals; and few where the hero-worship of Napoleon Bonaparte was not common. It was still dangerous for any administration to be suspected of a foreign policy favorable to Great Britain, and such a policy was sure to be particularly unpopular in those communities, now not few, where Catholic Irish were numerous. On the other hand, there seems to be no question that a majority of the English ruling class still maintained an unfavorable, even a hostile and contemptuous, attitude toward the Republic. It is equally beyond question, however, that what are commonly called the lower classes in England, particularly the workingmen, were distinctly friendly to America, and had favored the North throughout the war. Henry Ward Beecher, who visited England in 1863, was writing, when he died, a glowing tribute to the British workingmen for their loyalty to the cause of free labor, notwithstanding the distress which they suffered from the failure of the cotton supply. "No other men of the English-speaking people," he wrote, in the last sentence of his unfinished manuscript, "gave a testimony of the love of liberty so

heroic or so pathetic as the weavers of Lancashire." The disposition toward amity was thus in America strongest in the intellectual aristocracy, an influential, though by no means dominant, minority; while in England it was strongest in those classes which were, indeed, the most numerous, but had not the political control. Public sentiment and opinion in the two countries was an important factor; in both, but particularly in America, it had already great weight in diplomacy. Moreover, the social, intellectual, and industrial relations between the two countries were growing always closer and closer. It might, in fact, be said that the negotiations themselves owe much of their importance to the effect they had on the attitudes of the two peoples, as distinguished from their governments, toward each other.

Of the specific differences, the least important was the controversy over the ownership of the island of San Juan, in the Northwest. Neither was the old question of our rights in the fisheries of Canada and Newfoundland a matter of acute interest, save among the fishermen of New England. Under the treaty of 1854 we had been granting, in return for privileges in the fisheries, a reciprocity with Canada in certain commodities. It was found, however, that of the commodities named in the treaty of 1854, most of which were either food-stuffs or the raw material of manufactures, there were few which we sold to the Canadians in any considerable quantity, while our importations were comparatively large. It was held, therefore, that the reciprocity worked to our disadvantage, and that the disadvantage outweighed the privileges we had bought by conceding it. In March, 1866, having given the required twelve months' notice, we brought the arrangement to an end. The whole question of the fisheries was therefore open again, and it was become more difficult than ever. For Great Britain was now entering on a course of great liberality with her North American provinces. The very next year she granted, in the new Dominion Act, an

extraordinary measure of self-government to the Canadians, and at every presentation of our desire concerning the fisheries began to urge the desire of Canada for freer trade with the United States. For half a century, in fact, nearly every question of our relations with Great Britain has been complicated by the juxtaposition of Canada and the United States.

It was through Canada, too, that the more extreme of the Irish patriots, using the United States as a base, were now endeavoring to strike at the mother country. Within a few years the Fenian brotherhood had brought their association in America to a strength which aroused serious apprehensions in England and in Canada, and made, in the existing relations between ourselves and the English, a really serious threat to our peace. The society was founded in 1857. The American branch was at the end of the war organized in three hundred and sixty-four circles, covering all the states from Massachusetts to Illinois, and there were fifteen other circles in the army and navy. The total membership was probably not less than eighty thousand. By this time, however, there was a division of the members into two factions, one led by John O'Mahony, the other by William R. Roberts; it is probable that the attack on Canada was hastened in the hope that action would unite the factions. But when, in the spring of 1866, the incursions began, there was a lack of concord, and the preparation was clearly inadequate. As is always the case with secret movements, selfish and base men had joined the order for purposes of their own; and low politicians, in New York and elsewhere, had played upon the passions of the members.

The O'Mahony faction, operating from New York city and Portland, moved first against New Brunswick. Their rendezvous was Eastport, Maine, and in April five hundred men were gathered there. An iron steamer, purchased in New York, was to bring them arms, but O'Mahony, doubtless fearing interference by United States authorities, countermanded the or-

der to set sail. Seven hundred and fifty stands of arms, sent from Portland, were, in fact, seized. Nevertheless, small parties of Fenians landed on the island of Campo Bello. But Canadian troops were promptly mobilized for resistance, United States regulars were sent to Calais, and the enterprise was soon abandoned.

Buffalo was the base of the Roberts faction, and its attempt had a somewhat more serious character. The extent of its preparation was indicated by the discovery of a thousand stands of arms at Rouse's Point toward the close of May, and another thousand at St. Albans a little later. Both collections were seized. A convention was held at Buffalo on May 30, and two days later a body of twelve hundred to thirteen hundred men crossed the river and seized an unoccupied fort. Colonel O'Neil, a graduate of West Point, was in command. In an encounter with the Canadian militia, the invaders were worsted, and a considerable number were captured. General Grant at once went to Buffalo. The defeated Fenians, attempting to return, were intercepted by the U. S. S. Michigan, seven hundred of them were arrested, and the others were paroled. Similar measures prevented incursions from other points, and the enterprise, though several times bruited, was never again seriously attempted.

President Johnson had been prompt to urge upon United States marshals and attorneys the exercise of vigilance lest our neutrality laws be violated, and he had issued a proclamation to the people. The British government, though it was several times incited to make remonstrance to ours concerning the activity of Fenians on our soil, thought it wiser to forbear. It suggested, instead, that the two countries revise their laws of neutrality. In truth, Great Britain had no reason to complain of the way in which we enforced our laws, such as they were. On the contrary, Sir Frederick Bruce, British minister at Washington, said to Seward: "The government of the United States acted, when the moment for action came, with a vigor,

a promptness, and a sincerity which call forth the warmest acknowledgments." Nevertheless, there is no doubt that very many Americans did sympathize with the general aim of the Fenians, if not with their methods. Many of the men who were most active in the movement in England and Ireland, as well as in America, were American citizens, Union and Confederate veterans. Some of these were apprehended, and there were strong remonstrances from America at the severity of their punishment. Partly on account of the questions thus raised, partly on account of complications with other European states, the whole subject of the status and rights of Europeans naturalized in America was much discussed at this time. The outcome was a series of treaties, beginning in February, 1868, when we reached an understanding with the North German Confederation, which aimed to define in every case of doubtful citizenship, the rights and obligations both of the two countries and of such persons as might emigrate from one into another. In most of these treaties it was agreed that after living five years in America an emigrant should be considered to have renounced his allegiance to the country of his birth. By the end of 1870, the states of central Europe, Sweden, Norway, and finally Great Britain, had all made such agreements with us.

The Fenian movement did not of itself cause any break in our relations with the United Kingdom. It was of importance chiefly as an aggravation of the principal difference between the two main branches of the English-speaking people. That principal difference had arisen from the course of Great Britain, and the character of her neutrality, during the war. A brief review of the facts, familiar as they are, is necessary.

Early in May, 1861, less than a month after the attack on Sumter and President Lincoln's call for volunteers to put down the insurrection, and less than a fortnight after his proclamation of the blockade, Queen Victoria proclaimed the neutrality

of Great Britain, and thereby conceded to the Southern Confederacy the rights of a belligerent. Spain, France, and other countries of western Europe took the same course, but not quite so promptly. It has been held, and with reason, that the President's proclamation of a blockade, and other acts of war by our own government, had in fact left the powers no other course. Thaddeus Stevens, a leader of the House of Representatives, maintained at the time that it would be wiser, instead of proclaiming a blockade, to declare the Southern ports closed. In July, Congress authorized the President to close them. But there were good reasons to doubt the effectiveness of a mere closure. It could also be argued that the queen's proclamation was in reality of advantage to the North, since it freed the Union government of responsibility for the acts of the Confederates. In any event, it is hard to see how England or the other powers could have long delayed to take the action which they did take. Nevertheless, the promptness with which they took it provoked great resentment in America, where the feeling was that these countries, and particularly Great Britain, had been influenced by sympathy with the South or enmity to the Union. Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams, our minister to London, maintained that these proclamations, and England's most of all, really gave life to the Confederacy. They even asserted that the insurrection would have collapsed after a few weeks but for the hope of foreign intervention which this premature recognition of belligerency encouraged, and that the British government was therefore to blame for the prolongation of the war. The too quick concession of belligerent rights to the Confederates was accordingly made a count in our arraignment. If it could be made good, it would be the principal count.

The course of the English press and the language of English public men were, however, more exasperating, and a more reasonable ground of resentment, than this particular act of the government. It

is difficult at this day to believe that English newspapers and English statesmen could possibly have said what in fact they did say concerning the American conflict; and it is a question whether their blind confidence in the ultimate success of the South or their coarse and ignorant abuse of the North was the more extraordinary. There were, it is true, notable exceptions among the public men. Cobden and Bright, like the whole class whom they best represented, W. E. Forster and John Stuart Mill, the Duke of Argyle and Sir George Lewis, were, for example, steadfast friends of the North. But these men did not pretend to speak for the country or for the government; and the exceptions among the newspapers were rarer. It is astonishing to read the words of Gladstone and of Earl Russell, the one declaring that the success of the Southern arms was "as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be," and the latter that the "subjugation" of the South by the North would be a calamity to America and the world, "and especially calamitous to the negro race." It is even more astonishing to find the *Times*, whose foreign service has long been so admirable, not merely confident of the overthrow of the North, but denouncing the Northern people as "insensate and degenerate," and the war for the Union as a hateful and atrocious crime, which could not be defended before a single European society; or to find the *Post* gravely announcing its opinion that "if President Davis were to assume the functions of president of the United States, the population of the North would at once acknowledge his authority;" or to read in the *Standard*, under the date of Gettysburg and Vicksburg: "We have learned to dislike and almost to despise the North; to sympathize with, and cordially to admire, the South." Although there was no such responsiveness of public sentiment between the two countries then as there is to-day, the effect of utterances like these, so common in the great organs of opinion and on the lips of the foremost English-

men that they might well be taken for the voice of the nation, was very serious indeed. That there was a strong contrary sentiment — a sentiment favorable to the North and to the Union — could scarcely be apparent to Americans when a member of Parliament could say that he had never met an Englishman who did not sympathize with the South. These things, of course, could have no place in diplomacy; but they made the task of diplomacy much more difficult.

It did not help the matter that, in the first important incident of England's neutrality, the arrest of Mason and Slidell, we ourselves had been under the necessity to admit that we were wrong. We did admit it promptly; but we barely escaped — it is said, through the personal intervention of Albert, Prince Consort, then in his last illness — a peremptory and hectoring demand for redress. That incident left us in a mood to press our case to the uttermost when it appeared that the neutrality which England had been so ready to proclaim did not prevent her from serving as a naval base for the Confederacy. Such, in truth, she was fast becoming when the graver and graver remonstrances of Mr. Adams finally made it plain that she must either change her course or fight.

The simplest explanation of her course is to say that the British government, in the maintenance of neutrality, went no farther than to enforce the letter of the existing British statute of foreign enlistments. That statute, passed in 1819, was conspicuously lacking in clearness and precision. When the Confederate agent, Bulloch, sought to ascertain if it would be possible for his government to get vessels of war built and equipped in England, he was informed that the law forbade the building, arming, and equipping, in British waters, of a ship intended to be employed in warfare against a friendly power. But it was held that merely to build a vessel for that use was not illegal. The law would not be violated unless she were both built and equipped in British

waters, with the intent to use her in warfare against a friendly power. All that was necessary, therefore, in order to serve the object of the Confederacy, was that the ship and her equipment, both of which might be openly made and sold in England, should leave England separately. They might even be purchased of the same firm. Later, the United States minister brought a test case before an English court; and the decision, which was applauded by a crowded court room, practically confirmed the advice of Bulloch's counsel. So long as the courts should interpret the law that way, and the government should hold the enforcement of the law as it stood to be the sole obligation of neutrality, there was no reason why the Confederates could not procure as many privateers and men of war as they could pay for. It is fair to keep in mind a characteristic of the English people — their extraordinary respect for the letter of their own laws — as somewhat explanatory, somewhat mitigatory, of the attitude of their government; but it is plain that the law thus interpreted was little better than no law at all. As a matter of fact, seven vessels, the *Florida*, the *Alabama*, the *Shenandoah*, the *Georgia*, the *Alexandria*, the *Atlanta*, and the *Rappahannock*, all either bought or built for the Confederacy in Great Britain, put to sea under the British flag, and destroyed, all told, one hundred and seventy-five United States merchant vessels, valued roughly, with their cargoes, at fifteen million dollars. It is perhaps too much to say that they alone destroyed our carrying trade, or to hold them solely responsible for the enormous decline of our merchant marine; but they were certainly the principal immediate cause of these things. The Confederates were thus enabled to inflict a material loss greater than any they could inflict by land. Still more powerful vessels were under construction in England when at last, in October, 1863, the ministry changed its policy, and the order was given to seize them.

The strongest, though not the heaviest,

of our claims against Great Britain, was based on this inaction of the government up to the time of its change of policy, and on the depredations of the Confederate privateers. The heaviest claim was based on the prolongation of the war which — so Mr. Seward had urged — was due to Great Britain's hasty recognition of the Confederates as belligerents. Great Britain, on the other hand, preferred many claims for injuries to British subjects, both in their persons and their property, which had been inflicted during the progress of the war; and there were counterclaims on our side. These questions of damages to individuals, however, though far more numerous and important than those which we had to adjust with any other country, were not otherwise different; if they had been all, we should, no doubt, have reached an agreement very soon, probably by submitting them to arbitration. But our enormous claim based on the neutrality proclamation was not for a moment seriously considered; and when our claim for reparation for the injuries inflicted by the Confederate cruisers was first advanced by Mr. Adams, Lord Russell coldly answered that her majesty's government entirely disclaimed all responsibility for any acts of the Alabama. That position, first taken in March, 1863, was resolutely maintained until the end of the war. So late as the close of August, 1865, after two years of correspondence and negotiation, Lord Russell would go no farther than to propose a joint commission to sit on all claims arising during the war "which the two powers shall agree to refer." Years afterwards, he spoke as if this proposal embraced the so-called Alabama claims: but at the time he made it clear that such was not his meaning.

It can scarcely be said of Secretary Seward's conduct of this negotiation that it was comparable in wisdom and foresight to his conduct of the Maximilian episode. At the beginning, he was still possessed with the peculiar notion, which he conveyed in an extraordinary note to Lin-

coln, that a foreign war would save us from a civil war. His instructions to Mr. Adams, rhetorical and impassioned, were, it is well known, changed and softened by Lincoln's own hand. Throughout, the mingled firmness and restraint of Adams was a better mood than the secretary's. It is also probably true that Seward's insistence on our extreme view of Great Britain's recognition of the belligerency of the Confederates weakened his presentation of our stronger case for damages inflicted by the cruisers. But when all is said in excuse for Lord Russell's management of his side, it can scarcely be denied, particularly in view of the final outcome, that he adhered far too narrowly to that view of the matter which a lawyer, arguing before a court of claims, would have felt bound to maintain. He took too much account of the situation at the moment, too little of future contingencies. He was curiously unmindful that England, as the foremost commercial and seafaring country in the world, had more to lose than any other country if the notion of neutrality which her own government had put in practice should continue to prevail. Even while the war lasted, the special representative of that very ship-building industry which had profited most by the loose construction of the law pointed out in Parliament what might happen if the parts were changed, and England were at war while the United States were neutral. Mr. Adams saw the situation clearly when, after remarking in his diary that Lord Russell's proposal was in effect to refer the British claims and exclude ours, he added: "We lose nothing by the passage of time; Great Britain does." And he significantly alludes to Russia, and a war cloud on the eastern horizon.

However, either Lord Russell, who before the end of the year became prime minister, or his successor in the Foreign Office, Lord Clarendon, began soon to perceive that England had something to lose as well as to gain by leaving things as they were. In December, overtures look-

ing to the renewal of negotiations were made to Mr. Adams both by Lord Clarendon and by Mr. W. E. Forster. But nothing was done before the next change of ministry. It would appear, however, that the American Congress had meanwhile come to see the situation as Mr. Adams saw it. In the summer of 1866, so far from following the suggestion of Lord Clarendon that the two governments coöperate in improving and strengthening their laws of neutrality, the House passed a bill repealing those provisions of our own laws which aimed particularly to prevent the fitting out of ships for belligerents. It remained to be seen whether the Conservative ministry of Lord Derby would overcome, any better than Lord Russell's, the proverbial indisposition of Englishmen to see that they are losing. The new ministry did, in fact, during its brief term of service, bring the negotiation into a new and far more hopeful phase. Lord Stanley, Clarendon's successor, distinctly abandoned the contention of his predecessors that existing English law, as interpreted by English courts, was the sole criterion of the obligations of neutrality. He was willing to entertain the question of responsibility for the cruisers; he was willing, it appeared, to arbitrate all the questions which had been raised, save only the question of premature recognition of belligerency. But to that claim both Seward and Mr. Adams were thoroughly committed. Their insistence upon it caused a deadlock which lasted until July, 1868, when Adams's seven years of distinguished service in England came to an end. He was succeeded by Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland.

Johnson soon negotiated, at first with Lord Stanley and then with Lord Clarendon, who presently came into office again in the Gladstone ministry, a treaty which was signed in January, 1869, and promptly sent to the American Senate. It provided for the arbitration of all claims on both sides, save only our claim of redress for premature recognition of

belligerency. This Seward had at last abandoned. The secretary was probably hoping to signalize his retirement from diplomacy and from public life with a final adjustment of the threatening differences between the two great branches of his race. But the treaty was held over until a new administration should come into power; and when Charles Sumner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, brought it up in committee, so far was he from treating the controversy as ended that he used these words: "We begin to-day an international debate, the greatest of our history, and, before it is finished, perhaps the greatest of all history."

But to have brought this difficult negotiation from the seeming deadlock in which Lord Russell had left it into such a phase that, whatever delays there still might be, an adjustment reasonably fair to both sides was, as we can now see, the probable outcome, and to have adjusted all the other controversies into which the war had brought us with the peoples of Europe and of our own hemisphere, and to have done all this without any surrender of our interests or any turning aside from our fixed policy in international affairs, — in a word, to have established for the new Union right relations with all the peoples on our Southern and on our Eastern horizons, save only the people of our own blood and language, — this was no mean record for Seward to retire on. Had he been given to sentimental comparisons, he might have found, in a notable event of the year 1866, a sort of parallel to his achievements in diplomacy. The first attempt to construct a submarine cable across the Atlantic had failed in 1858. But Cyrus W. Field, an American man of business, a member of a remarkable family, had stuck to the enterprise through many disappointments, until at last, a year after the war, it was permanently accomplished. His is the name which will always be recalled first in connection with it; but he himself was not disposed to belittle the scientific, as dis-

tinguished from the merely financial, aspect of the undertaking. It was Commodore Maury, — an exile in Mexico, — whose study of the seas had made it possible. "I furnished the money," Field is reported to have said, "and Maury supplied the brains." Seward wrote to Field: "Your grand achievement constitutes, I trust, an effective treaty of international neutrality and non-intervention." The achievement, important in itself, was even more important as a demonstration of the feasibility of submarine telegraphy on the widest scale. The next year, a line connecting Florida and Cuba was laid; and in a few years all the civilized peoples were linked together with cables which stretched along the bottoms of all the seas.

But Seward's outlook was not through Eastern windows only. Benton and Douglas being dead, there was no other of our eminent statesmen who had so long faced toward the Pacific, toward Asia, whenever his thoughts turned upon the future of the Republic. No one else had ever made so bold and sweeping a prevision of the westward progress of our civilization. At the middle of the nineteenth century Seward had dared to prophesy what at the beginning of the twentieth century, though by that time the stream of tendency was far plainer, it still sounded magniloquent to claim. In 1852, he had declared his faith that "the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will be the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." And that, he argued, would mean the complete emancipation of America from European influence; it would mean an American ascendancy in world politics. In his vision of the reunion of the two civilizations which parted on the Persian plain thousands of years ago, he conceived that America would find her true rôle, her sublime significance, as the guardian and the representative, in that final contact of East and West, of all that our people had brought with them, and of all that they had gained, in their long wanderings. He had for years regarded

our Pacific coast rather as the point of a new departure than as a final bourne. It was not, indeed, permitted him to transplant our civilization to the islands of the Pacific or to the Asian continent, but it was he who found and used the opportunity to extend it for the first time to a portion of our own continent not contiguous to our own principal territory.

In all probability, the purchase of Russian America would not have sufficiently commended itself to public sentiment, but for the attitude of Russia, so markedly in contrast with that of England and France during our Civil War. Strange as it seems, Russia alone, of all the great powers, had been, from first to last, friendly to the North and confident of the preservation of the Union. Perhaps the czar, Alexander II, himself an emancipator, had sympathized with Lincoln; or perhaps, to the most absolute of despotisms, that aspect of the war in which the North appeared as the champion of authority and the established order was more impressive than that other aspect of it in which the freedom of a race was the principal issue. But perhaps, too, the unfriendly course of England may have been the real cause of Russia's friendly attitude. At any rate, Russia had vetoed Louis Napoleon's scheme of a European intervention; and in many other ways she had made plain her sympathy with the Union cause. That we on our part were not wanting in grateful recognition of her friendship appeared quite as plainly in our welcome to a Russian fleet which visited New York in September, 1863. When the admiral and his officers came to Washington, the cordiality of the Secretary of State was particularly marked. In 1866, when the life of the czar was attempted, Congress, by joint resolution, congratulated him on his escape, and a man-of-war was detailed to carry the message to St. Petersburg. These pleasant exchanges may be said to have culminated in 1871 in the visit of the czar's brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, to the United States. When he went to Boston, the

school children sang for him, to the Russian national air, some verses written by Oliver Wendell Holmes. We remembered, he was told,

"Who was our friend when the world was our foe."

Russia had failed to make her American province pay, but no doubt she was also moved by good will to the United States, and by the hope of weakening England's power in the Pacific, when, after some negotiation, she renewed an offer, first made twenty years before, to sell the colony to us; and we were prompted by similar motives to accept it.

For it appears that an offer to sell Russian America was made to the administration of President Polk, at a time when we were, apparently, very close to war with Great Britain over our Northwestern boundary, and that it was made on the condition that we should hold to our full claim, which would have excluded Canada from any frontage on the Pacific. The scheme was revived in 1859, and by this time there was some public sentiment in the Pacific states in favor of the purchase; Senator Gwin, of California, took much interest in the enterprise. But the Civil War soon put an end to it. When the matter was again taken up in 1866, the only semblance of a public demand for the purchase still came from the Pacific coast. That winter, Baron Stoeckl, the Russian minister, went to St. Petersburg and discussed the cession with his government. Returning to Washington, he entered at once into negotiation with Seward, and terms were soon agreed upon and sent to Russia for approval. Late in the evening of March 29, 1867, Stoeckl called at Seward's house, informed the secretary, whom he found at whist with his family, that he had the authority to make a treaty, and proposed that they begin with it on the following day. But the Senate, which was in extraordinary session, was expected soon to adjourn. "Why wait till to-morrow?" said the secretary. "Let us make the treaty to-night." Before midnight the state depart-

ment was open, and Seward, Stoeckl, and Senator Sumner met there to conclude the business. By four o'clock the next morning the treaty was signed. The purchase price was fixed at \$7,200,000; to the sum of seven millions, once agreed to, Seward had added \$200,000 in order that the province might come to us free from any claims of companies. For many years Russia had practically leased it to the Russian-American Fur Company, which had exercised the powers of government.

Next to Seward, Charles Sumner is responsible for the acquisition. If in his place as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs he had opposed the treaty, it could scarcely have been ratified. He plainly announced that he was opposed to buying or otherwise acquiring any territory without the consent of its inhabitants; but — so he wrote to John Bright, with whom he regularly corresponded — "the question was perplexed by considerations of politics and comity and the engagements already entered into by the government." He felt deeply our debt of gratitude to Russia, and he believed, with Seward, that the whole continent must in time be ours, — though perhaps he could not go so far as Seward once went when, at Sumner's house, he declared, "In thirty years Mexico will be the capital of the United States." Sumner reported the treaty favorably, spoke several hours in defense of it, and on April 9 it was ratified with but two opposing votes. Afterwards, the injunction of secrecy being removed, he with much labor of research extended his speech into a comprehensive account of Russian America which long remained the best source of information concerning it. It was he also who suggested that the name, Alaska, up to that time applied only to the peninsula which links the Aleutian Islands with the continent, be given to the whole province.

Alaska increased our area by one fifth, but it added probably less than seventy thousand to our population; and of this increase all but twenty-five hundred Russians and half-breeds were aboriginal In-

dians and Esquimaux. "The immense country," to use Sumner's words, was "without form and light, without activity and without progress." But he had much to tell of the wealth to be found in its forests, in the furs of its land animals and of its seals, in its fisheries, in its minerals; even thus early it was suspected that there was gold along the coast. He could paint an attractive future for the vast, snowy peninsula, when freedom and law and civilization should be extended over it. But the American people set little store by their new possession; and Congress was as neglectful as the people. In October, Russia withdrew her officials and her flag, and the United States took possession; but the House of Representatives, where many opposed the purchase altogether, found the cession of interest chiefly as an opportunity to assert its old claim to a share in the treaty-making power. The bill appropriating the purchase-money declared that the consent of Congress was necessary to give the treaty effect. That preamble the Senate rejected, and it was not till the summer of 1868 that the money was paid. The bill in its final form merely set forth that the treaty could be carried into effect only by legislation to which both houses must consent. To this statement of an indubitable fact the Senate made no objection.

When, however, it came to the point of making good the treaty by an actual extension of our system into our new possession, Congress was apathetic. First as a military district, then as a department, Alaska was committed to the rule of military officers. It was, in fact, no less than seventeen years before Congress made any serious attempt to organize a civil

government. The Pribyloff Islands were leased to a company with the exclusive right to take seals within the three-mile limit, and in a few years the revenue from this source alone made a handsome return on the purchase money. But the peninsula could not be developed without law. Immigrants found that there was no legal way provided to preëempt land, or to convey property, or to collect a debt. Save in the neighborhood of the military posts, there was no protection either for property or for persons; and there is only too much evidence that contact with the soldiers and traders was demoralizing to the natives. The liquor traffic, though forbidden, was not in fact suppressed. To the Indians of Alaska we gave only the same careless wardship which we had given to our own tribes. In 1884, following a suggestion which General O. O. Howard had made nearly ten years before, Congress, still unwilling to take the time for detailed legislation for Alaska, merely extended over it the laws of the territory of Washington "so far as the same may be applicable." There is no better instance than this of the sluggishness of our national legislature when no strong interest or widespread public sentiment stirs it to action. Those students of our government who deplore our failure to fix clearly the responsibility for the initiative in legislation, as in England it is fixed in the ministry, could scarcely find a better case to illustrate their view. It should serve equally well those who contend that our system unfits us for the right administration of colonies. Unlike England's neglect of her American plantations, our long neglect of Alaska was neither wise nor salutary.

GENEROSITY AND CORRUPTION

BY G. W. ALGER

SOME years ago there died in New York a politician who had been the notorious leader of one of the slum districts. During the greater part of his career, he had been the subject of the most pointed attacks by individuals and organizations interested in decent government, for he had been the enemy of everything which meant honesty in public affairs and social life. He had made money corruptly by extending his favor, under the usual arrangements, to individuals who wanted franchises for gas, electric light, and street railway operations; by affording his protection and influence to "policy men," to pool-room gamblers and disorderly-resort proprietors. His name had been signed hundreds of times on the bail bonds of thieves and fallen women.

He was a politician of a type common enough in the great American cities, and the characteristics of his career had been long familiar to the newspaper-reading public. Yet when he died, the largest church in the district was filled with a vast crowd of mourners. As the papers said, there was not a dry eye in the church. It was genuine sorrow. For the money which his more reputable gas and railway friends from the brown-stone districts had given him had paid many an old woman's rent, had helped many a friend in trouble. The "protection" money had been freely given to the outings and games of the social organizations of the district. His "pull" had always been available for the man who wanted a job. The money of Peter had gone to an army of Pauls, and the great robber baron had died comparatively poor. He had been a public enemy — with a big heart; dishonest — and generous.

There are two lines in Tennyson's

Idylls of the King which seem to embody a kind of fascinating puzzle.

" . . . God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

How can any custom which is good be corrupting? Can there be a dangerous virtue? Considerable rumination has persuaded the writer into giving an affirmative answer to the question, the episode of the funeral of the District Leader being only one of the cases in point which have led to this conclusion.

The foundation of healthy, sane life, and of right public law and government is justice. This is trite and platitudinous enough, but it is dangerous to forget it. The departed District Leader got his power in life and his apology and defense in death from the fact that throughout his career he ignored or abused all known notions of justice — and was generous instead.

There is a certain dramatic quality in generosity which appeals to the heart. A mean rascal we all despise and hate; but a rascal with a big heart, who never forgets his friends, finds many apologists. It is of the utmost importance to a country organized, like ours, on a democratic basis, that as a people we should be highly sensitive to injustice. That sensitiveness is the most necessary protection for freedom, the greatest force for good government. Anything which tends to befog our ideals of justice, or to make us underestimate its importance, is a danger to be guarded against.

In the latter days of Rome, the darlings of the rabble were the oppressors of Africa, who transmuted the sweat and blood of conquered provinces into bread and circuses for the Roman mob. Justice, long since dead in the imperial city,

had been succeeded by a riot of generosity of the most lavish and barbaric kind. It would be, of course, a jaundiced eye which should make any but a most distant parallel between the Roman rabble and the American people. But much, if not everything, is forgiven the millionaire whose fortune has been wrung from the overtempted consciences of aldermen, if he recognizes what the college presidents call "The Responsibility of Men of Wealth."

As a people we have fairly good taste in our attitude toward the philanthropy which finds its root in fraud and unjust enrichment. If a traction magnate or a tricky financier gives us a hospital or art gallery, we do not cry in an offensive chorus, "Where did he get the money?" We accept with a philosophic gratitude anything given back to us collectively which was stolen from us individually, for the excellent reason that, the ill-gotten booty having been once acquired by the great operator, it is a public good fortune that his expenditure of it should in some degree take the form of public gift, rather than of private wassail and ostentatious extravagance. The great man, we say, was not obliged to spend anything on public charity. His fortune, by whatever devious, crooked ways acquired, is, so far as the legal title is concerned, his, and not ours; and so any portion of it which he may choose to transmute into public service is a just cause for general rejoicing. It all goes to confirm our faith that there are bowels of compassion and spots of virtue in the worst of men, even in our most inveterate millionaires. Having accepted the gift, we refuse to vilify the donor.

One of the effects of the generosity of the unjust, which deserves more consideration than it gets, is this: it closes the mouths of critics whose voices might otherwise be heard in effectual protest against public wrongs or defects which cry for change in economic conditions. Limitation of space confines the writer to one illustration.

There was public agitation some years

ago concerning a certain bill, involving a franchise of great value, which was being heavily lobbied through the New York legislature. A movement was at once begun against the measure, and during its progress a gentleman standing justly high in public esteem, a man of unquestionable probity and of great influence, was asked to take part in this protest. He remained in doubt for a few days, and then declined. He was the president of an important charitable institution dependent largely for its support on the generosity of a particular donor who was also the real sponsor for the grab bill. With what he conceived to be the prosperity of his institution at stake, he could not feel it to be his duty personally to antagonize the corrupt scheme of the generous supporter of his institution. Other able men, he argued readily, could be obtained to do the work which, under the peculiar circumstances, he must refuse to do himself. The gain which the opposition to the lobby for the bill might make by his influence did not seem to him at all equal to the quite probable loss which he felt might come to his institution by such offensive action on his part.

Now this man is normally, and when not subject to peculiar and perplexing circumstances, neither weak nor timid, but quite the contrary. In this particular case he simply had been called on to decide a hard problem. His decision was undoubtedly wrong from an abstract moral standpoint; but in view of the great responsibility which he felt for the welfare of his institution, his error was at least pardonable. He was a man whose silence could not have been bought by any personal consideration. Yet the generosity of a public enemy to his particular institution of charity had effectually closed his mouth.

Just how far the loss of influence of the city churches is due to similar conditions, it is hard to say. To the writer there seems to be a certain tendency among the great metropolitan churches, to plan their expenditures on the basis of the largest

amount which may be expected from the richest parishoner. So that in case any two or three heavy contributors should for some reason terminate abruptly their donations, the work of the church would be practically crippled. With the finances of the church built on such a foundation, it is hardly surprising that the sharp edge of pulpit criticism should be dulled, or should find expression, if at all, in innocuous and ineffectual generalities that keep up the brave show of a spiritual independence which has been long since smothered by charity.

The medical world to-day is full of learned talk about germ diseases, and the great scientists are constantly increasing the fund of human knowledge as to how these germs are to be destroyed, or their perpetuation retarded. If it were only possible for some spiritual scientist to devise some workable scheme to prevent in the moral world the perpetuation of perverted ideals! We read much to-day of the Great White Plague, — tuberculosis, — and how it breeds and spreads in the tenements, destroying its thousands. But the Great White Plague in the rich man's university, the germ of moral tuberculosis in the ideal of success, avoids the microscope.

After all, the principal use of the college is as a place where the next generation is to get right ideas of what is worth while in life itself. The academic facts which to the ignorant seem the advantages of education are of minor importance. We hear much during the season of college commencements of the necessities of the modern university in the way of enlarged endowments and increased equipment. Some of this talk is, of course, reasonable enough. It is addressed mainly to the rich as a demand for the recognition by them of a duty of generosity, one which in our days has had a most remarkable response. But apparatus is an impossible substitute for ideals, and the best endowment of a college is the character of its graduates. The two-thousand-dollar bequest, for example, to his Alma Mater,

which the will of the late William H. Baldwin contained, was small if considered as a mere matter of money, but his character and the ideals of public service which his life expressed form part of that permanent endowment which alone makes a university great. The memory of a railroad president ready to sacrifice, if need be, his position, rather than lose an opportunity for usefulness on an unpaid committee of citizens banded together for important civic service, is a rarer and more precious contribution to the fibre of university life than any mere material bounty from ravenous fingers unclutched by hypocrisy or the fear of death.

The principal criticism of the generosity to colleges of men whose great fortunes have been obtained by doubtful methods and through suspicious sources is not alone that their money comes coupled with their own personal history, nor that the hope of their favor has an undesirable influence on certain forms of college teaching and on the public utterance of college officials, but that these gifts of brick and mortar and money have a tendency to make the ideal endowment seem less valuable and important. We cannot afford to have the traditions of our colleges become largely the traditions of suspiciously rich men who made money and built buildings.

It seems like the mere hyperbole of a jealous and disappointed spirit to affirm that the corrupt practices of the unjustly rich are less harmful than their benevolences; but the statement will bear argument and furnish much reason for a belief in its accuracy. It is because this benevolence tends to create in the popular mind confusion on a matter of morals concerning which we cannot afford to have confusion. We cannot afford to believe that the seizing of special and unjust privileges, or the use of corrupt practices or oppression, by which enormous wealth is increasingly acquired, may be excused or palliated by public gift or private benevolence, or by generosity, however bountiful. We cannot afford to let a delayed or partial res-

titution acquire a false glamour, and under a false name become a substitute for common honesty.

There is no place where the substitution of generosity for justice is a greater evil than in the courts. The great delay which frequently occurs in the selection of jurors in law cases is due to the endeavor of one or the other of the opposing lawyers — rarely of both — to pick out jurors who will deal justly with the rights of litigants and who will not be merely generous at the expense of justice. The task of selecting such jurors is increasingly difficult, particularly in accident cases against railways. The injustice which results from the corrupt granting of railway franchises, for example, has a larger area than is generally supposed. There is a strong tendency manifested in juries to even up this original injustice by a generosity which is itself unjust. For injustice almost invariably begets a spurious generosity.

The writer listened some years ago in the New York Supreme Court to the trial of an accident case brought by the widow and children of a man who had been killed by the street railway which runs on Broadway, to recover damages from the railroad company for having caused his death. The widow produced only one witness, and his testimony was clearly perjury from start to finish, while four reputable bystanders called by the railroad clearly showed that the accident had been the result of the recklessness of the deceased; yet the jury after some delay brought in a large verdict for the widow and the children. One of the jurors explained his verdict thus: "The railroad company got on to Broadway by putting up a little money to a bunch of aldermen. They got their franchise for next to nothing, and that woman and four children have as good a right to their money as the road has to its franchise. With all the money the road gets out of Broadway, they can afford to

do something for that man's family, and I am glad we had a chance to give them the verdict. I could not go home and tell my wife that I had a chance to give some railroad money to a widow and four children, and did not do it. She would put me out of the house."

The railway companies complain bitterly, and often with much reason, of the injustice done by such verdicts, but they forget the original injustice which these juries blindly, blunderingly, and unjustly seek to correct.

In politics, as we all know, the worst class of politicians, the one whose power for evil is the hardest to overcome, is the class in which corruption is coated with the whitewash of generosity, — the legislative burglar with a big heart. The log-rolling which is the bane of our politics is nothing more nor less than the exchange of generosityes by public servants at public expense, and a large part of bad law-making is the result of the unjustifiable favors which one unconscionably kind-hearted statesman extends to another.

It is, of course, a mean soul which is not warmed by generosity and benevolence and the expression through such acts of the larger humanities. In comparison with true generosity, justice seems meagre and mean, as the cold working of the intellect rather than the warm pulsation of the heart. Justice, mere justice, never satisfies. Aristides the Just was killed by the Greeks, not because he was just, but because he was nothing but just. From fibre like his, heroes are not made. The natural man much prefers Robin Hood. Without generosity the moral world seems dull, gray, cold, and conventional. It lacks sap and vitality, and the imagination is not touched. But, after all, justice is the rock on which alone generosity can safely build, and when it seeks some other foundation, it is the scriptural house built on the sand, and like it cannot endure.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

XI

Hatless, short-skirted, with brave, swinging step, two girls were walking over the wide upland of the Wahonet golf course, clubs in hand, intent on the game. Ahead, the long grassy slopes were broken here and there by the sharp outlines of slim cedar trees, giving, in the way the dull green cut the blue, a suggestion of Italy's cypresses standing against a sky of deeper tone. Far and near they grew, trooping in long lines up the side of a hill, or standing by crumbling stone fences, and they lent a certain poignant charm to all the landscape. One of the least cedars of all grew invitingly near a great flat gray rock, half buried under running blackberry vines and low fern. The temptation was too much for Frances Wilmot, and she sank down on the stone in happy weariness, leaning gratefully against the little tree.

"Do you think anything bad will happen if we rest a few minutes?" she demanded, and by way of answer, Alice Bevanne followed through the fern tangle and sat down by her side. Frances noted with delight that the girl's fair hair and faintly flushed cheeks looked somewhat demoralized by fresh air and exercise.

"Why is it," Alice asked shyly, "that you always bring an atmosphere of your own to everything? It seems to me that you live apart in a world of wonder and mystery, where the beautiful things come true."

"I live in the same world you live in," said Frances Wilmot, laughing, and placing on the pale hair a poet wreath of green fern leaves; but the crowned head shook in slow dissent.

"You have some enchanted sense of

things, and you would be just like the princess of the fairy stories if" —

"If" —

"You are too wise. You look like the princess, but I am more like her inside, for I can only feel, and you can think, too. And then you change too much for the princess, for she always wears the same sweet smile, while you are never quite the same twice."

"Perhaps I have a touch of the dragon and a dash of the old witch," suggested Frances.

"You are different with different people," said Alice sagely. "With me you are always sweet and serious and real, but when other people are near you keep saying little keen, humorous things as if you were n't in earnest, and I always wonder why."

"Nature, little Alice," said the Southern girl, bending to kiss the parted hair, "has given to each animal some protective armor: to the tortoise, its shell; to the porcupine, its quills; why should woman be left defenseless?"

"There!" cried Alice triumphantly, "that is just the look I mean. It is the expression you have, well, when you talk to Alec, for instance."

"I did not know it," said Frances Wilmot gravely; and even as she spoke she saw him far off on the green slope, coming slowly toward them. They waited in silence on the rocks, watching.

To Alice Bevanne the sojourn of this Southern girl at the Emerson Inn was like a dream come true. She had lived the twenty years of her life in an old yellow house on a crossroad, set, with a row of locust trees at one side, at the end of a driveway of broken poplars. Year after year the paint had worn away from the

house, and the branches had fallen from the scraggly trees. Prosperity had long deserted the Bevanne homestead; what little money there was had to be devoted to Alec's education, and there was not enough to send the fair-haired daughter of the house even to boarding-school. All that was left her the invalid mother bestowed upon her child: the training of a gentlewoman, and her hardly acquired sense of the peace of letting go.

Frances Wilmot, one of the rare women on whom the gift of happiness and the gift of sympathy have been bestowed at the same time, had divined the whole story after one quick glance at the worn carpets and the pale faces of mother and daughter, and Alice was brought to share, so far as was possible, the Southern girl's free life of wood and shore. Frances must have some one to ride with her; would Alice mind learning? The woodland roads were surpassingly beautiful, and Mr. Phipps happened to have in his stable one horse that would be just right for a beginner. Alice made merry with the guests who danced in gowns of pink or white or green at the Inn under the dull rafters in the evening, or tossed out over the waves in white-sailed boats, following the flight of the gulls, or drove through long mornings by hidden roads where ferns dipped their pale green fronds into tiny brooks trickling over the wayside rocks. No motion that her hostess made escaped her; the young girl's eyes followed her with a look that enveloped her as with sunshine. Whether she wakened the place to music, or arranged flowers in just the right places, — great bowls of yellow roses against deep blue or dull green portières, or clusters of fern against the yellow wall, — Alice Bevanne watched and understood. Color and fragrance and beauty flooded the starved little life.

"Who owns all this?" asked Frances Wilmot, as the young man strolled up, fresh and smiling in his well-cut golf suit of gray chevrot.

"Oh, our friends the Warrens," he answered, throwing himself upon the

grass near by. "Nearly half the county belongs to them. I used to call the estate 'Bare-acres,' after Thackeray, you know; only I spelled it B-e-a-r. To tell the truth the elder Mr. Warren was something of a bear. And speaking of the Warrens, it is a great pleasure to us to think that such friendly relations have been established; I cannot help feeling that it is in some way partly due to you. They are old enemies of ours, hereditary, you know; it's a sort of a Montague and Capulet affair."

"If you go on like this," said Frances with the sudden flash of her smile across a face alive with mischief, "I shall have to bring a book of 'One Hundred Useful Literary Allusions' in order to understand you. I have n't a doubt I could find one at the Inn."

Then she was sorry, not because the young man's face changed, but because she caught Alice Bevanne's eyes, which always gave her a look of knowing more than she ought of hidden human motive.

"I did not know that there had been enmity," she said hastily. "What caused it? Did some very early wicked Warren lay hands on his neighbors' barns?"

Alec Bevanne shook his head.

"Nobody knows the whole story, but from early days there has been outspoken enmity, and as boys young Warren and I struck out, like many warriors of larger growth, in a quarrel which we did not understand. It has always been more or less of a mystery, though I believe it began with something akin to murder, certainly with blood-shedding."

"I think it was some dispute about land," suggested Alice Bevanne.

"It is really very nice of them to be so friendly," said the young man. "And are n't they interesting as a family? Mrs. Warren is charming."

"I won't tell him that the impression is mutual, because he ought n't to be talking about them," mused Frances Wilmot.

"I find Uncle Peter a perpetual delight as a study, and I marvel at their patience with him. Young Warren is a fine fellow. I like that touch of the ancestral bear in

him, don't you? though it is rather a pity that he has cut himself off from all social life."

"I really had not thought about it," said the girl coldly. "I'm not very well acquainted with Mr. Warren. He seems to belong to a type of man that is fast dying out; and personally I like it better than the kind that plays the guitar and reads Ouida. He is a very quiet person."

"He's tremendous down under," said Alice Bevanne, "like some smothered elemental force,— perhaps a tidal wave that has n't got started."

Frances looked quickly at her with puzzled eyes.

"Pshaw!" said Alec Bevanne, "that's just what he is n't! He's a man who has worn all the elemental forces out of himself, studying. Dresses oddly, does n't he?"

Frances Wilmot looked lazily across the sunlit field and yawned.

"Mr. Warren looks as if his ancestors had been well enough dressed to allow him to be a bit oblivious in regard to his clothes. Let's change the subject: don't you like these old, rocky, fern-haunted New England fields, with their 'gadding vines' and their silences? There is nothing like them anywhere."

A tiny wild rabbit crept round the edge of a rock not far away, and stood, all a-quiver, with front paws slightly lifted, gazing with eyes that begged to know if danger were near. Catching those of Alice Bevanne, it stood, transfixed, and then came softly forward as if it had found there an invitation too sweet to be withstood. The beckoning motion of the girl's white hand, however, startled the little wild creature, and it ran a few steps, looking back over its shoulder with a glance that she could not resist, and she was off, halfway across the field, following the gay feet of her new friend as they leaped capriciously here and there.

"Alice was always like that," said her brother, as the two watched her. "She can tame anything under heaven. I fancy

she will come back with bunny riding on her shoulder."

"I don't wonder," said the girl. "I should go to her if I were wild."

"Miss Wilmot," said the young man abruptly, "may I consult you on a personal matter? I know I ought not to intrude, and yet I trust your insight completely."

"Do you?" said the girl, surprised, and off her guard.

"More than you know," he answered warmly. "You know how matters are with me: I'm in a small place where I have n't half a chance, but where I've taken a certain hold, have got a sort of influence, you know."

He looked inquiringly at her; she nodded, and moved the slightest bit farther away upon the stone.

"Now a good chance has come for me to go to a larger place. It means everything, from the point of view of ambition, you know: more money, wider scope, and, something for which I care very much, charming social life. But the mud-stricken little town down in Alabama haunts me; I mean something there, and a few hungry souls have been good enough to say that I mean food to them. Now, what shall I do?"

The bright blue eyes were full of eloquent appeal; the whole face quivered, perhaps partly with a sense of the moment's dramatic value.

"I think, Mr. Bevanne," she said slowly, "that the question is one which you ought to ask your own soul and not mine."

"But a woman sees so much more clearly the spiritual values of things," he answered, wondering at finding a feminine conscience which refused to act as leader to the man in a moral crisis.

"I think, from the very way you have told me, that you see the spiritual values here very clearly."

"Perhaps I need a little moral impetus," he answered. "And I thought you might be interested; it is the South, you know."

"I should be sorry to bring undue influence to bear on a man in making him decide the right," said the girl, smiling. "It is a pity to deprive anybody of a chance to show what strength is in him."

It was Alice Bevanne, coming back without the gray rabbit, who rescued him from the embarrassment caused by the girl's refusal to take a personal attitude toward his predicament; and the rescue was no less grateful to Frances than to him. She rose, holding out both hands to her friend.

"You have saved us from abstractions; now let's use our muscles."

The caddy rose from the ground where he had been lying at a discreet distance, shouldered his burden, and led them to pastures new.

XII

Lazily Paul Warren paced the garden paths, his hands loosely clasped behind him, warm sunshine on his untroubled face. To the young recluse these summer days were like the coming in of sudden light on life, for it was as if, from mazes and tangles of the mind, he had chanced suddenly upon a world of beauty, where unseen paths lay clear. The rare sunlight of a yet undiscovered youth dawned for him on sea and distant mountain toward the north and the dear green meadows between; and he sniffed the roses about the old porch with the feeling that a new sense had been granted him. Slowly he was learning to understand all things that live: the old dog, stretched out on the sun-warmed step; the cows, wandering over fresh green grass, or standing knee-deep in placid water; the wood thrushes calling to one another in the cool of late afternoon. There was an amazing simplicity, after all, about the great lesson of beauty; and the old, old, elemental truths, which had been true all the time he had been thinking, were his at last.

The woman who had roused him from his old melancholy was naturally much in his mind; and when he met her by the

box border of one of the ancestral flower beds he was hardly conscious that the picture in his mind had changed to that of actual vision.

"I am afraid that I am intruding," she said as she faced him. "Some one told me that you were not at home to-day."

"Certainly you are not intruding," he answered.

"The Lady from Boston wanted to make a polite call, and I came with her. I've escaped for a few minutes to see about a fern that Andrew promised me. I am very fond of the garden, you know."

"Women and gardens," he observed, "have always had a peculiar affinity, from the dawn of time."

She did not deign to answer him for a moment, but stood, silently fingering the petals of a great tiger lily, which grew erect and tawny among its fellows.

"That reproach," she said at length, "comes badly from either man or the serpent. Which part are you playing?"

By way of answer he merely laughed, and side by side they wandered down the long path in silence. It was a hazy July afternoon, a day for the weaving of dreams or the casting of spells. Through the warm air came the murmur of bees, and the wind that touched the eyelids was fresh and sweet from the sea.

"What are you thinking?" asked the girl at length.

"I was merely wondering," he answered, stopping by a row of sweet peas that fluttered like butterflies pausing on wings of purple or rose color or white by the dull cedar hedge, "if Adam saw the flowers of the Garden before Eve was created."

"Perhaps the apple blossoms," said Frances mischievously; and with that they came to an old apple tree, gray-green against the soft blue sky, its branches alive with the murmur of wind and of sea.

"Did it ever occur to you, Thinker," she demanded, "that the tree of knowledge was not the tree of life? Did you know that there were two in the Garden of Eden?"

"No," he admitted. "I was taught but one."

"I thought so!" she cried triumphantly. "That partly accounts for you. But they were distinct and separate, and, so far as I can tell, our forefathers and foremothers might have gone on forever eating of the tree of life if they had not eaten of the tree of knowledge first. Oh, I can forgive them for eating, but I cannot forgive them for choosing the wrong tree."

He plucked a little hard green apple and gave it to her.

"Serpent!" she said, as she turned it over and over in the palm of her white hand. "Knotty, and hard, and sour, from the tree of knowledge. If they had only known enough to nibble one wee bit from the leaves of the tree of life!"

"Living forever in a garden would have been a bit wearisome, would n't it?" he ventured.

"Living, no!" she said with a little stamp. "Thinking, groping about, yes. Please shut your eyes."

He did so.

"What do you hear?"

"Bees, and soft waves, and a voice that is like music."

"What do you see? Keep your eyes shut."

"A shimmer of blue and of green, with the flowers of the garden resting against it; and what else I see I shall not tell."

The girl nodded with satisfaction.

"You are coming to your senses, Ghost," she said. "I mean, in the real, not the usual, acceptance of the term."

Not far from the apple tree, in a quiet corner where a few straggling scarlet poppies burned on the summer air, was an old wooden rustic seat, and Frances Wilmot dropped into it with a sigh of pleasure.

"The Lady from Boston has n't finished looking over the old punch bowls yet: do you think she has?"

"I am sure she has not," said Paul Warren, sitting down on the grass, with a like sense of weariness and of delight. "Did it ever occur to you that your wis-

dom is based too much on mere temperament?"

"And what is your philosophy," she retorted, "but temperament — in a formula?"

He laughed, the sudden laugh of sheer pleasure that nothing but this girl's sauciness had ever won from him.

"It is a story-book day," said Frances Wilmot, following with her eyes the motion of the slow white clouds on the horizon. "It is the kind of a day that makes you feel that beautiful things will happen: the giant will forget his plan of having little boys and girls for supper, and the dragon will dream instead of going a-hunting."

"Tell me a story," said the man, from the grass.

"I did not know you cared for them."

"You evidently do not know me," he answered.

Leaning back she pondered, the flickering light and shadow of a slim young locust falling on her bare head, and after a few minutes began:—

"Once upon a time there was a land beautiful beyond the power of the tongue to say, with soft green meadows where deep grass waved all day long in summer, and straggling fences where slim poplars stood, white, with a shower of pale green leaves against the blue sky. It had a long coast line, curving beach of yellow sand and high-piled, dull red rocks or gray between the blue of the water and the green of the meadows by the sea. Somewhere there were mountains all softly wooded, and there were loveliest pasture lands green and gray. Over it all blossomed flowers, crocus and violet and mayflower in the spring, and pink wild roses and scarlet poppies in summer, and golden-rod with the coming of fall.

"Now, it was a land on which there was a spell. Some old irony of the gods lay across it like a mocking smile, and its beauty of color and of sound when the sea sang round it and the wind murmured in the trees — beauty to the breaking of the heart — was holden from the people

who lived there. The fates which preside over the puzzles of men's hearts had set their folk to weaving little webs all out of their own brains: little gray gossamer webs which they kept tying, tying across their eyes; fine little webs of brown which they kept weaving, weaving across their ears; heavy webs of slaty drab with which they covered their fingers, so that eyes and ears and finger tips were blinded. Day after day and year after year they sat in their houses and spun and spun and wove and wove, all in the dark; and they moved along the sweet green leafy lanes with groping hands, and the bobolinks went mad on the meadow grasses because they could not make men hear, and the little winds sighed and wailed because men were deaf to the music that they made in the leaves, and the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea met in sorrow because men were blind. Then the fates which preside over the puzzles of men's hearts leaned back and chuckled, for of all the games that they could play they liked the Tantalus game the best."

As the girl's voice ceased, a great bumble-bee took the story up and noisily added a few remarks; a tiny yellow warbler chirped a few notes, and the little breeze in the locust whispered a few bits of story, until the man sitting on the grass continued the tale.

"So it lasted until one day a wise enchantress came wandering up the shore. She was a lazy enchantress who neither toiled nor spun, but walked idly through the meadows while all good maids and matrons were busy with their webs."

"Why did she come?" asked Frances. "I like to have everything definite in my stories."

"For mischief," he answered, "to break up the gray color and to upset the old order which was so comfortable and so even."

"Which way did she come?" There was a touch of defiance in the voice that asked the question.

"She came from the South, trailing her long robes after her; and, though she was

all in white, there was always about her an iridescence of color as if her beauty broke the white light a thousand ways, to gold and violet and crimson and blue."

"I should never have supposed that you could tell a fairy story so well," said Frances, yawning.

"I am quite susceptible to influences of style," he answered, and took up the tale again.

"They called her the Opener of Doors, for every moment spent with her was like the throwing wide of doors and windows looking out on life and beauty. And her voice worked mischief with the hearts of men, for the melody of summer days had got into it: of the wind running through the deep meadow grass and making it wave in great ripples; of bees and dragon-flies humming in the warm air; of leaves on poplar tree and locust, vibrating to unseen touches; and at the sound, thoughts and feelings that had been safely shut up for years ran out through door and window, nor could any one tell that it was not wind and bee and dragon-fly that called. Then she began with her white fingers to untie the webs: the gray webs across the eyes, the brown webs across the ears, and the slaty-drab webs wound about the fingers; and the sight of the eyes and the hearing of the ears followed the untying. There was trouble enough in the land when the old ways were undone and this woman had set her touch of wildness there; for there was pain in waking to see the color of the world and to hear its music."

"I think I don't care to hear about her," said Frances. "She was a troublesome old witch, who meddled too much with other people's affairs."

"It is not polite to get tired before the story is done," said the story-teller, watching her from the shadow of the locust on the grass; "and this one is not done, it is only begun."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the girl. "I never did like my fairy tales too long."

"Yes, she made trouble," the man went on, "for wherever she went she wakened

hunger in men's hearts: hunger for joy, for the gold light on the edge of things, for escape from the conscience-haunted, dim, gray, cobwebby, world, to a land where the heart would not ache with sorrow, and where tears would not come to the eyes."

"Then she was a poor, ignorant enchantress," said the girl softly, "for it is good for tears to come to the eyes: they make the vision of beauty more clear."

XIII

Robin Hood was hunting for his master. There were certain lanes and far fields where John Warren had loved to walk, which his dog now patrolled faithfully, at irregular intervals, hoping to surprise his master there at sunrise or in the late afternoon. He spent only part of his time at the house, sitting always when there at one corner of the great veranda, or lying in the grass near by, where he could watch the long driveway under the overarching elms. Very wistfully he gazed at every carriage that drew near and at the figures that alighted; never the right one came. The old dog slept lightly, starting up nervously from his dreams if a footfall sounded that had in it any echo of his master's step, and flinging himself to fuller length on ground or floor when a second echo showed him that he was mistaken,—watching, watching, with half opened eyes. He admitted no one to his friendship, the experience through which he was passing seeming to justify his worst suspicions of mankind; and he gave but uncertain obedience to the people who issued orders to him, for the voice which he knew was right was silenced forever, and he listened to these new, unauthorized commands with a certain skeptical lifting of the ears.

One day Robin whimpered long at the door of the library, scratching with eager paws and begging to be admitted. Paul, who was inside, presently opened the door to him, and the old dog rushed joyfully

in, sniffing at chair and table, and at the papers lying on the desk in the corner.

"Poor old fellow," said Paul, patting his head; but the dog shrank away suspiciously from the caress; not until John Warren's absence was accounted for should they place cajoling hands on him! He lay down under the desk where Paul was busy with his father's papers, giving a little whimper now and then as the unfolding of one after another brought back to his dog-sense his master's very presence. One yellow folded paper fluttered to the floor as a bundle of letters from the farthest pigeon-hole was untied. Robin laid his paws lovingly upon it, and, stretching out his head, half fell asleep, dreaming of happier days.

Paul was going slowly through his father's papers, shrinking often from the touch, which brought with it a new sense of hurt. He could not bear the sight of the fine, soft dust already gathered there, wearing, he half fancied, a certain symbolic expression which made it differ from the dust gathered on the possessions of the living. Everything was in good order: important mortgages and deeds were in the safe built into the wall behind a swinging bookcase. Here in the desk were only old letters and documents that showed the interests and the pleasures of scores of years ago: faded programmes from Washington theatres of plays given there when John Warren had been congressman; memoranda of articles to be bought,—a copy of Moore's poems, for instance, and a diamond ring. Paul smiled as he read the latter item, little likely to be forgotten, and written there probably only for the lover's pleasure in putting down the words. That ring was on his mother's hand to-day. The young man found a thousand hints and suggestions that connected his father's experience with his own: bits of verse that recalled the manuscripts kept under lock and key in his own room; keen hints of criticism of books lately read, and here and there a faded flower. The look in Robin Hood's blinking eyes and that in

his master's were very near akin in tenderness as the work went on; to John Warren's son it seemed as if he himself had traveled all that long way and were only now remembering.

He tied up the bundles neatly, as he had found them, and in doing so for the first time noticed the letter that had fallen to the floor and was lying under the paws of Robin Hood, who whimpered over it mournfully. The old dog growled as it was drawn away; would they take from him even this last bit of paper that bore his master's touch? As he carelessly opened it the young man quickened to sudden interest and read it, half protesting with himself against his own act. He looked at the signature, and re-read it, then sat gazing at it with the expression of a man on whom light had fallen where he had been groping in the dark.

It was an impassioned love-letter, — apparently a first avowal, for the words came thick and fast as if they had long been choked back, — from the father of Alec Bevanne to Mrs. Warren. It bore the date of the year of her marriage, and must have been written when she was a bride, and when Frederick Bevanne was still a bachelor.

"Whatever you may say of right and wrong," the hot words ran, "and I know by the look of your sweet face that you will have much to say of them, I know only this: I cannot live without you, I cannot, I cannot. If I may not be near you, always, while I breathe, I shall fling myself into the ocean. If you will come to me and escape the prison in which you are shut, I will make your life a long dream of beauty."

Paul turned the letter over and over in his hands, and caught sight of a brief memorandum on the back, written there in faded ink: "Brought me by my wife."

John Warren's son started as if smitten by a blow, and a thrill of fear ran along his nerves. What might have been, what had been, the effect of this insult upon his father, whose sense of honor had been keen to morbidness, whose anger, when

roused, had been unappeasable? Robin's vague sense of trouble, stimulated by the look on his young master's face, broke out into a mournful howl whose echoes sounded full of memories of old quarrels, fierce and never ended. The very clock in the corner seemed touched by the mystery, and ticked away in solemn questions, to which no answer came. Paul searched pigeon-hole and corner for further records which might throw light upon this one, and, finding nothing, almost groaned in relief, glad not to know what had befallen. At last he half understood the look upon his dying father's face, and knew that this had been placed among offenses not to be forgiven.

He picked up the letter in gingerly fashion and flung it into the fireplace, then touched it with a match and watched it turn to black tinder, marveling as he did so at that hot Gallic blood to which love had been as a quick flash in the pan, dangerous, but probably soon over; then he shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of relief. What had he to do with the Bevannes, with old quarrels and old mistakes? Nothing, and less than nothing. All this had gone away into oblivion, and he would keep no record of refuse bits of experience which were fit for nothing save to be cast out and thrown away. Why must the shadow of the past fall so persistently on present days, he asked himself with a touch of irritation? What could burn away from his memory, as the flame had burned the letter, the needless and meaningless pain of all his life? To the awakened soul within him it seemed as if brave days and kindly deeds and long sunlit spaces might be his portion if but the impossible could happen and he could forget.

Outside it was full summer, with all its splendor of deep leafage, of wide fields of golden, ripening grain, and of wild red August lilies blooming in the wayside grass; but in the heart of the man it was earliest spring, when the first flush of color comes to the topmost twigs, and a ripple of pale green runs along old boughs.

He dimly remembered, as one recalls something observed but not understood, how April came to the old house, stealing in sweet odors down long passage-ways, and flinging her banners of pink blossom from the decaying peach trees in the garden. A sense came to him of green springing about the feet along worn pathways, of new flickering shadows on tender grass, of the beat of bluer wings against the blue. An April mood came knocking at the doorways of his soul, crying out that the past should be but the rich soil in which delicate things might bloom for him, while life became as sudden song from the old eaves at dawn.

He roused himself from his reverie with an apprehension of danger. Must he not bar window and doorway to shut the intruder out before it was too late? He paused, in his hand a faded flower that had fallen from his father's papers, and something thrilled through him as the wind thrills through poplar leaves, making music there. His father had been free to love; why not he? Ah, no, he was apart from other men and must abide his fate! What had he to offer that radiant creature, whose voice was as earth's hidden music made audible, and whose dusky hair made a dark glory against the blue of the sky, save the gloom of these old walls, a moody and discouraged lover, and Uncle Peter? The race was run out, Paul told himself, leaning back in his great leather chair, the old unreasonable habit of accepting the past as final in his life being too strong to break. They had never in their best days made happy homes, these Warrens; now he — the last of all, on whom the blighting melancholy of the family had descended, he who was impotent to achieve or to care greatly about achievement — would never ask where he could never give.

Would young Bevanne win there, he asked himself — for he had long ago divined the secret all too easily betrayed by the ardor of his young neighbor's eyes. Paul grew hot at the thought, then reflected, not without satisfaction, that a

comparatively obscure young college professor would have little chance of winning the Southern beauty. Why was it, he impatiently asked himself, clasping his hands behind his head and thrusting an ottoman away with his foot, that when he fancied himself ready to go out with the olive branch to his father's old enemies, this persistent distrust of the present representative of the family waxed and grew? The very thought of his young neighbor roused dislike. He objected to the blue eyes, the over-ready smile, the professional vocabulary of long words, the slightly exaggerated courtesy. Paul smiled at himself, becoming for the moment a disinterested spectator of the workings of his own mind. Was his father's fiery indignation against the Bevannes descending upon him, who had all his life long watched it with a feeling of amused pity?

Again he came back to his own problem, resolved to reason the matter out once for all with his own soul. Of his morbidness in shrinking from the full measure of human existence his intellect was fully aware, yet this did not keep him from a resolve to withhold his hand lest in touching sacred things he should too greatly fail. It was no renunciation of a meagre nature, but of one rich and full, smitten now with a man's hunger and thirst. Aware of the folly of scruples in an age when greatness of success seems proportioned to lack of scruple, and cursing himself as a Puritan born out of his time, he faced his inner fear, — fear of bringing misery where most he loved, of handing the terrors of the past down to unborn generations to whom life might come as a curse. Wearily he trod his old circle back to his starting-point, wondering again at the deep irony that from those to whom the doing of the right was the one supreme thing the right should be veiled beyond human ken.

"Give us more insight, O Lord, or less," he groaned aloud, and Robin Hood blinked in understanding.

Yes, he would retire to the innermost

recesses of his soul: drawbridge and moat and barricade should be made ready to repel this foe. Then, after fleeing thither, manlike, he courted danger, and came out for parley and for conference, yearning to feel the thrill of peril, and dauntlessly brooding over the quiver of Frances Wilmot's mouth, the rustle of her gown. Think! he could not think! Reason and will had departed together; young tendrils seemed touching eye and ear; unseen blossoms opening just beyond his vision; and all along the trodden paths of thought hid violets in sudden bloom.

XIV

There was an almost paternal solicitude in the feeling of Paul Warren toward Alec Bevanne, after reading the letter which had betrayed the tragedy of almost thirty years ago. Sympathy with his own father, whose heart's core had been eaten for so long a time by hidden hatred, mingled with anxiety for this young neighbor, with his inheritance of weakness and of treachery; and the measure of his pity for the son was the measure of his contempt for the father. For one with a taint like that in his blood the fight toward high standards of honor must be hard indeed: a keener anxiety than he was wont to feel regarding the inner problems of other people possessed him in the presence of this man.

It was a day of a long sail and of a picnic on a white sand beach a dozen miles away. Mrs. Warren had begged for it; there were peculiar shells to be found there, and the breakers were fine; did not Paul think that everybody would like it? Mr. Bevanne had said that it would be charming. Paul, inwardly groaning, made ready with a cheerful face: it was not for him to check, even by a look, the gayety of fifty years. Thus it happened that he found himself piling sticks in company with the son of his father's old enemy, and peacefully boiling water in a copper saucepan over the flame that

leaped high from the level sand, flickering against the blue; and he smiled grimly as he took his turn in stirring up the fire with a long oaken staff.

"This is what Christianity and civilization have brought us to," he said to himself, humorously watching the handsome pink face and the smiling blue eyes. "Instead of my steel at his throat he finds my sandwich in his hand, and munches with the happy abandon of six years."

Gentle pleasure beamed from Mrs. Warren's sweet blue eyes as she watched her son; she had never learned to discriminate between his smiles. The new tenderness in his manner toward her lent warmth to the sunshine, and she thrilled with the thought that he and she were making these people happy, — happy in the old way of her girlhood. Unhesitatingly she bade them spread her dainty damask on the white sea sand, and she recklessly placed upon it fragile cups of white and gold taken from an old-fashioned wicker basket. The thin, rosy, flaky ham, the firm, white chicken, the great plums with violet bloom, the early, ruddy peaches, and, above all, the fragrant coffee, satisfied the standard of her earlier days as to what a picnic should be. A rare flush of excited pleasure stained her cheeks: she was glad that Mr. Bevanne was having such a good time in devoting himself to Miss Wilmot, whom Paul was treating with marked neglect. A girl like that ought always to have young men at her feet.

It was Uncle Peter, however, to whom the occasion brought the greatest intoxication of delight; he enjoyed himself even enough to talk with Alice Bevanne.

"You — are n't interested in heredity, I believe," he said, as he nibbled the last crumbs of his luncheon from his fringed napkin, and looked up at her as she sat above him on a throne of sand.

"Oh yes, indeed I am," she answered.

"I've never heard you speak of these matters."

"I'm interested in many things that I don't speak of," she said, laughing.

"Now, I'm not," asserted Uncle Peter stoutly. "I believe in opening out to your kind, in giving all you have. Well, you have some splendid bits of history in your family. There's French blood there, as of course you know. You are naturally acquainted with the story of your ancestress who played so heroic a part during the Revolutionary war?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"Tell it," begged Frances Wilmot from her pile of sand, but Alice Bevanne shook her head.

"Mr. Warren must tell it; I should only spoil it."

Uncle Peter was only too ready.

"Why, one of the ancestresses of this young lady — let me see, it must have been her great-great-grandmother — defended a house for a couple of hours against the redcoats and fired again and again with her husband's old shooting rifle. Came out of it with her hair partly burned off and her face all smoked, and fell on her husband's neck with her baby in her arms when the rescuing party came; then she fainted. Touching story, is n't it?" Uncle Peter passed a silk handkerchief across his eyes. "I — I feel these things very much myself."

"That's a beautiful story!" cried the Southern girl.

"What did that woman look like?" asked Paul, glancing at Alice Bevanne as she sat with her fine profile and smooth, parted hair silhouetted against the blue water.

"How should I know?" answered Uncle Peter, indignantly. "I was n't alive. You youngsters all think your elders were witnesses of what happened before Methuselah was born!"

"There are pictures, you know," suggested Paul apologetically.

"Oh, that is what you mean! Well, I cannot tell you, but I fancy that she did not look much like this young lady."

"I fancy that she did," said Frances.

"Imagine her firing a gun!" jeered Uncle Peter, looking at the girl's slender hands that hung loosely in her lap.

"I can fancy her firing a gun, or a powder mine, if it were necessary," said the Southern girl saucily; "not that she would do it for pleasure."

Uncle Peter shook his head as he rose.

"I am afraid that you have not a very deep insight into character; one would hardly expect it of a young lady with so many charms;" and he made a deep bow. "Now the reading of character is one of my strong points, and I can see in Miss Bevanne a most devoted domestic personage, but hardly a warrior."

The girl was looking at them with her humorous little smile, aloof, as if she were the last person to be concerned in this discussion of herself, in which she claimed no place, even by the quiver of an eyelid.

They turned and went their several ways, to walk on the firm sea sand or to climb the heights beyond the beach. It was a brilliant day, clearest, bluest of all, and the crisp air stung freshly on brow and cheek, while out and out, far as the eye could reach, the great, even breakers came rolling in, falling into white foam, — the nearer ones translucent green, the farther purple-tinged. As close to the ripple of the waves as she could safely step went Frances Wilmot, gathering, from wet sand or dry, frail white wave-beaten shells, and holding them in her hands with a fine sense of their symbolism. Her sea treasures she heaped at the feet of Mrs. Warren, who sat shading her eyes as she looked out over the great water, wondering why it seemed so much more beautiful and more friendly than of old.

Meanwhile, wilted and wan, to the top of the grass-grown promontory at the left wearily climbed Uncle Peter, for the gay mood was gone, and the droop of the wrinkles at the corners of his mouth betrayed the inward man. Always black melancholy sat croaking near, ready to flap her raven wings at slight provocation about Uncle Peter's head, for a time, at least, and she was flapping them lustily now, because of Paul's careless question. Paul had broken in upon a mood that was all compact of youth with an inquiry

which suggested in him remote age, and this in the presence of Miss Wilmot! It was not all resentment against Paul, however, which filled his thought: this momentary conviction of age always brought with it a sense of a life spent without its proper dues.

It was at the top of the cliff that he met Alec Bevanne, who was having a brief run for exercise, and who stopped, panting, a vivid red coming and going in his cheeks.

"Are n't you feeling well?" asked the young man, halting as he saw the other's face.

"As well," answered Uncle Peter, out of the gloom, "as a victim of both God and man could be supposed to feel."

"Now, Mr. Warren, what have you got against God and man?" asked Alec Bevanne good-naturedly. He liked Uncle Peter, and always found any kindness shown him more than repaid in amusement.

The old man folded his arms, unconsciously taking the attitude which he had more than once seen assumed by the villain on the stage.

"God has given me an undeserved inheritance of — of tendencies," he remarked, "and man has taken from me the possessions that were mine by hereditary right."

Alec Bevanne slipped his hand through the misanthrope's arm.

"Great-great-grandfather Warren troubling you to-day?" he asked jocosely.

"He is always troubling me," said Uncle Peter. "In my soul of souls I feel him crouching, ready to spring."

"Well, what about your other trouble? Pour it all out, and you will feel better."

The words were comforting, and the wavering mind of Uncle Peter wavered assent.

"It is something I would not tell everybody, but you have a face to be trusted. I should confide in that face if I met it disembodied in the Desert of Sahara!"

"All right! Go ahead!"

"It is about my property," said the old man in a whisper, "wrested, wrested away."

"How's that?" said Alec, drawing him into a brisk walk.

"Simply defrauded of my birthright, that is all, Mr. Bevanne! I was the elder son, and yet Paul's father, my younger brother John, got it all, except an annuity to me. When John died, I naturally expected some readjustment of affairs, but no! The same annuity comes, and Paul, it seems, steps into his father's whole estate. There has been fraud somewhere; now tell me, whose was the fraud?"

"Oh no! You take too dark a view of it. If I were comfortable I should not worry about might-have-beens, though I admit that it looks queer."

Uncle Peter shook his head and dragged his companion into a slower walk.

"There's a mystery somewhere," he said simply; "I've suspected it all my life. Little hints out of my childhood come back: for instance, I remember, when my brother John was born, — an occasion which naturally made a great impression upon me, — going into the library and finding my father there with a tall man in black. They had some papers with them, and they stopped talking when I came in. I can remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday how my father put his hand on my head and said something about its being hard on somebody; I presume the experience through which I was passing made me extraordinarily sensitive to receive and to retain impressions."

"Is he bright?" the man said. My father shook his head. Until then I had thought that they were talking about me, and lately I have begun to suspect, in thinking it all over, that my first impression was right. The answer that that man made is still vivid in my mind, though it has puzzled me from that day to this: 'Then you will have less difficulty in carrying out your plan.' Now, Mr. Bevanne, what do you think of all this?"

The young man was whistling, and his

eyes were filled with amused wonder. Was this some of Uncle Peter's romancing, or had it really happened?

"I think," he answered, "that the whole thing is extraordinary, and some time I should like very much to hear more of it. But this is not a picnic mood. Down there I see Mrs. Warren and Miss Wilmot literally wasting their sweetness on the desert sand. Shall we join them?"

"Yes, by all means," assented Uncle Peter, with his wrinkled smile. "That's a charming girl! Now, if I were you!"

"If you were I," said Alec Bevanne, in sudden dejection, "you would probably be as big a fool as I am; but you are not I, so congratulate yourself."

It was while this conversation was going on that Paul Warren had climbed the high white sand dune guarding the beach, and had come full upon the tidal river that flowed here between sand-bound banks, blue toward a bluer sea. Long reeds and grasses, washed by tide waters, grew at its edge, and drooping willows dipped their pale green fronds into its intense color. There were ripples on its surface, and the reeds and grasses swayed; it was a day of strong breeze, and mighty waves, and heroic moods. Idly following the motion of the water, Paul became suddenly aware that Alice Bevanne was leaning against the golden-brown bark of one of the willows not far away, and with the sight of her he suddenly remembered one of the shadows that lay for him across the sun. Unobtrusively he watched her, full of a wistful desire to atone to her, through some finer shade of courtesy, for having had a father like that. To him she was as perfect an enigma as he had ever found: aloof, silent when he was near, she often watched him with those wonderful eyes which seemed to make her face all vision, yet persistently avoided him, probably because she could not so soon forget the family hate. Now, leaning as with the sudden abandon of utter weariness against the tree, with her hands clasped about the bark, she was looking down into the river. Soft gleams of brown and of gold came

from its pebbled depths; green reflections from the feathery leaves above quivered there, where the blue of the sky was mirrored back in softer, tenderer blue. So intent was the gaze of the girl's eyes that Paul could almost have believed her to be holding communication with some water spirit of the stream. The whole slender figure wore a curious expression, like the look he had more than once seen in her eyes, as of one who asked nothing and expected nothing, not even to understand. She had the face of one whom no fate could find unprepared.

"I must beg your pardon for disturbing you," he said, going near her. She looked up at him, unsmiling.

"You do not disturb me," she answered.

Something in the deep light of her eyes, which had failed to change so quickly the expression they had worn in gazing into the water, arrested him, and he paused on the bank.

"Miss Bevanne," he said, and then stopped abruptly.

"Yes?" asked the girl.

"There is something that I have wanted for a long time to say to you, and it has been difficult, for we are both a little shy," he said, with a boldness which dumbfounded himself. She did not answer him, but waited.

"You know something of the old enmity between your family and mine."

She bent her head in assent, and the strange, pale gold of her hair seemed to make a light about her.

"I hope," he added hesitatingly, "that for you, as for me, it is over. I hope that you do not share the old feeling, or connect it with me?"

The ghost of a little smile flitted across Alice Bevanne's pale face.

"Why do you ask that?" she said quietly. "Do I act like an enemy?"

He was puzzled for a minute, and colored in embarrassment.

"No," he answered, and was silent. Then, as they looked at each other, the girl's eyes wore the look of one about to

smile, but she did not. It was he who smiled.

"I have sometimes been afraid that I annoyed you," he said frankly. "It has seemed to me that you avoid me, and I have been wondering what I could do to make myself not entirely obnoxious. To me it seems best to let old grudges die, and I should like to be friends."

She did not change color, and yet so transparent here was the veil of flesh, that her swift change of mood seemed to leave a physical record in her face.

"I have not thought of you as an en-

(To be continued.)

emy, Mr. Warren," she said, holding out her hand.

He took it gladly.

"It may be an absurd fancy of mine; possibly it is a guilty conscience, or an ancestral guilty conscience, but I had imagined that you rather withdrew from any matter in hand, golf or tennis, or whatever it might be, if I was one of the players."

She smiled for the first time now.

"I think that you must forget your earliest acquaintance with me. Was I not always the little sister who watched, but did not play the game?"

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT

BY FREDERICK LAW OLNSTED

WHEN asked to write a paper relating to Village Improvement, I at once thought of a fragment of manuscript upon which I recently happened among the papers of my father, the late Frederick Law Olmsted, written perhaps fifteen or twenty years ago, but applying with more than passing appropriateness to the conditions of to-day.

"Fifty years ago," wrote my father, "I had a long day's walk with two other boys. As the sun passed behind the hills the road widened before us, the footpaths strayed out from the wheelway, stone walls and pasture lands gave place to picket fences, front dooryards, and houses. Gradually the opening way took the character of a narrow common in which there were great trees standing not at regular distances, not in lines quite straight. In the midst ran a narrow and rather dusty track for wheels, from which now and then branched loops and crossways. Near the fences the turf had been trodden out in broad footpaths from which others prim and straight led squarely off

to the house doors. The houses were some of one story, none of more than two. They were neither steep nor flat-roofed. They were without verandas, porches, umbras, awnings, hoods, or other outworks. Their gables had no overhang or emphasis, no verge boards, brackets, scroll work, or finials. Neither their windows nor the panes in them would be called large or small. Their glass was neither clear, stained, nor wrinkled. Their wooden walls were thin and weak and had been painted white. There were blinds to the windows painted green, but no sign of interior drapery. Yet with these common characteristics no two were quite alike; each had a certain air of unassertive individuality.

"There were two houses like unto the others in form, roof, windows, and paint, but larger and with belfries and spires showing them to be meeting-houses. An 'academy' and schoolhouses, an engine house and a hearse house, two or three small gambrel-roofed stores, were alike crude, simple, and uncouth. In the background there were barns and small out-buildings generally painted red, well-

sweeps, martin-boxes on masts, orchards, and glimpses of green fields and distant low mountains. Barefoot boys were driving cows through the streets loiteringly, and most of the grass had been cropped short by these wayfarers.

"There was a graveyard in which an old horse was seeking out such forage as could be found among the abundant asters and goldenrods, burdocks and mulleins, and boys and girls were looking for blackberries in the thickets obscuring the enclosing walls.

"We came to the house where we had been invited to 'pass the Sabbath.' Its occupants were three old maids, — two of them accounted rich. The third, their 'help,' sat with us at the table, and at our repast between meetings the next day made sharp comments on the sermon, starting a little discussion when one of the ladies read the 'actual words of God' in the original Greek; for these ladies were scholars, corresponded with scholars beyond the sea, and had fitted several poor young men for college, aiding them also in their after studies for the ministry.

"When we first came to their home, one was painting the kitchen floor, the other was carrying a basket and trowel, and snipping with garden scissors the straggling shoots of the bushes in the front dooryard. There was no man or boy about the house, yet at night the front door was left unlocked. There were nicely trimmed box borders, and rows of beautiful flowers, as well as tall bushes between the door and the street, and in a similar plat in the rear many more, mingling with current and raspberry bushes, fennel and asparagus.

"No rural cemetery, no village improvement association, no branch of the Art Decorative, no reading club for the art periodicals, no park or parklet, no soldiers' monument, no fountains, no florist's establishment, not a single glass house, no bedding plants, no ribbon gardening, no vases, no lawn mowers, no rustic work, nothing from Japan, in all the long street.

"Since then, I judge, all these things have come; the village is connected with the metropolis by railroad, it is enriched by summer visitors, a large hotel has been built, several retiring men have built very unretiring villas on the street, several of the old houses have been 'fixed up,' many fences have been taken down, tar walks have been laid, and correspondents of the press fill columns with reports of improvements.

"And yet no village abounding in the beauty that has come to us with these is as beautiful to me as was this of which I have described the more prominent objects. None has the attraction for an artist. None so engages the admiration of thoughtful travelers.

"The reason is no doubt a little complicated, but more than in anything else it lies in the fact that there was one consistent expression of character, and that character simple, unsophisticated, respectable.

"I confess that while I am pleased with all these things that have come in of late, and praise the work of architects and gardeners, engineers, and sanitary engineers, decorators, and æsthetes, I do not think that the villages which have gained most from them, or from the admirable labors of beauty-organizing women, are likely to impress visitors of the best intuition and the highest culture as pleasingly, gratefully, and hopefully as those of the general character and aspect I have endeavored to recall.

"There were then hundreds of villages of this general description, every one of which would now excite great admiration from men of good taste. They have now, at some points, taken on town airs, killing what remains of their former character; at other points, they have become neglected and slatternly. Lastly, the pursuit of beauty through decoration has set back any character they had, either as a local distinction, or as a class, which if found in Norway or Java would have been known as the beauty of an American village. The beauty, on the other hand, that

they have acquired is largely a common, extrinsic beauty, which might as well have been produced anywhere else. Much of it even would have been attainable, and may even be found in greater degree and measure on the outskirts of large commercial towns, and in European or Australian towns, as well as in New England or Maryland.

"What was the ancient beauty of an American village, with its bare, bleak, cheap, utilitarian structures, its cramped dooryards, its meagre and common ornaments, its fences and straightlacedness? The answer may be suggested by another question.

"Let a thing be supposed, of greater bulk than the largest of our fine Fifth Avenue private habitations, to have been made for a mere common purpose of trade by the work of many men, not one of them ranking among artists, not one of liberal education, men not at all delicate, not nicely fingered, not often even clean-handed; muscular, sweaty, and horny-handed; no small part of them rude and clumsy in their ways, tobacco-chewing, given to liquor, slang, and profane swearing. Suppose the thing so produced to have no beauty of carving or color, to be mainly smeared black and white, and any touch of decoration upon it to be more than barbarously childish and clumsy.

"It can hardly be easy for those who best represent what we have been more particularly gaining of late in æsthetic culture to believe that such work can have given the world a thing of supreme beauty. It will be still harder to realize that the coarse, rude, sensual men producing it had in general a deep artistic sense of its characteristic beauty, so that they would protest in stronger terms than Mr. Ruskin ever used, against the putting upon it of anything by which the rare refinement of it might be marred.

"Alas! that I must speak of this as of a lost art, for it is of the Baltimore Clipper of fifty years ago, the like of which will never again be seen, I speak. Will Mr. Peabody's bequest to Baltimore, or Johns

Hopkins', lead ever to one thing as beautifully adapted to its special purpose?

"I have seen a high-bred lady and a dull, low, degraded, and sodden seafaring laborer animated at the same instant by the same impulse of admiration, each exclaiming, 'The beauty! the beauty!' at the sight of a sailing ship. What is this admirableness, dependent on no single thing done for admiration, no decoration, no ornament, no color of splendor, of a sailing ship?

"Whatever else it may be in the last analysis, it cannot be separated from this fact, that a fine clipper ship, such as we had in America just come to build and rightly sail, when the age of such things passed away, was as ideally perfect for its essential purpose as a Phidian statue for the essential purpose of its sculptor. And it so happened that in much greater degree than it can happen in a steamship, or in the grandest architecture, the ideal means to this purpose were of exceeding grace, not of color, but of form and outline, light and shade, and of the play of light in shadow and of shadow in light. Because of this coincidence it was possible to express the purpose of the ship and the relation and contribution to that purpose of every part and article of her, from cleaving stem to fluttering pennant, with exquisite refinement. These qualities, with the natural stateliness of the ship's motion, set off by the tuneful accompaniment of the dancing waves, made the sailing ship in its last form the most admirably beautiful thing in the world, not a work of nature nor a work of fine art.

"If any reader doubts the fascination of this seafaring beauty, the grandeur of it, the refinement, the spur it gives to the imagination, let him read the stories of Clark Russell. But no writer, poet, or painter can ever have told in what degree it lay in a thousand matters of choice — choice made in view of ideal refinements of detail, in adaptation to particular services, studied as thoughtfully and as feelingly as ever a modification of tints on painter's palette. One needed but a little

understanding of the motives of seamanship to feel how in the hull every shaving had been counted, and how in the complicated work aloft every spar and cloth, block and bull's-eye, line and seam, had been shaped and fined and fitted to do the duty required of it in the most sinewy way. Phidias could not have told the special duty of every curve and line more beautifully. I have seen a boy rope's-ended for leaving on a rope's end a fray of twine that could not have been seen two yards away. Such untidiness was shockingly incongruous with the lovely form and fine array of the Anne McKim, and the mind too indolent to see this needed a stimulant.

"The beauty most to be desired in a chair is not beauty of carving, of penciling, or of weaving; in a house, not of jig-sawing, chiseling, or painting; in a lawn, not of shaven grass, of flowers, of twig-gage, or of leafage; in a road, not of flagging, curbing, guttering, and paving. The beauty most to be desired in towns and villages is no more the decorative beauty of our present flurry than that of a ship or of a horse.

"It would seem to have been thought by most of those who directly or indirectly lead village improvements that a choice of beauty is mainly a choice of embellishments. But by far the highest and choicest beauty is that of inherent and comprehensive character and qualities, and whatever of decoration hides this, or withholds attention from it, however beautiful in itself, is in effect a blemish. Many of us see this of late much better than formerly in respect to architecture. It is beginning, that is to say, to be realized that the work of the builder is not to decorate, 'but to expound, emphasize, and refine upon the work he did in his capacity of constructor, and to develop and brighten its effect.'

"Where the reverse of this occurs, as it yet does in the larger part of our buildings, private and public, we are beginning to recognize the putting away of beauty. A revival of good sense in this respect, even in railroad cars and stations, is so
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generally welcomed that we may hope to see it go on yet to steamboats and hotels.

"When, however, we have to deal not with stone and wood, iron and glass, in constructions, but with flowers and plants and trees, groves, woods, forests, hills and dales, mountains and valleys, as we have occasion to do in determining the sites of our houses, in arranging roads, laying out towns and villages, railroads, plantations, and fields, and in placing fences and gateways, fountains and monuments, how much are we given to asking what is to be the effect of our determinations upon the more important conditions of beauty? Is it to be that of emphasizing them, fixing them; or the reverse? Suppose that the general local beauty is but meagre, and that there are blemishes; are our plans laid to obscure and tone down these, and to develop, exalt, and hold the eye and the mind to what nature and circumstances not of our arrangement have provided that are inherently beautiful?"

And so, questioning, my text ends. But let us pursue the matter a little further.

I have in mind an "improved" village common which was, in its unregenerate state, a triangular plot having short-cut paths leading directly from one much frequented point to another, all but two of which had been planted with rows of trees, though most of them had become broken and discontinuous. The older trees were all elms, and along one side of the common there was a double row sufficiently complete to form a fine mall; but "improvers" of the last generation, seeking for variety, had replaced gaps among the elms with maples. They interrupted the sweep of the arched avenue of elms, and weakened it, without removing the impression that an avenue of elms was intended. Imperfection, not variety, was suggested by the maples, because they were introduced in a composition the chief characteristic of which was the ordered continuity of repeated forms.

The rough turf on the common was unsystematically and occasionally mowed,

for the absence of cows formerly allowed to graze here left the grass weedy and rank. Considerable patches were worn in the grass where the boys of the neighboring school played ball. A good deal of litter lay about the grass, and in one low corner water frequently stood in a stagnant pool. There was also a wooden pump, but the water had become of doubtful quality.

Now came an energetic spasm of Village Improvement. First and best, litter and paper were cleared away, barrels for such rubbish were set out (unfortunately of a bad color), lawns were systematically mowed, and the people persistently educated in neatness.

Next, the areas worn bare were seeded, but the boys promptly wore them out again, a difficulty that might perhaps have been met by frequently shifting the diamonds, to distribute the wear, without closing the common to ball playing, as was strongly urged by some of the improvers.

The next year a distinct embellishment was undertaken by excavating the objectionable wet spot, supplementing the uncertain natural water supply by a pipe discharging through a boulder rockery at one side of the pond; the rocks very prettily covered with ferns and nasturtiums, with water lilies planted in the pondlet, with shores enlivened by iris and other aquatic plants, all surrounded by a curving path, and a wire fence to keep the dogs away from the flowers. Another year flowering shrubs were introduced back of the rockery, making a strikingly picturesque, if somewhat "gardenesque," composition.

The well having been condemned, a wealthy summer resident gave a drinking fountain, the design for which was made by a clever Boston architect¹ based on an Italian fountain of which the donor gave him a photograph. This, too, was a very pretty thing, although its character had no more connection with that of the common at large than had the picturesque water-garden. The architect, feeling the

¹ Montgomery Schuyler.

need for some appropriate setting, prevailed upon the committee to grade a little terrace about the fountain and border it with a privet hedge, providing also a straight walk leading in at right angles from the nearest path, and continuing in the same line to the path on the opposite side. The two old paths to the pump had led in slantingly from the most convenient points, and another piece of fence had to be put up to keep people from breaking through the hedge and reverting to one of the old path lines. The old lines had looked reasonable enough with the old pump, but the architect was certainly right in feeling that they were quite too casual and informal to harmonize with the new fountain.

The Daughters of the American Revolution, in order to mark a point of historic interest, set up a large boulder bearing a bronze tablet. The inscription, by the way, was in "stock" lettering, which costs less than half as much as lettering designed for the special purpose, and has a very neat and business-like look, as though it were the product of a sort of gigantic typewriter.

In the meantime further decorative planting was undertaken. A weeping beech, three purple barberries, four golden elders, a Colorado blue spruce, several assorted conifers, six hydrangeas, and some good plants of native rhododendron, were set out. The purple barberries and the golden elders were grouped together (because they always do go together, you know), and pleasant open locations were selected for the others, where they could be readily seen. The local florist was an active and public-spirited member of the Improvement Association, and he has maintained for four years at his own expense, in the middle of the slope above the pondlet, a star and a crescent and a Maltese cross in bulbs, followed by summer bedding plants.

Now what is the net result of all this embellishment? The bit of rich informal gardenesque treatment round the lily pond looks lonely and ill at ease in its

simple and severe surroundings; the specimens of ornamental shrubs and trees dotted here and there are individually interesting, but inconsequential; the delicate and almost hyper-refined Italian fountain and the D. A. R. boulder stare each other out of countenance; and the old common, which forms the framework and background for all this decoration, is quite bewildered and befuddled. Its quiet open spaces are frittered away with decorations, the simplicity of its plain short-cut paths is at odds with the newer introductions, its old character is shattered, and in place of it no single character worthy of the name is to be recognized, but a series of samples suggesting half a dozen different characters, any one of which might, with good effect, be given to the tract, but none of which has been.

The only safe procedure, when one goes a single step beyond the neat and orderly provision for generally recognized practical necessities of the village, is to look fairly and squarely into the future, to adopt a definite and comprehensive plan and policy, and never to undertake or accept a project of improvement without earnestly and deliberately comparing its probable results with the aims of the general plan. However wise and comprehensive they may be, such general plans must from time to time be modified, but the modifications should be thoughtfully and deliberately accepted, not drifted into haphazard.

A savage, forced by the limitations of his condition, may live upon a spare and healthy diet. Give him the opportunities of civilization, and he will gorge himself

with indigestible combinations, selected at random from among the endless number of things that individually please his palate. The civilized man may be equally fond of the same things, but when he wants a good dinner he resolutely rejects nine tenths of the things which please him on the bill of fare, for the sake of adequately enjoying what he elects to have at that particular place and time.

What village improvers seem often to forget is that their selections from the bill of fare are not for a day only, but for many years, and must be considered in relation to the selections of the past and of the future for the locality in which they are to occur.

"Will it be beautiful?" should be asked as to any proposition for improvement, but it is not by any means the first question to be asked. "Is it in purpose and tendency aiming in the direction we have deliberately chosen?" "Is it appropriate to that particular kind of common, park, street, dooryard, or township, which we can reasonably look forward to having during the period in which the improvement will be effective?" These are the first questions to ask in such a case. They are often hard to answer, but real improvements are not made easily and thoughtlessly. Time, effort, and money expended on embellishments, without painstaking thought as to their ultimate result, are apt to be worse than wasted; while wise forethought as to purposes and tendencies may so shape the simplest utilitarian necessities of a village as to give it the beauty of consistency, harmony and truth.

SOME ASPECTS OF JAPANESE PAINTING

BY WALTER M. CABOT

I

Everything has its beauty, but not every one sees it. — *Confucius*.

"THERE are cases," says the critic Moto-ori, "in which a precise reproduction of a thing as it is in nature produces a bad picture unlike the object delineated. This is the origin of the conventions of the schools, and of the neglect by the masters, in certain cases, of the facts of nature. Hence the value of these conventions, and the perils attending their non-observance."

"But in his landscapes," writes another Japanese critic, of the painter Okio, "there is less success, as he was so particular about insuring correctness of forms that they are lacking in high ideas and deep spirit. For a landscape painting is not loved because it is a facsimile of the natural scene, but because there is something in it, greater than mere accurate representation of natural forms, which appeals to our feelings, but which we cannot express in words."¹

And in a verbal criticism, by a Japanese connoisseur, of a Western work of art, it was said, "It is a close imitation of nature, but it lacks style."

The ideas expressed in these three bits of criticism embody the æsthetic point of view of the whole Japanese nation, and, when rightly interpreted, supply us with a clue to a sympathetic appreciation of their painting. The Japanese mind shows itself here, as elsewhere, to belong, generally speaking, to that class whose attitude toward art we term formal or classic. Japanese painting, indeed, had

its periods of comparatively romantic and individualistic inspiration. Yet when regarded as a whole, and judged from our modern point of view, it will be seen to be essentially classic in spirit.

Firstly, the primary aim of the Japanese, as of every classic artist, is to reveal the various kinds of beauty which the nature of his art places at his command. The Oriental, for instance, sees in his lines and colors, his darks and lights, the means whereby he can create a sort of visual symphony, which, like the musical, shall produce its effect to a large extent independently of external aid. In other words, ideas that are attached to the elements of his art merely by chance association — ideas, that is to say, which are not essentially plastic — do not play a vital part in his æsthetic intention. But this is the classic view-point in a nutshell. For the most characteristic feature of classic art is the fact that the visible image and the thoughts it suggests are indissolubly fused.

Again, the Japanese painter takes special pleasure in certain other qualities which distinguish classic art, — lucidity, order, and finish; and his work gives us that sense of harmony and poise which constitutes plastic beauty.

The luxuriant symbolism which is often found in Japanese art does not, to my mind, disprove its classic intention. Symbolic form is in itself no evidence of a lack of classic taste. It is employed in Greek art. Only when it serves to express ideas the meaning of which cannot be conveyed otherwise is it an indication of subjective mystical feeling, of an unclassic frame of mind. Now the use of symbolism in the religious art of Japan, as in that of Greece, is to a large extent traditional. When Buddhism was introduced

¹ I take the liberty of using the translation of these two passages to be found in Mr. Arthur Morison's article on "The Painters of Japan," *Monthly Review*, July, 1902.

from China in the sixth century A. D., symbolism already formed an integral part of it. Buddhistic symbolism is, however, essentially mystical; and it may be urged that the fact of its having preserved in Japan this quality in undiminished vigor proves that it touched a sympathetic chord in the Japanese nature. This, I believe, is true. There is undoubtedly a tinge of mysticism in the Japanese, as in all Orientals. But it remains largely a detached and independent factor in their mental life. For a study of the mind of this Eastern people will show that, while on the one hand it is dreamy and poetic, on the other it is extremely clear, objective, sane.¹ That it is this lucidity of mind which primarily controls their art appears to me indisputable. Most of the arts of Japan have a superadded symbolic meaning: for example, flower arrangement, landscape gardening, poetry, and the dance; yet in respect to formal beauty they are complete in themselves. The understanding of this symbolism is not necessary to an appreciation of their essential charm. The Japanese garden is a complete work of art, even though one may not realize that these stones and trees are symbolically related; their floral designs delight the eye without the observer recognizing the emblem of filial love or wifely devotion. Even when, as in painting, the symbol becomes obvious, assumes definite shape, the work tells as an artistic whole, though the significance of the emblem be unknown. Forever sensitive to what is decoratively effective, they beautify it in such a way as to make it harmonize with and enrich the total effect. In the eyes of the Japanese public the symbolism of their art undoubtedly forms a special element of beauty; but to the Japanese painter its chief value lies in its decorative possibilities. For the

ideas which are of primary interest to him, and which he strives to express on paper, are such as cannot be detached from their pictorial setting.

In a word, we find in the paintings of the Japanese—and this is a quality which makes them greater artists than poets—that classic delicacy of fancy characteristic of a Greek bas-relief, or a landscape by Corot; but there is wanting every indication of that imagination which, in its romantic tendencies, shuns all definition, and refuses to be guided by rule.

The student of Japanese painting is likely to be impressed first of all by its inventive fecundity. The fertility of the Oriental mind in devising fresh and ever delightful pictorial schemes for treating even the simplest subject has, I believe, never been surpassed. I examined one day some three hundred designs in stencil collected at random in a shop in Paris, and while each that I took up seemed more beautiful than the last in its decorative arrangement, I failed to note any duplication of design. This richness of invention is seen in all forms of Japanese art.

Another striking quality of Japanese, as of all the best classic art is the perfection which it attains within its self-imposed limits. This perfection is due, not merely to the technical ability of the Oriental artist, which makes it possible for him to give us the peculiar pleasure which we always take in the thing most directly and perfectly expressed, but also to a very pure and delicate æsthetic feeling. The way, for instance, in which line and color, light and dark, are made to echo, and thus intensify, the dominant emotional note of a picture, illustrates the sensitiveness of this Eastern people to the most subtle æsthetic effects.

The ability to discover beauty in the simplest thing, and to express it in such a way that the emotional effect to be conveyed reaches the beholder free from any irrelevant or disturbing element, gives to Japanese pictorial treatment largeness

¹ A French professor states that the Japanese are better mathematicians than the French themselves. "The Japanese have a truly Celtic blending of idealism and logic," says an American critic. Their literary tastes and their conduct of a campaign would confirm this.

and dignity, — a certain “savor of the universal.”

Perhaps the most remarkable quality of Japanese painting, however, is its decorative beauty, — its value as “pure design.” That certain immutable laws of composition, determined by equally immutable properties of the human organism, are discoverable, and are to be implicitly obeyed by the artist, is an idea which seems to have found root in the East as far back as the fifth century. For we read of the Chinese critic Shakaku laying down six canons of pictorial art. The first of these is “The Life Movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of Things;” art being then regarded, in Mr. Okakura’s words, as “the great Mood of the Universe moving hither and thither amidst those harmonic laws of matter which are Rhythm.” The second is called “The Law of Bones and Brush-work;” the idea of which seems to be that man in the process of artistic conception merely recreates his own essence, merely gives outward embodiment to the laws of his own nature.

The Japanese, who have been the pupils of China from earliest times, have absorbed, modified, and in practice with few exceptions improved upon, what she has taught them. Though we cannot directly verify the matter, internal evidence would indicate that such doctrines as these were as eagerly welcomed by Japan as were the other parts of China’s artistic creed. That constant attention to this aspect of design by a nation so sensitive to delicate æsthetic effects should have soon produced extraordinarily perfect results in this direction is therefore not surprising.

The beauties of Japanese pictorial composition are now recognized by every one. The little books of design, which these Eastern painters use as models in their own land, have even been adopted in some of our own schools as manuals of pictorial grammar.

Let us examine for a moment some of these decorative beauties by themselves.

The mode of treatment of the subject matter we shall consider later.

II

In many of the decorative effects of Japanese pictorial art, we find that certain forms of composition are used to an extent and with a skill not found elsewhere.

Balance in composition, for example, is more often attained by means of the principle of contrast than, as was usual with the Greeks, through a bilateral symmetry of design. A spot of dark is made to balance a light spot, rather than a similar spot of dark. I have before me a reproduction of a picture by that artist who possesses in a marked degree the qualities which give distinction to Japanese art, — Ogata Korin. The subject is the god Fukurokuju enveloped in a dark cloak and seated on a white stag, so that the black of the cloak and the white of the stag’s hide form a balance of opposites against the gray of the hill on which they stand. The subject is treated in a humorous, almost childish, vein. Yet we find it impossible to regard it with the lightness which at first sight it seems to deserve. Unawares our eyes return to it again and again. We are at a loss at first to explain our admiration. But as we become more familiar with Eastern painting, we recognize that the secret of this fascination lies in but one thing, — a perfection of masses of dark and light so exquisitely balanced that the goal of all art, complete harmony, in one particular at least would seem to be reached.

It may seem at first that harmony attaching to such a simple matter cannot be of much importance. Yet, when we consider a moment, it is just such harmonies as these that in their total effect (as Mr. La Farge somewhere says) make the difference between the great and the average work of art.

Another device of the Oriental artist is to oppose one pattern, which is large but mild in effect, to another, which, though

smaller, yet holds the attention with equal intensity by virtue of the stimulating character of its design, somewhat as a bright star offsets the softer beauty of the moon. Again, we often find two objects of unequal size made equally attractive to the eye, either by placing the smaller in greater isolation, or by treating it in greater detail; or else by informing it with greater interest. Sometimes, on the other hand, it is color rather than form or significance which preserves the balance. The red seal with which the Japanese painter signs his name often serves this purpose. Kiosai, when painting a picture of crows, is said to have spent three days in deciding where to place this important little red patch. There is yet another more subtle method employed for maintaining balance. Frequently the subject matter is placed in some corner of a picture, while the rest of the paper or silk remains bare. I possess a small ink sketch by one of the earlier of that famous line of artists, the Kanos. It represents a bit of rocky shore running out into a sunlit sea. A boat lies anchored off the point, and above a flock of birds sail away into the distance. The few, but vigorous and wonderfully expressive, strokes with which the painter has depicted this scene cover but the lower right hand portion of the picture; the other part of the surface, with the exception of the boat and birds, is untouched. Yet so pregnant with suggestion has he rendered the bare paper, so skillfully has he carried over to the untouched surface the feeling of atmosphere and light by his treatment of rock, boat, and birds, that this space weighs as a perfect balance to the rest.

The constant employment of such varied methods of attaining harmony and equilibrium in composition permits a far greater variety of effect than where formal balance is alone used. This gives to Japanese art remarkable freshness and piquancy. Effects which in reality are the result of a very carefully planned scheme of composition seem due to happy accident. The color arrangements of the Jap-

anese tend to emphasize this charm. For their color harmonies are subtle harmonies, special pleasure being taken in combining apparently irreconcilable color units into particularly beautiful color chords.

Ruskin but echoes the sentiment of all Japanese artists when he maintains that, in painting, the claim to immortality depends on the perfection and instantaneous precision of the single line. Line in the far East serves not one but many æsthetic ends. It is, as with us, greatly valued as an element of composition. The Japanese well understand that (as R. M. Stevenson puts it) "when you merely draw a line on an empty canvas you commit yourself to art, for you have given the line a positive character by placing it in some relation to the four sides of the canvas." A picture, indeed, is, as some one has said, in its beginning a pattern of lines; and the perfection in Eastern painting of "line combination" is unsurpassed.

Owing to the comparatively objective standpoint which the classic painter assumes toward his creation, one discovers, as a rule, little of the artist's personality. There is, however, one clue to the mind of the Japanese painter, and that is his line or brush-stroke. We all recognize how much of himself a man can express in his handwriting, even through that rigid implement, the pen. Imagine a case, however, where not the pen, but a much more delicate instrument, the brush, should be employed; let us further suppose a land where painting should grow out of a calligraphy already containing many æsthetic elements; and it will at once be seen that the special interest which attaches to line in writing — particularly writing of such a kind — would be transmitted to line in art.

Now in China, the fatherland of Japanese culture, the brush has been used from time immemorial as an instrument for writing as well as for painting. Moreover, for a long period calligraphy served the twofold function of providing æsthetic pleasure and recording thoughts; and

later, when art evolved its own appropriate medium of expression, the interest and value attached to line as an ornament of handwriting was transferred to line as an instrument of pictorial art. In Japan, as in China, the great painter and the skilled calligraphist were often one and the same person. And to this day a bit of fine handwriting is treasured in the East as a work of art.

Further evidence of the importance which the Japanese attach to line is shown by the fact that a native connoisseur can pick from a large collection a given artist's work by an examination of this feature alone. Even the professional copyist of Japan, perhaps the most skillful in the world, is rarely able to imitate a famous painter's brush-stroke so as to deceive the expert.

As the personal quality of the line or brush-stroke reveals the individual, so also its general character denotes the school to which he belongs. For each school, at any rate to start with, evolved or borrowed from the Chinese that type of line which seemed best suited to the portrayal of its favorite class of subject. Thus the Tosa, Kano, and Sesshiu schools all had their characteristic brush-strokes. The quality of line, however, varied not merely with the school and individual, but with the nature of the details to be treated; one kind of line being used for the features, another for the dress, and so on. Great skill, moreover, was acquired in the representation of surface and texture by a varied handling of the brush. Artists like Shiubun, Sesshiu, and Tanyu could suggest to the sense of touch the feeling appropriate to the object depicted, by a sleight of hand so clever as to seem quite accidental.

Line as indicated by the brush has also been employed by the Oriental as a means of suggesting solidity, and as a substitute for light and shade. The drawing of Dürer, Rembrandt, and Holbein shows us how much can be accomplished in this respect by this simple method.

Many and various influences have

caused the Japanese to prefer to suggest modeling, rather than elaborately to render it. In the first place, their mode of workmanship does not permit of the latter method. For their exclusive use of India ink and water color on such delicate and absorbent material as silk and Japanese paper renders alteration or the addition of many washes impracticable. Even more than in true fresco, effects must be produced directly and instantaneously. The chief reason, however, is undoubtedly an æsthetic one. The Japanese look upon painting as a form of decoration. Like the Greeks and Italians, and all who represent the classic spirit in art, they have always regarded the adornment of a household utensil, the decoration of a room, the painting of a "picture" as but various expressions of the same impulse, — the desire to beautify human life and its surroundings. For each of these branches of artistic effort, a certain difference of training may be needed, but ever the same faculty, — the decorative faculty. A Japanese picture, even though at first sight it seems but an "easel picture," and merely hangs against the wall, yet forms an essential part of its decorative scheme. A special alcove of suitable proportions is always provided for it. It is indeed true that a "Kakimono," as such a picture is called, is occasionally taken down, and another substituted, to suit the change of season, or the mood of its owner; but no Japanese who loves his pictures — and most of them do — would place in the "tokanoma," or alcove, one out of harmony with the general decorative effect. Needless to say, the paintings on the screens which form the partitions between rooms, and on those which stand detached, are essentially ornamental. As a decorative rather than a realistic intention is thus the primary one in Eastern painting, all elements, such as strong modeling by light and shade, which would disturb the decorative effect, are avoided.

That the Oriental has thus always followed the canons of what we call decora-

tive art is, I think, fortunate. For it is these self-imposed limitations, which, by simplifying his problem, have enabled him to develop freely those beauties of line and line pattern, of dark and light "massing," and of color composition in flat tones, which have made his art famous throughout the West.

That decorative art should suggest to us certain limitations is a sign of our different æsthetic view-point. For the Japanese, while recognizing the realistic effect produced by the use of light and shade (and other similar devices), do not feel their omission as any serious artistic loss. To them painting is primarily a means of conveying emotion, not a method of reproducing natural fact. They regard it more as we do music. Hence the harmonies produced by a beautiful combination of lines and colors far outweigh in their opinion any pleasure which the feeling of being able to walk around and touch the objects in a picture can possibly confer. The critic Shuzan says: "There is a style of painting in which nature is exactly imitated. Such painting is not to be despised, but, as it does not reach the heart of things, and ignores the rules of art, it cannot appeal to good taste." Here again we find the classic spirit speaking in every word.

The importance attached by the Japanese to emotional effect is illustrated by the way in which even line is made subservient to it. For instance, the soothing influence of a smooth, flowing brush-stroke is taken advantage of in the treatment of a quiet, tender theme, while in one whose dominant note is vigor and spirit, splintery, stimulating lines are employed. In the former case, moreover, the composition is, if possible, so arranged that abrupt angles are avoided; while in the latter the lines clash sharply, keeping the eye on the alert.

The different effects to be obtained by various methods of line grouping are beautifully illustrated in Japanese art. In this picture, for instance, one will find a vertical massing, as in the works of

Puvis de Chavannes, to suggest quietness, serenity. In that, a rhythmic series of curves gently undulating like tongues of flame will be used in such a way as to heighten to a remarkable degree the solemnity of a theme. In fact, it is an almost magical use of line, especially such curved line, which alone explains why Japanese figures of deity, though usually anatomically crude, produce on the beholder such a marked spiritual impression, such a wonderful sense of repose, of Buddhistic peace. A more distinctly sad note is occasionally struck by similar means in scenes like those of which Mr. Arthur Morrison speaks. In describing a picture representing a group of women led captive, and preceded by warriors bearing heads on the points of their spears, he says: "The bowed figures of the women are indicated merely by the outlines of the white mourning robes which cover them; but such an overpowering expression of hopeless grief as is given to those mere lines of drapery I have never encountered in any other work of art, Eastern or Western."

It seems hardly necessary to call attention to the skill with which the Japanese group and contrast flat masses of light and dark, colored or otherwise; for it is only a few years ago that our admiration of their tone harmonies (or *Notan*, as the Oriental terms this pictorial feature) resulted in the so-called "poster" movement. One might have supposed, judging from the sense of novelty and delight which these designs aroused, that some new principle of beauty had been discovered. The fact is, however, that one of the oldest and most important elements of pictorial art had been so long disregarded that its reappearance in a fresh form came as a revelation. We need only look beneath the surface to find this same principle of effect illustrated in the works of men like Raphael, Titian, Reynolds, and Millet. But people had come to dwell on so many other qualities in the work of such artists that they lost sight of this more fundamental one. It

was reserved for Japan, whose art has been less burdened with the problems which the West has tried to solve, to bring clearly before us once more this form of beauty.

There is, however, one quality of Japanese Notan, which, though we see it occasionally exemplified in European painting, especially of the Renaissance period, is very rarely found in our modern printed designs; I mean a certain beauty of surface, of texture, recalling that of old marble. This quality, found in many Oriental paintings, as well as prints, adds a delightful imagined sense of touch to the pleasures of tone contrast. Picture the interior of St. Mark's in all its beauty of tone and color, but minus the softly polished marble surfaces; substitute, for instance, canvas in place of the alabaster surface; and you see at once how much may depend on the presence of this one quality.

III

So far we have been noticing the beauties, more or less intrinsic, which result from a masterly use of line and color, dark and light, in Japanese painting. Let us now turn our attention to the mode of treatment of the subject matter.

As in Greek and to a less degree in Renaissance and French classic art, it is the general, not the individual, aspect of things that is accentuated. The Japanese methods of study, in fact, would tend to exclude the possibility of any other result. For while the Oriental in his preliminary work makes careful notes, studying the accumulated experience of his predecessors as recorded in their works, and also (especially if he be a man of original talent) taking memoranda from nature herself, yet his completed picture is never a record of directly transmitted fact. It is in no sense a copy. It is hence inevitable that where so much depends on the memory, little beside the more general, typical features of the subject should survive. Certainly only such detail as naturally impresses itself on the artistic brain has a

chance, under these conditions, of finding expression in the final painting. The emphasis, in Japanese art, of the universal side of things shows itself not merely in the manner of treatment of their exterior, but of the life beneath. A sense of animation must be given to things which live, at a sacrifice, if necessary, of more superficial truth. For that, after all, is the largest fact concerning them.

The figures of such an artist as Hokusai, for instance, have queer-shaped arms and legs, but they are full of human energy. They are not mere anatomical studies. Japanese animals are living animals. To paint such things as we, I am afraid, too often do, from stuffed specimens, would seem to the Oriental, as Mr. Conder says, irrational, absurd.

The notion, too commonly entertained in the West, that what is most accurate in a scientific sense is necessarily the truest in an artistic, implies a confusion of ideas foreign to the clear-cut Japanese mind. It is not, therefore, surprising that the corollary of this Western fallacy, namely, that one impression of nature directly recorded is necessarily worth any number that are merely memorized, should be unsympathetic to their point of view. The feeling on the subject is well expressed in an interview with the famous actor Danjiro, quoted by Mompes. On being asked whether his marvelous rendering of drunkenness was the result of the study of some one case, he replied: "No, no, never! I might just as well take a drunken man, and stick him on the stage, just as he is, as to imitate any one man. That is not art: it is not creation. I have seen drunken men all my life, and the drunken man I represented was the aggregate of all the drunkenness I have ever seen." (*Japan*, p. 17.)

Except, then, in special instances of which I shall speak later, the Japanese concerns himself with the essentials of his subject; imitation of nature being regarded merely as a means to an end, not an end in itself. And his success in rendering the larger truths, when such truths

seem æsthetically important, and morally proper, is undoubted. Religion and social custom, however, restricted the development of æsthetic interest, and consequently, of artistic skill in some directions. An appreciation, for instance, of the beauty of the undraped figure, to which the Greeks have opened our eyes, was little encouraged. Buddhism, though it did not, like earlier Christianity, frown upon the nude, yet, in laying stress on the metaphysical, depreciated the physical, side of man. Consequently, only those parts of the body — the face and hands — which were capable of interpreting the Buddhistic spirit, were thought worthy of careful delineation. The Greeks were prompted by their religion to regard the perfect body as the manifestation of the perfect soul; but not so the Japanese. Neither their faith nor the canons of art inherited from China encouraged such a view. Consequently, even though their opportunities for studying the human form were so abundant, the idea never presented itself, until recently, that there was in its detailed structure any special beauty.

The face depicted in the Buddhistic, as in most of the secular, art of Japan is an impersonal one. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Many admirable portraits (in the strict sense of the word) exist, which are not unworthy of being placed beside the crayon drawings of Holbein. But they form a small and distinct class. The face ordinarily seen in Japanese painting is not intended to be a portrait. In fact, an exactly opposite result is sought. For, in accordance with the classic feeling of the Japanese, and the impersonal point of view taught by their religion, the general or typical facial characteristics are alone emphasized. Sometimes they go a step farther, and, like the Greeks, modify their conception of the type in accordance with their canons of abstract beauty. Many of us are not pleased with the result. Their conception of the human face interests us but little. This is not, however, surprising. For our ignorance of Japanese feature makes it im-

possible for us to appreciate the conventional face which has been evolved from it. We have had no chance of forming in respect to the Japanese face what the psychologists would call an "apperceptive form or type."¹

This matter of portraiture well illustrates the indirect as well as direct influence on art of the classic temperament. Where one meets with an elaborate code of etiquette, there classic feeling is sure to prevail. For etiquette is but social conduct freed of its personal and accidental elements. Society, in that most classic-minded of European nations, France, avoids the personal note. This is still more the case in Japan, where all personal feeling, even in the face, is carefully veiled. It is inevitable, therefore, that the Japanese artist should feel it to be something of a moral as well as æsthetic sin to express in art what is so studiously hidden in actual life.

That the discrepancy between the Greek and Japanese rendering of the human body is due not to any essential dissimilarity of æsthetic outlook, but rather to the different religious and social life of the two peoples, is confirmed by the fact that where the interest and powers of observation of the Japanese have been allowed free play, they show a remarkable grasp of the essential elements of form. Walter Crane speaks of their "wonderful knowledge of nature;" and Alfred R. Wallace, the scientist, refers to a collection of their plant drawings as "the most masterly things that he ever saw." And what delicacy is shown in the treatment of detail, when it seems fitting, when it can be applied without detriment to the total impression, — to heighten the interest, or add to the decorative effect! The very fine detail sometimes found in Japanese pictures is never offensive, as is too often the case in Western work. For, as in the best Dutch painting, it is always in perfect keeping, always artistic.

¹ On this subject read the interesting work by C. H. Stratz, *Die Körperformen der Japaner*, Stuttgart, 1904.

The ideal landscapes of Poussin, and Claude, and perhaps those of Turner, seem in the light of our modern intimate knowledge and love of nature formal and unreal. Yet they have a genuine and noble beauty of their own, and, when regarded sympathetically, refresh and elevate us like a Bach fugue. Japanese landscape painting, especially in its earlier stages, when Chinese ideals controlled it, seems even more formal and unreal. Yet here also we may discover much that is beautiful.

The Oriental artist does not so much seek to transcribe nature as to suggest her moods. His interest is centred in the poetic sentiment which she elicits. The saying of the Japanese, that a picture is a "voiceless poem," is particularly appropriate to their landscape painting. Our best artists also seek to express the poetry of nature. But they find it in many things. Our æsthetic pleasure in landscape is a complex one. The Oriental, on the other hand, in conformity with his type of mind, finds it in the dominant character, — in that which remains when all its accidents are eliminated; in other words, when it has been simplified and idealized. "For a landscape painting," to quote our Japanese critic once more, "is not loved because it is a facsimile of the natural scene, but because there is something in it greater than mere accurate representation of natural forms, which appeals to our feelings, but which we cannot express in words."

The Japanese landscape painter, therefore, as a general rule, is sparing of detail. We are sometimes inclined on this account to regard his completed work as nothing but a sketch. But to express more would be in his eyes to discredit the observer's perception and taste. For, as Mr. Lowell says, in his *Soul of the Far East*, "a full picture is as unsatisfactory to the Oriental as a long poem is to us. . . . It is the secret of great art to say much with little."

The Japanese artist, however, seldom loses sight of reality. Even the early

landscapes inspired by the great Sung painters of China are not, as is generally supposed, purely imaginary. For a glance at the photographs and sketches of the upper Yangtse Kiang, where it rises in the fastnesses of Northern China, will make it clear that those mountains which they depict as piercing the clouds like great cathedrals, those monasteries perched on rocky eminences, those cascades and stately pines, typify the scenery of what used to be the favorite sketching-ground of that Chinese school whose work came to be regarded in Japan as the model of all that was best in landscape art.

It was not, indeed, until the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the Shijo, or naturalistic school, had been formed, that the representation of Japanese scenery, except as a background, came into vogue. The artistic understanding, however, which the Japanese at once displayed, when they began to portray their own charming landscape, tends to confirm the belief that the themes borrowed hitherto from China were no mere scholastic exercises, but were idealized transcripts of nature in harmony with contemporary taste. Neither photographs, nor the often excellent sketches made from time to time by foreigners, recall, to my mind, the characteristics of Japanese scenery so delightfully or so vividly as the views which Okio, Huyen, Hippo, Harunobu, Kiyonaga, Hokusai, and Hiroshige, have given us on silk or paper.

IV

I have tried to suggest the attitude in which we may best approach Japanese painting, and to indicate some of its points of interest. I have intentionally refrained from dwelling on its peculiarities or defects. For they are self-evident. In fact, the sense of strangeness which must ever cling in a greater or less degree to Far Eastern art tends to make us overcritical toward it. Hence we are more apt to discover a lack of artistic ability in what is but the result of social and æsthetic forces

acting under conditions unfamiliar to us, than to overlook any real deficiency. The common assumption that the apparent uniformity of Japanese art, as a whole,¹ is due to a want of genuine artistic feeling, testifies to this fact. It is true that a lifeless formalism has at times marred Japanese painting; but this is not unnatural or surprising. It is, indeed, easy to see that all art which is imbued with the classic spirit incurs this risk. For, as the ideal of classicism is the attainment of the most finished, rather than the most original, result, the establishment of an æsthetic tradition or style is inevitable. But such a tradition is ever liable to abuse under the school system which it necessitates. For under such conditions the desire to preserve the tradition in all its purity is likely to be made an artistic end in itself. This, however, is simply saying that classicism, like any other artistic impulse, has its practical dangers and defects, — defects apparent not only in Japan, but in Greece, Italy, and France as well.

For the most part, however, the uniformity seen in Japanese, as in much Greek and later classic art, is but the mark of a definite style evolved by a school as the expression of its more permanent æsthetic convictions, and with which as a basis it effects those subtle alterations which gradually lead up to the perfect work of art.

We are often puzzled at our dissatisfaction with much of the modern decorative design, which under the name of *l'art nouveau* seeks a naturalistic effect similar to the Japanese. Yet to expect from such work a similar satisfaction is as reasonable as to look for Greek beauty in its

¹ I refer to the method of treatment, — the point of view.

modern imitation. The qualities which make Japanese design enduringly delightful are just those which require not years, but centuries, to develop. It is not the naturalism of Japanese decoration which is its greatest merit, — I have seen in Paris designs which showed a feeling for nature perhaps equally intimate. It is something more fundamental which gives to the Japanese product its distinct superiority. There is a peculiar unity of effect, a certain inner harmony of form, color, and design, unknown to the Western product.

The Japanese, with their natural, unsophisticated view of life, have ever sought in their art to mirror what a great painter and critic has termed "man's primordial predilections." Art, however, that seeks to embody pleasures founded on the unchanging properties of human nature, must have a past as well as a future, must be able to look backwards as well as forwards. Not one life's labor, but that of many generations, is required. No people have better understood this than the Japanese. They have also clearly perceived that no art that is not true to the changeless element in man can endure; while on the other hand any subject, however trivial, can be made eternally attractive, if only treated in accordance with æsthetic law.

Japanese painting delights us by its delicate fancy, its poetry, its freedom, its spirit; but what gives these qualities special and enduring charm, — what makes the play of fancy never wearisome, the liberty never mere license, — is that they find expression in and through a framework of design so finely conceived that therein we see reflected as in a mirror the fundamental principles which govern all true art.

THINGS AS THEY ARE

BY ARTHUR COLTON

EARLY one morning the wagonload of Dolliver children went by Kate Gayley's on their way to school, those in the back seat weeping, those in the middle seat seriously cheerful, those on the front seat whooping their joys to the young morn. There were nine of them, and they always went by in that way.

In their prefiguring of worldly success and failure, to ride on the back seat was to be out of favor with fortune, down-trodden by the heel of injustice, shorn of authority and importance. To ride on the front seat was glory, and hence happiness. The middle seat was a place where triumph and regret were balanced to a calm. There, too, was security of tenure. Conservative Dollivers, who disliked extremes, might hold a middle seat indefinitely, but the Dolliver parents saw to it that those who held the front seat yesterday held the back seat to-day. Mr. Dolliver worked that part of the Gayley lands which had fallen to Katherine Gayley's brother, John Gayley. John Gayley lived on the Angevine property that had come to him with his wife. It lay a half mile down the road, which dropped from billowy hill to hill. On either side of the road the bobolinks sang over the meadows, over the buttercups and clover; and down it the Dolliver wagonload of vaunting precedence, conservative content, and disgraced obscurity, passed clamoring. Katherine worked among her flower beds where, mainly, brilliant and hardy but scentless perennials grew. The sound of the clamor died away from her ears. The Dolliver wagon always went by in that way, but there are critical times when an incident and a mood make electric connections.

Twenty years back Katherine and John Gayley, and Leonora and Leo An-

gevine, used to drive in one wagon to the same clapboarded schoolhouse in the village. The emphatic Gayleys and the mild Angevines had been prosperous in neighboring homesteads for some generations. Both homesteads were occupied now by the Gayley name. Leo Angevine was a student and naturalist, a teacher of botany in a distant college, and long absent from the old place. John and Nora Gayley sent their own wagonload of children to the clapboarded schoolhouse. Katherine still ruled her own meadows and farms, her cattle and farm lands, her sufficient kingdom. Wherein is good fortune, if not where the mind is like a clear sky, the will like a strong wind, the body healthy as the soil which the plough heaves over in the sunlight?

When the Dolliver children were gone by, she thought of that former wagonload bearing schoolward the blustering John, herself decisive, the meek-eyed Nora, the absent-minded Leo. From this point her mind traveled forward in time and mood. Presently the state of it seemed to her uncomfortable. Some hours passed. She planted and transplanted, but more and more the garden beds looked distressed, unsatisfied, discordant.

Finally she sat up and examined her state of mind.

It is true that, properly speaking, life is a three-seated wagon. It rolls along with the sound of happy shouts and the sound of weeping. All who know its fullness know to-morrows of hope, and to-morrows of foreboding. If one were privileged by fortune to abide in the exact centre of the hub of her wheel instead of on the rim, avoiding those exhilarating risings, those dismal falls, he might notice that his motion in that place was a simple rotation of himself upon

himself, and that this rotation, by centrifugal force, produced in the centre of himself a curious vacuum which nature appeared to abhor. Or, in Dolliver terms, if one always sits in the middle seat, and observes the varieties of life to front and rear, one's fate seems by contrast to have a certain monotony about it. It promises nothing but the continuance of itself. An all-powerful parentage has arranged that hopes and forebodings shall trumpet and flute in the ears of grief behind and pleasure before, whereas no such trumpetings and flutings tremble about the seat of rational conservatism. When a woman of thirty, therefore, has her years behind her of an unstirred surface, and a wagonload of Dollivers comes by, it may happen to arouse considerations agreeing with considerations already aroused.

Katherine got up suddenly from the turf, strode out through the gate and down the road toward the Angevine farmhouse. The black-and-white bobolinks sang and exulted over the buttercups, and under the buttercups their demure brown mates sat on the nests. Not one brown bobolink came up from her seclusion to demand her share in the breadth of the world. She cuddled low in company with her eggs and instincts, and enjoyed her admiration of the ecstatic singer, who sang: "Chee, chee! In respect to bobolinks I am one of the lords of creation, though my mate is necessary, and I make a point of noticing her, and the way she admires me is much to her credit, besides proving what I remarked at first, don't you think? Spink, spank, spink."

Katherine snorted with disgust. Presently she swung through the gateway of the Angevine farm.

Nora Gayley was at work by the window, where the length of the road was in sight, down to the village in the hazy valley. She began conversation as Katherine entered, and her subject was John.

"He's gone to town, but he's coming back soon. He thinks the children are

not doing well at school, and he means to tell the teacher so."

"Humph! What are you ripping that dress for?"

"John thinks it ought to hang fuller."

"Humph!"

Nora flowed on peacefully with her "John thinks," and "John says."

"But Leo is going to raise bees," she said, "and has some new kind of hives, and John says he may do very well."

"When is Leo coming?"

"Why, Kate! John went up yesterday to tell you Leo was to come last night, and about his giving up teaching in the college."

"Humph! So he did."

"Yes, but Leo has n't decided where to keep the beehives yet, and John thinks"—

"For goodness' sake, Nora, don't say 'John thinks.' You think, don't you?"

"Why, yes."

"And what you think, John says sooner or later, does n't he? Say so, then! John thinks no more than a June bug."

"Why, Kate!"

"You talk as if you wanted to be sponged out and rewritten 'John' with a squeaky slate pencil. You think the children are not doing well, and John has gone to tell the school-teacher he thinks so. You thought your dress ought to hang fuller, and got John to say so. Humph! Leo will put his beehives wherever he's argued out they ought to be, and I hope he'll get stung."

"Perhaps he will," said Nora placidly. "He thinks it won't be so distracting as teaching at the college. John thinks he'll be a very good bee farmer. Leo says he likes to look at industry, and he says bees are more industrious than college students, quite a little."

The noises which had been occurring now and then in the next room for some minutes, stumbings and bumpings, now ended in a clatter of falling tins.

"It's Leo coming in," went on Nora, snipping with her scissors. "He'll come in when he has picked up the pans."

And presently he came and stood in

the doorway, looking at them with meditative eyes, as if he might intend to enter when he had come to a right conclusion about the contents of the room. His light blue eyes resembled Nora's, but with a quietness even more mild, persistent, and abstracted than hers. He had a long brown beard, a high, pale forehead, and hair thin about the temples. His manner and expression were not so much grave as reflective and candid, with the candor of the scholar, the even-paced truthfulness which is not so much a moral victory as a condition of the mind. When he spoke, it seemed not for effect on the hearer, but as a simple indication of mental processes. One knew him at sight to be capable of unlimited silence or unlimited speech, each being but a condition of the mind. He stood still in the doorway because the contents of the room seemed problematic to him.

"Don't look at me as if I were a bug!" said Katherine impatiently.

"In what way do you want to be looked at?" he asked after a silence.

"Like a woman, of course."

Leo thought it over, and decided to come in, and came like one to whom walking was but incidental to the progress of an argument. He drifted into a chair in front of Katherine.

"Of course everything should be looked at as it is," he said, "and it follows that you must be looked at as a woman. But I don't know that I see what follows from that."

"Nothing follows."

"Why, something must follow, I should think. Now there may be subdivisions of ways of looking at women. Bees, for instance, can be looked at in respect to their stings, or their social organization, or the honey they extract from flowers, or in respect to" —

"Humph!" said Katherine. "You're worse than ever. Where are you going to put your beehives?"

"Here is John," said Nora. "John says they ought to be next the garden. John thinks" —

"Bother John!"

— "Or," continued Leo, undisturbed, "in respect to their further relations to flowers. For until late years the real relations of bees to melliferous flowers was not understood by naturalists, but in point of fact the function of bees toward flowers is that of a kind of matrimonial agency, the honey being merely the bees' profit or commission from the agency."

"Nora!" cried John Gayley, coming in, a florid man with a booming voice. "That school-teacher is a fool! Pshaw!"

"Show me your beehives," said Katherine to Leo, springing up. "She'll put butter all over him now, and it makes me sick."

She dashed through and out into the garden, which under Nora's tending hands always seemed to grow to more even results than her own. Leo drifted after her, and in the wake of his musings, murmuring to himself, and coming up with her, continued, murmuring and musing: —

"Now there is a book called *The Loves of the Plants*, but hardly scientific, and I don't remember by whom. But certainly this is observable, that to most flowers there are affinitive flowers of another sex, and that the bees are communicators between them. On the other hand, these bees themselves have an austere social organization that condemns to sexless labor all the females but one, in every hive. Now, and finally, if we consider human society, again the case is clear. Therefore I think that your suggestion is a good one, Katherine, very cogent, very much to the point. Looked at as we are, we are a man and a woman. Simply that. Why, then, should n't we be married? In point of fact, ought n't we to be married, you and I?"

"What!"

"Because you are right. The case is very clear. First, you are to be looked at as a woman, I as a man, for everything is to be looked at as it is. But you must be mistaken in thinking that nothing follows. The function of the scientist is to ascertain the fact, of the practitioner to adapt his

method to the fact ascertained. I am going to apply my knowledge of facts and natural laws to the practical production of the honey of bees. Success is demonstrated to follow. But these same natural laws coexist in human society. Approaching the problem and applying the laws in the same manner, it follows, secondly"—

Katherine seized him by the arm, and shook him.

"Leo Angevine, did you or did n't you ask me to marry you?"

"Yes—Yes, I did. At least, I was going to in a minute."

"Well, then, I say, *No!* Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Leo slowly, "and no. I understand in a sense. In another sense"—

"I mean it, too!"

"I would n't exaggerate it."

"Don't you do it again!"

"Oh!"

He paused again, and thought this over.

"I had n't thought of that, but perhaps another time would do better! I think it would. I think you're quite right again. Quite right."

"Humph!"

Katherine walked away furiously, up the hill road to her own house, paying no attention to the bobolinks.

Early the following morning, she answered a knocking at the side door. Leo stood without, his back to the door, contemplating a team of horses in the driveway and a hay cart piled high with the glass-windowed boxes of his beehives. Katherine looked at his back a moment, and said sharply, "Well?"

"I think I'll put the beehives at the back of your garden," he said, turning slowly, "instead of back of Nora's."

"Oh, you do!"

"Yes. My idea is that, if people are so placed as naturally to see much of each other, they will become accustomed to it. Then after a while they will become agreeably accustomed to it, provided they are suited to each other. Natural laws as a rule operate gradually. I

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think probably the rule applies here. If the bees are here, I shall be hereabout much of the day, and naturally you will be interested to come out, and in that way we shall fall into the habit of talking together. It is remarkable, Katherine. Both of your suggestions, first, as to how you ought to be looked at, and second, that I had better speak about our marriage at another time, were both remarkable suggestions, both thoughtful, very much"—

"I said nothing of the kind!"

—"Much to the point. Oh!"—He looked surprised, and searched his memory—"Did n't you? I remember the words, but I thought you said something about doing it again, or not doing it again. It's of no importance. Now, my theory is that probably, when you think we are well accustomed to each other, you'll make a third suggestion, namely, that the time is come to take up the matter again. In that way it won't be necessary for me to keep it on my mind, but merely to wait till you"—

"You'll wait a long while."

"Till you suggest it. Why, not necessarily long, I should think. Natural laws"—

"Take those beehives away!" cried Katherine. "I won't have them here." She slammed the door in his face, and sat down on the other side of the room with a firm expression.

She heard the noise of creaking wheels. She started, hesitated a moment, then crossed to the window. The gleam of compunction in her mind changed to indignant amazement. He was not driving back to the highroad, but on past the barns, and around to the rear of the garden.

"Humph!" she said, and sat down again.

Leo unloaded his beehives, and was busy about them the better part of an hour. At the end of that time he came by again, and knocked at the door, and opened it.

"I did n't tell you the entire truth,

Katherine," he said. "One of my reasons for placing the beehives there was that there is no white clover below, but it is very plenty in your meadows. Now, white clover is particularly good for the spring honey. Consequently" —

"Go away!" cried Katherine. "Shut the door! I don't care where you put your beehives."

The Dollivers ceased going by in their wagon, three-seated and symbolic, to school. The summer vacation was come. A new sound arose in Katherine's garden, "the murmur of innumerable bees." These, traveling with dusty thighs from clover to clover, — busy carriers to St. Valentine, postal express to amorous plants, go-betweens to vegetable affinities, proxies to wedded flowers, workers to ends they knew not of, — bore back to their storehouses the wages of their fragrant service. Poor laboring bees, victims of the iron policy of the hive! How eagerly they pushed their blunt faces into the red-and-white tufts of clover! Early in the morning the low drowsy humming began, and reached the height of vibrating energy in the heats of noon, dying away as the twilight crept upward from the valley.

Leo's double row of glass-windowed hives stretched from corner to corner of the garden, and increased as new swarms broke away, colonies sent out from too populous mother cities. He went among them with the slow movements of a temperament contented with nature's gradual ways. When your bees are new to their boxes, you must tarry their settling, and when they are settled you must tarry their waxen architecture, their queen bee's deliberate processes, their travels and returns innumerable. Then you must tarry the growth of the young in the cells, the new swarms, the queen's nuptials, and all the customs of the hives. Still tarrying, so you harvest your honey. So tarrying moves the bee farmer, and him, deliberately, the bees never sting. So nature moves, whom the student observes and

the sage interprets; and the lover sets his pace to nature's pace, and has her analogies on his side, who resolves:

"Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house."

Seeing that his soul has gone within, he encamps without, prepared for varieties of weather, and above all prepared to tarry.

It was Leo's custom, in passing the side door daily, to open it, and standing there, to discourse of whatever was in his mind. Impatience was not normal to him. He began to observe symptoms of it in himself, and thought them singular.

"Katherine," he said at last, "have you noticed the effect our companionship has had on you? It seems to me it ought to be evident now."

"Has n't had any effect."

Leo turned the statement over and examined it.

"Why, I don't understand why it has n't. But that explains why you've made no more suggestions about our marriage. Now, the effect on me began to be noticeable some time ago. First: whenever we happened some day to omit this conversation there seemed to me to be a hiatus. A hiatus is an omission which obscures the meaning of the text, in this case, of the day's events. Any such day looked to me rather foolish and futile. Even my interest in bees was very much lessened on that day. This was the phenomenon of your absence. Next, I turned to the things taking place in my consciousness whenever I saw you. If anything, they were more singular still. Sometimes they might be described as a great number of minute expansions and explosions, something like boiling water. At other times there was a sense of compression, at other times of emptiness, at others of a slight chill ranging from the back of the head to the small of the back, at others of giddiness, or again, of elation."

"How long have you been carrying on inside in this ridiculous way?"

Katherine's indignation seemed to be genuine, but almost too violent. Leo won-

dered why she should resent it so directly.

"I noticed the hiatus on the twenty-fifth of June. The analogy to boiling water occurred to me on July fifth. The chill I noticed on the seventh, the giddiness on the sixteenth, and so on."

Katherine was silent.

"I put them all down in my notebook. I wish," he said, turning in the doorway to go, "I wish, Katherine, you would make careful note of your sensations when they appear, and describe them to me;" and he went away.

"I just won't," said Katherine to herself.

"Love," said Leo, moving about among his beehives, "is like a bee, which is born with a sting at one end, but for the honey at the other end has far to seek."

"It is like a swarm of bees," he said an hour later, "a nervous somewhat with a queen bee in the middle."

At the end of the morning he climbed the garden fence, and entered these analogies in his notebook, together with the following quadratic equation:—

"L. A. + K. G. = infinity.

L. A. — K. G. = merely a bee farmer, Eheu!

Adding these, we have

2 L. A. = infinity + a bee farmer.

Hence it is proved that

He who falls in love doubles his personality. —"

He looked dreamily over the muttering hives, at the mown meadows, the pastures dappled with flowers, the green woods, the village far away in the hazy valley.

"Love is like summer," he said, and entered this final analogy in his notebook: "which makes the earth pleasant to look at."

So the season crept on, from the time of mown hay to the time of tasseled corn and the yellowing of the oat fields.

On a certain morning Katherine heard a clamoring in the road, and looking from the trellises of her bean vines, saw the

Dolliver children passing in their wagon. School time was come again. "Humph," she said, and picked bean pods the faster.

Yellow butterflies fluttered about the vines. Beyond the garden fence Leo was taking neat squares of honey from the hives, and packing them in separate tiers. The noisy Dollivers were gone by.

"Hope you're satisfied, Kate Gayley!" she went on, indignantly talking to herself. "Been sprawling over all three seats these two months, have n't you? Like it, don't you! Been carrying on inside you like a teakettle. Been having cold prickles in your back hair. Been feeling empty one minute and giddy the next, same as another fool. Humph! Leo Angevine, too! He's obstinate, I'll say that for him."

"Kate." Leo looked over the fence. He held one of the box hives under his arm, and around his head buzzed its interested populace. Some clung to his beard and hair, after their confiding familiar habits with him.

"Kate, I've been consulting authorities on the subject of this experience of ours."

"Ours!"

— "And either it has never been treated adequately, or there never was one precisely like mine."

"What's the matter now?"

"Did you ever know of any authorities on the subject who described it as like eating molasses on pickles?"

"No!" said Katherine violently. "I never did! It is n't!"

Her speech seemed to admit some direct experience, but he did not notice the admission, or did not comment on it.

"Yes, it is. I thought of different tasting things, and selected molasses and pickles. Then I tried them together, and found it to be so."

"Humph! Did you like it?"

"It was interesting," he said thoughtfully, "but it was a taste that seemed to require too great a readjustment of one's point of view. No, on the whole, I don't think I liked it."

He turned away. Katherine went on picking beans.

"Molasses and pickles!"

She felt depressed. Leo and his sensations! Humph! But it was depressing to think he might begin not to like his sensations.

"Kate!" This voice came from the direction of the house. John Gayley strode down the walk. "Kate, I've got something to say."

"You mean Nora's been thinking. What does she think?"

John stood among the beans, and rubbed dubiously his chin, which was large, red, round, and tending to repetition.

"Well," he said at last, "that's so. You think Nora leads me by the nose. So she does. I know it sometimes, but mostly I forget it. It's a good thing. She married me before I knew what she was up to. My stars! What would have become of me if she had n't? What's the use? That's what I've got to say. What's the use? Why don't you hitch up? Nora and I are all right, all right. So'll you be, all right. We fit each other like a buckle and a strap. So'll you."

John was thunderous with emphasis.

"Oh! Nora thinks that, does she?"

"Why, she leads me by the nose. That's the Angevine of it. So'll Leo do with you."

"He will, will he?"

"Sometimes I know it, but mostly I forget it. So'll you. That's the Gayley of it."

"I won't either!"

"And it's a good thing all round, a good thing. What's the use? That's what I've got to say. What's the use?"

But Katherine was gone. She seemed to leave a fiery wake behind her, like the tail of a comet. She burst through the garden gate, and out among the beehives.

"Leo Angevine! Take your beehives and go home! Oh!" she screamed, "I'm stung! Oh! I'm stung again!"

At the corner of the garden stood an arbor shelter of grapevines, thick and green, with entrances within and without the garden. Thither Katherine fled from the bees, and Leo followed. Thither John Gayley tiptoed, with expression extravagant, feet lifted extravagantly high, and peered through the leaves. Katherine's bare arm was extended. Leo held it and applied dabs of mud.

She was stating her mind with emphasis: "Humph! I don't like being in love. It hurts!"

"That I've observed also."

"It's always either way up or way down."

"I have noted that, too."

"It catches like measles."

"Oh! why, I had n't thought of it's being contagious. And yet, why not?"

"Well, perhaps we'll like it, when we're used to it."

There was a pause. Leo said, —

"Those are very cogent suggestions, Katherine, very much to the point."

John Gayley tiptoed away extravagantly.

THE RETURN TO THE SEA

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

LET us destroy the dream! She knows not of it.

Let us go back rejoicing to the sea.

Sighing is vain, and laughter shall not profit;

But fill Life's frothing cup again and quaff it

To wider hopes and greater things to be.

Time turns his tide, and turns back our distresses;

Let us return unshaken as we came.

Shall we, the wanderers, mourn for lost caresses?

Our hands are fettered by no cloudy tresses;

Ours are the hearts no starry eyes can tame.

Yet, had she heard the tones our songs could lend her,

We might have found some world of hers and mine

Sweet with perfume of summer roses tender,

And vibrant with the salt sea's strength and splendor,

And lit by stars that now shall never shine.

Nay, but she would not — nay, she could not know them,

The flying dreams with vast and vivid wings.

Days and delights with poisoned pain below them,

Hopes, flowers, and fancies, — where shall we bestow them?

What shall we do with all these wasted things?

Sink them in seas that give their dead up never;

A hundred fathoms deep beneath the main;

Beside the rotted wrecks of old endeavor,

So that no daring deep-sea diver ever

Can bring our worthless treasures up again.

For her the safer life of dreams crushed under,

The petty pleasures, and the dusty way.

For us the oceanic throb and thunder,

The resonance of all the winds of wonder

And lordly interchange of night and day.

Nay, she has chosen. Let us turn our faces,

And go back gladly to the windy shore;

And follow far the tide's tumultuous traces

Toward the fierce flicker of adventurous places,

And look not back, nor listen any more.

THE CAUSE OF SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS

BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

SOUTH AMERICAN revolutions have long furnished copy to our comic periodicals, been the butt of the wit of many a newspaper reporter, and done service on the melodramatic stage of modern fiction and light opera. Repeated cable reports from South American centres assure us that the crop is perennial, and we have come to look on certain countries as in a normal state only when engaged in civil war. However lightly we may receive these reports of isolated disturbances, their conjunctive or successive occurrence and reoccurrence throughout a large and contiguous group of republics presents a distinct phenomenon which is undoubtedly based on some common cause.

Those who give the matter any serious thought are accustomed to assume that this cause is merely a racial tendency and characteristic of the Latin peoples; and to the casual student of the ups and downs of the world's republics this assumption seems justified by history. The present writer does not ignore the importance of the racial factor in national economies; at the same time, long acquaintance and intercourse with the Latin races leads him to doubt whether this factor can be considered even as one of the fundamental causes of South American revolutions. If, indeed, revolt were in the blood of the Latin, then the situation would continue indefinitely to create turmoil among the Latins, and abroad, increasing perplexity as to the remedy. It is the purpose of this article to show that such is not the case, but that South American revolutions are a very natural outcome of the present social system and the economic conditions of the different countries, and that the causes are really transient relatively to the development of the several states.

This subject is by no means foreign to

our national interests, and will not be until official interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine has limited the application of that troublesome tenet to America north of the Canal Zone. Even should our imposed suzerainty over South America be thus withdrawn, our commercial interests in the hitherto neglected markets of the southern continent will gradually demand a sane appreciation of the real state of things in Latin America, based on something more substantial than cartoons and the comic stage.

A rapid consideration of the assumption that revolutions are an emanation of racial tendency will show that it is based entirely upon the fact that the United States and Switzerland have been free from revolutions, while none of the other republics has. Since all the other republics are Latin, the conclusion has been drawn and accepted that they are unstable and eruptive because they are Latin.

In opposition to this hypothesis I present a statement apparently equally supposititious, but in reality sustained by historical evidence of a circumstantial nature. It is this: *that the instability of republics has been in the ratio of their social and economic centralization.* To illustrate this point take three representative republics: the United States, France, and Brazil. Stability of government in Brazil bears the same relation to that in France as does the latter to that in the United States. To form the United States of America thirteen sovereignties more or less equally developed agreed to restricted amalgamation. From the start there were widely distributed interests which created what might be termed a centrifugal force that has ever since tended to decentralize power, economically speaking. In other

words, at no time in our history have the arteries of our body-politic been sapped for the sustenance of an abnormally developed head, and the great consequence for us has been stability of government with symmetry in economic development.

In France of to-day, however, we have a state still liable to the ills of predominant centralization. Any one who will recall the trying days of an event so recent as the Dreyfus case will hardly challenge this statement. Speculation as to the ability of the government to cope with the situation was universal, and the general relief at the escape of France from civil war, at a time when disaffection was practically restricted to Paris, shows that to-day, as in the days of her many turnings, Paris is France. To say as much for the relations of any city to the United States would be to put forward a patent absurdity. We cannot imagine New York, much less Washington, as possessing an overwhelming, practically national, balance of power. And the measure of the absurdity is simply the preponderance of our homogeneity over that of France.

The primal cause of stability I have already stated; but as potent corollaries due credit must be given to our systems of education and internal communication, our constant expansion, normal in that it has not taxed the power of assimilation, and our national mania for reading. In this regard the intricate network of our railroads eloquently portrays how complete is that communication, the first adjunct of civic education. These are all disseminating forces. They are the factors that go to eliminate peasantry with its time-honored characteristics of ignorance and apathy.

Not least among the memorable utterances of Jefferson was the statement that "it is safer to have a whole people respectably enlightened than a few in a high state of science and the rest in ignorance." We are the "whole people respectably enlightened;" and what follows, "a few in a high state of science and the rest in ignorance," is so descriptive of actual France,

and to a greater degree of Brazil, and the South American republics in general, that one driven to picture these states with a stroke of the pen could choose no words more fitting. Go to the most retiring of New England villages, or to the latest group of shacks in the new West, and you will find in each individual a sense of identity in a whole,—a consciousness of governing and being governed. Make an equally impartial inspection of the nooks of France, and you will find whole communities which, barring officialdom, know nothing more of the government under which they exist than they did before its conception.

All that has been said regarding France, and more, is true of Brazil, by far the largest, most powerful, and most conservative of the South American states. To the American who is under the impression that all South America is continually in the throes of one or another revolution it will come as a surprise to learn that this vast district, comprising one half the territory and almost two thirds the population of the whole continent, has known no revolution since the founding of the Republic. The revolts of 1893, 1897, and 1904, menacing in varying degree, were outbursts fostered by a centralization of national vitality which inspired the belief in each insurrectionist that it was but necessary to strike the head,—the body would lie dormant. The justification of this belief lay in the historical fact that the vast majority of successful revolts throughout South America have consisted merely in *coups d'état*. The masses have lain dormant, and the fighting, if any, has generally come after the somersault.

The revolt of November of last year in Brazil was so typical of South American revolutions, and so elementary, that it affords a lucid illustration. Owing to the prompt and efficient measures taken by the government to suppress true reports of the disturbance, and owing, too, to its signal failure, this revolt was scarcely mentioned by the American press. Nevertheless, it missed by little causing inter-

national commotion, and an account from an eye-witness may prove of value.

A great epidemic of smallpox led the government to require of Congress a law making vaccination compulsory. Long and heated debate on the constitutionality of the measure went on, while the epidemic assumed alarming proportions. The Executive's patience being worn out, arbitrary pressure was brought to bear, and the law passed. This intervention brought down the general censure of the press, and the opposition seized the handle with disproportionate avidity. On the eleventh of November a mass meeting was held in one of the central squares of Rio Janeiro. The crowd assembled was by no means representative, being composed for the most part of riff-raff and curious shop clerks. The mounted police broke up the meeting with the flat of the sword: no lives were lost. On the following day the scene was duplicated, several people injured, and a life lost. By night riots had broken out in various parts of the city; the exceptionally large and lawless mass of stevedores went on strike and forcibly stopped all traffic; street-cars were overturned and burned amid fusillades between rioters and troops; and several non-participants, including women and children, were shot during the following day. The flood of suburbanites, ignorant of the gravity of the disturbances, entered the city as usual, only to beat a hasty retreat. At sundown the rioters swept along the streets, opening manholes, ripping off drain covers, tearing down gas fixtures of every description, and throwing the debris into the streets to embarrass cavalry charges. Within a few hours there was not a street-lamp intact throughout the city.

Up to the fourteenth of November, revolution was not even rumored. However, on this day the riots became so general that the government deemed wise the postponement of the great military review which was to have taken place on the fifteenth, the anniversary of the Republic. Toward evening city and government were genuinely surprised by the news

that General Travassos, who was to have commanded a battalion in the review, immediately upon the announcement of its postponement had proceeded to the Military Academy on the outskirts of the city, and, before the student body, had demanded of the officer in charge transfer of his command. Frightened by the attitude of the cadets, the commanding officer made a puerile protest, and surrendered. He and his staff were allowed to withdraw, and carried the news of the revolt to the city. It was soon confirmed: the cadets were advancing on the President's palace, under the leadership of General Travassos, Lauro Sodre, a popular, young Federal senator, and Deputy Alfredo Varella, leader of the opposition in the lower House.

The shortest line of march was along the bay front, and to repulse the attack were sent by land a battalion of the line reinforced by police, and by sea two gunboats under the play of searchlights from an armored cruiser. The cadets marched under the assurance that no soldier of the line would fire on them, as the army was back of the movement. They were led, not along the water front, but around a stone quarry into a street which debouched half a mile down the bay. In this street they were met by an armed force, indistinguishable owing to the destruction of all the lamps by rioters. The force was the advancing battalion, and it is generally believed that it fired on the cadets, mistaking them for the returning body of police which had followed the water front. Brisk fighting ensued, when suddenly the cry arose among the cadets that they had been betrayed, and were attacked by soldiers of the line. They broke and made a disorderly retreat to the Academy. Almost simultaneously the soldiers learned their mistake, and that they had opposed a commanding officer; and they turned in precipitous flight. General Travassos was mortally wounded in the engagement. Senator Sodre escaped, wounded, to give himself up a day or two later, and Deputy Varella disappeared.

Meanwhile the detachment of police dispatched from the city had advanced along the bay front to the stone quarry, where they awaited the rebels. Drawn up at this spot under close formation, they were mistaken by the gunboats for the cadets, and were made the target of a disastrous hail of bullets from quick-firing guns. Their retreat also was precipitous.

Such was the comedy of errors which will be known as the Revolt of 1904. Its net results were a rude but salutary recall of the government to watchfulness; added prestige abroad for the government, vouched by a rise in its bonds; and, most significant of all, spontaneous and immediate support of the Chief Executive from neighboring states. And yet the credit was not due to the government, which avowedly had been caught napping, but to the Goddess of Chance, the arbiter of every *coup d'état*.

In the light of subsequent events the plan of the opposition was patent. At the grand review on the 15th, General Travassos at the head of his battalion was to have imprisoned the President, and declared the popular senator, Lauro Sodre, dictator. Later investigation showed that he would have been supported by many in high places. Because the riots inspired by the opposition assumed alarming proportions, the parade was abandoned. A new plan, centring in the Military Academy, was rapidly improvised, and because the lights in a side street had been wiped out by the same indefatigable rioters, it also proved a fiasco, and the day was lost irretrievably.

This example is given in full, as it follows the elementary, conventional lines of a South American revolt. Its chances of success were based upon three fundamental conditions: concentration of national vitality in the capital city, apathy of the masses, isolation. The case thus diagnosed, the simplicity of the antidote is evident. Merely normal development along the channels that have made us in reality the United States of America: popular education, and free communica-

tion, more explicitly defined in the one word "railroads."

The Republic of Brazil is in its sixteenth year, a mere child in our great family, and yet I venture the assertion that it has so far advanced along these lines that the *coup d'état* revolt is no longer a serious menace. The assertion, it must be admitted, is based mainly on the fact that upon the first news of revolt the state government of S. Paulo spontaneously rushed a battalion down the Central Railway to the support of the Executive.

Of the Spanish republics, the Argentine and Chile can be placed in the same category as Brazil, but to get a clear idea of the causes of ever-recurrent revolts in Spanish America one must look back—and not so very far back—to the days of San Martin and Bolivar, with their host of terrible lieutenants. To our shame be it said that the American schoolboy and college man knows far more of the Crusades of the Middle Ages than of this tremendous crusade for liberty, in which two men, starting from the extremities of a continent, fought their forces through five thousand miles of the enemy's territory,—their battleground the Andes Mountains!¹

The problem of construction which confronted the survivors of the expulsion of Spain from her South American provinces was by no means a parallel to that which taxed the genius of the liberators of the Thirteen Colonies. On one side we have a compact and leavened mass slowly spreading into the wilderness like a drop of oil on water. On the other, a Creole aristocracy scattered over a strip of territory five thousand miles long, and dominating a diversity of tribes. That there should be division was inevitable; Bolivar fell from the pinnacle of genius the

¹ Dawson's *South American Republics* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a book that should be used as collateral reading in every one of our schools. It treats of a continent whose commercial conquest, more vital to us than that of all Europe, is being left to other hands simply because we are bound by the indifference of absolute ignorance.

day he dreamed of unity. And that mysterious patriot and soldier, San Martin! History gives us no clue, but we may conjecture that it was prophetic vision of the turmoil which must rend his beloved continent that drove him to self-effacement and exile. For a patriot among patriots the sword could be but the symbol of fratricide. And such it proved; for, once division became the rule, who should set its limits?

Like the builder of the French Empire, Bolivar and San Martin had bestowed kingdoms upon their lieutenants; but the lieutenants outnumbered the kingdoms, and so began the rush for power. The lieutenants out of the way, each soldier of the patriot armies became a candidate for the great prize, and arbitrary boundaries fancifully laid shifted before the onslaught of every Creole sword. But underlying this inevitable outburst we have

a lasting condition: the aristocracy, or an enlightened few, and the mass, pledged to a hundred chiefs, as loyally but as personally as ever serf to feudal lord. To this mass civic impulse is of the future. Under the so-called revolutions that sweep over it, as a mass, it lies dormant.

Let us liken the South American governments in the hands of a warring few to the weather-vane on a great barn; the vane swerves with every puff of wind, but the barn stands firm and unmoved, even unconscious, awaiting the hurricane. The Latin masses are by nature peaceable, long-suffering, law-abiding, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Revolution is not their normal diet. The South American republics are young, and when education, sane enterprise, and all the great forces which go for homogeneity have done their work, history will know the revolutionary period as a transition.

THE YEAR IN FRANCE

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

A VIGOROUS reassertion of the traditional French abhorrence of *délation*,¹ in a period which had appeared inclined to tolerate it, has been the most interesting, the most significant, and the most reassuring event of the past year in France, whether the point of view be that of national politics or that of national psychology. The French people have got back—thanks to a complete exposure of French free-masonry as an agency of political corruption and intrigue—the robust sense of honor which long was theirs, but

which, to put it as mildly as possible, had latterly been badly compromised. This change is an unmistakable symptom of convalescence, if not a proof of complete restoration to health.

The Latin races have always taken exceedingly high ground regarding espionage of every sort except that which is strictly professional. Neither the Latin temperament nor the Latin ethical code based on the Latin temperament admits the right of any man who is not a detective by trade to turn even the worst criminal over to justice. The Latin peoples hold that the rôle of informer is absolutely incompatible with the character of a gentleman.

A score of years ago a French criminal, Charles Redon, escaped from a French prison and succeeded in crossing the fron-

¹ Our little-used term, "delation," is but a feeble translation of this term. Nor do such words as denouncing, informing, tale-bearing, fit the case any better. The French word *délation* implies more opprobrium than is attached to any one of these words or to all of them together.

tier into Spain with his father, by favor of the latter's devotion. Arrived at Palencia, they consulted the leading lawyer of the place. The lawyer betrayed their confidence. He had them imprisoned, and steps were being taken toward their extradition, when the 1350 inhabitants of Palencia rose as one man, with the bishop and the prefect at their head, demanded their release, obtained it, and then drove the treacherous lawyer out of the town with imprecations and yells.

More recently, when the notorious Humberts (who were in hiding at Madrid) were turned over to the police by a member of the Spanish Royal Academy, Señor Cotarello, the entire Spanish press denounced his act in no measured terms, Nuñez de Arce brought the matter to the attention of the Academy, and several members of the Academy threatened to resign, on the ground that they did not wish to make a part of the same body with M. Cotarello, who, "being neither a policeman nor a magistrate," had been "guilty of contemptible conduct." The poor, to whom M. Cotarello offered the twenty-five thousand francs he was given for his revelation by the French authorities, flatly refused to accept it. France (where the offering of a reward for the apprehension of the Humberts had been strenuously objected to) and the rest of Latin Europe were inexpressibly shocked and disgusted by Señor Cotarello's action. "On this subject," wrote Charles Laurent, at the time, "public opinion will listen to neither raillery nor reason. It is useless to try to gild for it the pill, to attempt to mislead it regarding its own sentiments. Though it may hesitate for a second, it quickly gets its bearings again, and resumes the right path. With us, whoever has played the rôle of informer is thereafter condemned to resort to a pseudonym if he wishes to enjoy the fruits of his villainy in peace. And in Italy, in Spain, among all the peoples, even the most remote, who are of Latin origin, it is the same — imperiously."

The immediate occasion of the outbreak

of the abhorrence of *délation* noted in the opening paragraph of this article was the proclamation in the Chamber of Deputies by M. Guyot de Villeneuve (corroboratory documents in hand) of the scandalous extent to which the Minister of War had utilized (with the knowledge, if not the consent, of the premier, M. Combes) the highly organized spy system of the Grand Orient of France as a basis for the degradation and promotion of the officers in the army service.

The documents produced by M. Guyot de Villeneuve were indeed of a nature to create a sensation. They consisted of a voluminous series of secret notes regarding individual army officers and civil functionaries, prepared with great pains and infinite attention to detail by a bureau of the Grand Orient specially established and equipped for the purpose, with the help of free-masons in all sections of France and in all walks of life. These notes concerned themselves with the personal habits and morals, and even with the thoughts of their subjects. They invaded the sanctity of family life. Starting from the false premises that free-thinker and republican are interchangeable terms, and that a person who takes the sacrament, or even goes to mass, is necessarily disloyal to the Republic, they blacklisted those officers who profess or practice religion, and called down condign punishment upon them. They pass belief in their pettiness. M. Combes is said to have deprived of his job a certain river-keeper for the offense of having transported in his boat a member of a religious fraternity from one bank of the river to the other. The surprising thing is, not that M. Combes should have punished the offense, but that he should have learned of the offense. Such an incident indicates better than pages of explanation could the perfection of the masonic spying system, and shows at the same time that the loyalty demanded in reality by M. Combes was not loyalty to the Republic, which is perfectly consistent with religion, but loyalty to M. Combes which, it is very true, is not.

A veritable tidal wave of blended indignation and disgust swept over France at M. Guyot de Villeneuve's unsavory revelations, catching up and hurrying along with it hosts of stanch anti-clericals who had hitherto been the warmest supporters of the ministry.

M. Joseph Reinach, for instance, said: "That a government has the right to inform itself, by its own agents (its direct agents responsible to it), regarding the loyalty of army officers, no one under any régime has ever contested. But the loyalty of an officer to the government is quite a different thing from his political, philosophical, and religious conscience, which should be an impenetrable domain. Loyalty to the government consists in a respectful attitude toward the constitution and its institutions, and this may very properly be made a matter of discipline. But the right stops there. To go farther is the inquisition."

The country at large had paid relatively little attention to such puerile displays of bigotry and petty spite, to such gratuitous and profitless persecutions, as the removal of religious emblems from the court rooms and of crosses from the cemeteries; the suppression of the *Messe Rouge* or Mass of the Holy Ghost for the magistracy; the putting of an embargo, locally, on the wearing of the cassock; the placing of the statue of the skeptic Renan before the Cathedral at Tréguier; the exclusion of the sisters of charity as nurses from the Invalides and from the marine hospitals; the interdiction of religious processions; the forbidding of soldiers to frequent Catholic clubs and recreation rooms; the abolition of the traditional Good Friday rites in the navy; and the substitution of cold and colorless civil festivals for the picturesque *pardons* of Brittany.

It had shown very few signs of being excited when the right to take vows and to live in common was denied to a large class of French citizens; when an Alsatian abbé was expelled from French territory, before he had uttered a word, be-

cause it was assumed that he was going to criticize the ministry; when priests and ecclesiastics were disciplined for allowing monks of the preaching orders to deliver Lenten sermons in their churches; when schoolmasters were encouraged to make their influence not only non-religious, but anti-religious; and when its own monks and nuns, expelled at the point of the bayonet, were welcomed with open arms by non-Catholic countries as accessions to their material, moral, and intellectual wealth.

It had beheld without waxing exceedingly wroth a measure already sufficiently radical, intolerant, and oppressive fade into insignificance before a measure still more radical, intolerant, and oppressive; the law of associations gradually transformed from the instrument of control it was designed to be by its sponsor, Waldeck-Rousseau, into a weapon of suppression; the withdrawal of the right to teach from the unauthorized congregations, from the authorized congregations, and from all the congregations successively; and the resort of the ministry in power to the paradoxical extreme of violating the law for the sake of enforcing a law.

It had listened almost listlessly to unabashed proclamations from the ministry that the political disqualification of Catholics and a monopoly of charity, as well as of education, were a part of its ideal, and to bumptious threats from some of the extremist members of the parliamentary majority that they would blot out churches altogether and set up an irreligion of the state.

It had submitted tamely to the closing of more than fourteen hundred congregational establishments, including those (for which it had well-founded gratitude or affection) of the Carthusians who were engaged in industries that contributed to its wealth, of the sisterhoods consecrated to charity, of the Benedictines devoted to the care of orphans, and of the Christian Brothers, whose technical schools had won the highest awards at the Exposition of 1900, and had been openly approved

again and again by the Chamber and the Senate; submitted likewise to the diminution of French diplomatic prestige in the Orient; to the closing of mission chapels; to the proscription of preaching and teaching the catechism in the Breton tongue; to the breaking of plighted faith; and to the flagrant violation of all the fundamental liberties (except that of the press), and of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, which stipulates distinctly that no person shall be disturbed for his religious opinions.

All these things it had seen and heard and endured without being greatly disturbed, otherwise than locally, thereby; but it could not stomach *délation*.

The parties whose names were revealed as district agents of the Grand Orient's information bureau, and who were members of all the trades and professions, were so ostracized and boycotted, and even mobbed, that they were constrained to change their places of residence and business. Many were forced into duels, and a few committed suicide.

Capitaine Mollin, the go-between for General André, the Minister of War, and the Secretary of the Grand Orient, was forced to resign by General André, who hoped to make of him a scapegoat.

This hope being deceived, General André was forced to resign by the Premier, M. Combes,¹ who hoped to make of him a scapegoat; and this hope being deceived, in its turn, M. Combes, finding his position absolutely untenable, resigned, to forestall defeat, while he still had a slender majority.

M. Combes and General André paid the tribute vice frequently pays to virtue, by endeavoring to cover up their wrongdoings. They put forth formal, hesitating, half-hearted disclaimers, mildly decrying *délation*. But inasmuch as they visited no adequate punishment on the offenders, and inasmuch as they accompanied their disclaimers, the former with an address

to the prefects inculcating espionage under a slightly different form and organizing it into a highly complicated system, and the latter with a statement that many of the army officers were hostile to the Republic, that the army must be purified and republicanized at all hazards, and that no source of information should be neglected which could be utilized for its purification and republicanization, these disclaimers could not be taken very seriously. To repudiate the notes of *délation* in one breath, and to assert that they employed them only for the good of the state in another, was a proceeding little calculated to impress the unbiased with their innocence. General André portrayed to the chamber with harrowing detail the pathetic plight of the Protestant, Jewish, and Freethinking officers under the previous ministries by reason of the social ostracism to which their Catholic fellow officers had subjected them, and announced his determination of giving the Catholic officers their turn at being made uncomfortable, — as if a resort to social ostracism were a punishable offense, and as if retaliation were a motive for a minister supposed to be a statesman to avow.

Unlike Combes and André, the officers of the Grand Orient of France did not beat about the bush. They did not deny the charges brought against them, nor even attempt to palliate them in any way. On the contrary, they proclaimed, with a frankness that would be effrontery if it were not fanaticism, tale-bearing in the interests of the Republic to be a very rare and special brand of virtue,¹ thereby bringing themselves into a discredit with the nation at large from which they will not soon emerge.

¹ It is only fair to say that many masons protested and that some resigned from their lodges. Furthermore, it should be explained that French free-masons have long been eyed askance by the free-masons of most other countries because of their atheistical tendencies. Nothing said of them here is applicable to American free-masons, who, we have every reason to believe, hold themselves laudably aloof from political intrigue.

¹ The pretext for General André's resignation was the assault made on him by Gabriel Syveton, but this pretext deceived nobody.

M. Lafferre, the Grand Master of the Grand Orient, defended the notes of *déclaration* in the Chamber, and, in a document sent to all the lodges of France by the Supreme Council on the third of November, the following passages occur:—

"There is not one of our lodges, there is not one of our brothers, who is not familiar with the fierce campaign carried on during the past few days against our order by the entire monarchic, nationalist, and clerical reaction. They have been trying, by resorting to insult and clamor, to distort the acts of which we are justly proud, and thanks to which we have helped in some small measure to rescue the Republic from the underground manoeuvres of its eternal enemies. . . .

"And now, we desire in the name of the whole Masonic body to declare boldly that, in furnishing to the Minister of War detailed information regarding the faithful servants of the Republic and regarding those who by their incessantly hostile attitude to the Republic have occasioned the most natural anxiety, the Grand Orient of France claims not only to have exercised a legitimate right, but to have accomplished the most important of duties.

"The Republic is our common property. We have purchased it dearly, and the Masons, above all others, may claim the honor of having caused its triumph. Without Free-masonry the Republic would have disappeared long ago, free-thought would have been definitely stifled by the triumphant congregation, and Pius X would reign as master over an enslaved France.

"Is it not ridiculous to see our enemies treat to-day as contemptible espionage the acts by which we put the administrators of the commonwealth on their guard against the treasons of faithless functionaries, and signalized to them those who were the best fitted to serve them usefully? . . .

"Our activity is a necessary counterpoise to that of the Catholic clubs. . . . Is the sleeping partner of a great industrial concern a contemptible informer if

he signalizes to the manager of the business in which he has invested his fortune the maladministration of some employees, and the intelligence, honesty, and worthiness of others? Verily, words have changed their meanings in the mouths of the Nationalists, and for them moral laws have lost their force.

"And who are these Nationalists and these clericals who are trying to make it appear a crime for the Grand Orient to have performed loyally its duty?

"They are the very ones who from the foundation of the Republic have by incessant slander and deceit kept away all the Republicans from all the administrations, and more especially from the Army, and have replaced them by adversaries of the established order who are ready for all the *coups d'état* and all the reactions. . . .

"And it is these men, who ought to hang their heads because of their impudent misdeeds, who assume a self-righteous tone to-day and charge with disloyalty one of the most loyal, most legitimate, and most republican acts which the Grand Orient of France has performed.

"And it was before the cries of outraged modesty of such people as these that so many Republicans in the Chamber (several Masons included) were for an instant disturbed and disconcerted; so much disturbed and disconcerted that no one of them was able to find at the opportune moment the fitting word, and no one of them was capable of seizing the occasion to glorify Masonry, which was being assailed by its eternal adversaries, and to proclaim in the presence of all that it had deserved well of the Republic.

"We call the attention of our lodges, and of all Masons of the present and of the future, to the votes of weakness, of fear, and of cowardice cast by a certain number of Republicans who, at the very moment when it was necessary to present a united front to the unchained reaction, added their voices to those of our most irreconcilable enemies. They recall, alas, the weakness, the fear, and the cowardice

of the most sombre days of Boulangism and of Nationalism.

"In spite of them, the Republic has once more come off victor. Many, we hope, will speedily recover their self-possession. In the meantime, our lodges will keep an eye upon them."

L'Action and several other extremist journals, which take their cue from the Grand Orient, adopted a similar audacious attitude and indulged in similar utterances.

When the writer stated, a year ago, that M. Combes probably had a separation project "up his sleeve," he did not suspect that M. Combes, crafty as he was known to be, would be crafty enough to bring about a series of totally unnecessary controversies with Rome which would culminate in the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and would make separation present itself as the only possible course; nor that he would be crafty enough to father a project of separation of church and state that would not separate the church from the state, but would bring the former, on the contrary, more completely under the latter's power. Nevertheless, this is what occurred. M. Combes did all these things.

He contrived to make it appear that Rome had deliberately violated the Concordat, — although he knew perfectly well that what Rome had violated (if she had violated anything) was not the Concordat, but the Organic Articles, the force of which she had not only never recognized, but had always protested against as a gross breach of good faith on the part of Napoleon I, — and he even succeeded in getting an overwhelming vote from the Chamber to the effect that this violation of the Concordat by the Vatican left France absolutely no choice.

Then, when he had wrought the legislators up to the proper pitch of vindictiveness, he broached a scheme which he called a separation scheme, but which was in reality a shrewd device for paying off old grudges, for facilitating the sup-

pression of religious education, for making the practice of worship as difficult as possible, and for defying the Pope; a device, in a word, for establishing a concordatory régime without a Concordat. The measure by which he proclaimed his willingness to stand or fall was a bill of persecution and confiscation, not a measure of liberation, and was well characterized by M. Brunetière as a measure "not of separation but of proscription." The liberty it claimed to confer was not liberty, but oppression, like all the liberty with which M. Combes ever had anything to do.

Among other things, it made the very existence of individual churches dependent on ministerial caprice, and stipulated that their accounts should be subjected to the Prefect, or his representative, whenever he might call for them. It forbade the holding of religious services in any place not built for the purpose and not authorized by the government, and abolished the right of churches to federate, except within the limits of a single department, — a proceeding more distasteful and more dangerous to Protestants than to Catholics.

"The rich departments," said M. Desmoulins, apropos of the Combes measure, "will not be authorized to come to the aid of the poor departments, and the churches the most liberally endowed will not be able to turn over their surplus receipts to a central treasury in order to constitute a sinking fund. . . . M. Combes suppresses the solidarity of Christians. The Free-masons may organize and federate as they will, but the Catholics are denied this privilege."

M. Clément, commenting on the same measure, said: —

"M. Combes thinks, doubtless, that the liberty so parsimoniously accorded to the monastic associations which were recognized by the law of 1901 would be too great for the churches. He imposes on these last, therefore, extra regulations, and, most curious of all, denies them the right to federate except within the limits of a single department. The consequence

of this restriction of the right of association will be to deprive the poor departments of every kind of assistance from adjacent departments in the maintenance of Catholic worship. Another consequence will be the suppression of the archbishoprics. As to the Protestant and Israelitish churches, this restriction means death, nothing more nor less. Having no more a common organization, being no longer able to unite their resources and put them under the control of a central committee, consistory, or general synod, the Protestant cult and the Israelitish cult are doomed to disappear. It is a fresh revocation of the Edict of Nantes with which the Bonaparte who directs the destinies of Republican France strikes them."

These opinions are the opinions of churchmen, it is true, and as such are subject to caution. But M. Clemenceau, who cannot be suspected of tenderness toward the Church, although he has held himself heroically independent of M. Combes's dictation, speaks to the same effect no less emphatically.

"M. Combes," he says, "would have it so that he and his successors might hold the clergy by the right they will have to turn over to or to withhold from said clergy each and every one of the religious edifices. The ecclesiastic who shall have displeased the ministry will find himself deprived of his episcopal palace or of his presbytery. The priest who shall have opposed the official candidate in the local elections will be sure of his affair. His church will be taken away from him sooner or later."

Many ancient and honored radicals, notably M. Maret and M. Goblet, have indulged in similar utterances.

While the immediate occasion of the withdrawal of M. Combes was unquestionably the tale-bearing scandals, the underlying cause was the supreme weariness of the community with M. Combes's brutal and intolerant treatment of religion.

M. Combes's successor, M. Rouvier,

appreciated this twofold fact. Accordingly, he issued at once an unequivocal proclamation severely condemning the system of secret reports upon the lives of the army officers, and approving the expulsion of one of the most shameless of the *délateurs* from the Legion of Honor, and the dismissal of another from the Superior Council of War; and he made it plain, while accepting the general programme of M. Combes, that he repudiated his barbarous methods and his revengeful spirit.

"We have before us," said M. Renault-Morlière soon after M. Rouvier became premier, "a ministry which by its declarations and its first acts has shown us that it is doing its best to atone for the blunders of its predecessor." "The atmosphere has become more breathable," said M. Thierry, "since the accession of Minister Rouvier. Ever since the reading of the ministerial declaration, we have had the feeling that we were no longer dealing with the same people. The tone has changed. We are back in France, back in the country of good taste, of tact, and of courtesy, all qualities which were conspicuous by their absence in the character of the former President of the Council."

M. Rouvier's attitude has been conciliatory in an eminent degree. "We would like," he says, "to accomplish this reform (the separation of church and state) with unanimity." Nor is this attitude a pose. M. Rouvier, whose political traditions are opportunist, was anything but a warm partisan of separation when he formed a part of the ministry of M. Combes. He was the member of the Combes cabinet most opposed to the recall of M. Nisard, the French ambassador to the Vatican, and did not sign the decree suspending diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican. Indeed, he would probably never have become an advocate of separation at all, if the peculiar circumstances of his accession to the premiership had not forced this rôle upon him.

The project of M. Bienvenu - Martin which M. Rouvier adopted as the measure of the ministry is totally different in temper from the measure of M. Combes. It partakes of M. Rouvier's moderation, just as the Combes measure partook of the bigotry of M. Combes. It lacks the atmosphere of contention that enveloped, fatally, everything which M. Combes tried to do. It is an attempt to come to an understanding with religion rather than to antagonize it, and marks a cessation of direct war upon the church. It bespeaks an honest desire to secure religious liberty and independence for all denominations.

Like its predecessor, it abolishes the Concordat, suppresses all existing public establishments of religion, requires the present church associations to transform themselves into civil corporations, and prohibits all appropriations of government funds for religious purposes; but, unlike its predecessor, it recognizes rights in the religious associations and imposes obligations on the communes and on the state. It discards the most odious and oppressive features of the Combes measure. It extends greatly the limits within which religious societies may federate. It increases the grants, indemnities, and pensions of the clergy, and includes a number of provisions intended to make as easy as possible the transition from the old to the new régime.

Furthermore, there is nothing in the text to prevent the formation of associations to worship elsewhere than in the state buildings, or to prevent the bishops and clergy from participating in politics outside of the pulpit.

The fundamental weakness of the Rouvier measure is that it contradicts itself. It is hesitating and incoherent. What it seems to accord in one section it seems to withdraw in another. "The first article of this separatist project," says Henri Maret, a freethinking advocate of real separation, "establishes liberty, but the following articles suppress it. And these articles are thirty-one. Now liberty can

be annihilated in less than thirty-one articles." "We feel that the persons who drew up this measure," says Comte d'Haussonville, a Catholic believer in real separation, "were divided between two feelings: a fairly sincere desire to accord to the church the liberties essential to its life, and the fear of being reproached for according too much."

The preamble is, in truth, as brave as any one could desire. Thus: "We wish to guarantee the free exercise of worship, and this liberty should have no other limitations than those which are imposed by considerations of public order." The difficulty is that the "limitations imposed by considerations of public order" are made so numerous and final that the brave preamble is well-nigh buried out of sight by them, and the net result is a mere change in the form of the control of the church by the government, not the abolition of that control.

The Rouvier measure is based on the assumption that the bulk of the property now in the hands of the church belongs to the state or the communes, although this is far from being a settled point in law. It commits an injustice in compelling the transferral to the new religious associations of the property acquired since the Concordat, as to which no one pretends that it belongs to the state. It practically confiscates, by turning them over to the state, all the charitable foundations of the churches, thus establishing a state monopoly of charity. Indeed, by restricting the activity of the church to worship, it makes impossible what is known in America as the "institutional church." It leaves the communes free to rent the church buildings to the churches, or not to rent them, as they please, and free likewise to turn them over to secular uses, or even to sell them to outside parties at the end of twelve years; but it makes no provision for their purchase by the church from the state. It bases the rents of the church buildings not on the rentable value of the buildings themselves, but on the revenue of the lessees.

It dictates how church funds shall be invested, and stipulates what revenue the investments may bring. It forbids the holding of political meetings in buildings habitually used for worship, and punishes by fine or imprisonment or both any attempt on the part of a clergyman to influence the votes of electors or to persuade them to refrain from voting. It provides for the dissolution by the courts of churches against which complaints are made. It devotes a dozen articles to *La Police des Cultes* (the phrase has an unfortunate sound in a law of liberty), although all the points with which this police deals are amply covered by the common law. Thus, it makes special provision for the punishment of clergymen for defaming or insulting government officials by readings, speeches, or the posting or distribution of circulars; for direct provocation to resistance to the execution of the laws or the legal acts of public authority; and for endeavoring to excite or to arm a portion of the citizens against the other citizens, — quite as if these were not already punishable offenses when indulged in by any persons or class of persons whatsoever. It abrogates none of the oppressive religious legislation of the past few years. On the other hand, it goes out of its way to reaffirm the acts of July 1, 1901, December 4, 1902, and July 7, 1904.

The cordial reception given to M. Rouvier's project, in spite of these inconsistent, superfluous, and petty features, is a further proof of the unpopularity of M. Combes.

"Under the Combes ministry," says M. Clemenceau, "several members of the cabinet would not consider separation. Now they vie with each other in their eagerness for it. Everybody is in a hurry to sign, including M. Delcassé. It has even been difficult, it appears, to make the Minister of Agriculture understand that his signature is not necessary."

The hostility to the Combes ministry was, in fact, less to its policy abstractly considered than to its harsh and odious

methods. In the long run M. Combes's personality proved to be the greatest obstacle in the way of his own ideas. It was less because M. Combes wished to abrogate the Concordat, than because he was willing "to upset a policy deep-rooted in French history without any regard for the delicate bonds he was sundering," that he aroused antagonism.

Practically all the religious and political groups are so heartily sick of the troubled atmosphere of the last few years that they are willing to accept, if not to advocate, almost any solution that is put forward as a means of pacification, and there is every prospect, therefore, that M. Rouvier's bill, which disclaims, unlike M. Combes's bill, every species of retaliation, will go through substantially as it stands.

The Combists (anti-clerical radicals, socialists, and socialist-radicals), although far from satisfied with so relatively mild a measure, are limiting their action to an attempt to amend it in the direction of greater severity, having at last come to realize, through the discomfiture of their leader, that there are still lengths to which it is dangerous to go against the church. The Socialist demand that atheism be taught in the schools has been effectually rebuked; the frankly avowed anti-Christian movement has collapsed. The change from Combes to Rouvier has at least checked effectually the insolence of those who were proclaiming their intention to abolish public worship altogether, and this in itself is a great gain.

Such of the Radicals as are not violent anti-clericals are disposed to welcome any arrangement that will extricate the state from the absurd situation which constrains it "to penetrate into the temple, and to choose the person who shall represent there the good God;" which makes it "the duty of men who profess incredulity to indicate to others what they shall believe and in what measure they shall believe it, — to regulate, in a word, a dogma in which they do not believe themselves. They are willing to take any step

that seems to lead towards a society in which every sort of religion and philosophy shall be preached, propagated, and annihilated at its own risk and peril," and in which "no one shall be forced to occupy himself with what does not concern him."

The Conservatives oppose the Rouvier bill almost to a man, on principle, but in a formal, perfunctory way which makes it clear that it does not alarm them unduly.

The Progressives, while preferring for the most part the maintenance of the *status quo*, are bending their energies, true to their opportunist tendencies, not to securing the defeat of the bill, but to ameliorating it by amendments in the direction of less severity; and they will probably vote for it whether they can ameliorate it or not.

The Protestants, while not a little dismayed by the gravity of the financial problem which will confront them when they are obliged to make their churches self-supporting, in consequence of the withdrawal of the state subsidy, are so much less dismayed than they were by the absolute prohibition of federation contained in the Combes bill, that they seem to have renounced the idea of making any very vigorous opposition.

The Jews, being easily sufficient unto themselves, financially and otherwise, have so little to gain or lose either way that they are profoundly indifferent to the outcome, except in so far as they discern in separation a sort of Dreyfusard triumph.

The Catholics are less disturbed by the Rouvier Bill in its present form than by their fear of what it may lead to. "The Catholics," says the deputy Denys Cochin, "know to what use laws of liberty are put. The fate of the free school makes it possible to augur what will be the fate of the free church." They have long been preparing themselves for the cessation of the state subsidy, and if they could be assured that the proposed law would not be employed as a lever to deal

with the churches as the monastic orders have been dealt with, they would be well-nigh resigned to its passage. As it is, they are less bitterly hostile to it than they were to the Combes Bill. Indeed, the more fair-minded and progressive Catholics, while far from being satisfied with it, inasmuch as it does not accord to the clergy the same rights which private citizens possess, admit that it is not "a project of oppression and degradation," as was the bill of M. Combes, and are inclined to regard it as a possible first step toward "the free and independent church in a free and tolerant state," which has come gradually to be their ideal since they have seen how impossible it is for a church to fulfill its spiritual mission under a joint control.

The banefulness or innocuousness of most of the provisions to which they take exception will depend less on their letter than on the spirit in which they are interpreted and administered, and they have high hopes that the results of the next general election (in which the whole people will express for the first time their sentiments regarding the church issue) will be favorable to an interpretation and administration of the most liberal and tolerant sort.

In a word, the church and the state, after years of a troubled union, in the course of which they have had frequent periods of "shying plates at each other's heads," so to speak, have about reached the conclusion that their temperaments are mutually incompatible, and that to agree to disagree and live apart amicably is the wiser course.

The fourfold programme of the Combes ministry, which was nominally adopted by the Rouvier ministry, was stated as follows by M. Combes in an address delivered last summer at Carcassonne:—

"We have assumed the responsibility of the direction of public affairs solely in order to realize a determined programme, of which France already knows the main lines: before all and above all, the com-

plete secularization of our society by the complete victory of the lay spirit over the clerical spirit; in the second place, the reform of our military organization, and the reduction of the duration of the service to two years; in the third place, the introduction into our financial legislation of imposts upon the revenue as corrective of the inequalities and injustices of our fiscal régime; in the fourth place, the passage of laws for the assistance of the workingmen and the establishment of old-age pensions for them, — aims which have been always understood, and which have been in a sense the object of all the laws, projects, and propositions of laws of social order, which have secured or retained in the last fifteen years the solicitude of the republican assemblies."

The first of these items has been so materially modified by the temperate attitude of M. Rouvier as to have become almost a dead letter, as has been seen above.

The second item is practically an accomplished fact, both chambers having already voted for the army bill.

The third item is likely to go through at no very remote date, though M. Rouvier confesses himself lukewarm with regard to the matter.

The fourth item seems likely to wait a long time for its acceptance; not because there is any very formidable opposition to it on principle, but because the cost of it is greater than the state seems likely to be able to bear in the near future, — the increase in funds from the probable withdrawal of the subsidies to the churches being counterbalanced by the increased appropriations necessitated by the replacing of the suppressed schools of the monastic orders by public schools.

The strengthening of the Franco-Italian *entente*; the maintenance of the peace of Europe and the *status quo* in the East, and the arbitration of the Dogger Bank incident, thanks in a large measure to the

steadying influence of the Anglo-French *entente*; the definition of the rôle of France in the north of Africa; and the calm, dignified, but determined response of M. Delcassé to the German Emperor's *bou-tade* at Tangiers, have marked the year in diplomacy.

The honoring of Mistral with a Nobel Prize by the Swedish Academy; the welcoming of Barrett Wendell to the Sorbonne; the reversion of several distinguished writers (notably Anatole France and Jules Lemaître) to literature, after they had squandered several years on politics, have marked the year in letters.

A further development of the tendency already noticeable in 1903-04 to improve the literary tone of the popular theatre; a worthy revival of the poetic drama; and an adequate, if novel, interpretation of King Lear by Antoine, have marked the stage year.

An awakening to the need of technical training has marked the year in education. A trade-union movement for Sunday rest has marked the year in social betterment. Two successful crossings of the English Channel in airships have marked the year in applied science. The partial vindication of Dr. Doyen's cancer theories and treatment has marked the year in medicine.

These and several other things, in these and several other departments of life and thought, would call for a detailed presentation in this letter, had they not been overshadowed by the great socio-religious conflict centring about the attempt of M. Combes to secularize French society from top to bottom.

A well-known publicist characterized this conflict the other day as the gravest crisis France has known since the period of the great Revolution. The writer believes the estimate of this publicist to be just, and this is the reason that he has practically ignored all the other events of the twelvemonth.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS : THE TWO PURSUITS¹

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE literature of the past half century appears to have been a product, or resultant, of two principal forces, or rather impulses: the impulse toward a freer exercise of the romantic imagination, and the impulse toward an extreme development, in science of material effectiveness, and in art of sheer technical skill. These impulses are obviously independent, if not hostile; they have sometimes neutralized, often deflected, each other, and it would be hard to name an instance in which their action has been perfectly complementary. Not seldom, to be sure, they have worked side by side, if not altogether to mutual advantage: they have jointly, though not harmoniously, and by divers methods, irritated the productive nerves of creators, inventors, and art-for-art's-sake men. Their somewhat jarring coexistence should suggest a point of attack in dealing with not a few of the more pressing questions of current criticism. To our mind, at least, several recently published books of criticism are of especial significance for the light they, consciously or unconsciously, cast upon the interplay of these impulses in modern fiction, poetry, and drama: the pursuit of virtuosity and the pursuit of illusion.

Of the pursuit of illusion, Mr. Watts-Dunton is one of our most eminent critical champions. It is significant that he

¹ *Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic.* By JAMES DOUGLAS. New York: John Lane. 1905.

Studies in Prose and Verse. By ARTHUR SYMONS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

Iconoclasts: A Book of Dramatists. By JAMES HUNEKER. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons. 1905.

Dramatists of To-Day: Being an Informal Discussion of their Significant Work. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

should have been not only the valued friend of Rossetti and Morris, but also for many years the housemate and companion of Swinburne, greatest of modern poetical virtuosi. "The Renaissance of Wonder," is the phrase which Mr. Watts-Dunton connects with that movement toward a freer exercise of the romantic imagination which he considered the important movement in modern art. "As the storm-wind is the cause and not the effect of the mighty billows at sea, so the movement in question was the cause and not the effect of the French Revolution. . . . The phrase, the Renaissance of Wonder, merely indicates that there are two great impulses governing man, and probably not man only, but the entire world of conscious life: the impulse of acceptance, — the impulse to take unchallenged and for granted all the phenomena of the outer world as they are, — and the impulse to confront these phenomena with eyes of inquiry and wonder."

By wonder, it is further explained, the critic means, "that poetical attitude which the human mind assumes when confronting those unseen powers of the universe who, if they did not weave the web in which man finds himself entangled, dominate it." Romanticism, as a term that is feeble in itself and debased by usage, cannot for him express that attitude. "Not all the romantic feeling to be found in all the French romanticists (with their theory that not earnestness but the grotesque is the life-blood of romance) could equal the romantic feeling expressed in a single picture or drawing of Rossetti's, such, for instance, as Beata Beatrix or Pandora." Of Pandora he says in another place: "In it is seen at its highest Rossetti's unique faculty of treating classical legend in the true romantic spirit.

The grand and sombre beauty of Pandora's face, the mysterious haunting sadness in her deep blue - gray eyes as she tries in vain to reclose the box from which are still escaping the smoke and flames that shape themselves as they curl over her head into shadowy spirit-faces, gray with agony, between tortured wings of sullen fire, are in the highest romantic mood." This is to give Rossetti a high place indeed; since, according to the further generalization which completes the foundation of Mr. Watts-Dunton's structure of criticism, "Other things being equal, or anything like equal, a painter or poet of our time is to be judged very much by his sympathy with that great movement which we call the Renaissance of Wonder."

Here, then, is what appears at first glance to be, if not a reliable, a pretty comfortable *vade mecum* for the observer of modern letters. It has been seized upon as such by not a few of the younger English critics, with the result, among others, that certain terms like Renaissance of Wonder and *Natura Benigna* are in the way of declining from respectable catch-words to the mere cant of a coterie. Mr. Watts-Dunton has, however, by the employment of such phrases, and by the expression of the critical attitude for which they stand, done not a little toward bridging the gap between a rigid classical criticism, on the one hand, and a flighty pseudo-romantic criticism on the other. That he has persistently refused to collect, revise, and bring into unity those (in the proper sense of the term) essays in criticism, which maintain an obscure, if not precarious, existence in the files of the *Athenæum* and the pages of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is a fact which he explains in these terms: "I had for years, let me confess, cherished the idea that some day I might be able to take my various expressions of opinion upon literature, especially upon poetry, and mould them into a coherent, and, perhaps, into a harmonious whole. This alone would have satisfied me. But year

by year the body of critical writing from my pen has grown, and I felt and feel more and more unequal to the task of grappling with such a mass. . . . I am not so entirely without literary aspiration as not to regret that, years ago, when the mass of material was more manageable, I neglected to collect them and edit them myself. But the impulse to do this is now gone. . . . Owing to the quite unexpected popularity of *The Coming of Love* and of *Aylwin*, my mind has been diverted from criticism, and plunged into those much more fascinating waters of poetry and fiction in which I used to revel long before."

One cannot doubt the ingenuousness of this; nor can one fail to see in it a confession of limitation. Corollary to his insistence upon imaginative spontaneity is an insistence upon spontaneity of expression. To apply this principle has been, for himself, to practice improvisation; patently that in his critical writing, essentially that in his verse and fiction. "To define any kind of style," he asserts, "we must turn to real life. When we say of an individual in real life that he or she has style, we mean that the individual gives us an impression of unconscious power or unconscious grace, as distinguished from that conscious power or conscious grace which we call manner. The difference is fundamental. It is the same in literature; style is unconscious power or grace, — manner is conscious power or grace." This theory of style, admirable as it is, fails to prescribe that infinite painstaking which is a *sine qua non* for all, at least, under the first order of genius. And, *Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love* to the contrary, Mr. Watts-Dunton's own minor genius, or major talent, should have found its constructive or creative expression through criticism. He is a lesser, though considerable, poet and novelist; he might have been a really great critic. To many minds he is that: Mr. Swinburne, in his generous way, has called him "the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of

any age." His achievement, whatever it may have been, is, we understand, due to his success in breaking away from tradition, and in "always dealing with first principles."

What school of criticism does not pride itself on its unique addiction to first principles? — a phrase capable of as ready appropriation and varied interpretation as the Return to Nature which provided Sir Leslie Stephen with so suggestive a text. In the dedication of his *Studies in Prose and Verse*, Mr. Arthur Symons has this paragraph: —

"If there are any names here that do not interest you, disregard them, or read other names in their places. I am interested only in first principles, and it seems to me that to study first principles one must wait for them till they are made flesh and dwell among us. I have rarely contrasted one writer with another, or compared very carefully the various books of any writer among themselves. Criticism is not an examination with marks and prizes. It is a valuation of forces, and it is indifferent to their direction. It is concerned with them only as force, and it is concerned with force only, in its kind and degree." The first principles, or forces, with which Mr. Symons occupies himself are not altogether identical with those which have employed Mr. Watts-Dunton. In wonder as the saving element in human nature the younger critic has complete faith; but he is by no means confident that we are just now on the road to salvation. Our rebirth of wonder has been attended, and sadly jeopardized, by a monstrous new birth: the worship of fact. For much he holds responsible "that nameless thing, the newspaper, which can be likened only, and that at its best, to a printed phonograph. . . . Facts are difficult of digestion, and should be taken diluted, at infrequent intervals. They suit few constitutions when taken whole, and none when taken indiscriminately. The worship of fact is a wholly modern attitude of mind,

and it comes together with a worship of what we call science. True science is a kind of poetry, it is a divination, an imaginative reading of the universe. What we call science is an engine of material progress, it teaches us how to get most quickly to the other end of the world, and how to kill the people there in the most precise and economic manner. The function of this kind of science is to extinguish wonder, whereas the true science deepens our sense of wonder as it enlightens every new tract of the enveloping darkness."

Upon the question of style (and there is no article of the literary creed which more definitely places a critic) these two devotees of wonder part company, in practice as well as in theory. His theory Mr. Symons expresses with a good deal of vigor: "Every writer of good prose is a conscious artificer; and to write without deliberately changing the sequence of words as they come into the mind is to write badly. There is no such thing, speaking properly, as a 'natural style;' and it is merely ignorance of the mental processes of writing which sometimes leads us to say that the style of Swift, for instance, is more natural than the style of Ruskin." Certainly this is far enough from the "unconscious power or grace" which to Mr. Watts-Dunton means style. Mr. Symons in his pursuit of illusion declares that we require of the great artist "a world like our own, but a world infinitely more vigorous, interesting, profound; more beautiful with that kind of beauty which nature finds of itself for art. It is the quality of great creative art to give us so much life that we are overpowered by it, as by an air almost too vigorous to breathe: the exuberance of creation which makes the Sybils of Michelangelo something more than human, which makes Lear something more than human, in one kind or another of divinity." *That kind of beauty which nature finds of itself for art.* Yet Mr. Symons's own work, both creative and critical (if we must make such a distinction)

would on the whole stand as an art-for-art's-sake utterance, as the best possible word to be said for that illegitimate offspring of the Wonder-renascence which we have had to style ungraciously "decadence."

We ought not, perhaps, to have said "illegitimate," since opposed to the "impulse of acceptance" is not only "the impulse to confront these phenomena with eyes of inquiry and wonder," but the impulse to produce whatever is superficially unconventional, whatever may be likely to make people's eyes stick out in a kind of physical wonder. At all events, it must be reluctantly admitted that, excellent critic as Mr. Symons is, given his premises, those premises in themselves seem to offer a somewhat insecure foothold. Strange gods indeed are some of those to whom, in the present volume, he has erected shrines. Of an Oscar Wilde one should have heard enough, and of a Hubert Crackanthorpe one can hardly hear too little: why, at worst, inflict upon us the paltry reminiscences of an Ernest Dowson? "I have never known him when he could resist either the desire or the consequences of drink. . . . He drank the poisonous liquors of those pothouses which swarm about the docks; he drifted about in whatever company came in his way; he let heedlessness develop into a curious [why curious?] disregard of personal tidiness. In Paris, Les Halles took the place of the docks. At Dieppe, where I saw so much of him one summer, he discovered strange, squalid haunts about the harbour, where he made friends with amazing innkeepers, and got into rows with the fishermen who came in to drink after midnight. At Brussels, where I was with him at the time of the Kermesse, he flung himself into all that riotous Flemish life, with a zest for what was most sordidly riotous in it." Yet "A soul unspotted from the world, in a body which one sees visibly soiling before one's eyes; that improbability is what all who knew him saw in Dowson, as his youthful physical grace gave way year by year, and the per-

sonal charm underlying it remained unchanged." Here is "indifference to direction," and no mistake: the true pathetic fallacy of decadence. All honor to the cad and the ne'er-do-weel: they are not to be stalled in any slough of respectability. Villon and Verlaine . . . never to bathe and always (if possible) to get drunk; and to record the omission and the commission in impeccable verse: so, among other ways, wonder may be worshiped; so one may register one's resistance against the impulse of acceptance.

This is, of course, a bald and shallow putting of the case, but one cannot help regretting keenly that so rich, and in some respects so exquisite, a critical faculty as that of Mr. Symons should seem to exhaust itself in the judgment of work often exquisite, but seldom rich, seldom of the first order according to any recognizable criterion. Mr. Symons's mind, indeed, with all its delicacy of behavior, is irresistibly moved by the appeal of novelty in the studied expression of emotion. Conformity is so abhorrent to him as to make even deformity not altogether intolerable to him: deformity of mood veiled, that is, by some kind of new elegance of manner. What he says of the (it would seem) unspeakable hyper-aesthete of the past generation may be applied without undue strain to that whole movement to which the unkindly label of "decadence" has affixed itself: "The unbiased, scornful intellect, to which humanity has never been a burden, comes now to be unable to sit aside and laugh, and it has worn and looked behind so many masks that there is nothing desirable left in illusion. Having seen, as the artist sees, further than morality, but with so partial an eyesight as to have overlooked it on the way, it has come at length to discover morality in the only way left possible, for itself. And, like most of those who, having thought themselves weary, have made the adventure of putting thought into action, it has had to discover it sorrowfully, at its own incalculable expense." In defining decadence, Mr. Symons does not spare his

hand; it is, he says, "that learned corruption of language by which style ceases to be organic, and becomes, in the pursuit of some new expressiveness or beauty, deliberately abnormal." Yet it is among the practitioners of such a "corrupt" literary art that his personal enthusiasms range, and that his own place must be recognized.

"Escape from self," "escape from life," these are the always recurring phrases which give the keynote to Mr. Symons's criticism. His critical inquiry, whatever its immediate object, invariably resolves itself into the question, How did this human being think to escape from life, and how far did he succeed in escaping? Let us keep ourselves indifferent to the direction which that impulse may take: through dissipation, through hard mechanical work, through religion, through love, through art: these are the means among which we are to choose; "and our happiness, our success in life, will depend on our choosing rightly, each for himself, among the forms in which that choice will come to us." This, then, is our 'gospel according to Symons; there is no place in it, we notice, for the impulse of acceptance. "The one certainty is, that society is the enemy of man, and that formal art is the enemy of the artist."

That sentence might be the motto of Mr. Huneker's "book of dramatists;" *Iconoclasts* is a series of studies of living or recent dramatists who have resolutely abandoned formal art. They have produced we cannot as yet absolutely know what: nightmares are not of necessity more illuminating than facts, and much of this strange non-conforming literature may seem to later generations to have been simply hag-ridden. Mr. Huneker is a critic of the most brilliant journalistic type. By that one does not mean simply to record the fact that the substance of the present volume has appeared from time to time in the columns of the *New York Sun*, or to find anything undignified in the account of a sought and obtained

interview with M. Maeterlinck, with which the book closes. This writer has evidently a wide knowledge of art, and a wide acquaintance with men. What one misses in his work is the repose, the finish, the, it may be, studied avoidance of mere epigram, mere cleverness, which gives so stable a charm to such criticism as that of Mr. Symons. Mr. Huneker would very likely be quite frank in preferring effect to achievement; or would allege that for his purpose they are really the same thing. At all events, he follows a method which in the hands of Mr. Chesterton and others is now giving a kind of popularity to criticism, at least to criticism of contemporary work; a service well worth performing, both as contributing to rational enjoyment and as an exercise of the missionary function. But criticism has yet another office: that of an art whose purity gives permanence to the utterances of critics so diverse as Sainte-Beuve and Walter Pater, Professor Dowden and Mr. Symons. It comes in the end, as always, to a question of style, of the true expression of a personality. If Mr. Huneker is not indifferent to questions of style, he is certainly not preoccupied by them. The play's the thing: the raw forces, the novel or quasi-novel activities, of the modern European drama are what mainly absorb his attention. Hence a perhaps excessive admiration for playwrights like Villiers de l'Isle Adam, or Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw, we are relieved to hear him say, is guilty of one "grievous error, a total disbelief in the illusions of art." "Earth folk do everything to dodge the facts of life, to them cold, harsh, and at the same time fantastic. Every form of anodyne, ethical, intellectual, æsthetical, is resorted to to deaden the pain of reality. We work to forget to live; our religions, art, philosophy, patriotism, are so many buffers between the soul of man and bitter truth." Mr. Huneker's own method of escape from life is an escape from facts through "the veils, consoling and beautiful, of art." But illusion may be pursued by many paths: Mr. Huneker discerns

in the latest developments of European drama not so much a new-born as a surviving idealism. Of Ibsen, even, he finds it possible to assert that "the surface pessimism of his plays conceals a mighty belief in the ultimate goodness of mankind. Realist as he is, his dramas are shot through with a highly imaginative symbolism. A Pegasus was killed early under him, as Georg Brandes says; but there remains a rich remnant of poesy. And may there not be deduced from his complete compositions a constructive philosophy that makes for the ennoblement of his fellow beings? . . . Ibsen is a reflective poet, one to whom the idea presents itself before the picture; with Shakespeare and Goethe the idea and form were simultaneously born. His art is great and varied, yet it is never exercised as a sheer play of form or color or wit. A romantic originally, he pays the tax to beauty by his vivid symbolism and his rare formal perfections."

An imaginative symbolism seems to him to inform, from Ibsen to Maeterlinck, the product of this modern dramatic impulse: "Maurice Maeterlinck employs the symbol instead of the sword; the psyche is his *panache*. . . . And therein the old ghost of the romantics comes to life, asserting its 'claims of the ideal,' as Ibsen has the phrase. Crushed to dust by the hammers of the realists, sneered at in the bitter-sweet epigrams of Heine, Romance returns to us wearing a new mask. We name this mask Symbolism; but joyous, incarnate, behind its shifting shapes, marches a Romance, the Romance of 1830, the Romance of — before the Deluge. The earth-men, the troglodytes, who went delving into moral sewers and backyards of humanity, ruled for a decade and a day; then the vanquished reconquered. In this cycle of art it is Romance that comes to us more often, remains longer when it does come." It is Romance newly incarnate at the hands of the modern playwright, newly garbed by the modern stage manager. Mr. Huneker accepts without grumbling

the conditions of our present stragecraft. He is undisguisedly interested in the manipulations of scenery, costume, and lights. Success in these particulars can even console him for failures of interpretation. For Miss Terry to attempt the part of Hjordis (in *The Vikings of Helgeland*) was "murdering Ibsen outright;" but "the play had its compensations;" the costuming and lighting, which were in charge of Miss Terry's son, were so effective and original as to make the production well worth seeing, if not quite worth hearing. So charitable, nowadays, may be a critic whose profession has concerned him with audible forms of art.

Ibsen, Strindberg, Becque, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hervieu, Shaw, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, — one might add the names of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Yeats, but would hardly thereby increase the representative value of this list of modern dramatists. The critic's familiar manner is oddly tempered by his addiction to technical phraseology. He has, moreover, the to-date fashion of criticising one art in terms of another: a fashion to which his character of music critic must naturally make Mr. Huneker more than usually susceptible. "The Ibsen technic is rather tight in the social dramas, but the larger rhythms are nowhere missing." Parallel with this studied confusion of tongues is a tendency to make strange bedfellows of noun and adjective: "The grandiloquent silhouettes of the Romantic drama, the mouthers of rhetoric, the substitution of a bric-à-brac mirage for reality, have no place in Ibsen's art." This kind of brilliant verbal coruscation is thrown off, we should say, quite spontaneously; yet it must be recognized as far more a manner and less a style than the measured prose of that "conscious artificer," as he calls himself, Mr. Symons.

Mr. Hale's book of essays is in all respects lighter than the others; but it covers much the same ground as Mr. Huneker's volume, and, representing a quite

distinct order of criticism, should suggest some useful comparisons. This is a series of impressions rather than of careful studies; they have that tone of conscious complaisance to which the pecunious academic person in the act of unbending to literature seems doomed. Certainly these papers are what is called readable: chatty, urbane, a little ostentatiously inconsequent, perhaps, and familiar not always in the best sense. Mr. Hale has, he intimates, no desire to play the Ruskin or the Anatole France: "I remain on an isthmus of a middle state. Somewhere about half way between the holy mountain and the abyss, do I mount beside the puppet booth and give, as through a barker, some comment on the dramatists of our day." He is probably wise to restrict himself in the main to his booth, if we are to judge by the two essays in the present collection in which he permits himself to generalize. His "Note on Standards of Criticism" reads much like an apology for having no standard. "One must," he admits, "do a good deal in the way of description and analysis of character, construction, situation, for that is often the only way that one can present one's impressions, and those things are immensely interesting and valuable for themselves or in relation to other criticism. All is, they are not the main thing here: if they were, I should have to apologize for many omissions and, I suppose, not a few commissions. No one, I hope, will carp at my neglecting academic system and completeness. I have so much lecturing on literature from day to day, so much of the academic way of looking at things, that it is really a means to mental health to do something else." We

ought, perhaps, to be more touched by this confidence than we are able to be; but we do not enjoy a book for the sake of the mental health of its author; if Mr. Hale has anything to apologize for (and, taking his work at its face value, we do not think he has), it is hardly to be taken care of in such terms. His object, he states with sufficient explicitness, is to record the effect which certain modern plays have had upon him personally. Further, he suggests, somewhat obscurely (alas, for the discursive method), that this effect is threefold: upon the moral sense, upon the sense of reality, and upon the sense of ideality, or, as our other critics would say, illusion. What follows will have or lack value for the reader according as he is satisfied or dissatisfied with a cultivated but not too distinct expression of personal opinion. To us it appears that, adventurous as criticism must be in its contact with masterpieces, or other pieces, adventitious it must not be, if it aspires to stability as well as effectiveness.

Dreamer, virtuoso, journalistic commentator, academic observer, intelligent amateur, — among or out of such categories the contemporary writer has his being; and into whatever abeyance the creative spirit may have been apparently thrown by the worship paid for the moment to material progress, to merely technical excellence, wonder, the pursuit of illusion, is, it seems, to have no great difficulty in maintaining that priority among the forces making for human happiness which it has always — yes, even in the eighteenth century and in the nineteenth — held among the sons of men.

PENGUIN PERSONS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

AFTER all, one knows so little about a man from his printed works! They are the gleanings of his thoughts and investigations, the pick of his mind and heart; and they are at best but an impersonal and partial record of the writer. Even autobiography has something unsatisfactory about it; one feels the narrator is on guard always, as it were, and, aware of an audience cold and of strangers, keeps this back and trims up that to make himself more what he should be (or, in some perverse cases, what he should not be!). But probably no man who is worthy of attention sits down to write a letter to a good friend with one eye on posterity and the public. In his intimate correspondence he is off guard. Hence, some day, when he has died, the world comes to know him by fleeting glimpses as he was, — which is almost as near, is it not, as we ever get to knowing one another? — knows him under his little private moods, in the spell of his personal joys and sorrows, sees his flashes of unexpected humor, — even, it may be, his unexpected pettinesses. Thus dangerous and thus delightful is it to publish a great man's letters.

Such letters were Ruskin's to Charles Eliot Norton, which Professor Norton has recently given to the world. No one can fail from those letters to get a more intimate picture of the author of *Modern Painters* than could ever be imagined out of that work itself, and out of the rest of his works beside, not excepting the wonderful *Fors Clavigera*; and not only a more intimate, but a different picture, touched with greater whimsicality, and with infinite sadness, too. Not his hard-wrung thoughts and theories, but his moods of the moment — and he was a man rich in the moods of the moment — tell most prominently here. And with

how many of these moods can the Ordinary Reader sympathize! Again and again as the Ordinary Reader turns the pages he finds the great man under the thralldom of the same insect cares and annoyances which rule us all, until he realizes as perhaps never before that poet and peasant, genius and scribe, are indeed one in a common humanity, and sighs, with a lurking smile of satisfaction, "So nigh is grandeur to our dust!"

One of these points of convergence between Ruskin and the Ordinary Reader which has appealed to me with peculiar force occurs in a letter from London dated in 1860. "When I begin to think at all," Ruskin writes, "I get into states of disgust and fury at the way the mob is going on (meaning by the mob, chiefly Dukes, crown-princes, and suchlike persons) that I choke; and have to go to the British Museum and look at Penguins till I get cool. I find Penguins at present the only comfort in life. One feels everything in the world so sympathetically ridiculous; one can't be angry when one looks at a Penguin."

Why, of course one can't! It is absurdly true, when one comes to think of it, this beneficent influence of penguins, stuffed penguins, at that, which cannot even waddle. I dare say few readers ever thought of this peculiar bird (if it is a bird) in just that light before Mr. Ruskin's letter came to view; I'm sure I never did. But few readers will fail to recall at a first reading of the words that picture of a penguin which used to adorn the school geographies, and presently will come to them the old sensation of amusement at the waddy fellow propped up on his impossible feet, the smile will break over their lips, and they will be one in mood with Mr. Ruskin. They may af-

firm that of course the author was only indulging in a little whimsicality, and they may two thirds believe it, as it is no doubt two thirds true; but just the same, unless I am much mistaken, the image of a penguin will persist in their minds, as it persisted in Ruskin's mind—else how did he come to write of it in this letter?—and they will be the better and the happier for the smile it evokes, as Ruskin was the better and the happier. Indeed, that letter was his cheeriest for months.

For me, however, the image has not faded with the passing of the mood, or rather it has changed into something more abiding. It has assumed, in fact, no less a guise than the human; it has become converted into certain of my friends. I now know these friends, in my thoughts of them, as Penguin Persons. I find they have the same beneficent effect on me, and on others around them, as the penguins on Ruskin. I mean here to sing their praises, for I believe that they and their kind (since every one enters on his list of friends, as I do, some Penguin Persons) have, even if they do not know it, a mission in the world, an honorable destiny to fulfill. They prevent us from taking life too seriously; they make everything "sympathetically ridiculous;" they are often "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

But, at the very outset, I would not be misunderstood. I do not mean that a Penguin Person must resemble the amusing bird in physical aspect. There are, I know, certain people, a far more numerous class than is generally supposed, who see in almost everybody a resemblance to some animal, bird, or fish. I am one of these people myself. It is on record as far back as the fourth generation that some one of my successive ancestors had the same unhappy faculty, for it is unhappy, since it imposes on the person who resembles for us a pig, in our thoughts of him, the attributes of that beast, and so on through the natural history catalogue. It is not pleasant to watch a puma kitten sitting beside you in the opera house, es-

pecially when your mere brain tells you she is probably a sweet, even-tempered little matron, or to wait in pained expectancy for your large-eared minister to bray, even though you know he will not depart from his measured exposition of sound and sane doctrine. However, the Penguin Persons are such by virtue of their moral and mental attributes solely, of the similar effect they produce on those about them by their personalities. I have never met a man yet who physically resembled a penguin, though I fancy the experience would be interesting.

Still less would I have it understood that Penguin Persons are stupid. Far from it. Dr. Crothers declares, in his *Gentle Reader*, that he would not like to be neighbor to a wit. "It would be like being in proximity to a live wire," he says. "A certain insulating film of kindly stupidity is needed to give a margin of safety to human intercourse." I do not think that Dr. Crothers could have known a Penguin Person when he wrote that. The Penguin Person is not a wit, there is no barb to his shafts of fun, no uneasiness from his preternatural cleverness, for he is not preternaturally clever. You never feel unable to cope with him, you never feel your mind keyed to an unusual alertness to follow him; you feel, indeed, a sense of comforting superiority, for, after all, you *do* take the world so much more seriously than he! And yet he is not stupid; he is bright, alert, "kindly," to be sure, but delightfully humorous, deliciously droll. Life with him appears to be one huge joke, and there is an unction about him, a contagion in his point of view, that affects you whether you will or no, and when you are in his presence you cannot take life seriously, either,—you can but laugh with him. He does you good. You say he is "perfectly ridiculous," but you laugh. Then he smiles back at you and cracks another of those absurd remarks of his, and you know he is "sympathetically ridiculous." Perhaps you were out of sorts with life when you met him, but one cannot be angry when one looks at a Penguin Person.

But do you say that the original bird is not like that at all, that he is the most stupid of fellows? Ah! then you have never seen a penguin swim! He is grace and beauty and skill in the water. If it were only his stupidity that made us smile, not he, but the hen, would be the most amusing of God's creatures. It is something more subtle, more personal, than that. It can only be described as *Penguinity*.

Penguinity! The word is not in the dictionaries; it is beyond the pale of the "purists;" in coining it I am fully aware that I violate the canons of the Harvard English Department, that I fly in the face of philology, waving a red rag. Yet I do it gladly, assertively, for I have confidence that some day, when *Penguin Persons* have taken their rightful place in the world's estimation, the world will not be able to dispense with my little word, which will then overthrow the dictionary despotism and enter unchallenged the leather strongholds of Webster and Murray. Who knows, indeed, but its triumph may come in the next century?

Yet before that day does come, and to hasten its coming, I would record a tribute to my first and firmest *Penguin* friend, — my friend and the friend of how many others? — long and lank of limb, thin and high-boned of face, alert, smiling, ridiculous. On the nights when steamships were sunk in the East River, or incipient subways elevated suddenly above ground, or other exciting features of New York life came clamoring for publicity, he would sit calm and smiling, coatless, a corncob pipe between his teeth, and read "copy" with the speed of two ordinary men. The excited night city editor would rush about, shouting orders and countermanding them; reporters would dash in and out; telegraph instruments would buzz; the nerve-wracking whistle of the tube from the composing room would shrill at sudden intervals, causing everybody to start involuntarily each time and to curse with vexation and anger; the irritable night editor, worried lest he miss the outgoing trains with his first edition,

would look furtively at the clock at three-minute periods and plunge his grimy hand over his sweating forehead; but the *Penguin Person* would sit smiling at his place by the "copy" desk, blue pencil in hand, serene amid the Babel. And when the tension was greatest, the strain nerve-breaking to get the big story, in all its complete and coherent details, into the hungry presses that seemed almost visible, though they waited the stroke of one, ten stories down, in the sub-basement, the *Penguin Person* would sit back in his chair, grin amiably, and say with a drawl, "Hell, ain't it, fellers? D'you know what I'm going to do to-morrow, though? I'm going to put on my asbestos collar, side track some beaut, take her to the theatre, and after the show, thanks to the princely salary I'm paid for keeping split infinitives out of this sheet, I'm going to rush her round to Sherry's or Delmonico's and blow her to a glass of beer and a frankfurter."

Then as if by magic the drawn faces of all his associates would clear, the night editor would laugh and forget to look at the clock, we would resume our toil, momentarily forgetful of the high pressure under which we labored, and working the better for the forgetfulness; and the *Penguin Person*, the smile still expanding his mouth, would tilt down his chair and work with us, only faster. If he had serious thoughts, he never disclosed them to us — seriously. When he opened his lips we waited always in the expectation of some ridiculous remark, even though it should clothe a platitude or a piece of good, common-sense advice. And we were never disappointed. Life with him was apparently one huge joke, and it came about that when we thought of him or spoke of him among ourselves, it was always with a smile. Yet now he is gone — and what a hole! Other men can do his work as well, if not as quickly. The paper still goes to press and the public sees no change; but we, who worked beside him, see it nightly. By twelve o'clock on a busy night nervous, drawn faces surround the central desk,

and profanity is snapped crossly back and forth. There is no alleviation of cheerful inanity. Presently somebody looks up, remarking, "I wish Bobbie Barton was back." And somebody else replies with profane asperity and lax grammar, "I wish he was!" Bobbie, meanwhile, has become a lawyer, and can now afford a whole plate of frankfurters at Delmonico's. But we are the poorer, and, I do not hesitate to declare, the worse men for the loss of his Penguinity.

Then there is David. David is penguinacious by fits and starts, not wholly to be depended on, sometimes needing himself to be cheered with the Penguinity of others, but, when the mood is on him, softly, fantastically ridiculous, like the nonsense verse of Lewis Carroll, a sort of *Alice in Wonderland* person. I should not hesitate to recommend him to Dr. Crothers as a neighbor; indeed, I suspect the good doctor is almost such a man himself, — too gentle, too fantastic in humor to suggest, however remotely, a "live wire," and yet how far from being stupid! David's mind works so unexpectedly. You are quite sure you know what he is going to say, and yet he never says it, giving his remark a verbal twist which calls up some absurdly impossible picture, and evokes, not a laugh, but a deep, satisfying smile. There is something quaint and refreshing about such a mind as David's. It does not so much restore one's animal spirits, or one's good nature, as it rejuvenates the springs of fancy, brings back the whimsical imagination of childhood. David will people a room with his airy conceits, as Mr. Barrie peopled Kensington Gardens with Peter Pan and his crew; and it is as impossible not to forget anger and care, not to feel sweeter and fresher, for David's jests, as for *The Little White Bird*. Only a Penguinity like David's is subtle, a little unworldly, and, like most gracious gifts, fragile. There are days when the world is too much for David, when his jests are silent and his conceits do not assemble. Then it is that he in turn needs the good

cheer of another's Penguinity, and it is then my happy privilege to reward him by hunting up Bobbie Barton, if I can, and joining them at a dinner party. Bobbie's Penguinity is based on an inexhaustible fount of animal spirits, he is never anything but a Penguin. He usually has David put to rights by the roast.

The other day, while Bobbie was running on in his ridiculous fashion, in an idiom all his own that even Mr. Ade could not hope to rival, telling, I believe, about some escapade of his at Asbury Park, where he had "put the police force of two men and three niggers out of business" by asking the innocent and unsuspecting chief the difference between a man who had seen Niagara Falls, and one who had n't, and a ham sandwich, I fell to musing on Ruskin's unhappy lot, who did not know Bobbie, nor apparently anybody like him. Poor Ruskin! After all, there is more pathos than humor in his periodic visits to the penguins. Isolated, from childhood, by parental care, from the common friendships and associations of life, still further isolated in mature years by his own genius and early and lasting intellectual eminence, the wonder is that he was not more unhappy, rather than less. He had few friends, and those few, like Professor Norton, were intellectual companions as well, always ready and eager to debate with him the problems of Art and Life which were forever vexing him. Their companionship must often have been a stimulant — when he needed, perhaps, a narcotic. Their intercourse drove him continually in upon himself, where there was only seething unrest, when he needed so often to be taken completely out of himself, where there was peace. And, in his hours of need, he turned to the Alps, and the penguins. But both were dumb things, after all, that could not quite meet his mood, could not quite satisfy that hunger which is in all of us for the common association of our kind, for the humble jest and cheery laugh of a smiling humanity. Neither of them was Bobbie, who adds

personality to the penguin, and satisfies a double need.

Bobbie would not have talked Art with Ruskin, and for a very good reason,— he knows nothing about it. Bobbie would not have cared a snap about his Turners, though he would have been greatly reverent of them for their owner's sake. But Bobbie would have enjoyed tramping over the mountains with him, an eager and alert listener to all his talks about geology and clouds, and ten to one Bobbie would have made friends of every peasant they met, every fellow traveler on the road, and taught Ruskin in turn a good bit about humdrum, picturesque mankind. And he would have made him laugh! Possibly you think it incongruous, impossible, the picture of happy-go-lucky, ridiculous Bobbie, with his slang and his grin and his outlook on life, and Ruskin, the great critic, the master of style, the intellectual giant. But then you reckon without Bobbie's quality of Penguinity, and without Ruskin's humanness. It is alike impossible to withstand the contagion of Bobbie's Penguinity, and to fancy a genius so great that he does not at times yearn for the common walks and the common talks of his humbler fellow creatures. He may not always know how to achieve them, his own greatness may be a barrier he cannot cross, or his temperament and circumstances may hinder; but be sure that he feels the loss, though he may not himself, for all his genius, be quite aware of it. That Ruskin lived in moody isolation, while Shakespeare caroused in an alehouse, does not prove Ruskin the greater man or the deeper seer; it only shows that one knew how to achieve what the other did not,— contact with the everyday, merry world, escape from the awful and everlasting solemnity of life. Ruskin could not achieve it for himself, he did not know how; but Bobbie, all unknown to either of them, would have shown him. Bobbie would have made life for him "sympathetically ridiculous," for Bobbie is a Penguin Person. And Bobbie would have been a living, breath-

ing human being, by his side and ready to aid him, even to creep into his heart; not a stuffed biped on a shelf in a musty museum. Poor Ruskin, how much life robbed him of when it made it impossible for him to win in his youth the careless, unthinking, but undying friendship of a few men like Bobbie, a few Penguin Persons!

Ah, well! "The dice of God are always loaded." Doubtless we must always pay for greatness by isolation, or some more bitter toll. And for our insignificance, in turn, come the Bobbies as reward. It behooves those of us, then, who are insignificant, to appreciate our blessing, to cherish our penguins, the more since we, when "the world is too much with us," when the tyranny of economic conditions oppresses and the wrongness of life seems almost more than we can bear, have not that inward strength, that Titanic defiance, which is the possession of the great, ultimately to fall back upon, and so sorely need to be shown a joke somewhere, anywhere, in the universal scheme, to find something that is "sympathetically ridiculous." That is why the Penguin Persons are sent to us; thus we can see in them the swing of the Emersonian pendulum.

But they are naturally modest, and doubtless have no idea of their mission, further than to realize that "people are glad to have them around," as Bobbie would express it, and that it is "up to them" (in the same idiom) to be cheerful,— not a hard task, since cheeriness sits in their soul. It is awful to think how self-consciousness might ruin the flavor of their Penguinity if they ever were awakened to a realization of the fact that they were involved in anything so serious as the Law of Compensation! Though I do believe that David at his best could make the eternal verities look ridiculous. No, when the Penguin Persons do become aware of their Penguinity, it is in a funny, shamefaced fashion, as if they had been up to boyish tricks their manhood should blush for. Came Bobbie to me the other

day and confessed that he had about made up his mind to be "serious."

"Everybody thinks I'm a joke," he said, with a melancholy grin, "they always expect me to say something asinine, and get ready to laugh before I speak. What shall I do?"

"Do!" I cried. "Do what you've been doing, only do it more. Keep right on being a Penguin, and God bless you!"

Bobbie looked perplexed and a little hurt, but I was too wise to explain, and three minutes later he was rattling off some delicious absurdity to my four-year-old hopeful, who had fallen down on his nose and needed comforting — and a handkerchief. Bobbie was supplying the latter from his pocket, and from his penguinacious brain the former was effectively coming in the shape of a description of Rocky Mountain sheep, which, according to Bobbie, have right-side legs much shorter than their left-side legs, so they can run along the mountain slopes without ever falling down on *their* noses.

"But how do they get back?" asks the hopeful, still bleeding, but eager for information.

"They put out their heads between their hind legs and run backward," says Bobbie. "They have long necks, you know."

That, of course, may be unnatural history, but it was a very present help in
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time of trouble. Indeed, it made Bobbie, as well as the boy, forget, and I have heard no more of his dreadful intention to be serious.

Some one — probably it was Emerson — once said, "Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call." It is no small thing, in this grim world, to make people smile, to be absurd for their alleviation, to render all things "sympathetically ridiculous" for a time, to bear in a chalice of mirth the water of Lethe. If one's talent lies that way, why, the call should be clear! The Penguin Person should have no doubt or shame of his vocation, nor should any one else allow him to. Little Joe Weber, who is on the stage the most perfect example of Penguinity, is as a stage character beloved of all the thousands who have seen him. He has heard his call and followed his vocation, and honor and wealth and fame are his. The merry host of Penguin Persons who move outside the radius of the spluttering calcium, whose proscenium is the door frame of a home, may earn neither wealth nor fame by doing as he has done, but they will win no less a reward, for they will have lightened for all around them the burdens of life, they will have smoothed the gathering frown and summoned the forgotten laugh, they will have made of the ridiculous a little religion, and out of Penguinity brought peace.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PARIS OF DISCONTENT

"IN the whole class of socially disturbing topics," writes Mr. John Graham Brooks, "the freest and deepest opinions are not usually printed in a book." Among the few exceptions which may be cited as proving the rule, surely the most notable is Mr. A. F. Sanborn's *Paris and the Social Revolution*.¹ After "reverently" dedicating his book to the proletariat of America, the author describes himself as "a conservative of conservatives only prevented from being a reactionary by the fact that reaction is but another form of revolution and the most hopeless and faith-exacting of them all." Is this humor of the Mark Twain brand, or does it represent a deficit in that self-knowledge which the Greek philosopher thought a desirable adjunct to human character? If the confession is to be taken seriously, the writer must be congratulated upon attainment of that objectivity of judgment which is the first requirement of scientific investigation. Nothing is here distorted by that emotional bias which most of us find it difficult to resist.

The book seems to me of marked and permanent interest. It shows us quite another Paris than the radiant city to which good (and of course well-to-do) Americans have been said to make post-humous pilgrimage. It more resembles a Paris which I looked upon one December day more than fifty years ago. Standing upon a boulevard, I saw the raising of a barricade by men with fire in their eyes and patriotism in their hearts, bound to resist, unto death if need be, the *coup d'état* which created the second empire. Already I had listened to individual voices bitter with disappointment, opposition, and hatred. Now they were combined into one fierce battle-shout, as the Gym-

nase Theatre and the buildings about it were pillaged for materials to intercept the approaching troops. The same forces of revolt which I then saw superficially, Mr. Sanborn has studied exhaustively. Circumstances have changed; but discontent and aspiration persist. The prayer for the French republic then went up to the heavenly powers. At length it has been granted, and — to reverse the incidents in the fable — the *bourgeois* king log is quite as objectionable as his predecessor, the imperial stork.

Suppressed for the moment is the Paris of anarchy, of arrogant vision, of honest discontent, which is revealed in these pages; yet there it quickens beneath the dazzling surface seen from the windows of the cosmopolitan hotel, or from the banqueting-hall of some American millionaire who has found relief from the comment and criticism of his countrymen. Is the stability of the present order overestimated? Are the sudden forces leagued against it underestimated? Some approximate answer to these questions must be attempted by the reader of this book. For he is permitted to hear in its harshest note the cry for human betterment which can never be suppressed, and which, freed from the conditions of locality, concerns every nation upon earth. We are shown the demand of anarchy and its upward pressure by spoken word and printer's ink; we hear its defiance of the *bourgeoisie* as represented by its presidents, generals, and police prefects. And then comes that *propagande par le fait* which we may permit ourselves to admire in the dim historical distance of Harmodius and Aristogiton, provided we shake our heads doubtfully at the nearer Cromwell, and condemn in honor when Vaillant throws the bomb into the French Chamber or Bresci kills King Humbert of Italy. By no such diabolism, it is safe to say, can

¹ Boston: Small & Maynard. 1905.

the collective superiority of numbers supersede the individual superiority — whether manifested in statesmanship, cunning, or unscrupulousness — which has hitherto ruled the world.

Yet the literature of revolt as outlined and cited by Mr. Sanborn must be received, if not with sympathy, with a certain respect. Much of it is good of its kind, and burns with the earnestness of intense conviction. It ranges from anathemas delivered with the force of the Hebrew prophets to recommendations of slaughter and theft which are held to be justified by the oppression of judges, priests, and army officers. Human government is declared to be what Cobden called the British Constitution, "a thing of monopolies, church-craft, and sinecures." If any ameliorations have been brought to pass since this exhaustive condemnation, they are either not worth considering, or make the situation less endurable. And so nothing remains but to echo the cry of Shakespeare's murderer, "Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond which keeps me pale!" Among those who would turn our existing civilization upside down are some who, in conventional language, may be called thinkers, — even though their thoughts run in channels as narrow as any marked out by traditional prejudice for the reflections of the favorites of fortune and opportunity. There are poets, also, who run their complaint into vigorous stanzas, or throw out stirring verse which has the ring of the John Brown chant or the Marseillaise. Mixed with the motley throng of agitators are those whose hearts are full of divine sympathy for the victims of the wrong and oppression which at present seem a necessary part of the evolutionary process. And perhaps there are more whose altruism is of the egoistic brand, — the career they wished and knew that they deserved has failed to open before them, and satisfaction is found in battering the doors of privilege which were shut in their faces.

La Révolution Sociale recognizes the

value of art as preparing the way for the final triumph of arms. It has produced works of genuine merit by artists of reputation, and the clever drawings of the caricaturists offer means of grace to the unconverted. And then, as potent *images de propagande*, there is wide-scattering of portraits of the martyrs whose blood has been shed in the sacred cause. A paper for children has recently been added to the half-suppressed efforts of journalism, and, as literature for adults, the writings of Darwin and Spencer are permitted to pass the censorship, — they are supposed to favor anarchy when read between the lines. The methods of trades-unionism are looked upon with distrust; their members tacitly recognize the degradation of wages, and seem to acknowledge the legitimacy of government by imploring its assistance in improving the condition of the workers. Nevertheless, the members of these associations sit, as it were, upon "the anxious seats," and prayers for their conversion will not long be ineffectual. Necessarily anarchists of fame and ability, like Kropotkin, Grave, or Reclus, do not share the belief in a sudden and impressive overturn which stimulates the activity of their followers. To labor vigorously and then to wait patiently is a grace given to exceptional men. Even the Christian apostles might not have suffered so nobly and preached so convincingly without their persuasion that all would be fulfilled during the lifetime of some before whom they stood.

The reader is not envious whose blood takes no warmth from the fires of emotion which glow through this book. Our eyes are opened to much that concerns us outside the limits of our narrow specialisms. Certain as we may be that chaos would follow a removal of the restraining hand of government, we feel no less assurance that its interference is often clumsy, and sometimes immoral. We may condemn as heartily as the anarchist that detestable spirit of militarism which drains the people of the wealth they have created and spoils or sacrifices their lives. So

cialism, which is more in evidence on this side of the water, is sometimes regarded as "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire," which anarchy will kindle at the end of the route. The vision of a City Council — or even a Board of Aldermen — engaged in prescribing the work and apportioning the pay for every citizen suggests an Inferno to which that of the Florentine poet might well seem preferable. But no movement for human betterment should be judged by the logic of its ultimate demand; it may force a higher reach of civic thought as the juggler forces a card upon a defiant spectator. It is well to taste the sour ingredients which mingle with the existing civilization. Our naïve confidence in education and democracy is put to the test; they have awakened a spirit that cannot be crushed into the moulds of the past. We must straighten the crooked line upon which we move toward the future. If we cannot join our brothers in working for what they think is the best, we can at least help them to a second best, — which, indeed, is the best now attainable. We cannot dispense with governments, but we can do something to lift them to the level of the best private lives. Absolute justice is the last term of a constant series of efforts; it is the end of evolution, the terminus of the road. But we are marching on. Men are still breathing who were alive when seven British bishops voted to retain the death penalty for a petty theft. And now we are asking governmental protection for the weak in the unequal battle of competition, and the problem of distribution challenges our satisfaction in the wonders of invention and the increase of production. Mr. Sanborn's book thus offers a study in psychology, while it reveals a phase of contemporary history too little considered in the fever-pace of American life.

HUMOR AND THE HEROINE

I have of late been mingling afresh with the heroines of our greater English fiction, holding converse with this lady,

sitting a while beside that, sending a word or a smile to another and another, renewing old intimacies with many. They are a fair and gallant company, and it is good to be with them. They are wise and sweet, passionate, strong and brave, beautiful almost always, good on the whole, and, without fail, interesting. Yet I felt the lack of one last grace, — a sense of humor. Their families often have it, their servants sometimes, their authors almost always have it, but the ladies themselves, they have it not.

There was Maggie Tulliver: in the heart of a richly humorous society, wherein her own father and mother and aunts were the shining luminaries, she saw none of the humor, she only felt the pain, — for it is the light touch that tickles, the heavy impact hurts or stuns. And so, where another nature might have smiled at the narrowness and the ignorance and the intolerance, her spirit was crushed by it, or driven to desperate rebellion.

And Dorothea! If her grave gray eyes could have been lighted by a gleam of humor, in how different an aspect would the world around her have presented itself to her; she might have regarded Sir James with less impatience and Casaubon with less veneration, she would probably have been saved from being his wife, and would have missed the wisdom and the pain which that experience brought to her. She would have forfeited the joy of cherishing certain ideals, but would have been spared the pain of seeing them shattered. Possibly, too, she would have lost her power of appealing to some natures, as well as her desire to do so, — for Mr. Cadwallader, it will be remembered, who was richly endowed with the humorous sense, felt no call to reform the world. Surely, even the faintest light of humor on her face would have repelled Rosamond Vincy in a critical moment, and checked her impulse of confidence. But she would have been happier, perhaps saner, and, who knows, she might even have built better houses for the poor.

Thackeray's ladies are of another sort, yet humor sits not upon their brows. From Beatrix Esmond there dart now and then flashing sword-blades of cynicism, murderous rather than lambent. Becky's is Mephistophelian wit that blasts, while poor little Amelia has no wit of any sort, barely head enough to carry her through the plainer issues of life, and that not without bungling. Ethel Newcome, indeed, might under better nurture have sent out a light of humor, but it was turned to flashes of sardonic wit aimed at a social order that she scorned yet bowed to.

Scott's damsels have not even these latent powers. Gay or stately, serene or passionate, they are at one in this. As Chaucer's nun rides demure and undiscerning in the roadside company whose humorous aspects Chaucer himself so keenly enjoyed, so these ladies move in a world of chivalry and of jollity, touched by emotions of pity and of prudery, of love and of alarm, but never touched by humor.

The Brontë novels are without even moderately cheerful accessories — not an expansive butler, a relaxed monk, or a jesting grave-digger — to mitigate the nightmare depression of their down-trodden though fitfully remonstrant heroines, bullied along by their fierce or sullen heroes.

In contemporary fiction there is no better tale to tell. Mrs. Ward has sent out, one after another, a series of strenuous dames, from the Katharine of *Robert Elsmere*, with her austere and chilling virtue, to Lady Rose's daughter, with less virtue and more charm, who, if she had been endowed with humorous insight, could better have endured her servitude to so splendid a mark for the comic spirit as Lady Henry. Miss Wilkins's young women pass before us, a pathetic company, with faces worn though sweet, and spirits repressed though brave. The brilliant ladies of our myriad "historical" romances are content to be brilliant merely in face and robing and in the deeds of their lovers; they are not so much great

in themselves as the occasion of greatness in others.

Scanning the fair company of heroines, I have indeed found a few upon whose faces plays a light of real humor, but these exceptions may be counted on one's fingers. There is Meredith's Diana, there is his Clara Middleton, perplexed, ensnared, yet with eyes in whose depths lurk the dancing imps that her creator himself invoked to his aid. They helped her to her final escape from the Monster, goading her and jeering at her by turns as she fluttered under his hand, but always, though with flickering lights, exhibiting to her humorous sense the comic aspects of that same Monster. Stevenson, who made few women, made one, Barbara Graham, in whose eyes gleams the delicious mockery that is both wise and kind. Jane Austen, herself endowed with an exquisite perception of the humor in the society about her, vouchsafed the same gift of vision to the most charming of her heroines, Elizabeth Bennett. With dancing eyes Elizabeth observes them all, — her family, her neighbors, her suitor the unparalleled Mr. Collins, her lover the formidable Mr. Darcy, and his aunt the overpowering Lady de Burgh. She girds at them with her nimble tongue, whose wit, a trifle too sharp-edged at first, is softened by sorrow and failure until its gayety is only kind. Sweet girl! If Maggie Tulliver could but have looked on her world as Elizabeth regarded hers! A few flicks from Elizabeth's tongue, the sort that proved so beneficial to the high-and-mighty Darcy, would have done Tom Tulliver worlds of good. But Maggie's weapons were of a different fashion, and their shafts always rebounded to wound the sender. Curious, is it not, that with George Eliot's own strong sense for the humor of life, her heroines — or heroes either, for that matter (consider Daniel Deronda and Felix Holt and Adam Bede!) — should have been so utterly devoid of it. One exception there is, in Esther Lyon, the dainty and difficult, who, but for a touch of querulousness, belongs rather

in Miss Austen's circle and might have been a more satisfying friend to Elizabeth Bennett than any she possessed.

Yet if we leave the novelists and turn to the master playwright, we find gayety enough. There is Rosalind, the brave and merry-hearted, taking her life's misfortunes in both hands and turning them first to jest and then to joy. There is Viola, breathing a delicate fragrance of humor where she passes. There is Portia, with a gleam in her eye as she enters in her legal vestments, the gleam kindling into a humorous justice toward the Jew and a humorous jest toward the Christian. There is Beatrice the royal-hearted, with her sound, true laughter and her sound, true scorn, — a queenly heroine, tragedy draws back before her tread, she masters it in its beginning.

Yes, from Rosalind, from Beatrice tragedy falls away. And is this the reason why our heroines for the most part know not humor? Is it that its possession gives one a kind of armor against adversity, an immunity from attack, a mastery of the world in place of subjection to it? Perhaps. There are those who have not this mastery, who are born to be hurt, to be flung down, to be conquered or to conquer only through paining struggle; and these are they the artist seeks, on the watch always for the shock of conflict, the clash of nerves and hearts. The "interesting" temperament is the passionate, the impetuous, not the temperate and controlled. Humor implies a certain remoteness, aloofness, which quenches the ardor of the adventure. It implies balance, sense of proportion, of values, and this brings the poise and control not shared by those who struggle for life in mid-stream. Yet it is the struggle for life that the artist seeks to depict and his public yearns to witness.

Must it be so? Would there not be something yet more poignant in struggle and suffering, if it were accompanied, illuminated by a humorous sense, turned inward to accent the folly of it all? Lear's fool seems to some of us more pathetic than his master by virtue of this very

consciousness, and the appeal of Cyrano de Bergerac is accentuated by the lurking smile of the sufferer as he regards himself. But who will create for us such a figure? From the novelists there is, as we have seen, little to expect. Among the poet-dramatists, whether we accept the leadership of Ibsen or Maeterlinck or D'Annunzio or Sardou or Phillips, there is scarcely a rift in the cloud of conscious and conscientious seriousness. Obviously, we must wait.

THE PASSING OF FRIENDSHIP

Is there really such a thing as friendship among men in our modern life?

There used to be, and the tie was as real and binding as marriage or paternity. In early ages it was the custom among Eastern peoples for two men who had chosen each other as comrades to bind themselves together by what was called the blood tie. After certain solemn ceremonies they pierced their arms with the point of their swords and each put a few drops of the blood of the other into his veins. After that they were allies and brothers for life; each was bound to help, to fight for, or, if need be, to die for his friend.

The age of chivalry, if one looks at it closely, was based upon these alliances between men. The squire followed the knight to the field, ready to die for him; the knight followed his lord, the lord his liege. Even a century ago, in this country, the seconds in a duel often fought to the death beside their principals, hardly asking what was the cause of the quarrel.

Among our own forefathers the personal tie between men was much more close and openly recognized than it is now. A man in business then expected his friend as a matter of course to endorse him to the full extent of his means. Hence when a popular fellow became bankrupt and carried a dozen of his endorsers down with him, nobody censured their folly. The sacrifice was regarded as unfortunate, but inevitable.

If you look closely at these early days

you will find too that our forefathers made idols or nurses or servants of women, but their companions, their confidants, were other men. In the cramped village or farm life, with few books and fewer newspapers, the men depended on one another for ideas, facts, jokes, even for emotions. They knew each others' opinions and queernesses by heart. They were forced to keep step from the schoolhouse on into maundering old age. One hears traditions of lifelong friendships between men, but the women abode either in the kitchen or in the dim regions of hazy romance.

Nowadays, the women of a man's household have pushed themselves or been pushed into place as his companions. They read the same books and papers; they work with him for civic reform; they differ with him perhaps in politics, but are ready to plunge deeper than he into stock-gambling. Why should he seek comrades elsewhere than at home?

He has no time now to become acquainted with men. Life is an incessant touch-and-go with him; the perpetual passing of crowds and battalions. He has no chance to know any man. His brother comes back from Japan to-day and is off to Paris to-morrow. There are no more long leisurely talks with a crony over the fire, winter after winter. His days are chopped up into incessant ten minutes of shouting over the telephone to Tom in New Orleans or Bill in Chicago. He subscribes largely to his church, but he would not know the minister if he met him on the street. He never even heard the name of his next-door neighbor. He works with masses, in trade, in politics, in religion. But, somehow, he has lost sight of the individual. He has no friend.

Has he not lost out of his life something worth the keeping?

LIFE'S SUPREME PLEASURE

It would be absurd to deny that among the confirmed Vegetarians there are good men, though meagre. That not all of them

are free from the tyranny of chronic indigestion may account for, and perhaps should excuse, some of their dietetic vagaries. For example, Señor Eusebius Santos, who is now browsing in the public parks and on the friendly lawns of Havana, explains that he limits his diet exclusively to grass in the hope of curing an obstinate dyspepsia, headaches, and insomnia. In this liberal age it is no just cause of quarrel that persons limit their eating to garden products, or even to the provender of a mad Nebuchadnezzar.

Still, there are some fallacies of the cult which are so amazing and unnatural as to reek of ingratitude to a generous Providence. To declare, for instance, that eating is a humiliating necessity, to be done behind the door and with a sense of degradation, is to insult the choice souls who have made a patient and loving study of the sublime art of dining. To affirm that man should eat to live, not live to eat, choosing his few simple viands entirely for their tissue-building qualities and not at all for their palatal virtues, is to rebuke Nature for the beneficent care with which she has varied the alluring flavors of her meats, fruits, and vegetables.

Persons who are insensible to the delights of a rich and varied menu may well be suspected of surreptitious methods of propagating their peculiar doctrines. The insidious hand of the Vegetarian missionary may be detected in publications of the very Government itself, the purpose being to popularize the idea that meats are not necessary to man, but injurious and immoral; and, also, that to find pleasure in eating is low. Bulletin No. 142, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, is one of the official documents which urge on the American people a dietary from which all animal food is sternly excluded and which gives little opportunity or desire for pleasure in its consumption.

The head of the Department does not look like a man who would quail before a beefsteak, or like one who regards eating as a mere duty. It is incredible that he would suggest a dietary of "corn-bread,

wheat bread, rye, oats, and rice," with the assurance that "men who feed on these exclusively are capable of enduring the hardest manual labor." Presumably it was without his knowledge and consent that the endorsement of the General Government has, apparently, been given to Vegetarian principles, — unless, indeed, the Federal war on the Western meat combine is extra-judicial, also. However that may be, the pamphlet might well bear as its motto Mr. Bumble's explanation of *Oliver Twist's* blasphemy: "It is not madness; it's meat!" Well, too, might the pamphlet plead, with entire consistency, for the general adoption of the dietary proposed by the Vegetable Beneficial Association of America, which goes to the root of the matter. It is this: —

"Dry crushed or rolled oats or wheat, eaten with a little salt to flavor, will (if thoroughly masticated) furnish all the nourishment any person needs."

Here is no eating for pleasure, but strictly for business. Here is the struggle for existence reduced to its simplest terms. Does hunger oppress, a man has but to slip into the nearest stable, produce his salt-bottle, and join the horses at the manger in their nourishing repast; chewing a little hay, perhaps, by way of desert. On a special occasion it might not be ostentatious or extravagant to add a bran mash to the modest bill of fare.

It must have been with a strictly Vegetarian menu in hand that the President of the New York Vegetarian Society declared: "Eating is not a pleasant or elevating subject; eating is a task, to be performed with as little thought as possible." Persons who take pleasure in dining, and particularly those whose diners include meats ("the dead bodies of the slaughtered") are classed as "the hyenas and wolves of life" by the chief of "the Order of the Golden Age."

Eating not a pleasant, not an elevating, subject? No subject under the blue canopy, no subject to be found between the covers of the fattest encyclopædia, is more worthy of the deepest and the highest and

most sustained thoughts of man. And probably no other subject receives half the attention which is given to eating. Nothing has been more important in the progress of the race than the additions to the variety of man's food. In his primitive state a mere clam-eater, he was hardly superior to the beasts that perish. When he became a hunter, seeking the strong meats of wild game, he developed new qualities, expanded intellectually, and gained in energy, enterprise, and endurance. Then came the pastoral and agricultural age, with an acquired taste for vegetable growths, and the dawn of civilization. Every advance has been on the heels of something new to eat. To-day the teeth of man declare him to be omnivorous, though vegetable food is still a heavy tax on his powers of digestion. He lacks those multiple gastric arrangements by the aid of which the cow, for example, is able to subsist on vegetable food alone. This lack Señor Santos will discover and deplore long before he shall acquire that meditative cud, the mastication of which gives to the cow the serenity and repose which is the object of the Spaniard's grazing.

The right of a man to pleasure himself at table is, of course, as clear as any other human right. Also it is a duty, since only food which pleases the palate can stimulate the digestive juices to a copious flow. The incomparable "Christopher North," of the ambrosial nights, declared that no other pleasure of life can be compared with eating. He observed that as men grow older they love their victuals more, finding at table the unfailling delight which is never yielded by love, wealth, or fame. Like all great men, he proclaimed his enmity to fast days. To him it was significant that the gods are always represented as feasting. It is amazing that there should be persons, free from the anguish of dyspepsia, who have no sense of the charm of a well-laid table. Great poets have found in it an inspiring theme, while masters in painting have decorated its delicate wares to fit them as receptacles

of the many enticing things offered by the earth, the air, and the sea to ravish the palate and nourish the body of man. Not to rejoice in the many and wonderful products of the chef's skill is to forfeit a perpetual joy. It is the banquet, the feast, which gives birth to eloquence, surprising the speaker no less than those whose souls thrill under its magic. It is not for courtesy alone that every congress of men, whatever its business, closes with a gathering around the banquet board. Here, as nowhere else, quarrels are forgotten, grievances dissipated, sympathies awakened, and friendships cemented. Man is never at his best save when under the influence of that feeling of repletion and satisfaction which a long, varied, and artistic course dinner gives. This fact is known of every wife, and is her sure resource in a time of peril.

True, Vegetarians may be, often are, good men; but no one will contend that they are jolly. For steady companionship the redoubtable feeders are to be preferred, — men whom neither roast nor pudding can intimidate. Who would not choose to hold cheerful converse with the matchless eupeptic, Sydney Smith, rather than sit under the glooming of the saturnine Carlyle, whose digestion was wrecked by simple porridge? Never was there a more efficient stomach than that of the merry parson, the habitual diner-out, whose buoyant spirits and good humor always charmed. His brilliant wit prevented his elevation to a bishopric, but it made him an ever-welcome and dominant guest at the tables of the great. Contrast with this bright spirit the scolding Carlyle, who disliked eating almost as much as he disliked his friends. The difference was chiefly due to their diverse views of the matter of eating. Lord Holland went so far as to assert that "some men are better and abler than others because they eat more."

It is fortunate for the race that, whether they admit it or not, whether they know it or not, most persons live mainly to eat, and show little concern about the nutri-

tive value of their food. They eat what they like, so far as they can afford it.

ON THE CLUB ITSELF

Unlike my friend the Ph.D. in Old High German, who takes all the magazines because the advertisements amuse him, by periodicals in general I am bored. Although at our Club auction I bid in the handsomely illustrated *Scarpenbury Magazine*, it is only in order that my sister-in-law may cut out and frame in passepartout the green and yellow sunsets and children. When the *Atlantic* comes to me, however, I turn in haste to the last pages, as though it were Chinese. For months I have been studying the personality of the Contributors. Their passion for outspoken frankness fascinates me. It would black-ball them from any other club. What other good society indulges in confidences, dares to be personal, proclaims its likes and, more often, its dislikes? For the Contributors find fault so aggressively that I often think of the epithets applied in the tale of *La Main Malheureuse*, to the ill-tempered cow — "dure de pied et terriblement bien encornée" — "a kicker and a butter," say the notes. Imagine a composite contributor. What a negative! No clock, no calendar, no time-table, no fiction, no "precision," no opinions. What a time of it his wife would have! No pleasant little railway trips together, — that method is "not really traveling, but simply leaving and arriving at places." No exhilarating automobile ride for them, — that is "not even a human experience, but merely a hiatus." He never takes her to see Irving or Julia Marlowe, — the stage settings are too beautiful; nor to hear Wagner, — it is always Mozart. He ruins her gowns by huge pockets. She cannot console herself with a garden, because he knows so many "disagreeable people who have loved plants." She cannot collect autographs, nor go to rummage sales, nor join women's clubs. Instead, she must serve him as amanuensis, — he will not use

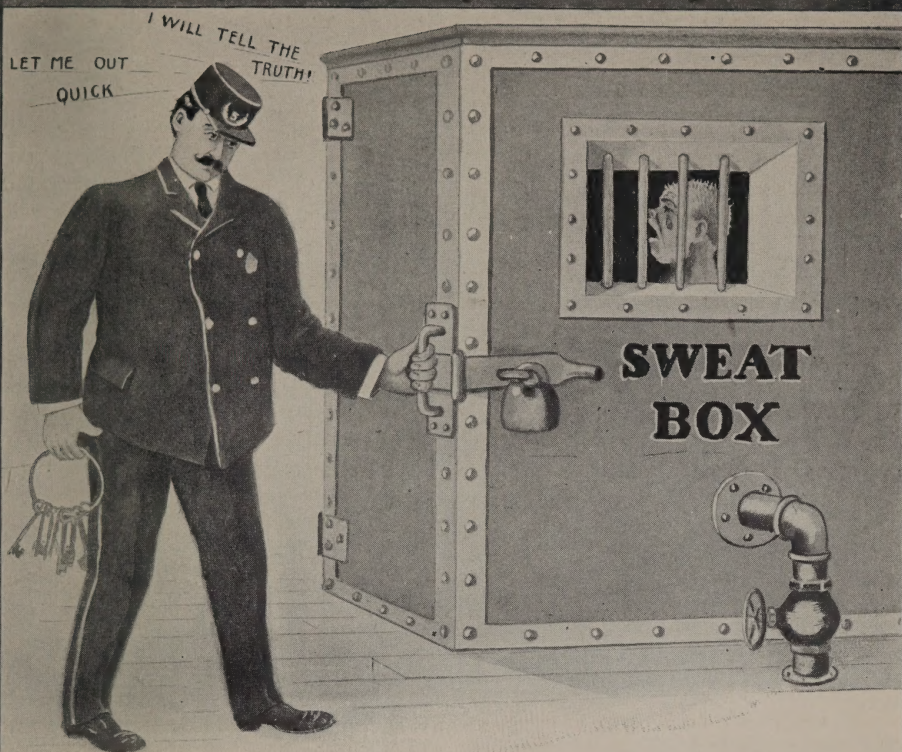
a typewriter. She cannot have a washday, — it is too depressing; so she must lead her handmaidens to the brook, and there poetically douse his union suits and out-ing shirts. She cannot send him to the grocer's for a tinfoil yeast cake, but must bring liquid by the pitcherful from a brewery. (Will she then retain that "diabolic desire to have been the descendant of a Milwaukee beer brewer?") Though they live in a New York flat, instead of the "delectable farmhouse" that he would prefer, they must have a wood-shed where he can hunt for string. And all the while she knows that he is not satisfied, with her or with life; that he is wishing he had married her in haste so that he could repent at leisure. She knows that he is miserably longing for "that amputated joy of being, — that old wild joy of swinging by a tail from bough to bough, where the cocoanuts grow, and the parrots scream." O, go there, my Composite, — that is the only fit place for you!

But courage! the Composite exists not! And as individuals, the Contributors have redeeming qualities. They are delicately humorous, daringly original, subtly analytic, to the point of discriminating *gray* from *grey*. They have a literary *timbre* of their own. To them are traceable signs of a new school of essayists, a school untrammelled by the precedent of Bacon's stately dignity or Lamb's gentle sentiment. Though they never say what they mean, they always mean what they say. I long to hear more of their opinions. I take a friendly interest in them.

I want to know whether Applebarrel has had another poem accepted, whether the harried matron has read *The Quiet Life* yet, and who is the successor of Johann Rùbernek of Prague. How sociable it would be to see a contribution with the significant signature "Compressed Yeast," "New Zealand," "Pilgrim Father," or "Camera Obscura."

It is my pride and consolation that I belong to the Contributors' Club, — at least in the Emersonian sense. My offerings may be rejected, but in spirit I am a contributor. By companions in the flesh I am snubbed, patronized, avoided, called intellectual, — what o' that? We contributors are of the aristocracy.

When I am in Boston I walk softly up Park Street, gaze secretly at the sign "Editorial Rooms—Upstairs." If it only said, "Walk upstairs!" When a wearisome little journey conducts me from the South to the North station; when my nerves, strung up on an Elevated platform or entombed in the Subway, are being crushed beneath endless hideous roaring wheels, if then my throbbing eyeballs turn mayhap to a magazine stand, there they meet, among the gaudy covers, the familiar front; plain, even homely; yellow "like ripe corn," — rather, like pumpkin pie in that spiced custard state before it enters the oven, — the color of harvest, suggesting rich intellectual sheaves; a cheering reminder to the traveler that this awful transit may end in time, and life once more, in some quiet library, sparkle with the wit and glow with the wisdom of the Contributors' Club.



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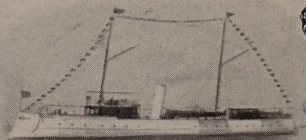
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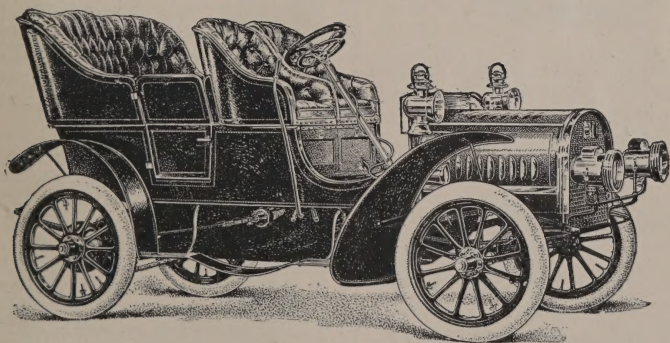


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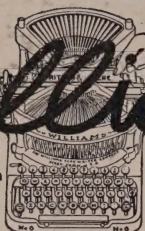
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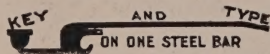
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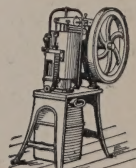
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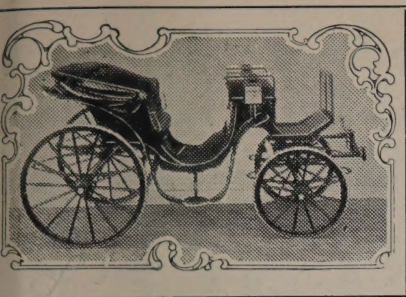
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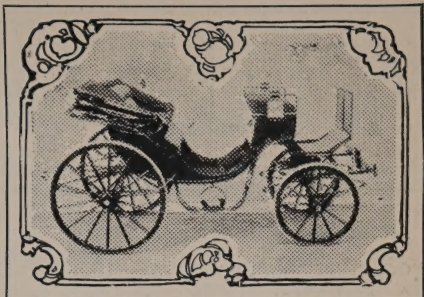
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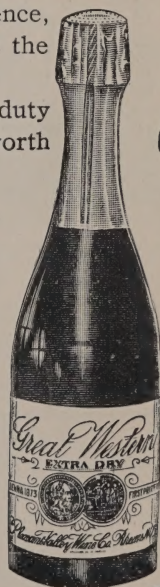
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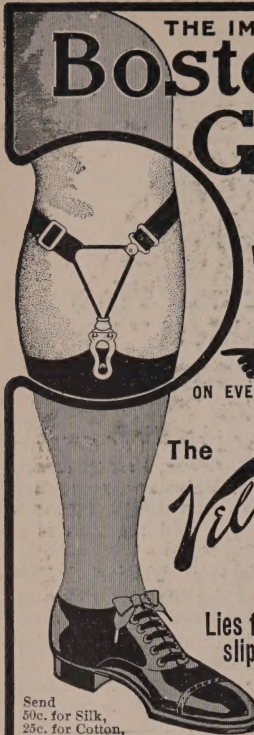
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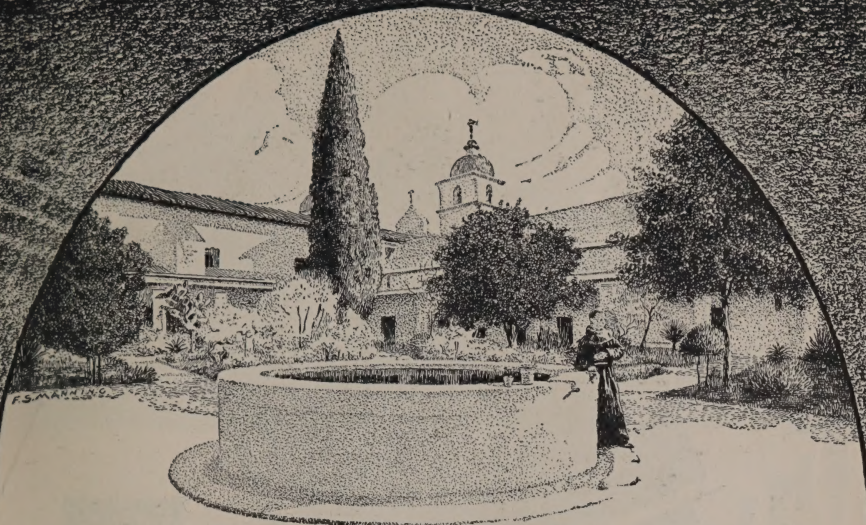
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JUNE 1, TO OCT. 15, 1905.



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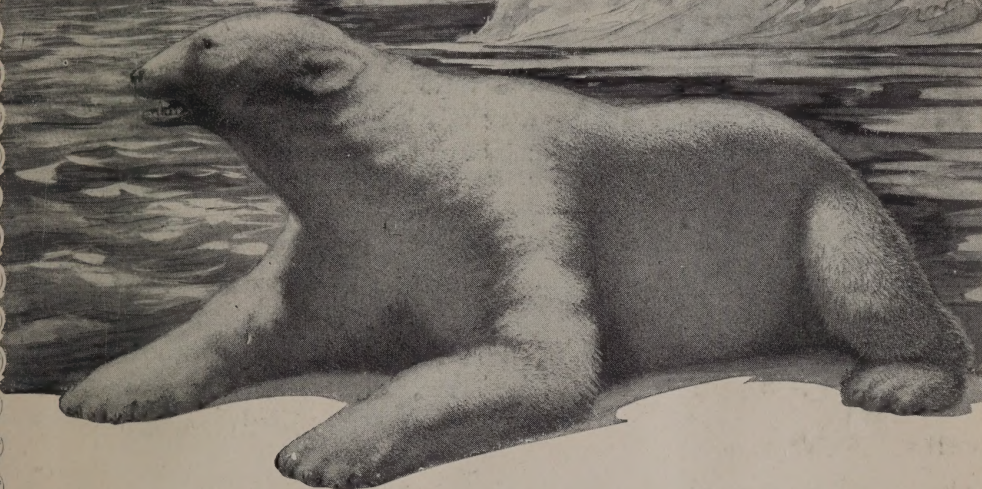
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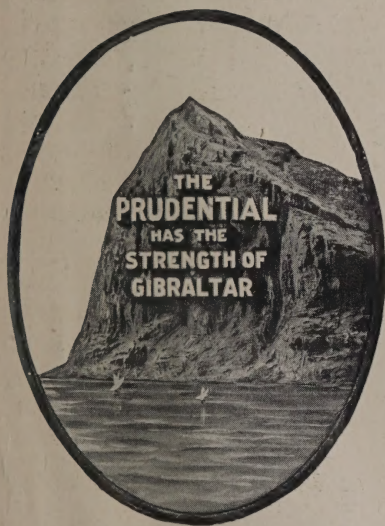
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